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Collier's

APRIL 3, 1948 TEN CENTS

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NO MIRACLE IN THE MARSHALL PLAN

By Senator Brien McMahon

TENNIS — BASEBALL — TRACK

By Bill Fay

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NO wonder porters are singing the blues. There is ot so much brushing to do since Listerine Antiseptic arted going after infectious dandruff. Yes, many men, o, have that "new look". . . neater, tidier . . . even ear their blue suits with impunity!

Flakes and Scales? Look Out!

f you're troubled with embarrassing flakes and scales .if your scalp itches now and then...look out for fectious dandruff.

Get started right away with Listerine Antiseptic and assage. This is the method that treats an infection e way it should be treated...*with quick germ-killing tion.* It's the treatment that has helped so many.

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a stimulating antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) that so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Watch Flakes Disappear

See how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear under Listerine Antiseptic medication. Note how clean and healthy and fresh your scalp feels. See how handsome your hair looks; nothing to be ashamed of now.

Why not do like so many men and women do? Make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing routine. It's a wonderful precaution. And, if trouble has already started, step up the treatment.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri*

The "Bottle Bacillus"
Pityrosporum ovale

The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

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COLLIER'S

April 3, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

ABE

DEAR SIRS: The painting of Lincoln and Brady will be well received by Lincoln students and collectors. Collier's and the artist deserve much praise for this contribution to our national campaign for rededicating our faith in the United States and its ideals.

HOMER J. HARDIN, Ponchatoula, La.

. . . Your Lincoln cover by Mr. Beall was very exciting to me—a Lincoln fan, a Brady fan and a stereo fan. Another authority on Lincoln pictures—Mr. Stefan Lorant—is categorical in his denial that any true stereoscopic pictures of Lincoln have been found so far.

Who has one? Let them be brought forward so that Mr. Beall can prove the accuracy of his fine picture. Most of us think that Brady only used his stereo cameras in the field—not the studio. Tell us about the camera—is it the one in the Graflex museum, the one now belonging to Roy Meredith—or what?

MRS. BYRON DEXTER, New York, N. Y.

Camera, loaned to Beall, is two-lens Scovill stereopticon, now in collection of Roy Meredith, author of Lincoln's Cameraman.

. . . Probably there is not a person who went to Delphos (Kan.) High in the 1920s that will not say after reading Mr. Lincoln's Beard (Feb. 14th), "I've seen that letter." (His letter to Grace Bedell.) How well I remember Mrs. Billings' grandsons reverently taking it to school every Lincoln's Birthday to be displayed before the fascinated students.

Now I show to my children a ring that once belonged to Mrs. Billings and say, "This ring once belonged to the little girl that wrote to Mr. Lincoln asking him to grow a beard," and they are in turn fascinated.

MRS. PAUL F. WOODS, San Gabriel, Cal.

. . . Mr. J. Paul Clayton, of the Abraham Lincoln Association, has just called my attention to the word "affectation" in Mr. Lincoln's letter to Miss Bedell. You will note from the accompanying photograph of that letter that Mr. Lincoln wrote "affection." The natural assumption might be that such usage constituted an error in spelling. However, research in 1929 disclosed that mid-19th century sanctioned this spelling as meaning affectation.

L. E. BROWN, Peoria, Ill.

(Continued on page 68)

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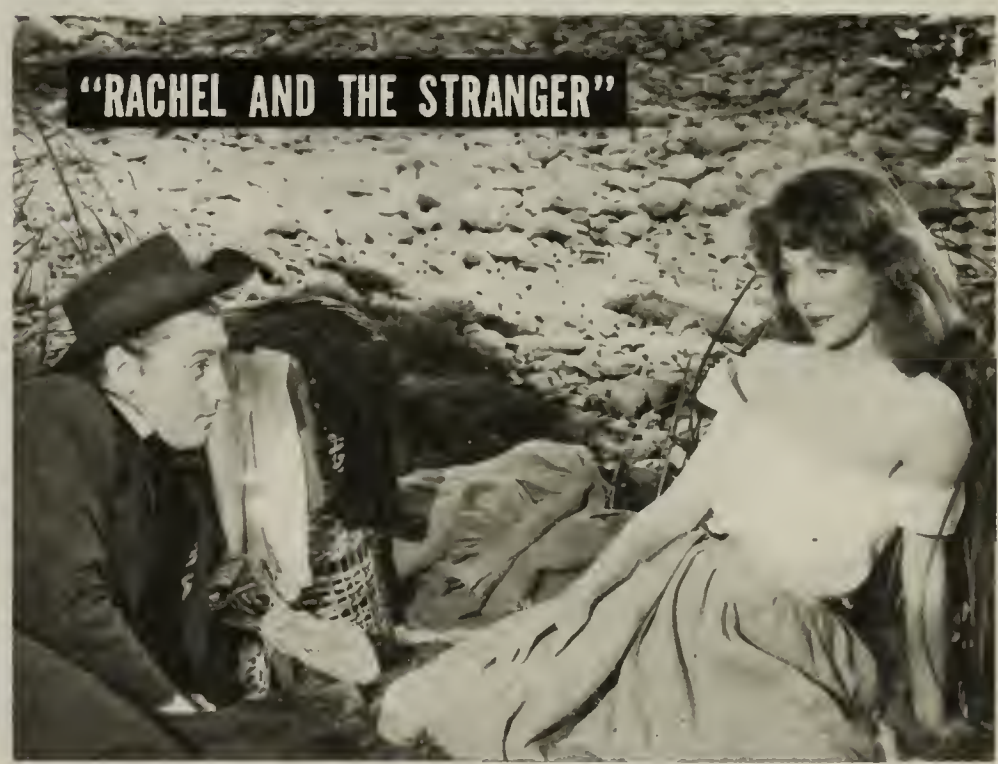
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

COMEDY IS NO JOKE to its creators. Producer-Director Leo McCarey (*right*), who gave you "The Bells of St. Mary's" and "Going My Way," talks over with GARY COOPER comedy scene for *Good Sam*, Mr. McCarey's latest. Note serious expressions. ANN SHERIDAN co-stars.

U. S. CAVALRY charges under withering Indian fire in this *Fort Apache* scene, directed by JOHN FORD. Stirring film stars JOHN WAYNE, HENRY FONDA, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, PEDRO ARMENDARIZ and introduces JOHN AGAR. A FORD-COOPER Argosy Production.

ECSTATIC MOMENT in the private life of a public idol. Glamorous ROSALIND RUSSELL, as Broadway comedienne in *The Velvet Touch*, forgets sophisticated career in arms of LEO GENN. CLAIRE TREVOR, SYDNEY GREENSTREET also star. A Frederick Brisson Production.



SURPRISE MEETING between lonely frontier wife, LORETTA YOUNG, and roving bachelor, ROBERT MITCHUM. Scene from RKO's *Rachel And The Stranger*, story of post American Revolution days. WILLIAM HOLDEN is the handsome, though neglectful, husband.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

STARS ON THE HORIZON

BY BILL FAY

● Richard Alonzo (Pancho) Gonzales was the talk of the Pacific Southwest tennis tournament last September for various artistic and financial reasons. The nineteen-year-old Mexamerican from the public courts of Los Angeles eliminated three seeded stars—Jaroslav Drobny, the Czech Davis Cupper; Bob Falkenburg, the 1946 Intercollegiate champion, and Frank Parker, the 1945 American men's singles titleholder—on successive days. Then Pancho further confused the tournament committee by refunding $98 worth of expense-account currency.

"I had it left over," Pancho explained naïvely, seemingly unaware that he was establishing a precedent which his amateur colleagues might consider unethical and subversive.

There was an excuse for the surplus, however. Pancho is not much good at figuring expense accounts for the same reason that he is likely to be the tennis champion of the world by next year. Pancho never wasted time in school when the sun was shining. His formal education ended in the fifth grade—and he would not have progressed that far without constant urging from Los Angeles truant officers.

Pancho cut so many classes—and practiced so diligently on the Exposition playground courts—that he was the No. 1 ranking boy in southern California in 1943. He had the best American twist service and the worst American history grades in the state. Then Perry T. Jones, the big boss of southern California tennis, discovered Pancho's scholastic deficiencies and barred him from tournament competition.

The ban stood for two years while Herbie Flam—a Los Angeles youngster Gonzales had beaten four straight times—went on to win the National Junior championship, and Pancho screamed he was blackballed because he was a Mexican kid from the wrong side of the tracks, but (as he now admits) he simply got what was coming to him. The suspension was automatic under a rule which states: "No boy . . . should be allowed to enter any tournament . . . without securing the approval of the principal of his school."

Pancho could have earned reinstatement by attending classes regularly, but he preferred to carry on his running fight with the truant officers. When he enlisted in the Navy in 1945, it appeared his tennis future was behind him. But Pancho had plenty of time to think during the 15 months he scrubbed decks on a troop transport wallowing between San Francisco and Okinawa. "I learned that some rules have to be obeyed," he recalls, "and I saw where I'd made a few mistakes."

After being discharged in January, 1947, Gonzales submitted an entry for the southern California championships. Boss Jones then ruled that the scholastic suspension was outdated and accepted the entry. As luck would have it, Pancho met his old enemy, Herbie Flam, in the third round. Pancho lost the first set, 8-10, and Flam led, 5-2 and 0-40, on Pancho's serve in the second—just one point from victory. Pancho slashed three straight service aces . . . rallied to win, 8-10, 8-6, 6-4. The upset triumph over the heir apparent to the American tennis crown was the start of Pancho's 1947 success story. The bad boy of tennis had made good—at last.

Pancho has no future plans except to play tennis and avoid classrooms. "I don't like school," he explains. Oddly enough, there is nothing in Pancho's background to explain his allergy for books. His industrious Mexican-born parents live in modest circumstances in southeastern Los Angeles. His father is a small produce dealer. His mother augments the family income by working part time as a seamstress. They can't understand why Pancho dislikes school. His four sisters and two brothers like school very much, and Terry—the sixteen-year-old sister—is studying to become a concert pianist.

Everything Pancho knows about tennis—and it's plenty—he taught himself on the public courts. He's never had a lesson. He's a pleasant, smiling, carefree kid, confident but not cocky. "My serve, smash and volley are pretty good," he admits. "They're the kind of shots I could practice by myself during the two years I was suspended. However, I'm still weak from backcourt—especially off the forehand—because you learn backcourt steadiness in tough competition. I could win the Nationals this year if I get hot and stay hot for a whole week. Maybe I can, but I don't expect to get my game under complete control for another year."

As might be expected, Pancho is a fast man on his feet. His tremendous net attack depends upon speed and mobility—assets which, in his case, are largely acquired characteristics. After watching Pancho smash through Parker in the Pacific Southwest, a Los Angeles truant officer remarked: "Well, I'll say one thing. The kid hasn't slowed up any."

● Many track experts will tell you that it is a physical impossibility for a man 5 feet 10 inches tall to pole-vault 14 feet 6 inches. Dick Ganslen, an authority on vaulting, even wrote a thesis proving it is impossible. Leverage—or rather, the lack of leverage—is the answer. A short fellow can't take as high a grip on the pole as a six-footer can and—anyway, it's impossible.

Yet the Reverend Robert Richards, twenty-one-year-old assistant pastor of the Church of Bethlehem in Urbana, Illinois, cleared 14 feet 6 inches in the recent Knights of Columbus indoor meet at Boston. The Reverend Richards is five feet ten inches tall. What's more—no matter how many theses Ganslen writes—the Reverend Richards expects to top 15 feet in the Olympics three months hence, or break his back trying.

The young assistant pastor stands a good chance of doing either—or both. Last spring, when Bobby shifted his grip higher on the pole—up to the normal grabbing spot for six-footers—he was warned that the extra stress and strain on his back muscles would have uncomfortable consequences.

"Stick to your old grip," friends advised. "You'll do better than 14 feet and probably make the Olympic squad. Try that high grip and you'll end up wearing a plaster jacket."

Bobby compromised. He strengthened his back muscles with weight-lifting exercises for three months—then started to work with the new grip. The results were amazing and gratifying. He catapulted to 14 feet 6 inches—the first time any man under six feet tall ever reached that height.

Richards grew up in Champaign, a few miles from Urbana, and began his theological studies at Bridgewater College in Virginia four years ago. Right now, Bobby may be the busiest assistant pastor in the country. During an average day, he works on the sermon for Sunday, performs the janitor chores around the small church

(congregation: 382), practices in the vaulting pit, lifts weights to strengthen his back muscles, and studies for his master's degree at Illinois.

Even though Bobby shapes up as the man to beat for the No. 1 pole-vaulting spot on the Olympic squad, it isn't likely he will realize his ambition to clear 15 feet. Bobby's peak effort in the Knights of Columbus meet was accomplished indoors on a wood surface. The Olympic vaulting will be done outdoors on less resilient dirt. Consequently, Bobby may be slightly optimistic when he talks about 15 feet.

● Connie Mack was telling his favorite baseball story at the winter meeting of major-league club owners. It seems that Connie went squirrel hunting many autumns ago. He tramped for hours without hitting anything and toward dusk, on the way back to camp, he met a young mountaineer with a string of six squirrels slung across his shoulders. Connie was impressed and somewhat puzzled because the youngster wasn't carrying a rifle.

"How'd you get them, son?" Connie asked.

"Like this." The boy picked up a rock, aimed at a squirrel on a high limb 40 yards off and threw a perfect strike.

"My goodness," Connie exclaimed, "with that overhand fast ball you could be the greatest right-handed pitcher in baseball."

"Shucks, I'm not right-handed," the boy protested, "I'm left-handed, but Maw won't let me throw left-handed at squirrels 'cause I mash 'em too bad."

At this point in Mr. Mack's narrative, a skeptic inquired, "I suppose, Connie, you signed this boy wonder to a Philadelphia contract."

"Indeed I did," Connie replied blandly, "and you will see him pitching for the Athletics this spring. His name is Brissie—Lou Brissie."

Of course, Mack was exaggerating. Brissie is not the legendary left-hander Connie met on the mountain. Brissie is the 6-feet-4-inch, 215-pound left-hander from Ware Shoals, South Carolina, who won 23 games for Savannah last season. The bona fide Brissie may not be better than Grove, as Connie claims, but there's no doubt about one thing—Lou has really earned his big-league chance.

Lou was a corporal in the mountain infantry in Italy. A bursting shell wounded him severely in 20 places. His left leg was broken. His left ankle was smashed. Both feet were broken. Shell fragments lacerated his hands and right shoulder.

The doctors were blunt. They told Lou the left leg ought to come off. The alternative was indefinite hospitalization and a series of painful operations, with little chance of success. "I'll take the chance," Lou said. "I rock back on my left leg when I pitch."

Two years and 23 operations later, Lou walked into Shibe Park to say hello to Mr. Mack. He was on leave from Valley Forge Hospital and still used a crutch to brace his left leg. "I'll be seeing you in Florida next spring," Lou promised . . . and eight months later he was fielding bunts in the A's training camp. The crutch was gone, but a catcher's shin guard protected the exposed nerves and grafted flesh of his left ankle.

Lou was a one-inning wonder in the 1947 exhibition games. He had tremendous speed and a sharp curve until that left leg tired—then he lost control. Mack finally farmed him to Savannah. The left leg grew stronger. Lou started to win. When the A's recalled him in September, he pitched brilliantly against the World Champion Yankees in his only starting opportunity. The A's lost 5-3, but Mack was enthusiastic about Lou's mound performance.

Mr. Mack says twenty-three-year-old Lou Brissie will be the rookie of the year. Connie may be right, although Lou still carries a heavy handicap—that cumbersome protector on his left ankle. Anyway, you can understand Connie's faith in a young fellow who won 23 ball games after losing 23 operations. ★★★

COLLIER'S SPORTS

DRAWINGS BY SAM NORKIN

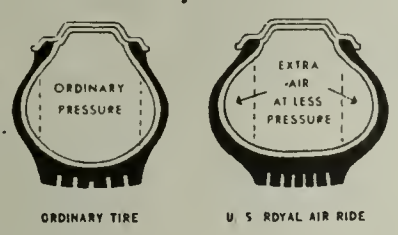
THE U.S. ROYAL *Air Ride* PUT AMERICA ON LOW-PRESSURE TIRES

The U. S. Royal Air Ride has given thousands an easy-driving, smooth-riding comfort they never before knew in their cars.

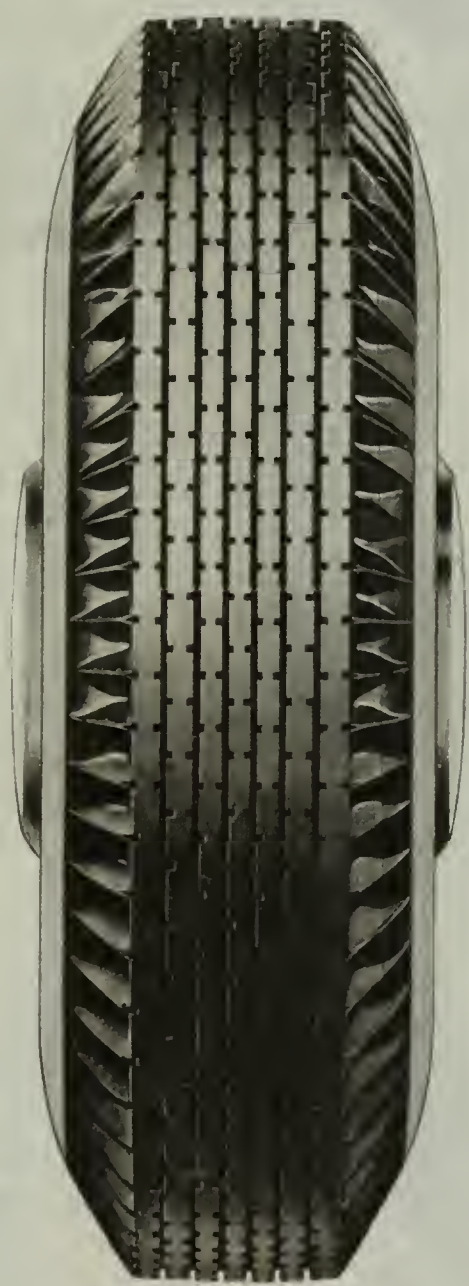
For, with this great tire, "U. S." introduced a wholly new principle to tires. It combined for the first time extra low-pressure comfort and a tread and shoulder design that makes steering easier, running cooler, and increases tire life.

Now—in its brief year-and-one-half—U. S. Royal Air Ride has put America on extra low-pressure tires.

A million Air Rides are on the road! They're being made original equipment on many of America's finest new cars! The tire industry is seeking to adopt their comfort feature. But only Air Ride gives *all* these advances:



Less Pressure—More Comfort. The Air Ride provides far more air at new low pressure. It fits your regular rim-size — puts bigger, softer air-cushions under your wheels. They swallow up bumps *before* they bounce your car—bring smoother-rolling comfort to *any* car on *any road.*



Steer-Easy Tread—More Effortless Handling. The compact Air Ride tread puts more rubber on the road to increase your tire mileage—yet its trim running ribs make it respond at once to your steering touch. You'll actually *feel* the amazing difference it makes in driving ease!

Steadier Riding—Surer Car Control. Straightening away after passing a car or rounding a curve ordinarily calls for jockeying your wheel. With Air Ride's wider outside tread rows steadying your car, you'll have less steering to do. Enjoy the new comfort and ease that began with Air Riding. See your U. S. Tire Dealer today.

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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY • *SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE*

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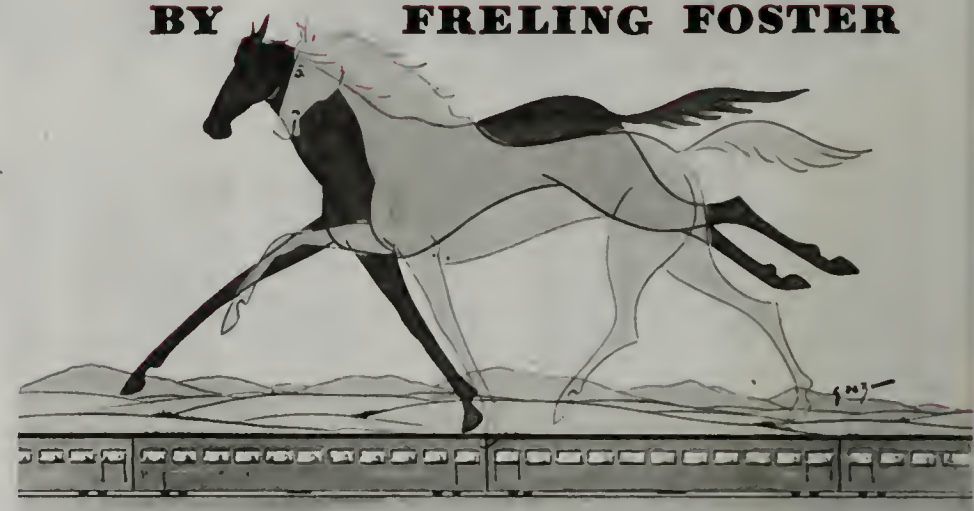
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The only American railroad trains today named in honor of famous animals are the two new streamliners of the Central of Georgia called Man o' War and Nancy Hanks II. The latter is known as "the second" because the road operated a train in the 1890s that bore the name of this celebrated trotter.

Contrary to popular impression, circus performers constitute only a small portion of a show's entire personnel. For example, in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus last year, the total number of employees was 1,377, of whom only 238 or 17 per cent, performed in the arena.

To direct attention to the multitude of obsolete and forgotten laws that clutter up our statute books, an authority has made a study of the number broken daily by an average citizen of Philadelphia. The results show that, if these laws were still enforced, the citizen could be imprisoned for five years and fined $2,896.

Under the Plant Patent Act of 1930, the United States government has granted approximately 775 patents on plants to persons who found or developed new and distinct varieties. Many with unique features are highly valued, the patent rights to a single peach tree having sold recently for $10,000.

Of our 48 state names, one is a French term, four are names of foreign places, six are Spanish words, 11 are derivations of names or titles of renowned persons and the other 26 are terms or phrases of American Indians.

The first college course on the physiological and psychological aspects of marriage, started at the University of North Carolina in 1927, was so successful that today marriage courses are being offered in nearly 600 of our colleges.

In order to make U.S. birth records more comparable and useful, obstetricians are now being asked to differentiate between a full-term and a premature birth on the basis of the infant's weight instead of the mother's gestation period. This classification of a birth, therefore, will depend on whether the infant weighs over or under 2,500 grams, or five pounds and eight ounces.

The greatest female murderer of modern times was Belle Gunness, whose fiendish career began in 1901, when she purchased and moved to a farm near La Porte, Indiana. By placing advertisements in matrimonial magazines for a husband who was kind and willing to help her pay off a mortgage, this husky forty-two-year-old widow lured one man after another to her lonely farm, where, upon getting their money, she promptly murdered and buried them. This continued for seven years, during which time she killed at least 40 persons and netted about $100,000 in insurance and "mortgage money." In 1908, when the sheriff finally became suspicious of her, Belle set fire to her house, disappeared and was never seen again.

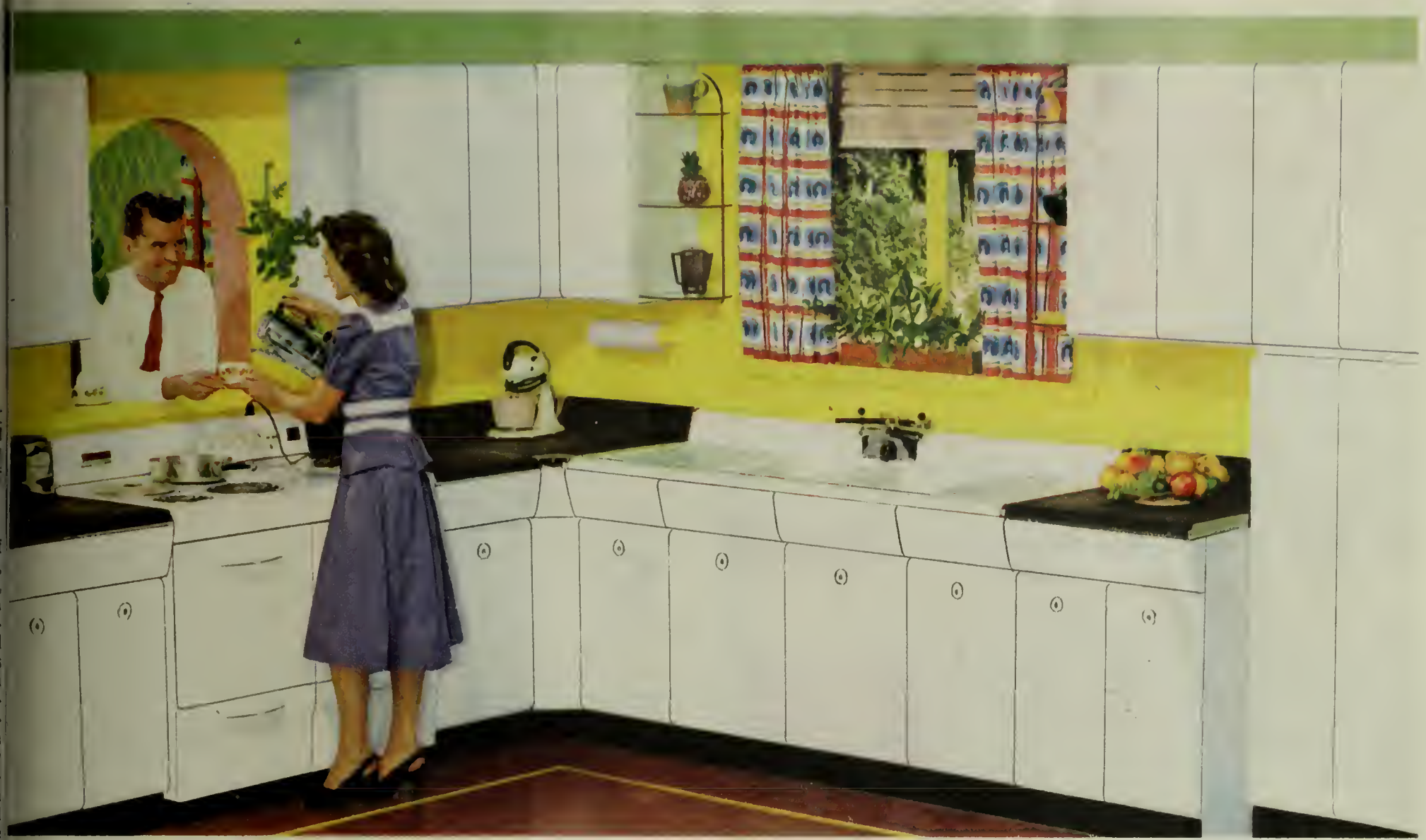
To enable movie audiences to see, via television, important news events while they are taking place, Paramount has developed a system in which its own video cameras transmit on-the-spot pictures directly to a television set in the theater's projection booth. As the pictures are received, they are photographed on movie film that runs from the camera through a developer and dryer and into the projector which flashes the scenes on the theater screen only 30 seconds after they have been televised.

Through our government's 36 short-wave transmitters, official broadcasts now being beamed overseas daily total about 14 hours by the United Nations, 25 hours by the Army and 32 hours by the Voice of America of the State Department. Reaching 40 countries in 20 languages, the programs of the Voice are 25 per cent recorded orchestral concerts, 25 per cent straight news and 50 per cent editorial comment and information about the United States.

Petrillo has at last recognized the harmonica as a musical instrument and is now inviting those who play it to become members of his American Federation of Musicians.

The number of hospitalized mental cases in this country was 183 per 100,000 population in 1880, 204 in 1910, 352 in 1940 and is about 425 today.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.



Yours for the Asking

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American KITCHEN STYLED IN STEEL

You needn't merely "dream" any longer. *Right now* you can take steps toward having a kitchen like this, either in the home you already own, or in the one you plan to build.

Today, American Kitchens dealers everywhere *are joined in a great, nation-wide program to provide—absolutely free to every genuinely interested homemaker—a precisely-drawn plan for her own, individual American Kitchen.*

Just go to your American Kitchens dealer. He'll get your ideas, room measurements, etc. Then he'll draft a scientific plan, especially for *you!* Even more than that! With his marvelous Plan-a-Kit, *which only American Kitchens dealers have*, he'll show you, in miniature, precisely how *your* American Kitchen will look.

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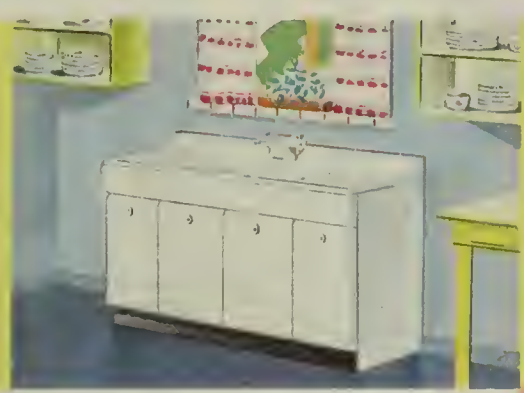

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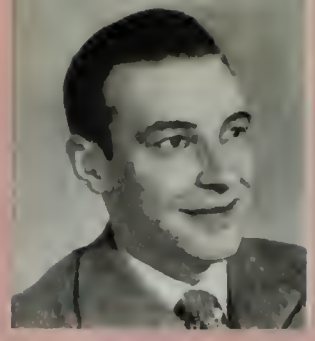

Mort Green

•

Pup Thurber

THE WEEK'S WORK

Artist Michael

•

Faith Prior

SARONY, INC.

FICTION newcomer Faith Prior (The April Road, p. 34) was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1920, in Vergennes, Vermont, modestly described as "the smallest town in the U.S. if not the world—sandwiched between the twin histories of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain." She has pre-Revolutionary soil roots, can tick off English, Scotch, French, Irish and Dutch ancestors. "Without even counting noses!" Faith claims.

After studying costume designing at Pratt Institute, Faith returned to her beloved hills and the U. of Vermont, defying prewar academic convention by marrying a fellow student before graduation. "We look at today's campus baby carriages and remember the lifted eyebrows we occasioned six years ago!" she chuckles.

When her spouse was lured away by the male Lorelei on a Marine recruiting poster, Faith went quietly mad teaching school. "So I joined the Red Cross," she says, "and for two years listened to naval hospital troubles."

Now she's back teaching at the U. of Montreal, where everybody is gay and talks French but Faith—listening to her student husband recite fascinating trivia of veterinary medicine.

IN OUR ceaseless search for the inner soul of the writer, we have uncovered the early literary struggles of Mort Green (Fair Exchange, p. 20).

It seems when Mort made the big change from the carefree life of the Army, to free-lancing, he suddenly was struck poor. "The Unemployment Insurance people had a remarkable plan whereby they exchanged a look at my kisser for the tidy sum of $20 per week," he says.

Mort dug into this gold mine until one day the UIP decided to reward him with a job in a factory.

"Only by exercising my utmost Spartan self-control," he says, "did I restrain myself from accepting this exciting offer. In fact, in a memorable scene in their offices, I told them what they could do with their factory. That stumped them for a while, then some joker came up with something: They stopped my checks.

"By this time it didn't matter because I had sold a story and was rich and famous."

PRESENTING Campus Crusader Harold Taylor on page 13, Bill Gottlieb got inflamed about experimental education when he became disillusioned with his alma mammy Lehigh U., as a means of gaining a liberal education. "And it wasn't s grapes," cries Bill. "I did get a Beta key."

He was with a music magazine a the war when he learned that the r president of the very progress Sarah Lawrence College, Harold T lor, was also a jive enthusiast. "S decided to do a story about him," s Gottlieb. "Meanwhile, I have t children and help care for two mor three of them in school. So my inte in education has had no opportu to flag. I also do educational f strips, currently one on How to T Care of a Dog. Mine, a dachsie named Thurber."

FROM Louisville, Kentucky, David Dressler (Brothers in Cri p. 30) came by the Dr. in a stirr way. A Ph.B. from Chicago; a p chology M.A. from Columbia; took his Ph.D. in sociology at N with a thesis on Burlesque as a C tural Phenomenon. It was a Study the World of the Baggy Pants, Blad & Strip, and the New York Post ra as a series. "Only thing I struck c says the good doctor, "was posing cap and gown with my arms arou Gypsy Rose Lee, dressed for actio

Since that fateful, foolish day think), Dr. Dressler's been up to ears in crime. He's made surveys prisons, rubbed shoulders with th sands of criminals, has been cons ant to many states in setting up r correctional systems.

Dr. Dressler has authored ove hundred technical articles, and Probation and Parole Practice sho be out soon. For many years he with the N.Y. State Division of Par becoming executive director in 19

This week's cover: Raining Que "I was staring out of my New Y studio window," its Artist Mich says, "at the height of the Blizzard '47, when a saucy little miss in New Look struggled through a t foot drift under my window. I fou myself wishing the winter were o for the girl in the street and mysel couldn't change the weather but I the next best thing: drew the girl my sketch pad.

"The spring looked real, and C lier's liked the rough. So I called J Vohs in to model the girl. Fash Editor Barbara Banks got the M Hayes hat and Josef bag for Joar wear in the final drawing. The flov pot was furnished by my son Bill, expediter of no mean standing thirteen." . . . TED SHAN

Miss Virginia H. Palfrey, of Boston, at the time of her engagement . . . pointed by Gerald Brockhurst

Now proudly the bright engagement diamond, in all its glorious tradition, does acclaim the happiest of rites. A treasured keepsake then, your ring-stone becomes more cherished through the years. Though it may be modest in cost, it should be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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Famous for Quality the World Over

Wednesday is Bingsday! Listen to Bing Crosby on Philco Radio Time, Wednesdays at 10 P.M. in the East, 9 P.M. everywhere else. ABC Network and many additional stations.

A typical dormitory scene at Sarah Lawrence. Girls from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, New Jersey and New York are represented in this group. Informality is the keynote both in and out of the classroom, but sessions like this offer the girls a real chance to blow off steam. Later, music may give way to serious talk

CAMPUS CRUSADER

BY BILL GOTTLIEB

While others complain about our system of higher education, Harold Taylor and his blue-jeaned coeds at Sarah Lawrence College are demonstrating how to do something about it

BOYISH Harold Taylor, the thirty-three-year-old president of Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York, likes to explain his school's revolutionary educational experiments by contrasting them with a lecture he attended in a Western university.

"There were 1,500 students in a huge auditorium, and the instructor droned over a public address system while some boys in the rear seats played cards. The fraternity men, with copies of last year's exam neatly filed in their chapter rooms, dozed placidly. Of those taking notes, the two most diligent were, I was told, a couple of enterprising students who sold copies of the lecture to those who cut class."

President Taylor admits the illustration is extreme. But he says it is symbolic of the absence of the spirit of learning in American colleges.

His solution, as practiced at Sarah Lawrence College (SLC), is to handle each student as an individual seeking knowledge, rather than as part of a herd waiting to jump the hurdle of graduation.

Under this system, his 350-blue-jeaned coeds take only the courses they want and will work at. SLC girls don't have formalized exams, grades or conventional report cards, either. The ultimate goal of education, according to Taylor, is not an A but the

President Taylor of Sarah Lawrence, a believer in individualized education

development of an individual to his greatest potential. If a dullard acquires some grasp of his role in a democracy, for instance, he's done more than some memory wizard who can quote the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

Dr. Taylor believes in letting the students work on their own. At SLC the amount of time a girl must spend in class is reduced to a minimum. A Sarah Lawrence girl gets only three courses a year, instead of the usual five or six, and has only one class a week per course, instead of three. Even these are loosely defined. If a student wants to report on an appropriate novel for a chemistry course, that's okay with Taylor, who believes all branches of knowledge are closely interrelated. If the same girl wants to spend an entire week in a chemical plant, that's fine, too, because Taylor believes we learn better after we have had firsthand experience.

Lear Shelved for Antony

This year the Renaissance Literature class was to have studied Shakespeare's King Lear. But Katharine Cornell came to Broadway in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. That was the end of Lear. The girls bought balcony seats, instead.

Textbooks are regarded as too rigid and are therefore simply not used; and even the "classics" have at last, according to Taylor, reached their day of reckoning. Dr. Taylor contends that learning is of value only if it helps us understand contemporary problems. A classical book or subject must shed a bright light on the student's world of airplanes, apartments and atom bombs, or it is discarded. Since none of the girls could put in a good word for Latin, that subject is as scarce at SLC as a bustle.

Horrified old-fashioned educators accuse Taylor of pampering his pupils. They point out that Sarah Lawrence College was originally a finishing school for fashionable girls and still charges a not inconsiderable $1,700 yearly for room, board and tuition. And since Bronxville is a plush New York City suburb, the implication is that SLC is just a country club for rich kids who want to be near Manhattan night spots.

President Taylor admits his kids like night clubs, and adds that he does too. He also admits that the girls take courses they enjoy, rather than those which are "good for them. This business of knowledge-through-suffering is rubbish," he says.

Progressive educators regard Sarah Lawrence as a serious-minded educational laboratory. Typical is the opinion of Dr. Edwin Embree who, as director of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, has studied students from all American colleges. "So far as my knowledge goes," he has written, "better general education is going on at Sarah Lawrence than at any place in the world today."

The skeptics who sneer at SLC's radical innovations were told off by Dr. Taylor in his typically brash, irreverent manner.

"The whole educational system," he admonished the Twelfth Educational Conference last fall, "has become one massive quiz program, with the prizes going to the most enterprising, most repulsively well-informed person—the man with his hand up first. The man with his hand up first wins the scholarship, the academic approval, sometimes even the girls . . . We are merely creating a race of eager beavers."

Pungent remarks like these have made Harold Taylor the most widely quoted leader in progressive education. He is a college president of glamorous proportions. Some of his worshipful students claim he wasn't born like ordinary mortals but sprang, full-blown, from the imagination of a Hollywood script writer, complete with tweedy clothes, curly hair, dimples and an athletic build.

Three years ago, when he came to his present post from the University of Wisconsin, Taylor was only thirty, the youngest college president in the country. Students were delighted when, at proms, he began "sitting in" with his hot clarinet and leading jam sessions.

"It was a throwback," Taylor recounts, "to the time I earned money for my doctor of philosophy degree by leading a swing band and writing for a jazz magazine."

Legend to the contrary, the hero of this saga did have an early life. He was born and raised in Canada and attended the University of Toronto. He had hopes of becoming a writer after graduation; but, when he was voted the college's best all-around student, he decided to use the cash prize to continue his education. The next thing he knew, Harold Taylor had got his master's degree at Toronto, his doctorate at the University of London and was teaching philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

At Wisconsin, Taylor became convinced that individualized education can be practiced at any school. Even at this large university, nine instructors and some graduate students handled 1,700 philosophy pupils with a reasonable amount of personal attention. Taylor learned what education meant from working with Max Otto and his colleagues in philosophy.

The Man Who Fitted the Job

Although he is the spokesman for Sarah Lawrence, Taylor did not establish the school's educational philosophy. Rather, it was a case of his fitting perfectly into SLC's established intellectual climate, where he received able assistance from instructors like Mrs. Esther Raushenbush, Director of Education.

He still doesn't look the part, whether you find him in the college's junior-sized mansion, where he lives with his wife and two children, or in his vast paneled office in the administration building, once the home of SLC's founder, William Van Duzer Lawrence.

At the prodding of his assistants, President Taylor has begun to subdue his characteristic horse laugh. And sometimes he remembers not to flop all over the easy chairs in his office. But that is about the limit of his propriety.

Taylor's serious side emerges when he battles for progressive education. Thanks to the general dissatisfaction over conventional educational methods, the Sarah Lawrence system is gaining ground. Last summer, 100 professors from 67 colleges spent a month on SLC's twenty rolling acres studying contemporary movements; and in recent years, Yale, Colgate, N.Y.U., M.I.T. and other colleges have adopted parts of the program first developed at SLC. Much of the pressure for change has come from college war veterans who are bitter about the nonsense and rah! rah! with which they must contend at many schools.

Sarah Lawrence has a few male veterans itself. It offered to make room for 40 of them as a gesture of appreciation.

Go to a frivolous girls' school? Not those earnest he-men. But, unable to get in elsewhere, 40 veterans reluctantly entered, fully intending to transfer at the first opportunity. Last year, Columbia University offered to take some of the boys off Sarah Lawrence's hands. To date, only one has accepted.

Missionary Zeal of Students

The girls, themselves, seem sold on Sarah Lawrence. While students at many other schools suffer stoically through schooling that they hope will do them good (though they are not certain just how), SLC undergraduates, on the whole, know where they are going. They are instilled, too, with their missionary role; and, at the drop of an interrogation mark, most of them unleash a torrent of explanations as to why the SLC system is the salvation of higher education.

"The teachers treat us as thinking adults," said a senior from Honolulu. "They urge us to delve into important questions and come up with our own individual answers. That's what makes the atmosphere here so stimulating."

Such earnestness and scholastic diligence is a little frightening sometimes. To the Ivy League boys who date the Sarah Lawrence girls, it is especially unnerving. More than one Princeton man has admitted wanting to run for cover when, with his mind on other things, his Sarah Lawrence date insisted on discussing some burning social issue.

The girls are not without some misgivings about Sarah Lawrence. Many are especially concerned about the strain the school often produces on home ties. While it is true that all young people, especially college students, tend to grow away from their families as they learn things for themselves, the freedom and experimentation practiced at SLC exaggerates this tendency.

Couple this with the fact that their well-to-do parents are often extremely conservative and it is likely that more girls from Sarah Lawrence than elsewhere return home as strangers. Many girls feel that they are permitted to go to SLC only because they are daughters instead of sons. They add that their parents probably wouldn't let their brothers go to such a liberal school. A "radical" son would be too dangerous.

The principal opposition to President Taylor's brand of education comes from Robert M. Hutchins, an earlier glamor boy of education who became president of the University of Chicago at thirty. While Taylor's goal is to develop the student's collective personality, Hutchins aims squarely at the mind.

Hutchins and his disciples believe the present is too close to be clearly seen. If they had their way a scholar would spend most of his college years reading 100 specified Great Books, almost all of them ancient. In them, says Hutchins, are the eternal truths. With this fixed fund of knowledge and the mental discipline acquired in learning it, he argues, the individual is prepared to face *any* world.

President Taylor refers to this theory as the Genteel Tradition in Education. He claims that it "creates an unreal duality in which the intellect is set apart from and above the rest of the world."

Robert Hutchins says it will be young men, trained by the Great Books, who will eventually cope with the atom bomb. Harold Taylor scoffs at "Mr. Hutchins' pious hope that if we go down, we will go down talking."

Taylor feels that his own philosophy won a technical k.o. over Hutchins' last December when President Truman's Commission on Higher Education issued its epochal report. The commission condemned America's conventional educational philosophy and suggested reforms.

"American colleges," it stated, "can no longer consider themselves merely the instrument for producing an intellectual elite; they must become the means by which every citizen is enabled to carry his education as far as his native capacities permit. Education will achieve its ends if its programs are relevant to the needs of contemporary society and will deal directly with current problems."

To help students in their study of current problems, SLC constantly puts them into contact with real situations. When President and Mrs. Taylor learned that one third of those studying infant psychology had never been around a baby, the Taylors, at the suggestion of the psychology professor, invited the students to their home every morning for a week to watch month-old Jennifer Taylor being fed and dressed.

Most experience at the college is obtained in a less haphazard manner. Sarah Lawrence has its own nursery school, where psychology students regularly study child behavior, and it has two full-time field directors.

At the request of manufacturers, labor unions and public agencies, SLC students have investigated race prejudice among workers, helped establish classes for trade-union people and determined how social-service organizations could best be utilized. They have also watched the production of elevators from pig iron to push buttons and have visited banks, bottling works and fish markets. One girl's field experience even included a fist in the face when she put in time as a volunteer labor organizer.

Politics, Dramatics, Radio

In addition, SLC students have a heavy list of extracurricular activities. There is a Political Action Committee that campaigned last year for a city councilman. There is also a fine dramatics group and a student radio station.

The school's biggest annual event is a joint dance recital with Bennington, a progressive school linked with Sarah Lawrence by similar philosophy and high costs (Bennington is tops with $1,850). SLC ran away with the applause at the last recital. Its veterans had been induced to take up modern dance as a body builder. When these massive creatures unexpectedly loped onto the stage for a few muscular leaps, they brought down the house.

The students also carry on a running fight against prejudice. There are no racial or religious restrictions at SLC. The undergraduates, by their example, try to spread this attitude both in other schools and in Bronxville, a community notorious for its gentlemen's agreements.

In the year's most talked-about meeting, the student body voted $100 for Herman Sweatt, a Texas Negro who was attempting, through the courts, to get into the University of Texas law school. SLC's paper also devoted its entire issue to the Sweatt

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

ses are usually limited to ten students, and informal discussions are therefore ible. In groups like Helen Merrell Lynd's class in Introductory Philosophy, read- nay range from Plato to today's newspaper. Mrs. Lynd, coauthor with her husband e Middletown books, is seated below the map. Next to her is one of SLC's veterans

Lunchtime finds the girls and their veteran classmates seated around the table. Note the informal clothes sported by some of the students. Except for Sunday dinner, blue jeans can be worn anywhere within the college limits. There are some restrictions, however. Pajamas and bare feet are not allowed in the classrooms

girls learn wood carving, stonecutting and clay modeling from life in their sculp- class. Note protective goggles worn by the girl at right. They protect her eyes n flying stone chips and dust. In art, as in all classes, students are encouraged levelop to their greatest potential as individuals and to work ahead on their own

The day after a big prom, the kids still have enough energy to hold a square-dance session at the college. The boys in this picture are members of a choral group known as the Spizwinks of Yale. They came to sing for the prom, stayed for more fun next day. Some Ivy League men are baffled by seriousness of SLC coeds

ieve it or not, this is a class in third-dimensional design. It illustrates Sarah vrence's principle that experimental ideas should be backed up with actual prac- . The electric lathe in the foreground, envy of every basement putterer, is being used ool metal for another abstraction like the one on the long table immediately behind

Sarah Lawrence boasts a fine campus of twenty wooded acres in a well-to-do New York suburb called Bronxville. Last winter it furnished an excellent playground for the girls who are partial to snow fights, sledding and even skiing. Sarah Lawrence girls like the city "for the usual reasons" but also study it seriously

A CROSS FOR URDIA

BY C. VERNON FROST

This story is about an act of faith. It is particularly relevant today, when the Christian world is shocked at the tragedy of Palestine

THE sun, mirrored by the crystal snows of the Kurdish hills, spun a web of light over the thatched roofs of the Assyrian village of Urdia. A halo of red and gold gave it brief and unearthly beauty. Fingers of color traced strange designs on the whitewashed walls of the little Nestorian church, and hung shimmering curtains to hide the bareness of the narrow room and the floor of beaten earth. Then, as the tide of light rose to flood the altar, color faded, and Father Joseph, roused from a vision of glory, saw the Cross was gone.

Characteristically he knew no anger, merely pity. The Cross, the original Latin Cross without the Figure, was of gilded wood and mounted on a square block. It stood little more than ten inches high and was valued perhaps at half a dinar. The old man thought: Not even a Kurd would have stolen it—and immediately regretting this suspicion of his Moslem neighbors, he nervously stroked his heavy black beard and considered penance for allowing the thought to root.

"Who took the Cross had a troubled mind," Father Joseph said into the emptiness of the church, and clasping hands stained with the earth of the fields, he whispered a prayer and added, "May he now be comforted."

The priest, having cleansed himself of reproach, took up the problem of the missing Cross. If the village heard of the loss there would be anger in people's hearts, and most of it turned against the Kurds who were landlords of the Assyrians. Father Joseph decided replacement was his responsibility, but he was perplexed because there was no Christian community within two hundred miles of Urdia, and the nearest Nestorian church was as poor as his own.

In faraway Baghdad, a full six hundred miles to the south, a Cross might be purchased, but his worn leather purse contained less than ninety *fils*, and when he looked at his patched khaki trousers and broken army boots, and fingered the shabby black coat which dated from the days of his novitiate, his kindly old face crinkled with a hundred wrinkles. Father Joseph smiled because it was a jest that after so many years he failed to remember he had nothing to sell.

He went to the door and breathed the sparkling air of the mountains, finding peace as he waited for inspiration. The village was waking. Roosters crowed as they strutted the mud of the pathways, and people were leading cattle from the sheds where they had been shut overnight. And up the lane from the stream where the wheel of the communal mill was already turning, came a young man in battle dress and swaggering wide-brimmed hat, one side pinned up with the crossed sabers of the Royal Air Force Levies.

Father Joseph said, "Michel!" and admired the way the soldier stopped with a stamp of heavy boots and a crisp salute. They trained them well in Habbaniyah, where the British had their base, and the priest sighed, thinking that war was a trade his ancient race had too long practiced. "Your furlough is over?" he asked.

"I must report back within three days," Michel replied. "Father, will you pray for me that a car will be on the road to take me to the train at Mosul?"

Father Joseph smiled. Here was the inspiration he had sought. "There will be a car," he said. And seeing the young man's doubt, added with simple faith, "The car will come because I give you a mission which is God's work." He patted Michel's arm, and bidding him wait, hurried to his quarters at the back of the church.

From his squirrel's hoard of paper he chose the best sheet. He regretted the lack of pen and ink, but there was a pencil which had a point. He wrote with difficulty, searching his mind for English words he had hardly used since the first World War, when he had marched with his people from Persia and lived for a time in the British reception camp at Khanaquin.

"Honored Sir," he wrote. "Please excuse, but my Altar Cross was gone. Taken by one needing comfort. Please send replacement swiftly so we worship Sunday. All neighbors are Moslem, so you I must trouble and beg humble forgiveness, Sir."

He finished the letter, "Your Honor's most obedient servant," and having signed and folded it, addressed it, "To High Officer of Royal Air Force at Habbaniyah." Michel put the paper in the band of his hat, and shouldering his kit bag marched away through the hills, made happy by the old priest's faith that he would find transport on the road.

The Valley of Urdia was warming in the morning sun. Mountain flowers, opening, unrolled a vivid carpet of blue and yellow. Awakening birds made music in the high sky, and Father Joseph, placid and smiling with his mind free from worry, went to join the workers in the fields.

FATHER JOSEPH'S letter, graded as a petition by the Central Registry of the R.A.F. base at Habbaniyah, reached the desk of the Air Officer in charge of Administration on the second floor of the headquarters building. The A.O.A., a middle-aged man, said, "Good God!" and, flushing because he used such an expression for such a request, turned to an assistant, saying, "This should have gone to the Padre's department, but you're going to Baghdad so you'd better handle it."

He looked away from the disturbed face of the young man and tried to concentrate on his work. Outside, the artificial oasis created by British engineers within the loop of the sluggish Euphrates,

The Kurd went leaping up the path and Father Joseph, the Cross pressed against his breast, watched him sorrowfully and thought: He runs from God

simmered in the merciless sun. Beyond, was the drab of the desert, and the A.O.A., remembering the cool beauty of the Kurdish highlands, abruptly dismissed Flying Officer Eldridge and forgot to reprimand him for bad behavior in the mess the previous night.

Eldridge left the building, taking the salute of the Assyrian guard who stood between the bronze signal guns. He was embarrassed and thought: A hell of a job, a damn' parson's job—and whipped himself into a fury against his superior officer. Eldridge had recently been removed from flying duties as a disciplinary measure, and his longing for the sky, for sleek, turbo-jet fighters, was warping his mind.

The car which was taking him on a duty run to Baghdad passed the iron gates of Habbaniyah. Ahead, was a ribbon of road unwinding across a flat land where pools of fetid water gathered in hollows of the desert. There was no color, and no movement, except columns of dust whipped up by the hot wind. The mood of the young man darkened, and looking for a new outlet for his anger he picked on the man he was going to see in Baghdad, an agent who purchased minor stores for the Command, and whose name was Shami Elihu.

Eldridge, who was normally good-looking, made his face ugly with a scowl. That damn' Jew, he thought. If we hadn't made war, where would they be? And that mob in America who never heard a bomb drop but throw propaganda at us. . . .

By the time the car was running through the fertile areas newly reclaimed from the desert, and the golden dome of Kadhimain was in sight, the young man's mind was poisoned with hatred for Shami Elihu, whom he had never met. He found no pleasure in the bustle of Baghdad, and stopping at the Regent Hotel in Al-Rashid Street, went to the bar.

He met people and drank a lot, voicing his general anger with increasing violence as the heavy Cyprus gin took effect. He forgot to eat, forgot the commission to buy The Cross, but remembered his appointment with the agent. The office was in the banking district near the bazaars, at the top of a dark stairway where Eldridge stumbled and found new excuse for his mood.

When he entered the room he barely glanced at the man behind the desk. He said curtly, "Are you the R.A.F. agent? Here's a list of stuff we want." He dropped the document in front of Elihu and turned to look at the busy street, ignoring the smile of welcome and the outstretched hand.

ELIHU'S dark, soft eyes hardened. He was a man of fifty, a respected citizen of Baghdad, and except for the brief period in 1941 when the routed followers of the German-inspired Rashid Ali staged a pogrom, he had rarely been reminded of his race. He thought of himself as an Iraqi, and although he often argued in favor of Palestine as a Jewish home, he had no desire to leave the country of his birth. But the arrogant young man who had so rudely entered his office caused him to feel unaccustomed anger, and he thought: Ah, you English. You English. Your day has come. Weakness makes you turn on the Jews like the Germans did. . . .

Studying the list of requirements he said abruptly, "Some of these items will be hard to find."

"Does that mean the price goes up?"

Shami Elihu did not miss the sneer. He said quietly, "Once I was trusted," and thrilled to see the young man swing angrily from the window.

"Look here—" Eldridge began, then choked on the flood of hate stemming from his frustrations. Discomforted, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and feeling a crumpled paper, pulled it out. "Oh, my God!" he said, suddenly very young and troubled because he had forgotten Father Joseph's letter. He was afraid to return to Habbaniyah and report his delinquency, which would surely retard his chances of getting back to a squadron, and in his helplessness he looked at the Jew for the first time. "It's something I forgot to buy," Eldridge muttered.

Elihu was oddly stirred and somehow repented his anger toward a youth who in many ways resembled his eldest son. Then he hardened himself against the impulse to forgive rudeness, and his Oriental mind found vindictive pleasure in seeing Eldridge in trouble. Putting a smile into his eyes the Jew said, "Buying is my trade."

"Oh, Lord, no!" The young man was shaken, but when he remembered he had to report for guard duty at Habbaniyah at sunset, and would not be back in time if he now began to search Baghdad for a Cross, he said sullenly, "I was told to buy a Cross for the Assyrian priest at Urdia. How can I ask you?"

"Because I am a Jew?"

"Yes," Eldridge said with returning anger. "Because you are a Jew."

Elihu said with the honey of malice, "We in Iraq have many faiths, but all believe in one God." He was pleased by the young man's embarrassment, and thought: God of Israel make him feel his weakness! Now let me hear an Englishman ask for a Jew's help! But when Eldridge spoke just as he wished, Elihu savored no sweetness because the words tumbled out boyishly, and he was again reminded of his son. "You don't mind?" the young man said. "I say, I would be grateful if you could—" He held out Father Joseph's letter.

As Shami Elihu read the letter he was moved by the simplicity of the appeal, and said spontaneously, "Oh, this is very charming! I will certainly attend to it, and at once so the *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

DETOUR TO A PARADISE LOST

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

If you're in the mood for touring, New York's Finger Lakes offer some of the most beautiful scenery in the world and a people whose humor is as dry as their wine. It is a quiet land of long memories and mirrored light and nostalgia

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—V

IN MOST parts of the country, when a man bites a dog, that's news. But in the Finger Lakes region, they've improved on this quite a bit. Lake Keuka, the one shaped like a slingshot, is probably one of the few bodies of water in the world where a man was ever caught by a trout.

The man was Harry C. Morse of Penn Yan (an abbreviation of Pennsylvania and Yankee), and it happened 64 years ago when he was only six. In a rowboat with his mother, Harry peered over the side. Next thing his mother knew, the boy jerked back his head with an 8-pound trout threshing about on the end of his nose. Photographs made later showing a boy with a bandaged nose holding his fish were sold as post cards—a collector's item now.

As for Harry, he became what every boy in the lakes country wanted to be at that time—the pilot of one of the excursion steamers that used to bring the tourists to the lake towns on week ends. When these boats passed from the scene, he operated a local movie theater till his death a few years ago.

There are other yarns attesting to the number and the size of the trout and bass you can catch in the Finger Lakes. One concerns Harry McConnell, also of Penn Yan, who found one of those spots where he could always count on getting a strike. Year after year the trout he caught here got bigger and bigger—until he hooked something he couldn't pull out of the water. Diving overboard, Harry followed his line down to the hook and discovered he'd caught a grand piano!

How the piano got there is still a mystery. How the Finger Lakes themselves got there is better understood, and you can take your choice of explanations: The Indians said the lakes were the handprint of the Great Spirit who touched this land in blessing. Geologists say the Pleistocene glaciers bulldozed the lakes out of small rivers and sealed them off with great heaps of debris.

In either event, this round and tempting handful of America contains some of the most beautiful lake scenery in the world, with the added attraction of hundreds of spectacular glens and waterfalls. One of the latter, Taughannock, just above Ithaca on Route 89, is the highest falls east of the Rockies, beating Niagara by 50 feet. The Finger Lakes country has also given us such diverse American in-

ROUTES: National Road 20 is the main east-west highway from Albany to Buffalo. Round trips off Route 20 through the Finger Lakes country average about 250 miles, via State Roads 41, 38, 89, 14 and 21. Good roads throughout; even "unimproved" roads are in fairly good condition.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Best bets for overnight stops are on the beaten paths—Skaneateles, Auburn, Canandaigua, Penn Yan, Watkins Glen, Ithaca. Rates are moderate, averaging about $2.50 per day per person. No swank. Lakeside cottages are available by the week, month or season, but reservations should be made early.

FOOD: Restaurants are simple, unpretentious and about average in food and prices. Krebs' restaurant at Skaneateles is perhaps most famous: all you can eat for $3.50, open May to November.

CLIMATE: Typical of North Temperate Zone. In spring and summer, there are warm days, cool nights. The best time for sight-seeing: spring or fall.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

HAT TO WEAR: For comfortable traveling ıd sight-seeing: flannel or gabardine slacks ıth tweed sport jacket, or a tweed or flannel it. Brogue shoes or moccasin-type footwear.
HAT TO SEE: Canandaigua Courthouse, here Susan B. Anthony was fined for voting a national election. First Congregational hurch in Canandaigua, dating from the early)th century. The home of Jemima Wilkinson ear Penn Yan). Taughannock Falls, near haca. Freeville Spiritualist Assembly, June September. Scenic views throughout region.

WHAT TO DO: Public beaches and picnic grounds available in all lakeside towns; most have public golf courses and tennis courts. Boats for rent for sailing, cruising and fishing. Fishing seasons: April through September for brook and lake trout; July to November for largemouthed and smallmouthed bass; May to November for pike and perch. Licenses and guides available locally.
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write Harry J. Melone, Finger Lakes Association, Auburn, N. Y.

stitutions as the sundae and the electric chair, teetotalers and silent movies, the Bloomer Girls and David Harum, the first airplane to take off from water and the driest of humor and champagne.

The first thing you notice about the lake country, and the principal tourist attraction, is, of course, the scenery; and this is not the variety today's Far Westerner would call "stupendous." After all, the entire lakes region—some 60 miles wide and 40 miles deep covers little more ground than Greater Los Angeles. You can circle any of the lakes in two or three hours, and see them all during the week end if that's all the time you have. Distances are as short as memories are long; and the beauty of the region, like the temperament of its people, is a matter of intensity rather than grandeur.

The lakes are not large, but when you see them, you see them whole, as a jewel is seen when you snap open the lid of the box. Their blue, when they are blue, is no diluted reflection of the sky. The closest you'll come to it in words is "that old, sensuous, ramifying, interpolating, transboreal blue" that Mark Twain found in a piece of ancient ceramics. A passing cloud shadow can turn this same blue into ice green or pink wet coral or brooding bruise purple. And when the sun strikes the lakes again, the air over the hills is full of their flashing.

Mother Nature Does It With Mirrors

It's a country of mirrored light—the kind you watch rather than see—and the best times to watch it are spring and fall. Then, the sunlight slants under the turning leaves of woods and vineyards, and the effect is a kind of internal illumination of the foliage, as though light had taken the place of flowing sap. The sloping lakesides obligingly tilt their pictures up against the horizon to better your view.

Driving through this country on a fine spring day is like traveling over an earth as light and buoyant as a cloud. It's the lakes that make this illusion so real. They're like great gaps through which you can see the sky on the other side of the world.

"Don't grow potatoes though," a local farmer may tell you when you pull up into his barn lot to admire the view. If he feels loquacious, that is. People here do not unburden themselves for publication except at election time, when they vote the straight Republican ticket. As communities they live alone and like it, remaining more or less aloof even from neighboring towns. The summer residents, mostly from Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo, are treated fairly and kindly but they are not slapped on the back and taken into the family. Nor do the lake dwellers take readily to innovations.

"They always get around to doing the thing," the editor of a local weekly tells you, "but they take a generation or so to mull it over first." He confesses, though, that he's still an "outsider," having lived here only 20 years. An "insider," Warren Hunting Smith, now of Yale University, puts it another way: "A gentleman," he quotes an old book of etiquette, "need never carry a watch. For what has a gentleman to do with time?"

Within the family circle of the community, however, there is an unusual amount of personal freedom, loyalty and tolerance for the little eccentricities that may crop out here and there: a Mrs. Birdseye who used to collect dead cats, dogs, canaries, even livestock and poultry to stuff and decorate her mid-Victorian parlor; a spinster mentioned by Washington Irving as "sweet little Nellie" who in later years used to say she wished she could run a locomotive down her back alley and kill all the children; a dowager who left her heirs 80-odd petticoats and 147 shirtwaists; the twittery little lady who used to play the organ in church and generally forgot to remove her fur gloves—these are a few of the characters who found understanding in Geneva, New York, as Warren Smith recalls in his Elegant but Salubrious Village.

Eccentrics are naturally no more numerous in Geneva or the lakes region than anywhere else, but they think they are happier and more useful. Consider, for instance, the woman-hating bachelor, William Smith, who used to exchange spirit messages with Socrates, Caesar and his "Aunt Sally," and who founded Hobart College for Women. Or the Hobart president, who would "casually confiscate any horse and carriage that he saw on the street" or "calmly stop fast trains on the New York Central by pulling the chain and announcing that he, the president of Hobart College, wished to get off at Lyons," a near-by stop. *(Continued on page 36)*

FAIR EXCHANGE

BY MORT GREEN

"Darling, Mother asked you a question. Where are the bottoms of the pajamas?" I sank into an imaginary hole in the floor

The romance of Leona. A love story of which her mother by no means approves

LEONA'S mother is going to talk her into being *so* mad. Leona is my fiancée. How I came to be engaged to her in the first place is not easy to explain. Why try? I mean, since I first met her my whole life is a series of anticlimaxes. I thought I hated girls like her and then, all of a sudden—voom—I love them, Leona told me. Then her mother decided I ought to get something for Leona as an engagement gift. Which is what started everything.

It was a nice gift, I thought, when I bought it. A pair of genuine, imported, 100 per cent exorbitant, silk-looking pajamas, with a long top. Leona loved it, her mother thought. That is, until they unwrapped the package.

"It's so *long*," said Leona, brightly, holding the top up against herself. The salesgirl who modeled it for me had looked a shade better in it, perhaps, but that might have been due to the lighting in the store.

I said, "It's supposed to be New Look, isn't it? Anyway, it only comes down to—well, the upper part of your lower extremities." I got out of that one pretty nicely, I thought. Leona's mother only glared at me a little before she adjusted her horn-rims and sighted them in the general direction of the pajamas. "They're atrocious," she said genteelly. She sniffed around the box for a moment. "May I ask," she asked, "where are the *bottoms* to these pajamas?"

I glanced around the rug. Leona's mother's rugs match her ankles. Thick. There were no pajama bottoms on the rug. Leona carefully picked up an imaginary loose end of conversation. "Darling, Mother asked you a question. Where are the bottoms to these pajamas?"

I said, "That's what's so wonderful about this pair of pajamas, honey. They're only a top."

That's all, brother. I got out of the house with only a few minor bruises.

I TOOK the pajamas back to Marvin Brothers' Department Store to exchange them, like Leona's mother said. All the way down to the store in the cab, I rehearsed my speech to the complaint department. I knew for sure that the man in charge would turn out to be a lady who would turn out to look like Leona's mother.

"Lissen, you old crab," I would say, "hurry up and change these pajamas into an umbrella or something before I elope without your consent."

The cabby was a sympathetic type. He turned almost squarely around and said, "Will you kindly shut up? How can I work on my novel with you bellyachin' like a lovesick cow?" Without even trying, we just barely missed forever becoming part of a quaint little ten-ton truck.

We recovered in time to stop for a red light.

I said to the cabdriver, "Lissen, you old crab—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he interrupted me. "I should hurry up and change these pajamas for you before you elope without my consent."

"How did you know?" I asked, looking up at his picture on the cabby's registration card, just to make sure he wasn't Leona's mother.

"How did *I* know?" He snorted. "You been saying the same thing

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

over and over, ever since I picked you up. I oughta charge you extra. You're distractin' me from my work. In the book I'm writing, where the boy meets the girl, instead of kissing her on the lips, he's kickin' her in the teeth, and all on accounta the way you're talkin'."

We took a corner on two wheels, neither of them on our car.

"You see"—the cabby was talking into the rear-view mirror now—"in my story, it's different. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, girl stays lost." He paused dramatically. We were drifting through a red light. "How do you like that for a real switch, huh?"

"You're nuts," I said into the mirror. "Who wants a lost girl?"

The cabby was belligerent. He turned a full hundred and eighty degrees from the front and pointed a well-chewed index finger at me. "Lissen," he said, "why must always the boy get the girl at the end? Why?"

I OPENED my eyes, expecting to find us bearing down on a truck or a pedestrian or a building. But we were standing still. I looked outside and saw the 39th Street entrance to Marvin Brothers' Department Store. We were there.

"I give up," I said. "Write it your own way. How much for the ride?"

"Fifty cents. And what kinda ending would you suggest, smart guy?"

A man in a blue serge suit with authentic New York City brass buttons on it, came over to ask us if we had permission to stage a demonstration.

My literary cabby waved him away. "Blow, kid, you bother me," he said. "I'm right in the middle of a book."

I peeled off a dollar bill and threw it. I was in a hurry, suddenly. "Goodby," I said, trotting up to the store.

The cabby yelled, "Hey, Swifty, wait a minute—"

Out of the back of my head I noticed the gentleman in the blue serge suit with the yellow buttons beginning to write a book of his own. "Don't worry! Keep the change!" I yelled back. . . .

The outer-office girl and I chatted very pleasantly while I was waiting to be admitted to the inner sanctum, the room in which I was to complain. She was strictly a gum chewer, and although I'm sure Leona's mother wouldn't have liked it anyway our conversation was not intimate, and lasted only until a buzzer buzzed and the secretary said, "You may go in now, Mr. Evans." You can see how far I got. She was still calling me by my last name.

So, anyway, I went in now.

Believe me, there could be no complaint about the Marvin Brothers' Complaint Department. It was a she. A masterpiece in red and cream. The interior decorator dashed that one off and then burned the blueprint.

She had red hair, peaches-and-cream complexion, blue eyes. She was crispy and crunchy, with milk and cream and sugar and fruit. She was bite-size. She was shot out of guns. She was the Complaint Department. Her name was Janet Carter. Miss. No rings.

She said, "Enjoying yourself?"

I said, "Immensely."

She said, "I understand there is some misunderstanding about a pajama top?"

It occurred to me that I would be quite happy to spend just about all my free time from now until my wedding day discussing misunderstandings about pajama tops with Miss Carter. And as an afterthought I allowed myself to dwell on what she might look like in the very pajama top under discussion.

She blushed right out to the ends of her red hair. I said, "I didn't even say anything yet."

"Never mind. Now, about this exchange, Mr.—?"

"Evans," I said, shyly. "But you can call me Lincoln—"

"Your first name won't be necessary—"

"—6-0947," I continued. "May I call you Algonquin 3 or Murray Hill 5 or something like that?"

She said, "The exchange is Beachview 4, and—" she flustered to a stop. "I seem to have said that without thinking," she admitted.

I said, "Look, possibly we can take Lincoln 6 and Beachview 4, put them together, and come up with Evans 2?"

"I laugh, grudgingly," she said. "But now, about that pajama top—"

I said, "Look, Miss Carter, I never thought, while I was working my way up through all the various departments of Marvin Brothers' Department Store telling my story over and over again to a long line of things swishing by in long skirts, that I would wind up in such an enviable position. But I promised myself that I would not go through this story again."

She looked unhappy.

"Unless," I added, "I reached the top."

"In the matter of complaints," she said hopefully, "I am the top."

"That's altogether fitting, Miss Carter," I said, eying her jersey bodice. "A few days ago, with no malice aforethought, I bought here a pajama top for my fiancée, strictly out of the goodness of my mother-in-law's heart. Now, she and my mother-in-law like the gift all right. It's just that they told me to exchange it for something that comes in two pieces. Or maybe an umbrella. But mostly they prefer something in two pieces, my mother-in-law said."

"How about a bow and arrow?" asked Miss Carter. She was looking studiously at a sheaf of papers on her desk. Reminded me of the Army. "I see by the sales slip that the item was monogrammed," she said, meaningfully.

I said, "Oh, well, if you want to believe everything you read in the sales slips—"

"You know, of course, that we don't usually exchange any merchandise which has been monogrammed. It's contrary to the accepted policy of the store."

"Listen, it cost $32.98, reduced already," I said wildly. "And the tax—"

"However," she said, "we might make an exception in this one case. If you'll hand over the pajama top, we'll exchange it for something of equal value. How's that, Mr. Evans?"

I said, "Oh, wonderful. That's wonderful, Miss Carter. But there's just one thing. About this exchange—well you see, the thing is, I don't have the pajama top to make the exchange—with."

"You mean—with which to make the exchange, Mr. Evans?"

I said, "Yes."

Suddenly it dawned on her what I was saying. "Wait a minute! Do you mean to tell me that you're trying to get us to make an exchange when you don't even have anything to make the exchange *with*?"

"With which to make the exchange, you mean—"

But she wasn't in the mood. "Of all the nerve!" she said.

"Well, you see," I said, "that's the crux of the whole situation. That's why I came all the way up to you. I had the pajama top, but I came here by cab. I think maybe I left it in the cab."

Miss Carter had a ready answer. "Go find it," she said.

"Listen," I said. "That's gonna take a little time. Maybe you could exchange it for me meanwhile, and I'll bring it back as soon as I find it?"

"We are not," said Miss Carter, "crazy. How do we know we'll ever see you again?"

I gave Miss Carter a long, slow, look. I thought: Are you kidding?

"All right," she said, "I know what you're thinking, but it won't do. It just won't do!"

"You," I said, bitterly, "are going to break up a perfectly wonderful triangle consisting of me, my fiancée and my mother-in-law. You will rue the day," I added, in what I fondly thought was a menacing manner. I got up and started for the door. But I was walking very slowly.

"Wait a minute," Miss Carter called to me. "I'll check with the vice-president in charge of—of things," she said. "Maybe something can be done."

I about-faced like they taught me in the Army and said, "When will you talk to him?"

Miss Carter thought a minute. "This afternoon. You come in again tomorrow. Meanwhile, if you can find that taxicab—"

I said, "How about cocktails this afternoon, and you can tell me what the vice-president said?"

THE vice-president in charge of—of things—for Marvin Brothers' Department Store, I learned from Janet over a moist dry Martini that afternoon, was a hard man to convince. Janet had decided that we might as well be very friendly, in a businesslike way, about this whole affair: so it was all right to call each other by our first names.

Janet promised to be very nice to the vice-president in the morning and make another try at it, while I tried to find my missing cabdriver. I took her home and then went and had dinner with Leona and her mother. It was a wonderful dinner, they told me.

My boss was an awful boor the next

(Continued on page 74)

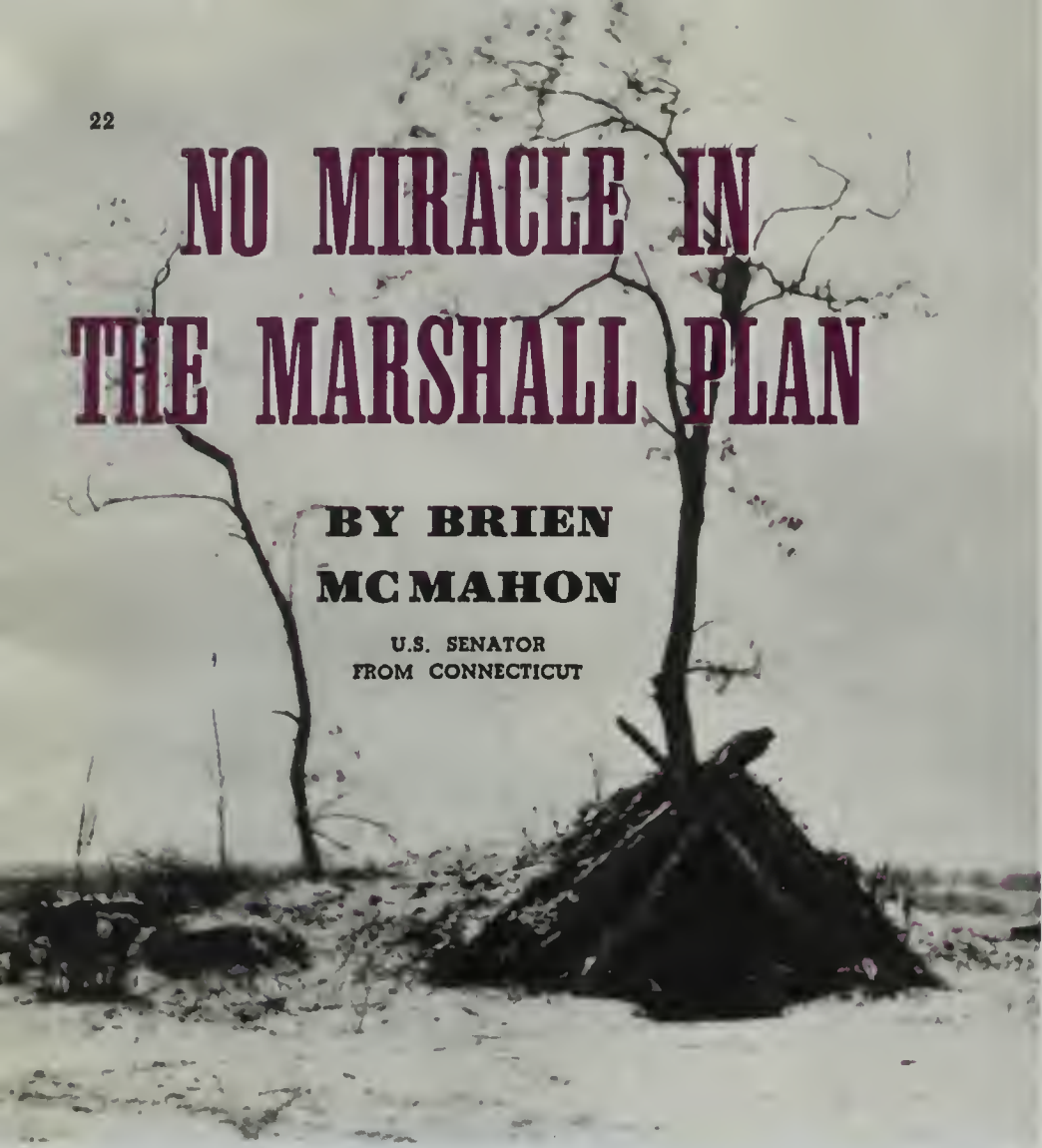
We just missed becoming part of a ten-ton truck. The driver was a fine linguist

"You can get up now, darling. He's gone. Besides he didn't hit you that hard"

NO MIRACLE IN THE MARSHALL PLAN

BY BRIEN McMAHON

U.S. SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT



he picture story of Lucimia, Poland, shows a small-scale hint of what Ameri-an aid as proposed in the Marshall Plan can do to lift the pall of hopelessness om Europe's devastated peoples. Lucimia was a village of some eight hundred easants who were forced to evacuate as the lines of battle advanced on them. he war swept the land, destroyed every building and leveled the forests. ucimia perished. But one day peace came again, and family by family the vacués picked their way back to the bare waste they still considered home. hey built crude bunkers (above), and in them the families hovered about wood res for warmth and light (below). Someday they would build houses, but that eemed depressingly far off, for they had no materials. Then, in mid-1946, an merican Friends Service Committee truck lumbered into the village and de-osited a great pile of building rock. Other trucks followed. Lucimia had een scheduled for first help by the Ministry of Reconstruction because of e thorough devastation it had suffered. The village again stirred with life

Unless we wage and win a vast war for men's minds in Europe the Marshall Plan will turn out to have been just another expensive stop-gap, says the author of the McMahon Act for the control of atomic energy

THE American people are being sold the Marshall Plan as the final step in a long list of save-the-peace measures. Bretton Woods, the United Nations, United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, the British Loan—each one of these was bought by Americans as a separate and complete package. Each was important and necessary. Each was postulated on the belief in Russian postwar co-operation instead of the intransigeance and obduracy she has recently been showing. In each case our people thought they were making the final necessary contribution for peace. They were oversold.

Make no mistake: I am for the Marshall Plan. I believe it is absolutely necessary. But I do not believe it will accomplish what its supporters hope for it, unless it is accompanied by Operation Freedom.

Just as the Marshall Plan is intended to bring sustenance to the body of Europe, so Operation Freedom is designed to bring direction, meaning and hope to the minds of its people. Operation Freedom is my program of insurance for the Marshall Plan and for the avoidance of war.

The controlled splitting of the atom has brought a new age into being. This new age requires new understanding, new conceptions and new answers. The sooner the people of the world come to understand the fundamental nature of the revolution that has taken place in society, the better our chance for controlling that revolution and thus of surviving. To permit large masses of people anywhere in the world to remain in darkness as to the great evil and great good inherent in the use of atomic energy is to gamble with human destiny.

The conditions for survival have changed. It will be no violation of the spirit of secrecy which governs so many of our affairs these days, to make certain assertions concerning these new conditions.

The United States of America now has aboveground sufficient radioactive material so that, were it efficiently applied, all human life on the planet would be annihilated. We have on order various means for such applications. We have on hand now materials *and* means whereby if we chose we could extinguish nearly every living thing in an area such as my own New England. We have on hand now material means which, if used in certain fashions, would destroy the reproductive faculties of our whole nation, leaving the American people sterile and barren, or capable of birthing only monsters and sons and daughters with broken genes, so that our line would perish.

We have offered to internationalize these materials and means, so that they may never be used destructively, but our offer has been turned down by Russia alone.

Beyond all reasonable doubt Russia also has aboveground and on hand today radioactive materials enough to extinguish all human life. Beyond any doubt Russia has on order the means for applying such materials. Beyond doubt Russia has aboveground the materials which can bring about the genetic death of a nation; and the *means* for that are on order in Russia—beyond doubt.

All over the world the atomic furnaces are lighting up; they will not be extinguished while civilization anywhere endures.

I am not violating the spirit of secrecy when I assure you that behind the thick walls of our atomic factories, we have already ascertained a second set of facts to match those lethal discoveries I have outlined. We announce that the delivery of man from his hardest toils is at hand and that the engines for this delivery are on order. In our hands we hold power —physical power—in unimaginable abundance. On the day we are able to abandon concentration on military research we shall be able to proceed in a steady, fabulous transition to an age in which every man can be in private possession of such energies as hardly any men had dreamed of.

Atomic Industrial Progress

This transition can be made without injury to our economy. On the contrary, if and when we are able to take hold of these majestic instruments, there will ensue an expansion of industrial activities, of new enterprises and services, that will pale all the past records of industrial progress put together. What steam, gasoline and electricity have achieved will all seem trivial. And yet all these familiar facilities will be required abundantly in the age of infinite abundance.

In short, the alternatives are these: ruin or renaissance. A new earth—a paradise made for man with man's own ingenuity and integrity—or no earth.

Since the end of the war the United States has authorized $5.9 billion for the Bretton Woods financial institutions, $3.4 billion for UNRRA and other grants, $3.6 billion for relief and other aid, $9.2 billion in loans and property credits for foreign countries; a total of $22.1 billion.

Now the President has asked Congress for a current appropriation of $6.8 billion to carry the Marshall Plan, through its first phase, until June 30, 1949. We should not lead the American public to believe that the spending of this sum—or even the $17 billion asked for the full 4¼-year program—will bring Europe permanent prosperity or the world eternal peace. The Marshall Plan is worth every cent it will cost; it will accomplish a great deal but, unlike a certain well-advertised brand of soap flakes, it will not do everything.

It is important, in my opinion, that our people understand this now. In the dictatorship countries, the rulers plan programs, carry them out and let the people be damned. In a democracy the people must be sold. But they should not be oversold lest, in disgust, they throw up their hands when they should be working hardest.

I would rather that my fellow Americans realized now—so that they will not be disappointed later—that what the Marshall Plan can accomplish is to help Europe get back on its

feet economically; that is, save the physical Europe, and in so doing, buy us that most precious of raw materials —time. But is Europe to be restored only to go back to the multinational rivalries and eternal wars of the old days? Is the physical body to be saved while the body politic is permitted to rot? Are we to help build up the countries of Europe only to give the Communists a richer prize?

If the European Recovery Program will buy us time, how much time do we get, and what are we to do with it?

The President's Air Policy Commission recently designated the end of 1952 as the date when other nations will almost assuredly have atomic bombs in quantity. (Some experts estimate that this condition will exist even earlier.) This roughly corresponds to the period of the Marshall Plan. In other words, in the years immediately ahead we have a limited interval during which the common problems of mankind may yet conceivably be settled by enlightenment, discussion and peaceful co-operation among nations. After that period, the use of atomic weapons will almost certainly be available to any nation intent on world domination.

If, at that time, the minds of men are still as misguided, as uninformed and as suspicious as they are today, it may then be too late to settle any issue other than by an atomic, biologic, supersonic war. And, of course, that will settle no issues for in such a war there will be no victor.

There is so little time and there is so much to do that it would be criminal not to utilize every available moment. Today the world seems to be rushing headlong down the armaments raceway onto the field of battle. Our every effort, in the time we have left, must be concentrated on ridding the world of its war psychosis, on seeking to create an atmosphere of peaceful co-operation. This, it seems to me, is a gigantic job of mass education.

For almost thirty years, there has been conducted upon this planet a systematic campaign to destroy all trust in democratic society, in human liberty, and in all the beliefs that are the sum total of Christian heritage.

Advertising in Reverse

I can, perhaps, give some notion of the damage that has been done everywhere on earth to American concepts, American purposes, and American achievements, by analogue. Suppose that all the billions we Americans had spent to advertise our products here at home these last thirty years had been spent with the same skill and enthusiasm to tell the people of this nation that those products were unfit for use, that the consumer was a fool to buy, and that our government, our courts, our Constitution and our schools were the institutions of malicious imbeciles.

The answer is self-evident. Not thirty years, but one year of such a campaign would wreck our confidence in ourselves, bring down our economy and blight the life of every person.

A similar campaign has raged against us all this long time and with just such results in the brains of hundreds of millions of human beings the world over. It is a marvel that there remains in other men as much confidence in America as they still exhibit. It is long past time to stop this pestilence of propaganda.

I have a plan which I call Operation Freedom. It is not intended as a substitute for the Marshall Plan, but to supplement it. Together, they will not guarantee peace, but they will give the world its best chance for peace; they will not guarantee an end to the atomic armaments race, but they will give the world its best chance for it; they will not guarantee atomic prosperity, but they will give the best chance for atomic prosperity.

Operation Freedom is nothing more nor less than a European education program. (There are many reasons why this program should not be confined to Europe but should be world-wide.) Its immediate purpose would be to save the soul of Europe at the same time that the body was being restored to health. It would have to be an education and information program so vast that in a few short years it could undo the damage perpetrated on the democratic way of life by Communism's thirty-year war of calumny.

A Vast Publicity Project

This is a program for which Americans are peculiarly fitted. Nowhere else has the art of advertising and selling been so extensively practiced. We can appreciate that such a program will require the utmost efforts of our most skillful personnel in the various fields of communications: the press, radio, television, motion pictures, periodicals, books and graphic arts. We would have to utilize the services of our best educators, psychologists and sociologists; our most expert public-relations and advertising specialists; our finest writers, actors and artists.

Practically, a public-relations program such as I visualize means the establishment in many lands of short and long-wave radio stations, utilized to broadcast 24 hours daily in all major languages. It means the widespread distribution of radio receivers throughout strategic areas where we want the people to hear our story. It means the opening of numerous information centers. It means aid to schools and libraries abroad and the exchange of many more students. It means the production and distribution of motion pictures to tell our story in terms suitable for exhibition throughout the world. It means the use of paid advertising in the foreign press and on local foreign radio stations.

It means the world-wide distribution of American books, magazines and newspapers, translated for foreign consumption. Nothing could bring a clearer picture of the meaning of American freedom to the average European than the distribution of thousands of regular issues of American newspapers and magazines. Anything less than this and we lose to the Communists the ideological struggle for the possession of men's minds.

The cost of such a program will, of course, be high. But it will be reckoned highest by those who do not realize the eschatological choice which the discovery of nuclear fission has forced upon mankind. I have estimated the cost at between two and three hundred million dollars a year. Roughly, one and one-half per cent of our present military budget, to preserve the peace if possible; to win us much-needed allies if peace is not possible.

The purpose of this huge setup would be threefold: (1) to counteract the Communist canards against

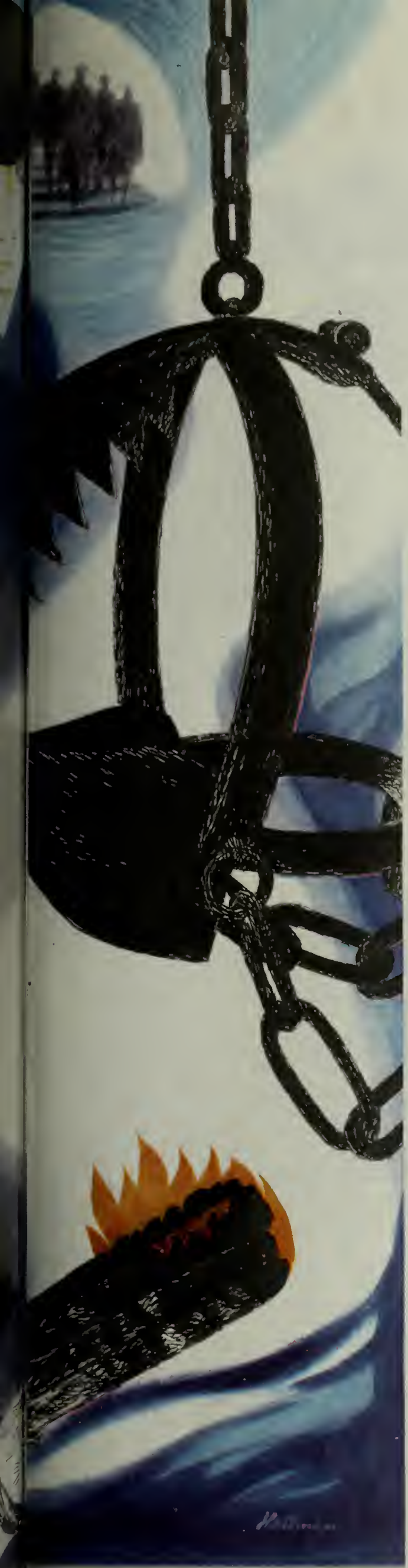
(Continuued on page 32)

The walls of Lucimia's new houses are made of cement blocks, each weighing 80 pounds. To simplify transportation, the Friends Committee hauled in the hand machinery and a wooden barracks for a "betonarnia," where the cement blocks are made. They kept it well supplied with cement and sand, and by spring of 1947 thousands of blocks were piled up ready for the beginning of construction

The Polish government provided the design and loaned the greater part of the building costs to the occupants. By winter some of the houses were completed (above), others were well on the way. Lucimia again is comfortably housed. Below is the home of the "soltice," or mayor, but it is not different from the other Lucimia houses. Inside, it is warm and clean, and the stove is a center of neighborhood social life. At the stove is Mayor Josef Ostrach; his wife Marianna is at the spinning wheel, and with them are two of their three children

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICKEY AND TONY CHAPELLE

The guide lighted the newspaper as the sightseers gathered cautiously round the hole. "Fair gives yer the creeps!" said the woman standing next to Mr. Martingale



A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Mr. Martingale's business was risky but profitable—he was a self-made widower

BY LAURENCE KIRK

STANLEY MARTINGALE was a mild-mannered man of average height. He was also a wife killer. There was nothing passionate about it. The idea of killing did not come to him suddenly in a gust of anger; it was there all the time. The marriage was merely a means to that end. It was really a form of investment. He married a woman just as he might buy some shares in the stock market. Later he sold out by killing her. He was a house agent by profession and sometimes invested in real estate as well.

Like others of his kind he selected the women carefully. They were invariably rather plain to look at, not very young, and in possession of an income of their own. At the same time they must not be too rich, for that would arouse suspicion. About five thousand pounds was the ideal figure. It did not matter to him whether they were widows or spinsters. It was however a firm rule with him never to operate in the same neighborhood twice. Lucy, his first wife, was married in Liverpool and buried in Liverpool. Rose, his second, lived in Newcastle and died there. Ada, the third, was still alive after two years of marriage and lived with him at Golder's Green. Ada knew that he had been married to Rose, but she did not know about Lucy. In the same way when Ada went, his next wife would know about her, but not about Rose or Lucy. It inspired confidence and compassion to be a widower at the age of forty-five; but it did not do to have been a widower too often.

As he sat by the fire in the house at Golder's Green that March evening, Mr. Martingale was thinking that it was quite time that Ada did go. She was sewing opposite him by the fire while he was reading the evening paper. It was her house where they were living, and the room was grossly overfurnished, with pictures and knickknacks everywhere. Ada herself was as blowzy as the room, and she had a slight cold and sniffed occasionally.

Quite time, Mr. Martingale thought to himself as he turned the page. But he realized that he had to be very careful. Most people look back with horror at the risks they took when they were beginners in some form of activity: swimming, for instance, or driving a car or flying. Mr. Martingale was no exception; for he had been amateurish enough to kill his first wife with arsenic. It had been well done in its way, and there had not been a breath of suspicion that anything was wrong. But that did not alter the fact that it would never do for Lucy to be exhumed. As for Rose, he did not quite know how he stood in her case; for she had died naturally of pneumonia just when he was all ready for her to die in a manner of his own devising.

That manner, unfortunately, had been specially designed for Rose and would be no good for Ada. Rose had been going to die accidentally of carbon monoxide poisoning. She had a car which took a long time to warm up, and Mr. Martingale had noticed how she used to run it for five minutes in the garage with all its windows shut. It would only require a little tinkering with the exhaust to send the fumes into the closed car instead of out of it, and Mr. Martingale had had it all worked out when the pneumonia supervened. But that would not do for Ada who did not drive a car. All that he had decided so far was that this time it would happen on their holiday which they always took abroad.

Mr. Martingale put down his paper and stared into the fire for a moment. It was when a piece of burning coal fell off into the grate that something clicked in his mind. As he bent forward and put it back on the fire with the tongs, he was thinking of another occasion, years ago, when he had seen something burning, falling and falling, down and down, until he could follow it no longer.

A little gleam came into his eye as he went on staring at the fire, then Ada interrupted.

"Well, my dear, a penny for your thoughts!"

Mr. Martingale did not reply immediately.

"I was thinking," he said at last, "that it would be a good thing if we took our holiday early this year."

Ada replied in her usual brisk manner.

"Well, that would suit me, I'm sure. But we must go abroad, of course, as usual. Remember you promised."

"I haven't forgotten, dear. As a matter of fact a man was talking to me today, saying how attractive it was in Touraine, France, and quite cheap."

"Touraine?" Ada looked up. "That's the château country, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, and the lilac and wisteria would be out if we went in May."

Ada bit noisily through a piece of thread.

"Well, dear, it sounds like a pleasant change. But you mustn't expect me to do too much; my feet aren't getting any younger."

Mr. Martingale got up and put the fireguard in front of the fire preparatory to going to bed.

"I'll make some inquiries in the morning," he said quietly. It was only then that he remembered the name of the château which he particularly wanted to visit. Loches. Yes, that was the place. Loches.

THE Martingales arrived at Loches by bus at half past three on a Wednesday afternoon. They could have done all the châteaux in a conducted tour, but that would have been too tiring for Ada as well as difficult for himself. So they stayed a night or two nights at each place and did their sightseeing independently in their own time. The lilac and the wisteria were out, and the weather was fine and warm. Ada was enjoying the rich food in the hotels, and also complaining about her feet.

Ada normally had a nap after lunch, and as she had not been able to have it this particular day, Mr. Martingale was relying on her having it when they arrived at the hotel. She did not disappoint him; and he left her lying on her bed eating sweets while he went out for a walk around the town. They always occupied separate rooms, and Ada did not know that he changed his jacket and his hat and put on a pair of dark glasses before he went for his walk.

It was over twenty years since Mr. Martingale had been in Loches. He had been there on a bicycle tour the last time, and the pretty town with its white houses and blue slates, its gay château and grim dungeons, had made quite an impression on him. It was the dungeons which had brought him back now. Loches had been the Buchenwald of its time, and he seemed to remember a dark cell there with a round gaping hole in one corner, which went down and down into the bowels of the earth. An oubliette was what they called it, and the guide had said that if anyone ever did fall down there the body would never be discovered. Mr. Martingale proposed to make a reconnaissance now to see how well his memory had served him.

There were a few sight-seers waiting in the courtyard by the entrance for the next conducted tour. Mr. Martingale joined them unobtrusively and when the hour struck, a guide appeared and led them all down a passage in the massive walls. The guide was exactly like the one that Mr. Martingale had had during his bicycling tour. He was an old man with a white beard, and he took a genuine pleasure in describing the horrors that had taken place there. He must have been a different man, but his patter was exactly the same and no doubt had been handed down by his predecessor. For after dwelling on the particular torture of some particular victim in some particular cell, he would pause a moment to let his words sink in and then stump on down some steps into an even darker dungeon, saying, "Mesdames, *(Continued on page 43)*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN

HIGH PRICES MAKE CHEAP LIVING

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BY LESTER VELIE

The inflation is hitting hardest at the economic and political heart of America, its middle class. Here's the story of how it is cheapening the normal standard of living of some typical families

Mail carrier Richard Mantsch has trouble raising his eight children on $61.35 a week. One of his economies is cutting the youngsters' hair, as he is here doing to Bob, while the others wait

WHEN his flock of 165 souls has a bad case of headline jitters, Reverend Arthur Schroeder preaches a consoling sermon on the trials of life and the advantages of faith. But recently in the twenty-seven-year-old clergyman's own household, disaster took a form for which no Biblical text seemed adequate. His only pair of pants gave out.

Thus stricken, Mr. Schroeder and his wife, Audrey, consulted the old hosiery box in which they keep their budgeted cash. It contains six compartments: food, coal, doctors, debts, family gifts, future, and into it the Schroeders distribute their $180 monthly income.

There was no use looking in the clothing compartment. With one-year-old Dorcas and now two-week-old Christine to bring up, the budget allowed for no clothes. Hopefully, the young couple looked into the food compartment and into family gifts. Maybe something could be snitched for a down payment on a suit. But with another twelve days to go before the monthly payday, the food compartment held only $1.15.

In the "future" compartment, there were three hopeful nickels. Not even a penny brightened the emptiness of the others. In his budgetary crisis the young minister turned to his Lutheran synod and borrowed $350, bought a suit and repaid debts.

The Reverend Mr. Schroeder is minister of the Christ Memorial Lutheran Church in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Milwaukee is a solid industrial town where more people are at work, and pay rolls are higher than they were during the war. But prices are higher too.

The young minister was not alone in his efforts to stretch his salary over his living expenses. Many white-collar and wage-earning families had to learn new tricks of cutting down and doing without to balance the budget—even as you and I. They were skimping on clothes, restaurants, movies, furniture, and even so were running in the red. The result was that living in America was cheapened as people were forced to cut out the normal things which make a nation's standard of living rich. Economists call this process consumer resistance.

In Milwaukee, this resistance movement, American style, was already making itself felt in February. Restaurants, movie houses, department stores were feeling it to such an extent that businessmen were becoming worried. Unless the fall in the commodity markets presaged tumbling retail prices, too, troubled economic weather seemed to lie ahead.

Who suffered most from high prices? When Republican Senator Flanders of Vermont probed the effect of high living costs on Americans in cities throughout the nation, he found a new twist to an old economic story. No longer was it Franklin Roosevelt's submerged third of a nation that was suffering. Now it was a big chunk of the middle class itself—America's political and economic balance wheel. Representative families in Milwaukee showed what inflation does to the way Americans live. A young minister, a school principal, a railroad rate clerk, a bank teller, a mail carrier, a welder, a coat presser, disclosed the ingenuities and anxieties that go to keep homes together these days.

In only three other cities—Washington, D. C., Seattle, Washington, and New York City—according to government officials, does it cost more to live than in Milwaukee. To live moderately there, neither at subsistence levels nor in luxury, a government agency figured it would cost a family of four $3,317 a year or $63.79 a week, only $30 less a year than is required to live in New York City on a similar budget. Family Service of Milwaukee, a social work agency, figured a minimum subsistence budget would take $50.50 weekly for a family of four.

But our young clergyman's income after deducting $20 monthly for his synod loan comes to $160. Here's what that means:

Audrey Schroeder, wife of the minister, had bought no store clothes during three years of marriage. She makes her own and the children's dresses from material her mother gives her on birthdays. Audrey has bought but one pair of shoes since 1945. Milwaukee social-work experts figure a family of four living on a subsistence budget would need at least $85.25 a month for food. The clergyman's family has a monthly food budget of $60. But Audrey keeps a garden and supplements her store purchases with home-canned fruits and vegetables.

With this sort of food budget the Schroeders "kind of stretch" their meat allotment, which consists of three quarters of a pound of chopped beef three of four times a week. Even so, the last week before the monthly pay check arrives usually finds them completely broke and "cleaning out whatever remains in the house."

"We saw in the papers," said the minister's wife, "that prices would come down if people would eat less. That struck us as funny and we laughed. How could we eat less?

"But we're plenty happy," she added. "In fact, we can't understand why we're so happy. One thing that helps a lot is the attitude my husband has taught me about money."

"The Lord will provide," Clergyman Schroeder chipped in.

How the Lord provides was illustrated by the Christmas story the Schroeders told me. Out of a clear sky, an undertaker called.

"What'll you have," he asked, "a goose for Christmas or a turkey?"

"A turkey and how!" the minister replied. Then two chickens arrived as gifts from parishioners. "We had so much fowl on Christmas, we thought we'd sprout wings," the Schroeders related.

The Schroeders felt they had much to be thankful for: a snug cottage parsonage, bright and cheerful for all the secondhand furniture which it contains.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Two bouncing children. A newly built sandstone church.

And yet they miss the things that once meant much to them. The Schroeders used to eat out occasionally. But not any more. They haven't been to the movies for four months. But most of all they miss music. Hopefully, they drop nickels into their budget box. "Eventually, there should be something for a choral concert," Audrey said.

Like the Schroeders, John Singer, war hero, his wife, Mary, and their two boys also bump their elbows against their ever-present budget.

An Air Corps lieutenant, John Singer piloted a B-17 on 35 bombing missions over Europe, won a pocketful of medals and the nickname Lucky Singer, because none in his crews ever suffered as much as a bruise. Then he returned to a job as rate clerk for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and to as grim a task as any he had faced in the war: the task of finding a house for Mary, and five-year-old Johnny, Jr., and furnishing it, amidst postwar shortages, from scratch.

How he did it might be summed up as the story of the eight envelopes. When Johnny Singer gets his $290 monthly take-home pay, he and Mary spread eight envelopes on their living-room floor. The check, converted into paper money and coins, is stuffed into the envelopes: $66.75 into the one labeled mortgage, to pay for the $8,400 cottage John bought on a G.I. loan plan; $26.50 into the loan envelope to repay hospital and doctor debts; $22 in the milk envelope; $17 (per week) in the food envelope; lesser sums into the insurance, utilities and John's pocket-money envelopes.

John Singer, an earnest, apple-cheeked young man of twenty-eight laid out his envelopes for me.

"Where's the clothing envelope?" I asked.

"There is no clothing envelope."

John, it turned out, was still wearing his Army officer's coat because he can't afford a new one. He is still wearing his G.I. shorts. John bought one suit when he came home, and this he supplements with several pairs of slacks.

"Once in a while I buy a blouse," Mary said. She fingered her cotton skirt. "I wore this when we were courting."

John showed me about his two-bedroom cottage. It was the typical, painfully economic job with closet-sized kitchen and vestibule-sized dinette by which America will long remember the housing shortage.

"It costs me $92 a month, mortgage, heating and all," John said.

An Army cot served as Johnny, Jr.'s, bed; furniture was out of reach of the Singers. The plaster walls were neat but unpainted. "No money for paint," John said.

On his $71 weekly, John and his family eat meat five nights a week, varying the chopped meat with pot roasts, beef hearts and pork. With butter at 86 cents a pound, they haven't had butter for six months, buying 59-cent oleomargarine instead. John knows all about prices, for he does the shopping, shuttling between three competing stores to get the best deals.

A provident man, John Singer sold his car to help pay the $750 medical bills for his wife and Johnny, Jr., last year, and it worries him that he can't save, nor even afford, $2.50 a month for Blue Cross hospital insurance. Every penny is accounted for. He spends 30 cents for lunch, enough for a bowl of soup. In 1941, on $120 a month, John and Mary had a car and went to dances with their friends, but that was before the children came and prices rocketed. Now they seldom go out; John occupies himself with his night-course studies, and he and Mary have not been to a movie in two months.

And They Send Bundles to Europe, Too

For all that, the Singers say they are better off than many other folks.

"Tomorrow," Mary confided, "I'm going downtown to see about helping a family in Europe. You know, send them bundles. After all, we're not starving."

Richard J. Mantsch, forty-one, a pinched man of 125 pounds who has been a mail carrier since 1929 isn't thinking of adopting a family. He has a family of his own. Every two weeks he brings home $122.70. And on $61.35 a week, inflation notwithstanding, he and his wife, Esther, are bringing up eight children, in a modest but by no means poor neighborhood on Milwaukee's south side.

In the bitter, near zero weather, the mail carrier's home was warm and bustling with activity. Five or six kids tumbled about the battered living-room furniture which the Mantsches bought when they were married 17 years ago.

A blue-eyed, towheaded boy of three climbed on my lap, and Mantsch groped for the boy's name.

"Always got to think a bit," he apologized. "His name's Peter."

Mrs. Mantsch, a sturdy woman with strong arms and a pleasant face, laughed heartily.

Mantsch then went down the list of his brood, starting with Jimmy, fifteen, going on to Robert, thirteen, and Thomas, twelve, to the two girls, Ruthie and Janet, and so on down to David, nine months.

Jimmy, the oldest, was at Mass at the Holy Ghost Roman Catholic Church near by. He was hoping to be a priest. Bobby, the thirteen-year-old one, was puttering with his violin in his room; he has been playing the fiddle for four years. The Mantsch family of 10 was a going, busy, happy concern.

We plunged into the family's money affairs.

"A budget with all these children?" Mrs. Mantsch laughed. "We just pay what we have to pay first. We eat and we pay our rent and we buy shoes for the children—six pairs every two months. That takes care of the budget."

Rent, including fuel and utilities, costs the family $55 a month. Milk, at the rate of six quarts a day, took $28.50. The Mantsches bought it by the gallon from one of the dairy stores that ring the city's limits. The family saves 13 cents a gallon over the cost of delivered milk that way.

"We have meat every day but Friday, including meatless Tuesday," Mrs. Mantsch said cheerily. "Mostly chopped meat, lamb stew and meat loaf. Costs us about $70 a month.

"This gang puts away two loaves of bread a day," she went on, "and I keep up with them by baking three times a week." She also does the family washing and ironing two or three times a week, scrubs the floors at least once, and rises at 5:30 A.M to make her husband's breakfast.

"There are 25 hours in my day," she summed up.

How had they financed all these children?

"Let me tell you how to *(Continued on page 40)*

A hosiery box houses the Rev. Arthur Schroeder's budget with room to spare, since the end of the month usually finds all compartments bare. But the family is happy

Minor household repairs help war hero John Singer stretch his $290 a month over his family's needs. He had to sell his car to pay medical bills for Johnny, Jr.

MADAM PRESIDENT

CONTINUING A STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

The Story:
MIRANDA BRUCE, beautiful young widow, has been elected Vice-President of the United States under JONATHAN BECK, weak-spined but faithful Party man who is President. When Beck suddenly falls mentally ill a few weeks after the inauguration, and is unable to discharge the duties of his office, Senator JAMES HUNTOON, treacherous Party boss whom Miranda outwitted at the national convention, asks Miranda to resign her post; so that Secretary of State ALEXANDER HARRISON may become President under the old law of succession which Congress has again made effective. Miranda refuses and courageously takes the oath as President of the United States.

But Huntoon, wanting a rubber-stamp Party man in the White House, continues to plot against Miranda with the help of Harrison, who hates career women and feels that Miranda cheated him out of the Presidential nomination at the convention.

In the meantime, ARTHUR URN, young press secretary to Miranda Bruce, is falling in love with MARY SMITH, Mrs. Bruce's redheaded private secretary. Arthur has been secretly studying judo to impress Mary, who once broke his collarbone when he good-naturedly kissed her. On a Sunday walk, just as Mary is about to kiss him and admit she loves him, Arthur triumphantly throws her with a judo hold, sure that Mary will be pleased at his skill. Instead, she is furious at him, and immediately leaves Washington without telling anyone where she is going. Arthur traces her to New York, but there, an F.B.I. agent, thinking Urn is a Communist kidnaper, shoots Urn just as he and Mary are reunited on Fifth Avenue. Frantic with worry, Mary rushes him off to a hospital.

IV

THE doctor adjusted the bandage and straightened up. The patient's veins were seething with a scientific cocktail of penicillin and plasma, with just a dash of morphine, that ought to see him through the night. The shock condition was still marked, though not serious.

"He ought to do now," the doctor said. "You'd better go home yourself, Miss Smith, and get some rest. You look tired out. We'll take good care of him."

"No," said Mary.

He looked at her for a moment, then nodded.

"Okay," he agreed. "The thing he needs most is a restful night. If you notice any change, ring for the night nurse. The special won't be available until midnight."

After the doctor had left and the night nurse had gone through the usual sheet-smoothing, bed-tucking, chart-reading routine, Mary crossed and looked out of the window. Far *(Continued on page 50)*

The roll call was loud, dignified and almost irrelevant. When the final tally was complete, Huntoon was on his feet. "Mr. President, I move to reconsider," he stated

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Party Line

LISTENING in on a party line may not be polite, but you *can* learn things. You might, for example, hear some good neighbor inviting guests to drop in for a whiskey-and-soda . . . mentioning that the whiskey would be Four Roses.

The enthusiastic acceptances would tell you how most folks feel about Four Roses—the whiskey with the different, *distinctive* flavor, so delightfully smooth, so richly mellow, so truly satisfying.

Incidentally, you might decide to make *your* next whiskey-and-soda with Four Roses...and learn how magnificent America's finest whiskey really is.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

BROTHERS IN CRIME

BY DAVID DRESSLER

The four Reno brothers and their outlaw band held the rough frontier terrorized. Until frontier justice and the Pinkertons showed they could get rough too

ON THE evening of October 6, 1866, an eastbound train of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, an early broad-gauge line which in later years became a part of the Baltimore & Ohio system, stopped at the little southern Indiana town of Seymour, in Jackson County. When it left the station a few minutes later, there were four new passengers in the coach—John, Frank, Simeon and William Reno; all, according to local legend, big, powerful and handsome men, popular with the ladies but not very good citizens.

The four brothers remained quietly in their seats until the train had gone about a mile up the line. Then they made their way toward the express car, forward. They stopped for a moment in the vestibule, and then entered the car, each with a gun in his hand and a mask over his face. The express messenger heard the door creak shut, and looked up to see four pistols pointed at him. He didn't hesitate when John Reno ordered him to hold up his hands.

While one of the brothers held a pistol to the messenger's head, John Reno took the man's keys and opened the express company's safe, from which he tumbled $13,000 in currency to the floor. There was a second safe in the car, but the messenger's keys wouldn't open it. John Reno demanded another key.

"Ain't no key," said the terrified messenger. "That's a through safe. It can't be opened till the end of the run."

"We'll take the safe," said John.

Under his direction, the loot from the first safe was stuffed into a bag. Then one of the brothers pulled the bell cord, and the unsuspecting engineer brought the train to a stop. The robbers dumped the unopened safe out of the car door, again pulled the bell cord, and themselves leaped to the ground as the train moved forward. Other members of the gang joined the Renos, and they tried to carry away the safe, but were able to move it only a little distance. They abandoned it when a posse from Seymour appeared and chased them into the woods.

This was probably the first train robbery in the United States, and it more or less set the pattern for some of the later and more celebrated exploits of the James boys and the Daltons. The crime aroused a great commotion, not only because a considerable sum of money had been stolen and a new method of robbery introduced but because the raid had been engineered by brothers. Around Seymour, however, there was very little surprise; virtually everyone in Jackson County had known for a long time that the Renos were crooks.

The four Renos were neither the first nor the last brother gangs that have flourished in this country. Before them were such criminal monsters as Micajah and Wiley Harpe, better known as Big and Little Harpe, homicidal maniacs who slaughtered at least 30 people in Kentucky and Tennessee around 1800. And after them, besides Jesse and Frank James and the Daltons, came such noted brother combinations as the Cooks, who took over the Dalton gang; the Siscovitches, who were forgers; the Sontags, who were safe blowers; Al and Ralph Capone, of prohibition fame; the Barkers, the Mad Dog Espositos, and many others.

John Reno and his three brothers are among the least known of the brother gangs, largely because their depredations covered a comparatively brief period—less than three years—and history has neglected them. But in viciousness and ingenuity they have seldom been surpassed.

Moreover, so long as they confined their activities to their own countryside, in Jackson County, they were virtually immune to punishment, for they shared their loot with the politicians and controlled the local government. After every exploit they returned home and swaggered about the gin mills and low taverns, spending money lavishly. No upright citizen dared protest, lest his house be fired and his cattle slaughtered.

Three Arrests—No Trial

The gang displayed its power after the O & M robbery. So many outside interests were involved that the county officials had to make a gesture. So they arrested John and Simeon Reno and one Frank Sparks, who may or may not have been on the train. The three men were solemnly indicted, and that was the end of it. The case was never called for trial.

The Renos lived on a farm at Rockford, near Seymour, on the eastern edge of Jackson County, where the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad crossed the tracks of the Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis. Most of the gang's train robberies were committed on these roads.

Besides the four criminal brothers, there were four other members of the Reno family—the parents, who had come west to Indiana some years before the Civil War; a fifth brother, Clinton, and a sister, Laura. Clinton remained an honest, hard-working farmer, a fact which so astonished the people of Jackson County that they dubbed him Honest Reno; he was so known all his life. Laura was a famous local beauty, an expert horsewoman, and a crack pistol shot. She never participated directly in the crimes of the four brothers, but she sympathized with them, and helped them whenever she could.

Like all criminals, the Renos were products of their times. Although Indiana had been a state since 1816, in some sections local governments were poorly organized and inefficient, and crime and ruffianism flourished. The southern portion of the state, where the Renos flourished, was a tough section before the Civil War, and its toughness increased during that conflict, when the Knights of the Golden Circle and other organizations of Confederate sympathizers were active.

By the time the war ended, law enforcement had practically broken down, and many of the southern counties fairly swarmed with horse thieves, cattle rustlers, burglars and crooked gamblers. Some of the worst of these outlaws operated in Jackson County.

During the war the four Renos became bounty jumpers; they enlisted in the Union army, collected the bounty and then deserted, to re-enlist elsewhere under another name, collect another bounty, and so on.

As long as the war lasted the four Renos prospered, and when it was over they felt no inclination to return to the humdrum life of a farmer. So John began making plans to continue getting easy money, and three of his brothers listened to him. Clinton said he guessed he'd stick to farming.

At first the Reno boys were petty thieves; they robbed corncribs, stole harness from unguarded barns, sneaked away with an occasional pig, and even replenished their wardrobes from clotheslines. From this they graduated into burglary, horse stealing and cattle rustling. But John was ambitious; he wanted to make a real killing. He decided to rob a railroad train; he knew that the express car always carried plenty of cash and that it was seldom guarded save by a lone messenger.

The O & M was a natural victim, and so in 1866 the Renos carried out their first big job. Meanwhile, John Reno had organized his gang, composed of some of the most notorious ruffians of the period, men who could ride hard and shoot fast. At least twenty gun fighters are known to have been members of the Reno gang at one time or another, among them two other sets of brothers, the Rittenhouses and the Ogles. Every one was a killer.

When they became tired of robbing trains, the Renos began a series of raids upon the offices of various county treasurers, which were usually located in sleepy little towns and poorly guarded. They got away with these crimes, too, until they dashed into Missouri and raided the courthouse at Gallatin, in Daviess County, Missouri, which was a long way from Jackson County, Indiana. The bandits rode up, jumped from their horses, dashed into the treasurer's office, grabbed the county funds, and rode furiously out of town firing warning shots into the air.

The Renos are said to have stolen considerable money on this raid, but it didn't turn out to be a very smart operation, for the Daviess County authorities promptly hired Allan Pinkerton to work on the case.

Pinkerton, who had organized his detective agency in Chicago in 1850 to protect the railroads from robbery, and had later organized the United States Secret Service, was already America's most famous detective. It was easy enough to learn who had committed the robbery, for John Reno had been recognized. But Pinkerton knew that if any member of the Reno gang was arrested in his home county in Indiana, he would never be sent to Missouri for trial. So the detective resorted to deception.

Enter the Affable Stranger

One day an affable gent wandered into Seymour, said he liked the place and began making plans to open a saloon. A little later a second stranger came and got a job at the railroad station. And then a third, who said he was a gambler, arrived and settled down at the local hotel. The gambler soon became one of the popular men about town, and, of course, made it his business to be friendly with the Renos. He was soon in John's confidence.

Then Pinkerton instructed the "gambler" to decoy John, on a certain day, to the railroad station when the O & M passenger train stopped there. On the train riding in from Cincinnati would be Pinkerton himself and six Missouri deputies, led by the sheriff of Daviess County. The sheriff carried a warrant for John's arrest, and a requisition on the governor of Indiana. Only John was named, for he was the only one of the bandits against whom positive proof was available.

On the appointed day, the gambler managed to meet John on the street and after chatting a while suggested that they go down to the station to watch the O & M train come in. John agreed, and the two joined a crowd of townspeople on the station platform. The train pulled in, and passengers got off to stretch their legs. Slowly and unobtrusively, Pinkerton and his posse converged upon John, forming a circle about him.

Sensing danger, the outlaw whirled to find two guns pressed against his ribs. Handcuffs were snapped on his wrists, and before he could cry out to his friends he was hustled across the platform and onto the train. Pinkerton followed just as the conductor yelled, "All aboard!" and the train moved out of the station.

Reno protested bitterly that his arrest was illegal, but the Missouri courts ordered him tried. He was convicted and sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary, and his career as an outlaw was over.

Now Frank Reno became leader of the gang, and the last three train robberies—there were four altogether—were carried on under his direction. During the first half of 1868, the raided across all of southern Indiana and Illinois in a sweep that left communities breathless and law enforcement officers fuming in helpless rage.

In March, the gang was looting in western Iowa. Among others, the county safe at Magnolia, in Harrison County, was robbed of $14,000.

(Continued on page 69)

DRAWING BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

AMERICA'S *Most Powerful* CRAWLER

THE INTERNATIONAL TD-24 DIESEL
New Master of Earthmoving

Bulldozing earth in great multi-ton bites!

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It rolls its ponderous load to the crest of a dam, highway fill or spoil bank—*easily.*

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More work can be done with this giant tractor than with any other crawler—because of its *greater power, speed, versatility* and *simplified controls.*

Contractors, loggers and miners are enthusiastic about the performance of the International TD-24.

Operators like the way it relieves them of heavy work with its built-in all-weather starting system, planet-power steering, 8 speeds forward and 8 reverse, shift-on-the-go transmission and quick reverse shift. And they like the way this giant Diesel crawler responds to their bidding.

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James Meltan on "Harvest of Stars." See newspapers for time and station.

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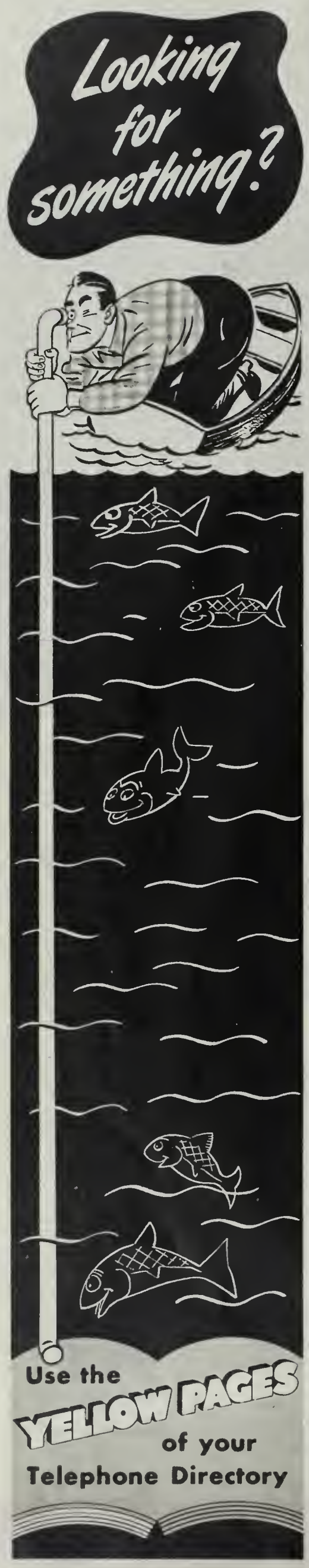

NO MIRACLE IN THE MARSHALL PLAN

Continued from page 23

America and to propagate the truth about the democratic way of life, (2) to help Europeans understand the advantages of a free and united Europe, and (3) to bring to the people a realization of the revolutionary meaning of atomic energy both as a weapon of destruction and as a constructive force.

I will take up these aims individually. Anyone who has traveled in Europe since the war, who has listened to foreign broadcasts or read the foreign press, knows to what extent the European mind has been contaminated, first by Fascist and now by Communist propaganda. It has been estimated that the Soviet Union is now spending the equivalent of $120,000,000 to $180,000,000 for its propaganda machine.

In a deliberate and cold-blooded campaign the Communists have pictured our people as materialistic warmongers, selfish money-grabbers, and imperialistic slavers. They have painted our country as strike-, starvation- and depression-ridden and our democratic form of government as a snare and delusion for the masses who are exploited and expropriated by the real rulers of the country—a small group of capitalists at the top.

Make All Europe Know the Truth

With such lies the Cominform hopes to destroy our moral position in the world and wreck the Marshall Plan. To counteract it, we need only tell the truth —but we must tell it so it can be heard and understood in every corner of Europe. This truth should make known to every worker, peasant and intellectual the facts about America: that our system, imperfect though it may be, has brought to the masses of people a higher standard of living than ever before has been enjoyed by so many people in the history of human society; that nowhere else in the world do so many people enjoy so much political, religious and social freedom; that in no other country are the doors to opportunity open to so many.

We have given generously of our wealth to aid the war-torn peoples of Europe and have sought not one inch of territory from it. Yet Communist propaganda has successfully sold many Europeans on the idea that we are selfish imperialists and exploiters. An American newspaperman who has lived in Italy for the past three years has estimated that the Communist party there would not have attained one tenth its present strength if the Italians had been properly informed of American contributions to their welfare. The same story is true in country after country in Europe. Up to now we have lost the war of words, primarily by default.

The advantages of the second aim of Operation Freedom—to promote European unity—are so obvious to Americans as to need little elaboration here. We have only to look at our own vast country, free from customs barriers, to realize the advantages which could accrue to Europe were national rivalries diminished without loss of cultural autonomy. This might begin, as Churchill and Bevin have suggested, with a League of Western Nations intent on preserving Western civilization. Its most immediate effect would be to make more certain the purposes of the Marshall Plan.

As to the third part of the educational program—to make the masses of European people aware of the meaning of atomic energy—that seems to me the most important of all. Last May, I pointed out in an address in the Senate that unless complete and effective control of the weapons of mass destruction, including atomic weapons, is accomplished, it will be impossible to lay the foundation of a prosperous society and a peaceful world. Wherein lies the value of rebuilding the cities of Europe only to have them destroyed by atomic bombs?

It is the tragedy of our times that so many people have failed to understand that atomic weapons are not only different in degree from other weapons but different in kind; that so many have failed to realize that nuclear energy is not merely a more powerful energy, but that it is the basic energy of life on earth.

The necessity for continued secrecy and the concentration of our financial, industrial and scientific resources on the production of mass-destruction weapons, must inevitably retard the development of atomic energy in ways which might make the lives of men and women everywhere longer, richer and more free.

So long as there is any possibility that education in the meaning of atomic energy, both behind and outside the Iron Curtain, may result in international control, we must emphasize such an educational program. Such education should be designed to show first the finality and the universality of atomic warfare; second, the advantages of an Atomic Age free from the danger of destruction; and third, the justness and the generosity of our proposals for international control, which the majority of the United Nations have approved.

At the very least, the people of Europe will then know that in offering atomic energy to the world we have made an expression of brotherhood and faith in humanity unequalled in the history of international relations. The moral conscience of the world will be on our side. If, in spite of our efforts, war comes, we will have won many much-needed friends. That is payment enough for the cost and the effort.

Now there is one more point which, I know from my correspondence and from my conversations with people, needs clarification. This point is the fundamental one of why we are so concerned with Europe in the first place. Apparently, even two world wars have not been enough to teach some people that what happens in Europe concerns them as directly and personally as though their next-door neighbor's house were on f Thousands of our young men know fi experience that Europe is only as away as the nearest draft board.

Furthermore, so long as Europe mains on the brink of wars and revo tions, your taxes and mine must pay national preparedness. Should Europe Communist the price of national secu would most certainly skyrocket. Bur of Budget figures show that since 1 about 85 per cent of our total fed budgets have been spent for war, or pr aration or payment for it. Then, too long as Europe remains cold, hungry unproductive, we cannot prosper fo is impossible to do business with the mates of a poorhouse.

It is undoubtedly true that, as a peo we would prefer to concern ourse solely with our own problems in own land. We have never shown disposition to be empire builders or c nial exploiters. It is, indeed, largely to the fact that we have renounced s imperialism that we owe our uni moral position among the communit nations. Nevertheless, power has com the United States and destiny always lows power. For the first time in w history, a nation stands at the pinn of world power and is not enjoyin

In spite of our national desires, t we must assume the burdens of w responsibility because our standard living and our way of life cannot sur in a chaotic or anarchic world. We n accept world responsibility because, country, we could not live in peac security as a democratic island i Communistic sea. We must accept w responsibility because, as individual a world of atomic warfare, we could survive at all.

America changed the course of hu history by setting off a chain reactio atomic fission. We are now challer by that history to set off a chain reac of understanding which will sweep world in the cause of universal peace human fusion.

Whether or not America meets challenge is up to you. For you America!

THE END

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLD

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Fortune Shoes keep you looking your best

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"FRONTIER-BUCK"

by

Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE • TENNESSEE
A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

THE APRIL ROAD

BY FAITH PRIOR

Jagged cakes of ice crashed against the back walls of the house as they moved up the wet road. "Ma, let's hurry," begged Ora

THE crow, finished with his meal from the pile of rubbish on the ice, rose above it, circled once and flapped away up the river. Watching him, looking into the sun, the woman at the window frowned. Her gaze returned to the gray ice, the heaps of garbage and ashes on it. A tin can rolled gently along, nudged by the wind. The edge of the ice was perhaps four feet from the thin brown gravel of the shore, and between the two lines—the jagged edge of the ice; the uneven, spongy shore—ran a rapid current of black water. The woman measured again, with her eyes, the distance between the house and the water. Eighteen, perhaps twenty feet, no more. At least a foot nearer than it had been at noon. She sighed and, still frowning, turned away from the window.

To her sun-dimmed eyes, the interior of the house was dark, and the corners brimmed with a silent emptiness. The alarm clock on the shelf above the sink said ten minutes to four. She glanced at it, frowned again, then went into the pantry and counted out eight potatoes from a dusty bag, feeling the unpleasant dryness of the potato dirt under her nails. She peeled them, standing at the iron sink. From the pail of water on the sink shelf she sloshed a dipperful over them, put them on to boil. She felt the diapers hung on the line over the stove: they were chalk-dry, and she took them down and folded them into ready squares. Finishing, she stopped and listened, then opened the door into the bedroom off the kitchen. The baby had awakened, and as she came toward him he stopped bouncing in his crib to look at her and laugh. He was very wet, she felt the wetness soaking through the front of her dress when she picked him up. Before she finished changing him, sitting beside the kitchen stove, the back door opened and the other two came in from school, slamming the door without quite latching it.

"Close the door, Ora," she said. He returned to the door and slammed it again, standing on one foot to take off his rubbers. The girl, perhaps nine, came over and squatted down in front of the baby, shaking his bare foot and making him squeal. They were little cogs in her life, these three, but they did not people its emptiness. "Take the baby, Francie," she told the girl. "I got to change his bed before suppertime, before your father gets home."

She looked out the window again, in the bedroom, seeing how the angle of the afternoon sun deepened the contrast between the pale ice and the dark water. At home, at home in the hills, she had known little of rivers. Ora came in and stood beside her.

"The water's coming up, huh, Ma?"

"Not fast," she answered. "Not fast at all."

"At school they said we'd be flooded again."

"We'll see what your father says."

The sun was still warm through the back windows as she set the table. Francie stood looking out, the heavy baby braced on one skinny hip. "Will we have to go again, Ma?"

"Probably not. If it's no higher than last year we won't."

"I hope we won't. The water'll spoil all our garden again, and it was a good garden last summer, wasn't it, Ma?"

"Yes, a good garden. A fine garden." If only these children were people to talk to, to share fear with!

The baby banged on the glass at two crows working on a pile of garbage. The frying pan stood, smoking slightly, on the back of the stove, waiting. On the back steps, Joly Hazen stamped his feet, banged open the kitchen door.

"Water's not so bad as I thought," he said.

"You *didn't* forget the meat, Joly?"

"Oh, hell—I knew there was something. I stopped at Riley's to see if they'd had any news on the river, and then I forgot it. Want Ora to go for it?"

"No, everything else is ready. I'll open some beans."

"I meant to bring it, much as could be, Marty. Thought about it just before I went into Riley's."

"It's all right. It doesn't matter. What did they say at Riley's?"

"Radio said a while ago that folks had to leave up along LeGrand. Don't mean we'll get it, though."

"Ice broken anywhere?"

"North. But there's no danger this year. Been too cold." He washed carelessly at the sink, slopping water on the floor. "I've known this river too long to be fooled by it."

"Then we won't have to go this year, Pa?" Francie looked up from feeding the baby.

"Course not. You just believe your pa. He's seen this old river coming up a good many years, and he knows when to worry and when not to."

"Supper's ready."

"They said at school today this was the worst winter in twenty years."

"Fifteen," corrected Francie. She handed the baby to her mother, who took a cloth from a nail above the sink and wiped off his face, holding him against her side, under one arm.

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

WONDER OF THE WORLD!

RIGHT! In the world of whiskey, there's nothing more wonderful—nothing more flavorful—than the superb pre-war quality of Seagram's 7 Crown . . . Seagram's finest American whiskey.

Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure** . . . *of Pre-War Quality*

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2—PERSONNA Razor Blades *de*-whisker me so smoothly that I'm well-groomed all day. Honest...

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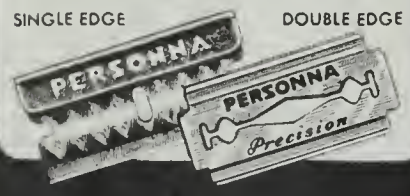
TWICE as many shaves guaranteed!

Yes, if you don't get *twice as many smoother shaves* from Personna than from your present blades... we'll buy you two packs of any blade you choose!

10 for $1 — 5 for 50c

SINGLE EDGE DOUBLE EDGE



PERSONNA Precision Blades

DETOUR TO A PARADISE LOST

Continued from page 19

Like the champagne produced in the grape region around Lake Keuka, life among the lakes has been aged, so to speak, in the bottle, and little influenced by the changes visible in the world outside. This has had several effects noticeable by tourists—among them the preservation of an old American flavor.

Throughout the Finger Lakes area Labor Day occasions more public celebration than any other, including the Fourth of July; and if you happen to spend the day in Skaneateles, eastern "gateway" to the Finger Lakes on Highway 20, you'll witness at least one event that comes straight out of frontier days—a foot race between an Indian and a white. Every year, they race around the main block of the town until 10 miles are completed. The record of winners, so far, is about even.

The celebration in Skaneateles (pronounced skinny-attil-iss and meaning "beautiful squaw") starts with a parade, featuring the volunteer firemen and their equipment and led by undertaker Jack Fitzgerald on a white horse. Sometime between the parade and the closing fireworks over the lake, the firemen indulge in another old American sport—one of the most robust ever invented—a hose fight in which competing fire companies try to knock each other out with high-pressure streams of water.

Another good old American custom fostered in the town is overeating. Most tourists do their overeating at Krebs, a restaurant nationally famous for serving a bewildering variety of excellent food in amounts far greater than anybody can possibly eat. The Kan-ya-to Inn, only a block from Krebs on Highway 20, prides itself on its cuisine, too, but the proprietor, Chester Coats, is used to having his guests ask him to reserve them tables at his competitor's sprawling white bungalow. Krebs was started as a boardinghouse by a penniless Alsatian caterer and his wife 47 years ago.

The food prepared by "Aunt Cora" and "Uncle Fred" was so good that many a housewife gave up cooking altogether and took her family to eat there. But today visiting gourmets far outnumber the town's 2,000 population.

Oldest Church's Bell Rings First

Farther west on Highway 20, at Canandaigua, a custom which still persists shows how age is deferred to. The oldest of the churches is the First Congregational built in 1810. Out of respect for its seniority, the other churches wait on Sunday morning until it has sounded its bell before ringing their own.

On Saturday afternoon in Penn Yan, on the eastern prong of Keuka Lake, families from the vineyard country come in from miles around, and while the women shop and gossip the men squat on the heels of their felt-topped boots, side by side on the sidewalks with their backs against the store fronts, and "visit." Because Saturday is such a big night throughout the Finger Lakes, the stores all close up tight on Wednesday noon for a half holiday.

David Harum, the banker, philosopher and horse trader of fiction, would still feel at home in any of these Saturday-night get-togethers, though in all fairness it must be said not everybody would subscribe to his motto: "Do unto others as they would do to you—and do it first!" The real-life counterpart of David Harum was David Hannum of Homer Village on the eastern fringe of the lakes country—and he practiced this version of the golden rule in at least one case that is stranger than fiction.

Hannum was principal owner and chief promoter of the famous Cardiff Giant, a ton-and-a-half "petrified man" dug up in near-by Cardiff, New York. One of the other five owners was the father of Edward Noyes Wescott, the author of "David Harum."

The Cardiff Giant was a national sensation for years—no mere passing aberration like the flying saucers of last summer, but a genuine, bona fide hoax, and a highly profitable one to boot. When the stone corpse was removed to Syracuse for exhibition, New York Central trains stopped for 10 minutes to permit passengers to view the marvel. P. T. Barnum tried unsuccessfully to buy or lease it, and finally had a duplicate made.

After considerable stalling Hannum permitted scientists to drill holes through the 10-foot giant's head and viscera. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes were among those who participated. They found the giant was made of pure gypsum of a variety common in Iowa—where, of course, the statue had actually been commissioned a few years before by one George Hull, brother-in-law of a Cardiff farmer, William Newell, who "discovered" it during excavations for a well. From Iowa, Hull had shipped it by rail, then hauled it to Newell's farm by night in a large wagon, and together they buried it under the future well site.

For years after the Cardiff Giant was exposed, dozens of copies toured America in carnivals and fairs. The original is now in a private museum in Iowa.

As a horse trader, though, Hannum hardly stacks up with a Finger Lakes neighbor of his, Auburn's own William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, who picked up Alaska for $7,200,000. And as a promoter, he can't hold a candle to Jemima Wilkinson, the beautiful and rather terrifying lady still referred to around Penn Yan as "The Friend."

At the age of eighteen, this Rhode Island farm girl got out of bed after a bout of fever to announce that she had died during the night, and returned to earth as "The Publick Universal Friend", with the purpose of saving as many sinners as possible from eternal hell-fire. The fact that converts, many of them well-to-do prominent citizens, were all too willing to renounce spouse, children and property soon made things uncomfortable in New England, and Jemima directed her followers to go build her a Jerusalem in the wilderness north of Keuka Lake. Jemima followed in a gilded yellow carriage built specially for the trip, and under her iron rule the community prospered mightily.

Just south of Penn Yan (4 miles up State Route 273 from near-by Branchport) you can still visit the big barnlike New England house where the stern but lovely saint held sway. She was a large woman but shapely. Her eyes were black and her hair, combed back off her forehead in a severe pompadour, hung down her neck in glossy black ringlets. While meditating on eternal truths before a large boudoir mirror—monogrammed with the letters "U.F." denoting "Universal Friend"—she never forgot to douse herself liberally with perfume.

The effect on her followers was startling. At a nod from her and the soft command, "The Lord hath need of this," rugged pioneers signed away their worldly goods and joyfully performed any menial labor required of them.

Some Believed Without Seeing

But even in the wilderness she made enemies, and these may have started the legend of her two attempts to "walk on the waters" of Lake Keuka. The first time, the water splashed about the shapely ankles; Jemima blamed it on doubters in her midst. The second time, before a selected handful of her faithful, she asked each in turn if he had the slightest sinful doubt. None had. Then, said Jemima, there is no need to waste the Lord's time proving the obvious—and sent the believers back home.

In saving Indians, though, Jemima had little success. At one of her meetings with them, the old chief asked questions in three Indian dialects. Naturally she couldn't reply. "Madame," he told her then in English, "I merely ask you why, if you are Jesus Christ, you cannot understand one language as well as another." The entire tribe got up and followed their chief into the woods.

By a strange coincidence, the power of the Universal Friend waned with her beauty and when she "left time" at the age of sixty-one, her followers were already squabbling over their shares in the redivision of property surrendered for the common good. Today, you can inspect her gilt yellow coach at the Historical Museum in Canandaigua. In the library at Penn Yan you can see one of her thronelike chairs, her silver-trimmed saddle, and her well-frayed whip. But do not ask to see her grave.

Only two persons in Penn Yan—one

"I'm not very thirsty—I believe I'll have a dry Martini"

COLLIER'S HENRY SYVERSON

To prove a point with actual figures... In the foreground, you see a fabulous custom-made oundation: shaped to shimmering beauty, cobwebbed with hand-run lace. In the background, you see a trim young girdle for slim young budgets: prettily whittled in palest yellow. *Both* have one important point in common: they close smoothly, perfectly with Talon slide fasteners. For the Talon fastener—natural choice for the finest garments sewn—is so inexpensive, so widely used, you can enjoy its convenience in girdles and corsets at any price. Remember, whatever you buy—whatever you pay—get the extra value of the Talon slide fastener.

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

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Three Centuries Ago

a pencil was an awkward lump of lead; today the slim, trim, golden-shafted CROSS CENTURY pencil makes writing an easy pleasure.

Wherever fine pencils are sold ... in 1/10, 12 kt. gold filled, only $5.00 plus tax.

Ask your retailer to order a CROSS CENTURY for you if he is out of stock.

A.T. CROSS Pencil Co.
FIFTY-THREE WARREN STREET
PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND

Pencils BY CROSS EST. 1846

AMERICA'S OLDEST PENCIL MANUFACTURER

of them a woman—know where The Friend is buried, and this is a secret handed down to them through eight generations of "chosen ones." And who are the two chosen ones of this generation? Everybody in Penn Yan is convinced he knows, but nobody's telling outsiders.

The Finger Lakes country may feel isolated and unspoiled, but it's actually one of the most easily accessible beauty spots in the country. The chances are better than one in three that it's no more than a long day's drive from your front door, for some 60,000,000 Americans in the United States and Canada live within 500 miles of it. Like beans from the vine, five of the six lakes dangle off Highway 20, one of the main East-West traffic arteries.

When excursion trains and lake steamers were the only way of seeing the Finger Lakes, this was one of the country's busiest resort spots—and one of the wealthiest. Among the great of several eras who stayed at fashionable spas along the shores were Washington Irving, President Grant, General Custer, Jenny Lind, Admiral Farragut, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and General John J. Pershing.

After the Automobile Came

The automobile turned the lakes country into a paradise lost. There are no more big resort hotels and few tourist accommodations outside the towns. Lake commerce gave way to trucking, and small industries which used to keep the lower lake towns busy and prosperous moved to the region's northern fringe along the highway. Industry is now concentrated in five main centers: rope, Diesel engines, farm machinery and carpets in Auburn; pumps and rulers in Seneca Falls; furnaces, cutlery, corsets and optical goods in Geneva and Canandaigua; and boats, bus bodies, wine and baskets in Penn Yan.

The fruits of Finger Lakes' virtues are many and widely felt by society. But none has changed American life quite as radically as the woman's rights movement which had its beginnings at Seneca Falls, on Route 20, just west of Cayuga Lake.

Here, just a hundred years ago next July, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, wife of the town's state senator and leading lawyer, called the first woman's rights convention in the old Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal Church. It was the deputy postmaster, a Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, whose husband was postmaster and editor of the Seneca County Courier, who lent her name to the uniform and banner of the suffrage movement—the long, baggy pantaloons which inspired the children to throw snowballs at its wearers and shout:

"Gibbery, gibbery gab
The women had a confab
And demanded the rights
To wear the tights
Gibbery, gibbery gab."

As for its influence in other fields, the whole region abounds in "firsts." The first cast-iron plow was invented by Jethrow Wood near Moravia. In the same town, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., earned his first dime selling turkey chicks located by following a stray turkey hen into the woods. Geneva's Hobart College graduated the first woman physician, Elizabeth Blackwell, in 1849, and later introduced the first "English Course."

Only 36 years ago at Hammondsport on Lake Keuka, Glenn H. Curtiss, who used to run a bicycle shop there, made aviation history with the first successful take-off from water on Keuka Lake. The result for Curtiss' home town was two exciting decades as the "cradle of aviation" culminating in boom-town mass production of Curtiss' famous World War I Jenny. The first outdoor electric lights were tried out on the Cornell campus years ahead of Broadway. And in the notorious state prison at Auburn, just north of Owasco Lake, electricity had its first use as a means of capital punishment 57 years ago.

Another American institution, the sundae, was invented just 56 years ago by a Unitarian clergyman in Ithaca, though this honor is disputed by at least a score of other towns all over the country. After his heated Sunday-morning service, the Reverend C. H. Heizer used to drop into the back room of C. C. Platt's drugstore for a cooling drink.

One Sunday, instead of his usual phosphate, he poured the sirup over some ice cream and spooned it down with such gusto that a group of Cornell undergraduates, also habitués of the drugstore, insisted on the same concoction. Had the dish been named after its inventor, the Reverend Heizer might have become an American immortal. Instead he modestly suggested they call it a "Sunday" in honor of the day, and an anonymous clerk's misspelling on the frosted mirror behind the fountain added a new word to the English language.

If you're an old movie fan, you've probably had some lurid glimpses of the Finger Lakes without knowing it. For Ithaca on Lake Cayuga was the motion-picture industry's original "Hollywood."

It started in 1912 when the Wharton brothers, Theodore and Leopold, chose Cornell University campus as background for a college picture Dear Old Girl of Mine starring Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. The beautiful hillside town with its gorges and waterfalls and views of the lake offered so many natural backgrounds that the Whartons built their studio on Lakeside Renwood Park—and were soon followed by International, Metro and the Norma Talmadge Corporation.

Lionel Barrymore, Pearl White, Jean Sothern, Warner Oland and Irene Castle made pictures here. So did scores of other stars whose names are as silent now as their films. But the year after the Armistice, after five years of hectic shooting, the movie industry left Ithaca. The reason was weather.

When it comes to climate, grapes are even more pernickety than the movies, and the air-conditioning effect of the lakes makes the southwestern lake region ideal for vineyards. In the summer, cooling winds off the lakes keep the tender vines from shriveling under the sun. On crisp fall nights, the heat stored up in the water during the day is released in protective mists which fill the valleys to the brim. In fact, you can get one of the region's most spectacular sights by climbing up on some high place and watching the morning sun dissolve away the wasteland of mist and reveal the good earth underneath. "It's like watching the creation," says a local wine grower.

Grape growing was introduced to these hills by a strait-laced clergyman, the Reverend William Bostwick; and the temperance movement, which swept the country later, had no stancher supporters than among the vintners themselves. The only real issue for a time was whether to abstain partially or totally; and in Hector, where it came to a vote, the majority marked their ballots with a "T" for "total," thus coining the word "teetotalers."

You won't run into any Bacchanalian festivals during the wine season, but it's a pleasant sight to watch the armies of girls moving slowly through the vineyards, filling their long flat boxes with heavy clusters of Catawbas, Isabellas, Dianas, Elviras, Ionas and Concords.

On the Champagne Highway

In the old days the grapes were hauled down to the lake shore and picked up by the side-wheel steamboats which used to stop everywhere along the shore. Now they're hauled by truck to the wineries, most of them large, ivy-covered stone buildings set over quarried caves in the hills along the 20-mile stretch of highway between Bath and Urbana on Lake Keuka. This is known locally as "The Champagne Highway," just as the 10-mile-long Bath and Hammondsport railroad, one of the country's shortest, is known as "The Champagne Route."

About half of our domestic champagne comes from this small area of the Finger Lakes, and the Big Three among the champagne cellars—Taylor Wine Co., Great Western and Urbana—attract almost as many tourists as Taughannock Falls and Watkins Glen. The tour through their plants is a leisurely ramble, generally conducted by the president or vice-president of the company. Starting in the attics where the grapes are loaded into hydraulic presses a ton at a time, you are led down through the rows of huge oak casks where the juice is fermented and stored, and on down to the cool cellars where millions of bottles are tended as carefully as incubator babies.

Maybe it's true, after all, the way the Indians explained those long, slim lakes as fingerprints left by the Great Spirit. Maybe the famous "lake guns" booming along Seneca's shore are actually the great chief Agayentah returning to the war path—and not merely the sound of natural gas escaping from rifts along the bottom of the lake. Maybe Jemima Wilkinson did walk on Lake Keuka. Maybe, for all you know, the Cardiff Giant once climbed these hills, and Harry McConnell did find that grand piano at the end of his line. In any case, it's something to remember when the steam heat goes off in your city apartment—that detour to a paradise lost.

THE END

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HIGH PRICES MAKE CHEAP LIVING

Continued from page 27

lick the high cost of having babies," Mrs. Mantsch laughed. "We have a system.

"I work right up to the last day, maybe the last minute," she said. "Even do the wash and baking sometimes. Then when my time comes, I climb into bed and have my babies right here at home."

Her husband added his bit. "I always take my two weeks' vacation when it happens."

"And I lie in bed and direct things while my husband cooks, cleans and runs the house," Mrs. Mantsch said.

This saves hospital bills, but doctor costs are another matter. When Jimmy was born during the depression, the doctor bill was $35. The bill for the last baby, David, was $60.

Death of OPA Causes Hardship

The OPA's death dealt a hard blow to births in the Mantsch home. When Mrs. Mantsch shopped for diapers for David (now nine months) she found that prices were up $1 a dozen from OPA levels, that pajama material and flannel had doubled. The cheap $1.49 children's shoes she used to buy had been discontinued, and the more expensive $2.49 variety had jumped to $3.69.

"And baby foods!" Mrs. Mantsch exclaimed. She'd find the price on the container crossed out three times, indicating that many boosts after the baby food reached the store.

The result for the Mantsches was a pattern of living that was becoming familiar among Milwaukee families: They cut down and did without. There was little money left over for clothes and none at all for household replacements, for recreation and savings. And still, they were falling behind.

For the children, the Mantsches relied on clothes from friends and relatives which "were too good to throw away." Mantsch has bought one suit in six years, but he must spend $17.50 every six months to buy new trousers for his mail carrier's uniform. Mrs. Mantsch bought her last "going out" dress in November, 1946, although she does buy about three house dresses a year.

The last time the Mantsches were to the movies was on New Year's Eve when Jimmy, who has a paper route, treated them.

A family of ten wears things out. The Mantsches need sheets, pillowcases, replacements for their battered furniture. But the mail carrier's $61.35 per week won't stretch that far.

During the war when prices were lower and Mantsch had overtime, the family broke even, and the two older boys were able to save $450 between them out of their paper route earnings. But in the last year the Mantsches have been forced reluctantly to borrow most of this from the boys to keep the family afloat.

"We're in the red definitely," said Mrs. Mantsch.

"If we don't get a break pretty soon, I don't know what we'll do," her husband added.

The same break would be welcomed by James Scott (that is not his name) a school principal. Scott's most taxing paper work has nothing to do with classrooms. Nightly he spreads the business section of the evening paper before him, and from reports on crop and livestock prices, wholesale egg and butter trends, seeks clues as to how food prices will move in the stores over the next several days. Then he maps the family's food-buying strategy. If eggs are piling up in Milwaukee warehouses or lots of butter is moving into town, James Scott halts egg and butter buying and awaits a price drop.

Since prices soared, food buying for the Scotts and their two children has become so serious a business that the head of the family must give it his personal, masculine attention. Thus the school principal, market basket under arm, saves a few pennies on a dozen eggs here, a penny or two on potatoes there. On occasion, he has even saved a couple of coppers on gasoline.

Studying prices nightly and stretching pennies is a new and grim business for James Scott, whose income is $4,200 yearly or $71 per week after taxes. And he can't help reflecting that it was not necessary when, as a teacher, he was earning only $45 a week.

Scott, who is forty and served as a lieutenant in the Navy, has learned how to live frugally. His family has cut out cream for their coffee and the frozen desserts in which they once took great delight. They usually have none but the cheapest cuts of meat. Once it used to be steaks and chicken occasionally for dinner. Now it's the familiar hamburger with an infrequent roast for Sunday.

Clothes? Mrs. Scott sews the children's dresses, and her own last purchase was a $9 dress bought at a sale. Scott built up a store of shirts and underwear in the Navy, and luckily his civilian clothes still fitted when he returned. Last year he bought a pair of shoes at a "factory odd-lot" store where shoes with slight defects are sold at bargain prices.

"You see a lot of schoolteachers there," Scott said.

Recreation? The Scotts have their Pontiac which they bought secondhand for $500 in 1940. They like to pile the children into it on Sunday and drive along Milwaukee's gold coast on Lake Michigan. Sometimes, the Scotts drive out to the housing developments sprouting in the city's suburbs and look for a house. But each trip, says Scott, "makes me feel more frustrated than ever." The Scotts once took great pleasure in dining out, but the high cost of eating at home has ruled out eating in restaurants, and the last time they had this sort of trea was while vacationing last summer i Minnesota.

The Scotts haven't been to a concer since he left the Navy, and although the could afford occasional movies, "th quality is getting so thin," says Scot "that it's no sacrifice to cut them out."

School principal Scott and his famil live in a five-room flat at a cost of abou $60 monthly including heat. The room are sparsely furnished, because Scott ha been reluctant to buy furniture at currer prices. The dining room has only th bare essentials of table and chairs. A bridge table and folding chairs serve a kitchen furniture.

Scott saved $2,800 while in the Navy and has already used up $1,000 of it. Si hundred dollars went for household es sentials such as a refrigerator, stove an linoleum. Four hundred made up the dif ference between Scott's salary and his liv ing expenses.

This year he may just break even. T do so he must say "no" to every outsid want. Sometimes it's hard for the Scott to say no. For years they had longed fo a phonograph, and one day the paper ad vertised a $125 instrument for $75. Thei first impulse was to grab it. But th budget won.

The Case of a Bank Teller

Doing without and running behind as true of bank teller Sam J— as it wa of the Scotts. An employee for 11 year Sam had to borrow $100 from his ban and cash his terminal leave bond to ek out his $55 weekly earnings and pay fo the insurance that protects his wife an two children.

To make ends meet, Sam disclose about one third of the tellers in his ban have taken extra jobs outside. They cler in stores on Saturdays and evening work odd hours in filling stations. Sa hasn't looked for extra work because would interfere with his night classes i

"I'll hang up all my clothes, Mommy, I'll hold still while you comb, Mommy, I'll stop calling Father 'Butch,' Mommy, I'll eat my cereal to the bottom, Mommy. . . ."

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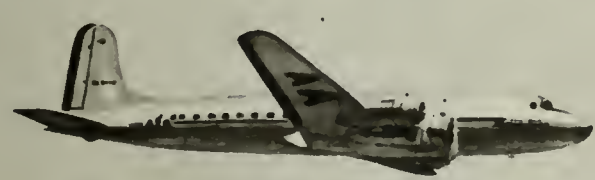

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banking. But his life is tyrannized by mean restrictions. He can't send his clothes to the tailor, must press them himself. He can't have lunch out, must bring his own peanut butter sandwich to work. His wife and he have given up orange juice for breakfast, cream for their coffee and haven't been to the movies since last September.

The white-collar, middle-class families were hard hit. What about the industrial worker?

The Milwaukee Journal asked three wage-earning families with incomes ranging from $45 to $55 a week to keep track of their expenditures "down to the last penny" for a month. The newspaper found the families were running behind and using up bonds and other savings to care for deficits.

"All in all," the Journal reported, "the three families felt they came through (the month) with an exceedingly dim view of the months ahead."

Wage Scales in Factories

The average factory worker's weekly wage in Milwaukee during February was $59. Some wage earners such as certain highly skilled packing-house workers earn more than $100 weekly under incentive piecework. Other wage earners take home considerably less than $59 weekly.

Take, for instance, Herman Steffes, a $1.68-an-hour welder and president of his United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.) local. Herman, his wife, Clementine, and their three children provide a short short story of the contrast between prewar and postwar life in America. From 1938 to 1943 Herman earned $40 a week and with it bought and paid for a $4,400 house and saved $450 besides. Now with weekly earnings at $68, he has used up the $450 savings.

Tom La Vora, a $50-a-week presser in a coat factory and member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union (C.I.O.), who had to cut four quarts of milk weekly from his three children's 14-quart allowance, put his plight this way:

"You never get off the spot. During the depression you eat less, because there ain't enough work. And during inflation you eat less, because there ain't enough money. How do you beat this thing anyway?"

But there was another question, too. The white-collar family and the wage earner alike were cutting out clothing, radios, furniture, restaurants, movies. What was keeping our economy going?

Before asking Milwaukee businessmen I called on the Community Fund and Council of Social Agencies. The Community Fund, its executive secretary John D. Wellman disclosed, had failed to reach its yearly money goal by $250,000. Contributions fell short in well-to-do as well as modest neighborhoods. This meant that budgets of dependent social agencies would have to be cut at a time when they needed more money because of higher costs and greater demands for their services.

The Milwaukee Children's Hospital, which has a national reputation, was one such dependent institution.

"Before the war," Alma Vaupel, its superintendent, said, "it cost $5.10 per day to care for a child. By early 1947 this cost had risen to $10. At the time of the budget cut, the cost per child per day had soared to $15.

"But that isn't all," she added. "During the war when money was easy, about 65 per cent of our patients were paying, private patients, and 35 per cent were on the house. Now the ratio between paying and house patients is about fifty-fifty.

"We're running a deficit now, and I just don't know how we can go on."

Miss Vaupel called in a staff pediatrician.

"People are cutting corners on doctor bills," the doctor said. "They try to get advice over the telephone and hesitate call a doctor to their homes. It has worried. You take such children's a ments as meningitis, or appendicitis even a common cold. A day's delay save a doctor's fee or even a few hou delay, as in the case of appendicitis, m spell disaster for the child."

Over at the office of The Family Ser ice of Milwaukee, a social agency th helps iron out family problems, it w indicated that high prices were causi troubles of still another sort.

Lucia Clow, the executive secretar had this to say:

"High living costs are creating su strains and tensions that family brea ups are on the increase. We're havi more marital friction, separations, c vorces and insecurity of children.

"Inflation is like a depression: Bo undermine the stability of home li Children are growing up in an atmo phere of frustration and uncertain which not only increases family troubl now but sows more troubles for the f ture." There are quarrels about mone about managing the house, about t money spent for an occasional drink, s said. Mothers tie latchkeys about the children's necks and leave them whi they work to eke out the family incom Fathers, too, are doing part-time work addition to their jobs.

This has meant that there are mo people working in Milwaukee than du ing the war. Pay rolls, too, are highe Yet savings bonds are being cashed in a faster rate than new bonds are bei bought, government officials told m Savings accumulation, according to leading bank, had virtually ceased. A in the face of the city's greatest boom, t town's businessmen are worried.

Saloon Business Is Hard Hit

First to feel the consumers' cutti down were the saloons. There's one s loon to every 2,500 men, women a children in Milwaukee, and even so residential neighborhoods sprout many as four or five per block.

Said one saloonkeeper in disgust, " couple of months ago, you could lo down the bar and see nothing but 40-ce whisky shots. Now it's 10-cent beers, a not even many of those." Saloon bu ness is off about 40 per cent and ma bars are thinking of closing.

Movies are hard hit. A local new paper reporter who had the weekly si line of gathering attendance figures a relaying them to a movie trade journ in Hollywood was asked to discontinu The Hollywood paper found the figu too disheartening.

Restaurants which boomed with M waukee's great wartime industries a serving one third less meals than they d in 1946.

In the big department stores, exec tives are still taking comfort from figu that show dollar sales are about 2 per ce better than last year. But the dollar sa figures shouldn't fool anybody. Actual since prices are now much higher co siderably less merchandise is being so

Most significant straw in the troubl wind was a piece of information u earthed by the Milwaukee Journal's co sumer market researchers.

In 1945, the Journal asked a cross se tion of 8,000 Milwaukee families, "D you intend to buy a new car?" Two every three families, 66 per cent, stout answered, "Yes." Early this year, t Journal asked a similar cross section families the same question. Seven p cent already had bought cars since t war. But now, only an additional 20 p cent said they intended to buy new ca

And that, considering the importan of the automobile—and similar—indu tries in our economic scheme of thin was something for plenty of people think about.

THE END

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Continued from page 25

essieurs here is still more horror!" It was all coming back to Mr. Martin-le as he followed the party around: the n cages where Louis the Eleventh kept special enemies, the bishops' cell with crude carvings, the iron instruments torture hanging on the wall. It was all ere except what Mr. Martingale nted. True, the guide had pointed out veral oubliettes, but they were all well vered over and no good at all. Mr. artingale was just deciding that his emory had tricked him and that he uld have to think again, when they me to the place.

They had come down some steps feebly hted by electric light, and the guide had ven them his usual warning: "Mes-mes, Messieurs, here is still more hor-r!" At the bottom it was quite dark, d the guide told them to stand still hile he flashed his torch round the ceil-g. Not a window, he pointed out. Not ight anywhere. What would *they* do if y had been flung down those steps and e door barred behind them? They uld grope their way round the wall, uldn't they, to see if there was any way t? Well, there was a way out and the tim always found it. Then, and not till en, the guide flashed his torch at the ping hole in the floor. And to make re that they missed nothing, he then hted a piece of newspaper as the sight-ers gathered cautiously round the bal-trade which guarded the hole. They w the light falling and falling until it s hundreds of feet down and it was ll falling when it went out.

"Fair gives yer the creeps!" said the man standing next to Mr. Martingale. Mr. Martingale said nothing. But an-her man remarked that it was a dis-ace to have such a flimsy ballustrade at a place like that, and they had all better stand back.

Mr. Martingale still said nothing although he was glad the remark had been made. There was just one more thing he wanted to see. Would the guide stay till the last as the sight-seers went back up the steps? It was rather important. But the guide, after letting the first half dozen go in front, went with them talking about the next horror; and the rest wasted no time in getting out of that dark and sinister chamber.

IN SPITE of what the earlier guide had said Mr. Martingale was not relying on the body's never being found. He was simply relying on its never being identified. With this end in view he had already removed the maker's name from both the coats Ada was likely to wear. Laundry marks he had also dealt with and she wore no jewelry that could be a clue. She had two gold fillings in her teeth, but there was nothing he could do about that. There only remained the question of her handbag. For that he had alternative plans. If possible, he would persuade Ada to leave it in the hotel on the ground that it would be a nuisance to carry. If that failed, he would throw it down one of the other oubliettes. He did not want the handbag to be found with the body. Still less could he afford to be seen coming out of the dungeons into the bright sunlight carrying a lady's bag.

There was also another thing that had to be thought of. It would never do to come back and lunch at the hotel alone; they would have to appear to move on. It was here that he got into difficulties. Ada firmly refused to agree to take the midday bus on to Amboise: What! Miss

NED HILTON

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A lion stepped into a recent cricket match in Nairobi, Kenya, to pile up a tremendous score. The batsman had slammed a hard one to the edge of the field and as the fielder attempted to recover the ball a lion leaped out of the brush and began to play with it. The umpire refused a claim of lost ball as the ball was in full view. As the fielder attempted to shoo the lion away, the two batsmen kept on running and scoring. (In cricket the batsmen continue to make runs until put out.) The lion continued to play, the batsmen continued to run and the score climbed. By the time the lion was driven off, the exhausted batsmen were walking between the wickets, and the score had reached such heights that the match was called off.

—Hamilton Platt, New York, N. Y.

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t good lunch they would have there! y, it was the best hotel they had been and they'd stay on another night. at was all the hurry about?

Fortunately Ada spoke no French and all the arranging to him. So he told hotel that they would be leaving by midday bus and packed all his own gs. He could not pack Ada's but ught he could do that without being iced afterward. He did not like hav- to arrange it that way, but there was hing else that he could do. And at st, Ada did leave her handbag behind.

he tour of the dungeons took exactly ty minutes, and they were at the en- nce punctually at eleven with Mr. rtingale in his normal clothes. There s a larger party waiting this time, stly women; and presently the bell g and the tour began.

Mr. Martingale was perfectly calm. made a few remarks to his wife in ween the patter of the guide, and she de a few remarks to him, generally ut her feet. The horrors of the place not seem to impinge on her at all. d as usual she dragged behind the ty and sat down whenever she could. . Martingale was relying on that. y had always annoyed him by walk- two paces in front of him. Ada an- ed him just as much by walking two es behind; but now it was an essential t of his plan that she should do so.

he guide was in good form with his: esdames, Messieurs, here is still more ror!" and at last they came to the k room down the steps. He used ex- ly the same words as he had used be- e; asked what they would do if they been thrown down the steps; then hed his torch on the hole in the floor did his trick with the piece of news- er. Mr. Martingale was careful to nd close beside Ada while this was ng on.

WHEN the guide had finished there was a scramble to get away from place. As before, the guide went with first half dozen, and the rest were left follow in the feeble light of the one ctric globe on the stairs. Ada was still ide Mr. Martingale when there were ly three other dim figures left at the tom of the steps; but then to his dis- y she started hurriedly up the stairs h those other three ahead of her. He tched at her sleeve, missed it, and by n she was four steps away from him moving quickly. He thought the op- rtunity had gone and in desperation led, "Ada!" in a low urgent tone.

It was his last chance. The rearmost of retreating figures halted, made some quiring sound, and stepped back again; and Mr. Martingale, who was standing round the corner in the darkness, pulled her toward him from behind with his hands tight on her throat. One swift firm knock of her forehead against the stone wall made her senseless. Then as the sound of the feet on the stairs grew more distant, he dragged her in the darkness across the floor until he felt the balustrade with his hand. One heave from there, and it was done. The whole thing took less than a minute.

Nobody seemed to notice Mr. Martingale as he came up with the party again. Thanks to his reconnaissance of the evening before he was able so to arrange it, by missing one dungeon, that he was at the head of the party when he appeared again. The guide finished his patter and held out his hand; and very soon they were all coming out into the sunlight, blinking, with Mr. Martingale at the head of them. He drew a deep breath of the warm fresh air and was just going to walk casually down the hill to the hotel, when there was an angry call from behind him.

"Stanley!!"

He turned round; and there was Ada, panting with indignation and very much alive.

"Stanley!" she went on loudly. "Whatever do you think you're doing? Taking me to that dreadful place! And leaving me to find my way out all alone! I don't know what's come over you."

People were looking now and listening. Mr. Martingale did his best to lead her away, murmuring something about being dazed by the bright sunlight.

"Well, that's no reason to leave me there in the dark," she complained. "With those black holes in the floor, and all those stairs! I just don't know what you were thinking of."

He appeased her as best he could, but there was more trouble when they got back to the hotel. Their rooms had been let and they could not stay another night. The only explanation that Mr. Martingale could offer was that the manager must have misunderstood what he had said in French. But that did not satisfy Ada. She had been looking forward to truffles and *foie gras* for dinner again that evening, and she nagged all through lunch and all the way in the afternoon bus to Amboise. Each outburst always ended up with the statement that she just did not know what he had been thinking of.

Which was quite true. She didn't. . . .

Mr. Martingale did not sleep well for the next month: In fact, he never slept well again. All through that lunch while Ada was nagging, he was wondering who the woman could have been that he had killed. Was her name Ada, too, or did she think he had cried, *"Aidez!"* for help? More important, did she have a husband or a friend with her? Was she French or English? How soon would they notice that somebody had disappeared? The only gleam of hope was that there was no motive for her murder, and it was the motive that always first pointed to the guilty person. But what would Ada think if it became known before they left Loches that something more had happened in the dungeons than his inattention to her?

HE FELT better in the bus on the way to Amboise and better still when the holiday was over and they left France for good. That was just five days later. He had spent those five days, whenever he could get away from Ada, in buying newspapers and studying them to see if there was any account of an accident at Loches. But there was none, and it seemed that he must have had the luck to have picked on someone who had no friends with her. He felt no pity for his victim, of course; in fact, when Ada continued to nag at him, he thought bitterly that he was the one who had been grossly wronged.

For a change for the worse had come over Ada. She had always been a little inclined to nag; now she nagged incessantly. She could not forgive him for his neglect in the dungeons; and when they got back to Golder's Green she used to describe the incident to her women friends and make disparaging remarks about Mr. Martingale in front of him. It was at this point that he made another unpleasant discovery. He had felt no personal malice toward his wife before the visit to Loches. But now that he did feel the personal malice—and with every reason—he found that he could not make up his mind to do anything about it. He tried to think out new ways of getting rid of her, but his brain refused to help him. And he had to confess in the end that his nerve had gone. It was no good making plans; for he no longer had the determination to carry them out. His career was ended, and there was nothing in front of him except an endless vista of Ada's nagging.

But actually there was more in front of him than that. It was toward the end of June that, while reading the evening paper, he noticed a small paragraph at the bottom of the front page. The paragraph ran as follows:

BODY IN DUNGEON

The body discovered in the deep oubliette at Loches in France has been identified as that of Madame Cécile Vestiers, a widow, whose home was in Bordeaux. Madame Vestiers is believed to have visited the dungeons on the morning of the 21st May.

It was the last sentence that disturbed Mr. Martingale. If Ada read that, she might begin to put two and two together; for she knew perfectly well that the 21st of May was the day on which they had been to the dungeons. There and then Mr. Martingale's determination got going again. He would have to kill Ada, and kill her quickly. Fortunately she did not read the evening papers, but she did read the morning ones and this item of a body at Loches was news and likely to be referred to again. That night was a Wednesday; and by the time he had gone to bed—after burning the evening paper—Mr. Martingale had decided to push Ada in front of the train on the underground when they went on Friday to visit her cousin who lived at Harrow.

But when he came back from his office the next day, Ada was not in. There was no sign of her having packed anything to take away; but she was not in, and it was an unheard-of thing for her not to be in in the evening. Mr. Martingale was very worried indeed. He began to

"My goodness, you must mean that little key I always keep in the dresser drawer"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

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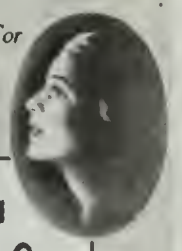

CeeTee

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wonder whether his brain was going. Had he already killed Ada and forgotten about it? It was uncanny the way she turned up when he thought she was dead, and disappeared when he thought her alive. She did not come back that evening and he stayed up all night wondering what he ought to do about it. And he still had not made up his mind in the morning. He knew he ought to go to the police, but he did not want to go near the police. So he did nothing all the week end, and on two occasions when her women friends rang up, he said she had gone away to the country. They both remarked that it was funny that Ada had not told them. . . .

It was Monday evening when a police sergeant and a plain-clothes man arrived at the door. One of them was carrying a coat that belonged to Ada. It had been handed in to the police station, he said, and they would like a word with Mrs. Martingale as to how she had lost it.

"I'm afraid she's out," Mr. Martingale said.

"Could you say when she will be back?" asked the sergeant.

"I—er—she's away for a few days."

"When did she go, Mr. Martingale?"

"On Thursday."

"Then perhaps you'd give us her address?"

Mr. Martingale changed his tactics.

"I don't know her address, sergeant. I'm very worried."

At this point the sergeant produced a notebook.

"Have you taken any steps to find her, Mr. Martingale?"

"I—no—not yet. I didn't really get worried until this morning. And then your bringing the coat!"

"The coat was found in a carriage on the Southern Railway, Mr. Martingale. Just left behind. There's nothing very worrying in that."

"No—but . . ."

"You've rung up her friends, I suppose?"

"Only two of them," Mr. Martingale lied. "And they didn't know where she was."

"And you didn't do anything else?"

"What else could I have done?"

"You could have come to us, Mr. Martingale. We're there to help. Do you think she's lost her memory?"

"I—I don't think it's likely."

"Was there any quarrel of any kind?"

"No. We've never had a cross word."

FOR a moment, the two policemen looked at each other, then the plain-clothes one made a suggestion.

"Do you think she could have gone abroad, Mr. Martingale? The coat was found in the Dover train."

Mr. Martingale shook his head.

"Any friends in Dover?" the man went on.

"No."

"You did go to France in May with your wife, didn't you?"

"Yes, for a short time."

"What part of France, Mr. Martingale?"

"Touraine."

The two men looked at each other again, and it was the uniformed one who went on.

"Well, don't worry, Mr. Martingale. We'll make some inquiries, and I'm sure it will be all right. Now you were married in Liverpool in 1939, weren't you?"

Mr. Martingale started at the word—Liverpool.

"No," he said quickly. "I was married here in London in 1945."

"Oh! Then the Stanley Martingale who was married in Liverpool wasn't you?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, I think we've got all we need. Don't worry, Mr. Martingale. We'll find Mrs. Martingale for you."

It was all very well to say that; but Mr. Martingale did worry. With the police on to Liverpool and Touraine, it was the breaking point. As a result it was on a Tuesday and not a Friday that a body was found on the underground; and the body was Mr. Martingale's, not Ada's.

THE police had advised Ada not to return to her house at Golder's Green for the time being. It would be much better, they said, if she went away for two or three months until the story of her husband ceased to be news. But Ada liked news and liked being the center of it. She was guarded in what she said to the reporters, but it was a different matter when her women friends came to see her and brought chocolates to loosen her tongue.

Two of the friends were the two who had rung up, Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Padwick; and the third was the rather prim Miss Bridle. They all gathered round the sofa where Ada was sitting within easy reach of the chocolates; and when they were settled she began.

"Well, it was in the Daily Mail that I first saw it. Body in dungeon, it said, and it gave the place and the date. I might not have noticed it if it hadn't been for the date. But I remembered that date, and it fair gave me a turn with Stanley sitting there at the table, drinking his tea and eating his bacon, just opposite."

"You didn't say anything to him, Mrs. Martingale?" asked Mrs. Padwick.

"That I didn't," Ada replied. "Not that I suspected him then, even though he had acted so peculiar when he came out of the dungeon. It was after breakfast that I really began to think. He was in the hall then, with his hat and coat on, and I was halfway up the stairs when I suddenly heard him call, 'Ada!' It was that that gave me the start."

"Didn't he always call you Ada?"

"Yes, he did; and when I'd answered what he wanted to know I could hardly get up to the landing. You see, it brought me right back to the time in the dungeon. I was halfway up the stairs then in just the same way when somebody behind had called, 'Ada' or something like it. I didn't pay any attention at the time, because I didn't recognize his voice and thought he was in front anyway. But I knew then that it was the same voice on both occasions."

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Seymour said.

"Gave me a start it did!" Ada was warming to her work. "But I still didn't think . . . I just wondered, if he was behind and not in front at that time, what he was doing and why did he want to call, 'Ada.' It wasn't till an hour lat when I was using the vacuum that thought of it. 'Ada,' I said. 'It was *yo* body he intended to push down that ga ing black hole. *You,* who had alwa been so good to him!' Think of that!"

"What did you do then?" Miss Bric asked.

Ada took another chocolate.

"Do?" she repeated with her mou full. "I put on my hat and coat and we to the police. I wasn't going to stay a other minute in this house with h around. And the police wouldn't list at first; said I was imagining things. E when I told them my name was Ada, a what the dungeon was like and what heard, and how peculiar Stanley h acted when we came out, they began show a little interest. After all th couldn't get away from that dead body the dungeon. So they told me to co back the same evening when they'd ha made some inquiries and telephoned France. And when I did come ba they said it might be a good thing if I d appeared for a time while they made s further inquiries and watched h Stanley behaved."

MRS. PADWICK spoke acic "Well, we all know how he haved. Just as if nothing had happene

"That was him all over!" Ada s harshly. "Deceitful! When I think all the trouble I've taken to make h comfortable! The queues I've stood and the cooking I've done! It fair ma you lose your belief in human nature. little mouse of a man like that!"

"There, there!" Mrs. Seymour s soothingly. "It's all over now. And y won't go marrying again, I dare say."

"That I won't," Ada snorted. "I going to look after myself for a bit."

"I hope you won't have to give up t house?" Miss Bridle murmured.

"It's my house and always was," A said tartly. "Stanley never provided a thing except the housekeeping mon and he might have provided twice w he did with the fifteen thousand pou he left."

"Fifteen thousand pounds!"

"Yes. I shan't be so badly off."

"I wonder you can touch it!" Miss I dle said primly and shuddered.

"Not touch it!" Ada said. "Why nc

"Well, it's the money he got from other women he killed, isn't it?"

Ada started on another chocolate.

"What if it is?" she ended lou "Who's got a better right to that mo than I have, I should like to know?"

THE END

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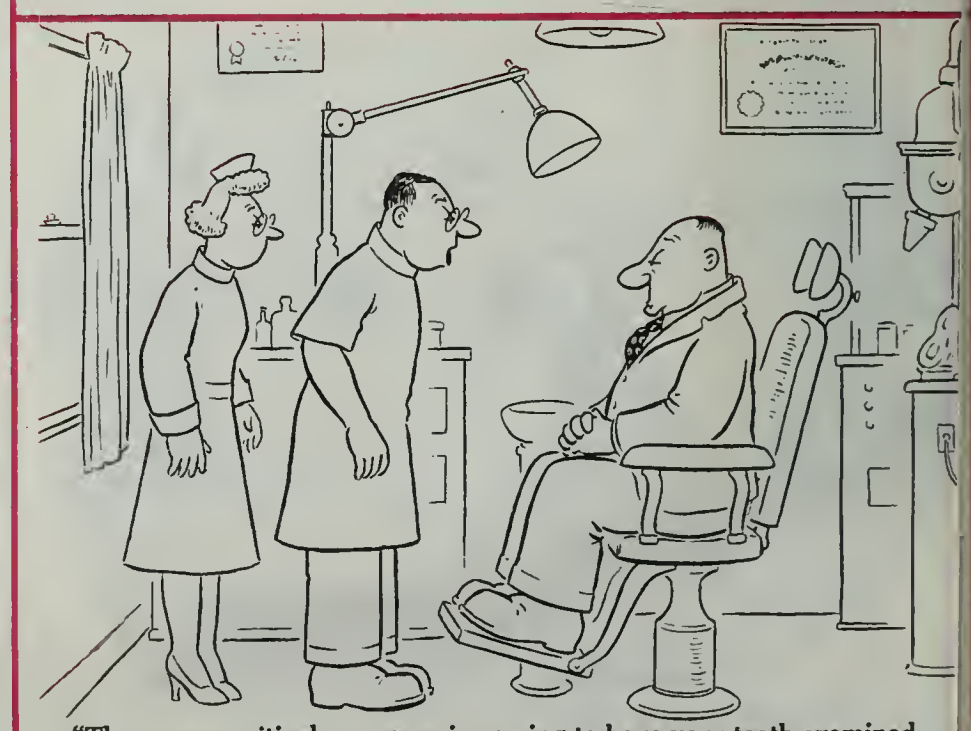


"There was positively no sense in coming to have your teeth examined, Alfred, if you're going to sit there and refuse to open your mouth"

COLLIER'S

Question: Which one of these fruit flavors <u>don't</u> you get when you get this

Only 5¢

Answer: Yes - we have no bananas!

THE APRIL ROAD

Continued from page 34

"Marty, aren't you ready to eat?"

"Soon as I put the baby down. Go ahead, I'll be right there."

"Pa," persisted Ora, "if it *was* the worst winter, wouldn't that mean there was more snow?"

"Been too cold to make any difference, Ora. Thaws too slow." Joly Hazen spooned a soft mass of beans onto his plate.

"But when it *does* melt, there'd be more water and the river'd be higher. Wouldn't it, Pa?"

"Look, Francie. Stands to reason, don't it, that teacher's been here one, maybe two years. All she knows about rivers is what she reads in books. Now, I lived around here all my life—we lived right here, right in this very house ten years now. This old river can't fool me."

Francie considered, buttering a slice of bread. "How many times we had to go?"

"Well, let's see. Three times, I guess. M-mm, three."

"Four." Marty sat down, reached across the table and put half the chunk of butter on the side of Ora's plate back on the butter dish.

"That's right. Four, if you count that time we were gone just part of a night. Water didn't really chase us out that time—didn't do any hurt."

"No hurt at all, Pa?"

"Oh, little mud on the floors maybe. Nothing much."

Marty silently crushed a boiled potato under her fork, salted it, poured on some milk. She stared into her plate, listening to the talk.

"If the ice went all at once, then maybe we'd have some cause to worry. But warm days and cold nights—the snow and ice'll go slow. Water hasn't come up any to speak of today, has it?"

"No," she said. "No, not much."

AFTER Joly was in bed Marty stood at the bedroom window watching the river, the strip of water blacker in the moonlight.

"Joly, when you going to look for another place to live? The water's come in a good five feet since noon. How long we going to have to worry, worry every spring, never know whether we'll have a house after the ice goes out?"

"Oh, Marty, you worry too much. You said yourself at supper the water hasn't come up much."

"You think I want the kids never to sleep at night? Bad enough to think about it by daylight. Joly, I can't stand it another time. Last year, and the year before. Yes, and all the years before that, you said we'd go. You've always said, ever since we came here, it was just for a while, just till we could find another place."

"It's money, Marty. Most of all it's money. It costs money to get another house, to move."

"It costs money to lose everything you own. We will someday, too. Look, just look at that river creeping up out there, just look at it. Makes my skin crawl to see it reaching out, makes me sick to my stomach to think about that black filth over everything. The floors, you said. The beds, the blankets, the mattresses, you should have said. All the clothes. All the food spoiled, the cans broken, all full of filth." She turned around and sat down on the bed beside him, thin under her nightgown. "Joly, please. Please, this time. Please, Joly."

He looked up at her. "All right, Marty. All right. Tomorrow, right after work, I'll look. But don't talk about it—" He laughed suddenly and pulled her down to him. . . .

When the alarm burned through the darkness she automatically put out her hand and silenced it, then lay back with her eyes closed for a moment. The rest of the house was dark and silent and damp. She got up and looked in the baby's crib—he was wet, of course, but sleeping. She moved to the window, shivering in the thin stale air of the heatless house. The water lay, smooth and dead-looking, about six feet away, only a little blacker than the ice and the earth. She stared into it, as into the eyes of a lone enemy, for a long time. In the kitchen, she built a fire and put on coffee; then she dressed and woke Joly.

"The water's up a lot, Joly."

"It won't come much higher."

"Joly, you haven't even looked at it."

"I've seen this river all my life, Marty. There's no danger this year. Now don't worry. It's melting slow. The ice isn't breaking up. Next year we won't be here, and this year we won't flood out. So for God's sake, don't worry."

After Joly left the house, she took up the baby and changed him, then laid him on the bed and went to the window again. She could swear the water was nearer now. Or was it only that it looked so, in the daylight? She opened the window and wrapped the baby in a blanket, holding him up in her arms and letting the fresh morning flow over them both. She could hear a robin, somewhere out of sight, and the crows were gathered on the ice again. Suddenly a new sound crept into her consciousness, a grinding, grating sound that froze her whole body.

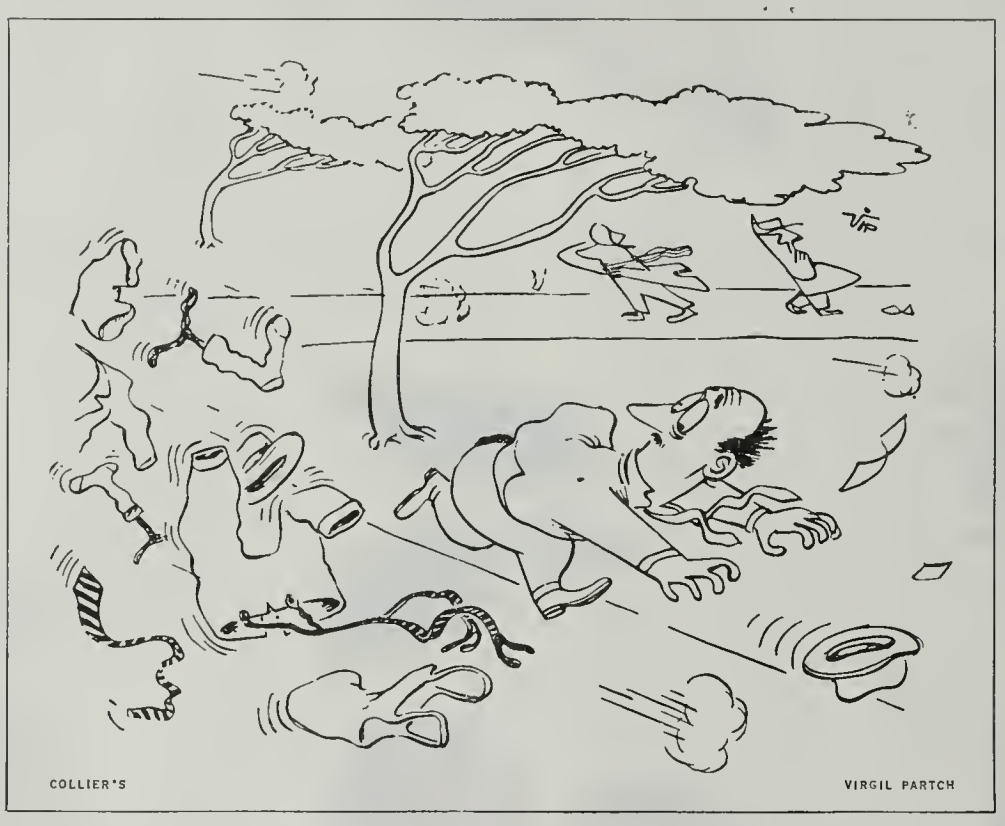
Out in the middle of the river a roughness appeared, like piled gray snow, moving in a flat belt, moving faster, wider. She watched it, fascinated, listening to the river ice grind itself to death. Then, as though coming out of a hypnotic sleep, she stared around her at the room, the child, the river. She shuddered and walked quickly through the kitchen, through the front room, to the other bedroom.

"Francie, get up. Don't go back to sleep. Don't ask any questions—get up and get dressed."

She went back to the front room where Ora was asleep on the couch, the blanket dragging on the floor, his brown legs and arms, smooth and round under the gray underwear, flung wide. She shook his shoulder. "Ora, get up. Hurry. You've got to help." The boy sighed and buried his head in the pillow, rolling on his side. She felt anger pour over her, anger at the careless sleep of the children, the helplessness of the baby.

"Ora!" She shook him harder, pulling him partly off the couch. "Ora, wake up. Wake up and get dressed!" She waited only until she saw him dazedly pulling his pants on, then she went back to the bedroom and put the baby in the crib. He's wet again, she thought, he's always wet. Outside the window the ice was moving faster now, its roar filling her ears like solid substance. The water had moved in beyond her line of vision. Leaning out, she saw the black line licking the edge of the house, and she closed the window quickly. Then she pulled the blankets off the bed into a heap and carried them to the other bedroom. Francie was tying her shoes.

"Take the blankets, yours and Ora's, and all the clothes up in the attic. Don't do anything but just drop them there. Hurry, Francie! The river's coming up—we'll have to go again."



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Ora stood in the doorway, rubbing his eyes. "The river, Ma?"

"Yes. Don't ask questions. Go up the ladder and take all the things we give you. Just take them. Ora, *move!*" They were not children at all, they were wooden dolls on strings; she must make them move, she must jerk on the strings over and over again. They were only wooden dolls who understood nothing of hills and rivers and loneliness. She must think for them, and she must think alone.

She put clothes for the baby, and his bottle, in a paper bag. Then she carried armfuls of glass jars from the pantry to the bedroom, handing them to Ora on the ladder. He dropped one, a jar of beets, as he set it down on the attic floor, and the juice dripped down like blood. He began to cry, ashamed of breaking the jar, and afraid of the river. She felt the anger mounting again, then she thought: He's only a little boy. I've got to remember he's only a little boy. He's doing the best he can. She said, "Don't cry, Ora. We'll be all right."

Francie asked, "Will we go to Aunt Fran's again, Ma?" No, to the hills, back to the hills, she wanted to say, but she answered, "I suppose so. Yes, we'll go to Aunt Fran's." She remembered now that there wasn't any other place.

In the pantry, Francie suddenly called, "Ma! There's water coming through the floor! Ma!"

"We'll go now," said Marty. She wrapped the baby quickly, while the children put on their coats.

As they closed the door behind them, water crept through the kitchen floor. Outside, jagged cakes of ice crashed against the back walls of the house. "Ma, let's hurry," begged Ora.

They moved up the wet road, and Francie turned and walked backward, looking at the house. "Ma, there's water part way up to the—"

"All right, Francie. All right. Come on." She remembered suddenly that the mattresses were still on the beds. It will take days to dry them out, she thought.

They reached the main road and stopped for a moment, looking back. "Ora," said Marty, "go and find your father. Tell him we had to go, we're at Aunt Fran's. Then go to school. But find Pa first." He ran off, important to himself and glad to be free of them, and she was glad to see him go.

"Ma, have I got to go to school today?" Francie kicked at a stone.

"Of course. Why not?" Suddenly she wanted to say, "No, don't go—stay with me." To have a wooden child is better than to be alone.

"I just wondered. Maybe I could help with the baby."

"You can carry his bag of things to Aunt Fran's with me, then go to school. Come on, now. The baby hasn't eaten." As she said it, she realized that she hadn't eaten either, none of them had, she'd sent Ora to school without any breakfast. Back in the house the coffeepot was still on the stove.

Along the road, toward the village, they joined others, all looking curiously alike. They had, except the babies, all traveled this April Road before.

"Ma," said Francie slowly, "I thought Pa said we wouldn't have to go this time. Pa did say that, didn't he? He said it was a slow thaw, and the water wouldn't come up bad. Didn't he say that, Ma?"

Marty looked down at her daughter, and felt a sudden desire to share her knowledge, like a warning. "Yes, he said that. But—" It was a terrible thing to betray a man to his children. "But, Francie, Pa's not always right. Things don't always happen just as Pa says. He *means* for them to happen. He *thinks* they'll happen, but he don't always know. Do you see how it is, Francie? Pa *means* good; things just don't happen like he plans. Do you see?" But she could see that Francie didn't understand—she shouldn't have tried to explain how it was with people like Joly.

THE river went down, two days later, and Joly Hazen's family went back down the road, Joly carrying the baby, Ora scuffling beside him. Marty, her eyes dark with defeat, walked behind with Francie. "Goin' home, goin' home to the river," sang Ora tunelessly, over and over.

Joly laughed. "Yeah, goin' home, Ora. We fooled it again. Every time that old river tries to drive us out, we fool it. Maybe someday we'll have another house, but it won't be the river that drove us out. That old river don't scare us none, does it?"

Francie moved closer to Marty, almost, but not quite, touched her hand. Then she whispered to her, and Marty smiled suddenly, smiled so that even the remote, defeated places behind her eyes was warmed. They walked on then, silently, their hands nearly touching. And in her ears, as she faced the river, Marty heard the whispered words saying themselves over and over, filling the emptiness: "When I'm big we'll never go back to the river, Ma. When I'm big I'll get us a new house—a house on a high, high hill."

THE END

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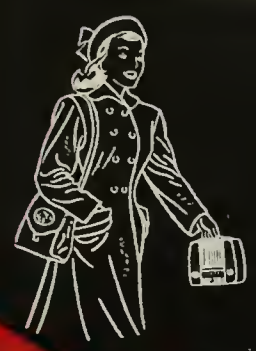

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MADAM PRESIDENT

Continued from page 28

below she could see the lights of the boats on the East River and the sweep of the Queensboro Bridge. She adjusted the night light and sat down beside the high, sanitary hospital bed. He looked cold and, well, terribly alone. She felt lonely, too, and tired.

Arthur stirred in his sleep and moaned. She moved the chair closer and took his hand in hers. After a while her head nodded and inclined toward the pillowcase. It was very restful. She closed her eyes.

He stirred slightly. His left shoulder was beginning to throb and his whole right arm felt warm and heavy. A steady sound aroused him and he turned his head carefully, so as to avoid stretching the wound. His eyes widened as he realized that the sound consisted of a diminutive and definitely friendly snore. Then he noticed the head on the pillow beside him. With a sense of startled tenderness, he gave one deep sigh.

"Smith!" he muttered and fell sound asleep.

At midnight, the special looked in at her patient. She had crossed to the bed before she noticed that there were two heads—one sandy brown and one flaming red—on the pillow.

"Oh-oh!" she thought.

Then she touched the patient's cheek. It was cool and he seemed to be sleeping naturally—no fever. Well, if that was the way it was, that was the way it was. She'd darn well better see they snapped out of it before the six-o'clock inspection.

DAWN was fingering the windows and the lights were paling over the river when Urn opened his eyes again. It wasn't a dream: She was still there.

"Smith!" he whispered.

Her breathing became uneven and she burrowed her head deeper into the pillow.

"Smith!" he repeated.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

"I'm so comfortable. Do what?"

"Did you have to shoot me?" he asked. "I would have come along quietly."

"Shoot you!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I was walking down Fifth Avenue, minding my own business, and the next thing I knew, there you were—shot! Ouch!" she added. "I'm stiff!"

He tightened his grip on her hand.

"Let me go!" she ordered. "I don't want to compromise you with the nurse."

"Only if you kiss me first," he said.

She disengaged herself gently, so as not to disturb his shoulder, leaned over and kissed him on the lips.

"Gosh!" he said. "Gosh!"

"That's more than you deserved," she told him.

"Look here, did you sit up all night, holding my hand? That must be love."

Mary giggled. "More like sheer foolishness," she said. "My arm's still asleep."

He took her hand again and kissed it. "Say, what happened to me, anyhow, if you didn't bop me?"

"Let go! It was just the G-men," she told him. "They thought you were a kidnaper and plugged you. If you'd only keep your shoulder out of trouble, I'd take you to the city hall and nail you down."

The special came in and looked at them very tactfully.

"Good morning, Mr. Urn," she said. She had a pleasant smile and a dimple. "How's the shoulder? I hope you slept well."

"Fine!" both answered in unison, then looked at each other and laughed. The nurse laughed, too.

"Ouch!" Arthur complained. "It hurts when you make me laugh like that, Smith. Clear out and get your face fixed before the doctor comes. Miss—" He looked inquiringly at the special.

"Talbot," she said. "Annie Talbot."

"Miss Talbot has to do things to me, I guess. Anyhow you don't look therapeutic. The doctors wouldn't approve of that, would they, nurse?"

"You'd be surprised," the special replied enigmatically, "but if I don't get you washed and ready for inspection, there will be trouble."

There was a tap on the door.

"Is your patient presentable, Miss Talbot?" the night nurse asked. "We have a visitor."

"Visitor!" The special was horrified. "It's not six yet. He isn't even ready for inspection. He can't see visitors yet."

"He'll see this one," the night nurse said. "The superintendent says it's the President of the United States."

"Omigosh!" Urn exclaimed. "Smith, why didn't you at least fix your hair?"

"Arthur! How *are* you?"

It was Miranda, slightly dazed as only a Pullman passenger can be after an overnight run to New York.

"Hail to the Chief!" he said. "You shouldn't have come, Madam President. I'm really all right. Smith and Miss Talbot are taking good care of me. I'll be back on the job—"

"When do I get to do that rope-skipping you made me practice?"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

"It's refreshing to see people that get such pleasure out of simple things"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"Mary!" Miranda looked at her private secretary, whose face was an open and rather charming book.

Mary crossed the room, put her arms around the President and gave her a hug that nearly cracked two of the Chief Executive's ribs.

"I'm so glad!" Miranda gasped.

"Smith!" Urn ordered. "Let her go before you smash her. Yes, Madam President, we're both of us all right. And we're going to be married as soon as—"

"Why, you never even asked me!" Mary protested.

Mrs. Bruce then showed her sense of executive judgment. "I'm so happy for both of you," she said. "Now, Arthur, I'm taking Mary back to the hotel for breakfast with me and we'll leave you with Miss Talbot. No, don't worry. I'll send Mary back to you a little later, but I'm sure the hospital will have to take charge for a while. And don't worry about the office. I'll be back in Washington this noon and you are not to think about anything except getting well as fast as you can."

On the drive back to the Ritz-Carlton, Miranda said nothing. She simply held Mary's hand tightly, while the motorcycle police escort scattered the traffic, awoke the sleepers and raced through red lights. In fact, it wasn't until after they both had had a bath and breakfast that the President turned to Mary.

"What on earth happened?" she asked. "There was almost no news about it and it wasn't until the ten-o'clock broadcast last night that I heard he had been shot. So I took the first train."

"It was the F.B.I.," Mary explained. "Miranda, you'll simply have to do something about them. They thought Arthur was a Communist or a kidnaper and they shot him in the shoulder."

The President frowned. "Oh, dear!" she said. "That's why they kept it off the air so long. Have you seen the morning paper? Wait, I'll read it to you.

"Here it is: After prolonged questioning at F.B.I. headquarters, Special Agent Robert I. Muggins of St. Louis, Missouri, satisfied federal authorities that the discharge of his weapon was entirely accidental.

"A man in the crowd jostled his arm as he was keeping Mr. Urn covered as protection against possible Communist kidnapers and caused him to fire one shot, Muggins said. He was unable to give a description of the individual responsible for the accident.

"Regional Director Laurence Halburt announced that he was satisfied that no legitimate criticism could be brought against Muggins or the Bureau and expressed his belief that the medical authorities at Metropolitan Hospital described Mr. Urn's wound as superficial."

Mary considered carefully.

"I don't believe it," she declared. "They nearly killed him by sheer stupidity and now they're lying. Miranda, you've simply got to do something about it."

The President hesitated. "I'll take it up with Alex—" she began.

"Alex?" asked Mary. "Oh!" and was startled to see the Presidential cheeks mantle faintly.

"The Secretary of State," Miranda amended. "He's handling our relations with Congress during this fight for the Human Rights Bill. It's going to be difficult because the F.B.I. is sort of a sacred cow with the newspapers. Perhaps he can use this so as to help pass the bill. We're facing strong opposition on that, as you know."

"Do you trust Mr. Harrison?" her secretary inquired. "I mean, he's a politician and—"

Miranda remained silent for a long moment. "Yes," she answered at last, "I trust *him*. I think he's fundamentally decent though he still has a lot of little-boy smartness. He is a nice man."

Mary smiled. "I agree," she said, "a very nice man. Are you sure it will be all right for me to stay here until Arthur's really better?"

The President relaxed. "That's perfectly all right, dear. Minnie Oglala will help handle my personal correspondence until you get back, and first thing when I reach Washington I'll see that something is done about the F.B.I."

WHILE Senator Huntoon was finishing his breakfast, he wondered what Harrison wanted to see him about that was so confidential that the Secretary of State insisted on talking about the weather until the maid had withdrawn.

"Well, A.H.?" he asked, when the domestic coast was clear. "Go ahead. There are no dictagraphs here."

The Secretary of State lighted a cigarette, leaned back and considered the impassive, aristocratic figure across the breakfast table.

"How's the Human Rights Bill going, Jim?" he asked.

Huntoon frowned. "It's a close fight," he said. "I don't know whether we can beat it, even though it's not offered as a Party issue. What I'm aiming at is to pass it in such shape that the courts will knock it out, and you can tell Madam Miranda that from me."

Harrison grinned. "We can beat it on the floor of the Senate, Jim," he told the boss. "I've got the winning cards."

The senator's eyebrows climbed slightly toward his silvery hair. "I thought you were managing the bill for the President, A.H.," Huntoon observed. "Are you planning to cross her?"

"I'm planning to beat this bill, Jim," the Secretary of State told him. "Mi-

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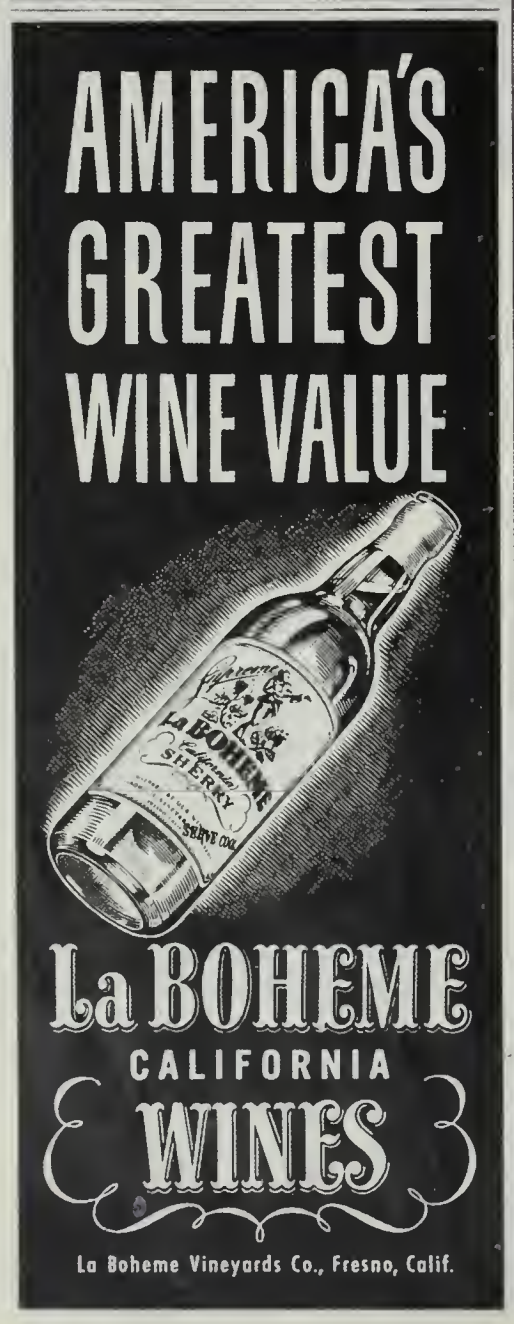

randa or no Miranda, the country's not ready for it."

"How will you do it? The Senate's split eighteen ways on Human Rights, whatever they are."

"It's this F.B.I. shooting of young Urn. The President wants a special investigation by the Senate Judiciary Committee. You've seen the editorials, haven't you?"

Huntoon nodded. "Damn' pack of radicals!" he commented frigidly. "But how does that help?"

The Secretary of State snorted. "Elementary, my dear Watson. It gives us a trading point. There are two kinds of investigations possible. One will look into the shooting and whitewash the F.B.I., with maybe a slap on the wrist for the guy that fired the gun. The other will shoot the works and turn out the F.B.I. files. You know as well as I do that there are at least a dozen senators who wouldn't feel happy about *that*. Their own records aren't so pure and they'd be afraid to take the lid off. Now, my idea is to pass the word that we'll investigate the F.B.I. nicely, so that nobody gets hurt, if they vote against the Human Rights Bill. Otherwise, we'll go to town and dig up the records on members of Congress."

Huntoon studied the Secretary of State with some surprise. "So you're going to double-cross Ma Bruce on her bill and on the investigation, too? Using one to do the other? Is that it?"

Harrison blew a puff of smoke toward the chandelier. "You can put it that way if you like, Jim," he agreed. "Anyhow, that's the way I propose to handle it. If you'd rather not get mixed up in my end of things, I'll tackle it myself."

The boss nodded. "That ought to do it, A.H.," he agreed. "I'll handle Mangoon, though, and see that the Senate gets the point. How will you keep the White House from catching on to the game? I hear that you and Ma Bruce are pretty cozy these days."

"Don't believe everything you hear in this town, Jim," the Secretary of State advised him. "I suppose those snappy little Secret Service girls have been blabbing. Listen! At Chicago you asked me to string along with Mrs. Bruce and I didn't. Well, now I see the point. This way I know every move she's making, and half the time she asks me to make them for her. Old Cadwallader was right about the way to handle her. You catch more flies with the old applesauce."

Huntoon leaned back and thoughtfully lighted a slender cigar. "And then what?" he inquired. "You still figure that you can drive her out and take over yourself? She's a stubborn witch, you know!"

Harrison considered carefully. "Politics is a tough game, Jim," he admitted. "I'm not forgetting what happened at Chicago. It shouldn't have happened to a dog. The White House ought to sing bass these days. Sopranos belong on the radio."

The boss smiled. "We'll have to do some planning on this operation. First of all, let's kill this damned socialistic bill of hers. Federalization of motherhood! Who'd have thought there'd be so much support for a crazy notion like that? Why, it would cost billions!"

IT WAS typical of Jim Huntoon that, after Harrison had left for the State Department, his first move was to telephone Judge Cadwallader and Secretary Nearing and arrange for a conference that same morning. The other two members of the Old Guard Triumvirate responded like fire horses, and the senator outlined Harrison's plan for defeating the Administration program.

"I don't like it, Jim," Cadwallader ruled somberly. "I fear the Greeks even when they bear gifts. Governor Harrison will never forgive you for that Chicago business. On the face of it, he's untrustworthy, since he admits that he's betraying the President's confidence in his loyalty to her."

"That screwy dame!" snarled Nearing. "Jim, I usually go along with the judge here, but this time I think we'd be smart to play it Harrison's way. We've got the goods on him now and we can blow him higher than a kite at the White House any time you say. We got to kill that cockeyed bill of hers, and this way we can kill off Harrison, too, if he don't play ball."

Huntoon leaned forward. "You see, Judge, we really have no choice. Harrison is ready to use this F.B.I. angle in any case, and it would be effective. The Senate is closely divided on the bill right now, and some of our amendments might be beaten unless he can swing three or four votes our way. Anyhow, I told Harrison I'd go ahead with his plan."

Nearing whistled appreciatively. Once again, he had successfully figured the way the boss' mind would work and had given the right answer.

Judge Cadwallader sighed. "Very well, Senator," he agreed. "It's your decision and I understand why you made it. I still believe you'd be wise to put no trust in Governor Harrison. If he would betray the President, he'd betray you."

"Who ever said anything about trusting him, Bernie?" the boss asked coolly. "He has his price. He wants to be President. If we can force Mrs. Bruce to step out, he'll take over, but this way we'll have a record on him that will make him keep in step once he's in the White House, if we let him get there. *If,*" he repeated significantly.

After Cadwallader gloomily withdrew, Nearing turned expectantly to the powerful senator.

"So what now, Jim?" he asked.

"So we take that woman out of the White House," Huntoon told him. "We've got her and Harrison split now. We use him to smash her and use her to smash him and then we take over."

Nearing heaved himself to his feet. "Okay," he agreed. "What do you want me to do next?"

"Just keep a line on Ma Bruce through the Secret Service, Bill," Huntoon advised. "We've got to know what's going on in the White House. As the judge said, Harrison could be trying to double-cross us too."

"I'd sure like to see anybody double-cross Jim Huntoon," the Secretary of the Treasury chortled. "I'll tell Flynn to keep in touch with those gal operatives of his. Say," he added, "there's an idea. Why don't we get Clyde Morrow to start using the F.B.I. on Congress? Like Harrison told you, they're scared of G-men. We ought to get something on every Opposition so-and-so up there and make 'em sing for their supper."

Huntoon gave him a wintry smile. "It's an idea," he agreed, "but don't say anything to Clyde just now."

"You're the doctor," said the corpulent Nebraskan, with feudal fervor.

THE United States Senate was engaged in its final debate on the Human Rights Bill, and the floor was firmly held by Senator Justin Crossman, wheel horse of the Huntoon machine in the Senate.

"And then, Mistah President, I think of my beloved mothah who birthed nine young 'uns—and I was the ninth, Mistah President—without a-turning to Uncle Sam for his advice and consent. She was a God-fearing, hard-working woman, Mistah President . . ."

"Will the senator yield for a question?"

"My beloved mothah was—"

"His beloved mother scratched fleas with her hind legs," an A.P. girl muttered over her copy paper.

"Sh! Nellie," I.N.S. was indignant. "You can't insult dogs that way."

Arthur Urn slipped into place in the press gallery beside Charlie Bascom, his replacement in the Washington Record bureau.

"When are they voting, Charlie?"

"Five o'clock. Unanimous consent. Let's get out of here for a bit. A little Crossman goes a long way."

Leaving the senator braying inexorably onward—his maternal ancestor had just been laid to rest in a humble little burial ground in the piny woods, and Uncle Sam had not been asked to dig her grave—they withdrew to the press gallery lounge.

"How's the shoulder, Art?" asked Bascom. "Still hurting you?"

"It itches more than it aches but I can't say that it bothers me much. The doctor says it ought to be completely healed in a couple of weeks."

"And then you get hitched?"

Urn nodded.

"First time I ever heard that the shoulder blade was essential to a honeymoon," Bascom observed. "However, yours seems to have been a national issue. Hell, that shooting cost your boss about three votes on this Human Rights Bill. You see, 'Mistah President,' we can't have our Chief Executive casting asparagus at the F.B.I., though I liked that bit in the investigation when Muggins said that Karl Marx was the author of the

"My husband is absolutely no good at fixing anything, so everything in our house works"

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New Masses. Why did Miranda fall for that line of attack? Doesn't she know that Congress loves its G-men?"

Urn stretched his legs and lighted a cigarette.

"That was Harrison's advice," he said. "If I'd known about it, I would have stopped it. As you say, it lost us votes. What's the final count going to be, not that it matters much now?"

The door to the press gallery swung open on a legislative bellow—"No, Mistah President, you shall not press this crown of bureaucratic thorns upon the brow of American mothahhood."

THE Record correspondent frowned. "It will be close, Art, but it's dead," he replied. "They've got it loaded down with so many amendments that it rattles every time you touch it. The word's out that there's to be a Byrnes-Clark clincher after the final roll call. That buries it for the session."

Urn made a rude noise with his lips.

Bascom grinned. "Me, too, Art, but that's the way it is. Hell, it was a good bill when it started. Even a newspaperman could afford to raise a family under that setup. About all that's left of the Human Rights Bill now is the title. They aren't even fighting any more."

"I still don't see what happened to it," Urn objected. "We were sitting pretty a couple of weeks ago."

"Well, here's the way I got it from a pal of mine in Justice. There was a good chance that it would pass, without these fool amendments, until Ma Bruce raised a stink about the F.B.I. That did it."

Urn frowned. "I still don't get it," he said.

Bascom paused. "Well, Art, I don't like to repeat anything I can't prove, but you've asked for it and here it is: The dope is that Harrison passed the word to kill the Human Rights Bill and used the F.B.I. angle to do it. Now I can't prove it and I won't tell you where I got it, but it looks like Brother Harrison is Brother Rat."

"Harrison!" Urn exclaimed. "Why, he's been managing Miranda's fight *for* the bill!"

Bascom nodded. "And selling her down the river at the same time. At least that's the way I hear it."

The White House press secretary considered this one. "Man!" he burst out. "If that's the case, then the President's in a bad spot."

"A bad spot?" Bascom whistled. "Art, your boss is in deadly peril. These boys play rough and they're out to get her out of the White House. Down at the Press Club the odds are two to one that she'll be out before the Fourth of July."

The A.P. girl reeled out of the press gallery, sat down beside them and observed that Crossman always made her carsick and how was Mary.

"She's fine, Nellie," Urn assured her. "She's up in New York getting some stuff to be married in."

"She's a swell girl," Nellie announced. "Say, Charlie, why's the Record been bucking this Human Rights idea? Since they practically nominated Mrs. Bruce, they ought to play ball with her."

Charlie Bascom gave her a playful nudge. "The Record, my gal, believes in Human Rights to the limit but it believes still more in the rights of the guy who holds our notes. Besides which, it was Arthur here and not our paper that put Miranda over. That's how he gets to be press secretary and shot."

"'Nuff said," the A.P. girl agreed. "Well, an aspirin and a bulletin and I'm back for more Crossman. Say, Charlie, what's a Byrnes-Clark clincher? I'm too young to know these things, Grandpa. It doesn't sound decent."

Bascom tried to look venerable and failed. "That was a parliamentary trick used by Jimmy Byrnes and Bennett Clark in the thirties to bury dead legislation. It makes it technically impossible for Senate to do another blamed thing the subject until the next Congress. you lick the bill, then you move to consider the bill, and then you table motion to reconsider the bill. Then erybody walks out, takes a snort goes home rejoicing."

A large electric bell began ringing gently. "There's the vote, Art," Bas said. "Want to come and view the mains? The plan was to have Cross hold the floor until time was up a guess he did. American womanhood last that guy a decade."

The A.P. girl slipped back into press gallery and the men followed.

The roll call went like other senat functions—loud, dignified and al entirely irrelevant. The galleries, pa with depressed G.I.s and gleeful spo for the lobbyists, watched while the man Rights Bill was defeated by a vo 42 to 37.

When the final tally was comp Huntoon was on his feet. "Mr. P dent, I move to reconsider," he state

Senator Crossman was recognized "Mistah President, I move to table motion!"

"All those in favor say, 'Aye!' trary, 'No!' The ayes have it."

Just like clockwork. The gavel ba and the Senate recessed. The Hu Rights Bill was dead and buried.

UP AND OUT 'EM

Rarest social
Grace I know:
To say, "Goodby,"
Git up, and go.

—Ethel Jacobson

The little A.P. girl passed them her sheaf of copy paper.

"Is that why there are revoluti Grandpa?" she asked.

"That's it, Nellie," Bascom told "except that thanks to you and me Art here, at least when he's a mer of the working press, the countr spared the knowledge of what r goes on."

"Thanks for the fill-in, Charlie," said. "See you in church!"

SENATOR HUNTOON was in office under the dome of the Ca in conference with Bill Nearing, minutes after the final roll call.

"Well, Bill, we did it!" he annour "That knocks the bottom out of Bruce in Congress. How are thing your end of the street?"

The Secretary of the Treasury ga cavernous chuckle. "We're okay, Clyde Morrow and I have the Cat lined up to reopen her resignation w ever you give the word. A.H. is a balky, though."

The boss frowned. "You're the man who's said that about Harris he said. "What game do *you* think playing? He delivered on the bill."

Nearing belched emphatically shook his head. "For my money, trying to double-cross you, Jim."

The senator considered this one co "Hard to tell yet," he stated.

Nearing poured himself a refill sat down again.

"If you ask me, Jim, Harrison's plain crazy to be President," he "He won't move on the resignatio he's good and sure that he'll step her shoes. After all, she'd take his r nation in a minute if we told her he'd double-crossed her. That would him out of the picture. Guess he do trust you any more than you trust h

Huntoon suddenly came to his sion. The next move was clear.

"Bill," he ordered. "I want you and yde to find out where A.H. really nds. He's the keyman right now. If e get Ma Bruce out he stands to take r job. He'd better play ball with us. r else."

"Or else what?"

"Then you'll be it, Bill," the boss anered. "There have been worse Presints than Bill Nearing."

Huntoon silently added that he could t, offhand, remember their names.

"So you want me to figure out A.H.? kay. When I bring you the answers, hat do we do, allowing that I'm right out him crossing you?"

Huntoon smiled. In the fading light om the west his face suddenly looked e a naked skull.

"We'll drive him out," the boss anunced. "We'll use the F.B.I. to get e goods on him and he'll just naturally ve to resign. And if that woman esn't call for his resignation, it will be st another count against her if we rt impeachment."

Nearing looked troubled. "I don't go r this impeachment stuff," he objected. t will hurt the Party. Ma Bruce still ands awful well with Johnny Q. Public d it won't help us if we prosecute our n President. Hell, Jim, a lot of folks ink she's on the level. Let's keep it ean and frame her."

Huntoon smiled his appreciation. Got any ideas?"

The Secretary of the Treasury settled s bulk deep into the easy chair. "Yep," announced. "Let's pull a man story her, like the woman stories they nned on Wilson. How about that milir liaison of hers, General Shenck? e's in and out of the White House all e time."

The boss shook his head. "Good idea, ill, but I've got a better one. How out starting a smear about her *and* arrison? That way we'll take care of oth of them. The American people on't like that kind of thing in the White ouse."

Nearing gazed at his master with frank dmiration. "It's a natural, Jim!" . . .

After his regular morning press conrence, Arthur Urn sat back and waited. harlie Bascom had given him the high gn, so when the other White House orrespondents left, the two Record gradates found themselves together.

"How'm I doin', Mom?" asked the hite House press secretary.

"Okay," Bascom assured him. "If I idn't know better, Art, I'd think that Irs. Bruce didn't really care about the Iuman Rights Bill. Now here's someing red-hot. I told you about my contact in Justice, didn't I? Well, he passed on word that the deputy director of the F.B.I. wanted to see me, so I trotted down early this morning and was ushered right into the Presence—Eddie Burke himself. What do you think of that?"

Urn observed that it had never been exactly difficult to see a leading G-man, if you represented a large metropolitan newspaper.

"Well, Art," Bascom replied. "Here's one time you're wrong. Eddie did *not* want publicity. No, don't faint. He asked me to arrange for him to meet the Secretary of State, in some neutral corner, where nobody would know about it. Ain't that something?"

"Did he have any idea where?"

BASCOM grinned. "He sort of suggested that your hotel rooms would be kind of away from listening-in devices and reporters. I could swear that he's worried as hell about something. Anyhow, he wants to see Harrison the worst way."

"What do you make of it, Charlie?" asked Urn. "My only contact with the F.B.I. put me in the hospital."

"Could be he wants to get right with your boss after that Muggins mess," Bascom suggested. "I hear he's given the New York outfit the very devil."

"Why would he come to me if he wants to see Harrison?" Urn asked.

"That's easy. Eddie's a cagey old coot and he doesn't want to go behind Miranda's lovely back. That's why he's using you as a messenger boy, with me as a witness. He could be trying to give her a break."

Since there was an automatic recorder on all White House phone calls, Urn did not call the State Department but strolled across to Harrison's office. The Secretary of State was able to see him right away, and the F.B.I. overture was explained to Harrison.

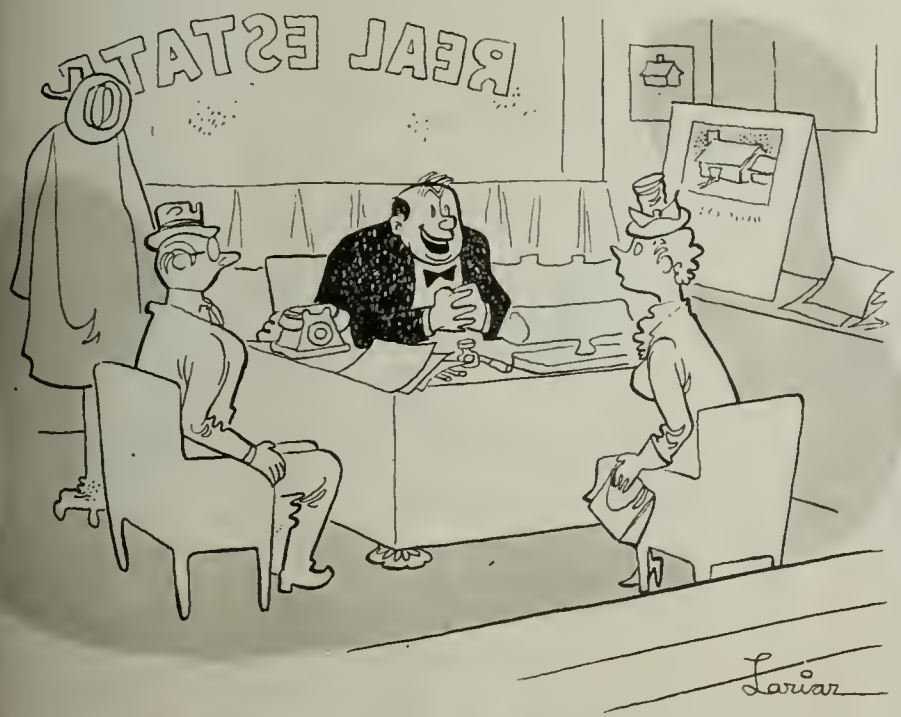
"Have you told the President about this, Arthur?" he asked.

"Not yet, sir. I wanted to see you before I made a report."

The Secretary of State got up and strolled over to the tall windows, to look out on the distant Potomac and the rabble of "temporary" wartime buildings.

"Wish you'd keep quiet about this," Harrison said at last. "At least until I've talked with Burke. Tell him I'll see him late this afternoon, about six. We'll meet in your place and you can be present for all I care."

Urn looked uncomfortable. In spite of his long Washington training, he was not good at hiding his feelings. "I'd feel happier if I told her about it first," he



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replied. "She's just taken a bad beating up on the Hill and from what I hear the F.B.I. was responsible for some of it."

Harrison studied the troubled young man. "What else did you hear?"

"There's a rumor that you double-crossed the President on the bill," the White House secretary replied. "And there's no doubt that she's in bad trouble. They're laying odds in the Press Club that she'll be out of office in July."

Harrison shook his head. "I wonder how that one started," he remarked. "Tell her if you like but I'd rather you trusted me on this one."

"Very well," Urn agreed after a long pause. "I'm trusting you and I don't even want to be present when you and Eddie get down to cases. I'll stay long enough to see that you get settled and know where the liquor is, and then I'll breeze. Good luck!"

A FEW hours later, the deputy director of the F.B.I. leaned back in Urn's easy chair and regarded the Secretary of State with interest. The latter was sprawled comfortably on the sofa, with a drink at his elbow.

"Mr. Secretary—" Burke began, when Harrison waved him to silence.

"I think I know what you're going to say, Mr. Director," Harrison interrupted, "and by the way, let's skip the Mr. Secretary, Mr. Director stuff. I'm Alex to my friends."

"Call me Eddie," said the F.B.I. man.

"Okay, Eddie," the Secretary continued. "You're going to tell me that the Attorney General has asked the F.B.I. to investigate one A. H. Harrison. Correct?"

"That's only part of it. What I really wanted to say first was that you've managed to get the bureau mixed up in politics and that's bad business."

"I never heard of any national police force that wasn't mixed up in national politics," Harrison observed, "except maybe Scotland Yard. But coming back to you, I had to use this Muggins business the way I did. After all, I blocked a full-dress investigation."

"We asked for trouble," the deputy director admitted. "I broke Larry Halburt right out of the service and shifted half the force in the New York office. They pulled a boner and made a mess by trying to cover up. It's shaken public confidence in the Bureau and it didn't help the President either."

"Right on both counts, Eddie," Harrison agreed. "It helped beat the Human Rights Bill. The President's too far ahead of the country on that program. Too bad, but maybe this way saves her a lot of headaches."

Burke nodded. "I wish you'd come to see me first," he remarked. "There were other ways to handle it."

"Nope!" The Secretary was emphatic. "A lot of yellowbellies in the Senate ran for cover when I passed the word that the F.B.I. has complete records of every member of Congress."

"We haven't," Burke replied angrily. "As a matter of fact, Alex, in those cases where there *is* an F.B.I. record, we lock it up when a man's elected to federal office and keep it locked up as long as he's in office. I know enough police history to know that it will wreck the Bureau or representative government if we play it any other way."

"Sure," Harrison agreed, "but the senators don't know that. And since it worked on the bill, now Huntoon figures to have you put the heat on me. Then he probably thinks that he can use the Bureau from now on to put the heat on Congress. And that's what's griping you. Check?"

"Check! And that's bad, any way you look at it."

"All right, Eddie. That's where we are now. Did you tell Morrow that you'd dig into my past? You'll find mostly empty bottles and dry wells."

"I didn't say yes or no," Burke said. "I told him I'd have to see what we have on you already. Then I tried to get in touch with you."

"Good!" Harrison was calm. "Well, here's how you can stall him. Tell the Attorney General that you have taken legal advice to the effect that you can't investigate a Cabinet officer without a written order from the President."

"He won't like that," said Burke.

"Of course he won't. He'll go running to Jim Huntoon for orders and Huntoon will decide to drop this line of attack and open up his main offensive against the President." . . .

When Urn had said that he trusted Harrison he had been overstating the case. He trusted the Secretary of State about as far as either of them could throw the Washington Monument. But with Miranda in danger, there was no point in tipping his hand. Besides, he had had an inspiration.

After he had left Burke and Harrison in conference he went to a pay telephone and called a certain number. "Hello, Gus," he said, when the connection was completed. "This is Art Urn. How about meeting me in the Mayflower Bar for a couple of long ones. Okay, boy . . . Twenty minutes it is."

Gus Myers, publicity director of the Opposition National Committee, an old wartime blood brother of Art Urn's, listened to Urn's brief and unprintable account of recent doings on the Potomac and raised his eyebrows at Urn's concrete suggestion.

"I'll have to ask Ben about it," he said at last. "Lord knows in G-2 we learned all the tricks in the book, and in any case half of our guys were for that bill. Why don't you rig the dingus on him yourself?"

Urn shook his head. "It's so damned illegal that the only way anybody could get away with it would be for your outfit to handle it. If I did it, they could impeach the President for it, but they'd forgive you in the holy name of party politics."

"Can I guarantee Ben there'd be no prosecution?" Myers asked. "It's a tricky business and the courts would take a dim view of it."

"Listen, Gus," Urn begged him. "I can't guarantee anything but we both know that if you're caught at it nobody will go to jail. Even the F.B.I. wouldn't dare, but you could get away with it. And I'm worried sick about the way they're knifing my boss. Hell, it's no crime to be President of the United States."

MYERS nodded. "It wouldn't help if Huntoon drove her out of the White House. There are a lot of women voters who'd always figure we'd had a hand in it. Anyhow, she's a grand gal. The only thing wrong with her is that she's in the wrong party. I think you can count Ben in on this one. He's a square shooter and he hates Huntoon's guts."

Arthur took a long swallow of his long drink. "Good enough," he said, "but do you think it can be done?"

Myers nodded. "It's no trick at all technically speaking. We can use one of those wire recorders. Herman Moscow in my office was four years with Counter intelligence and could rig it up so Huntoon would never know. And you can set one of those gadgets so it will run for close to an hour. Naturally, I can't guarantee results."

"Thanks a million," Urn said. "You're a prince. If you get anything that will help us, slip it to me. I don't need to tell you that you and Ben can use anything on Huntoon that you pick up on the side. You will, anyhow!"

The Opposition publicity director laughed. "I guess Ben and I would be regarded as traitors to our class, Art, if this leaked out. And how about you and Mary?"

"We'll take off as soon as the doctors ay my shoulder's okay. Which is one of ne reasons I wanted to see you. I'd like ou to be my best man. Can do?"

"Can do," Myers replied. "I've even ot the striped pants for it if the moths aven't got to them since Pearl Harbor."

"Swell!" said Arthur. "And while ve're on the subject, that's what we've een talking about today, in case some f Huntoon's friends report that we've een seen fraternizing in the Mayflower Bar. I oughtn't to know anything about his nefarious plan to tune in on Hunoon's conversations or my boss will be a real trouble."

"She's in real trouble right now," Myrs told him. "Huntoon's been sounding ut some of our boys on where we'd tand if there's an impeachment. He's nean, boy, as mean as I've ever seen a enator in twenty years in this lousy own. Hope to God we can catch him vith his pants down, but I doubt it. He's too smart."

AT THAT particular moment, Senator Huntoon was confronting the Presient in the Chief Executive's oval study.

"I wanted to see whether we couldn't vork this out, Madam President," he exlained smoothly. "With the defeat of our bill, your reason for entering polics has come to an end. You're isoated inside your own Administration, ecause you're a woman. Congress is gainst you, because you're a woman. The country likes you but doubts that ou are strong enough to handle the situation, also because you're a woman. I hink you ought to resign."

The President looked very cool and efficient in a dark blue suit, with a touch of white at the neck.

"You're perfectly frank, aren't you, Senator?" she observed. "Well, I'll be frank, too. *You* beat my bill, not the Party. The Party would have voted for it."

The boss shook his head. "I was opposed to it, but it was your Secretary of State who beat it. He put pressure on the Senate to vote against the bill. Three votes would have saved you, and Harrison changed those three votes. You double-crossed him once. He's double-crossing you now. He wants your job."

The President considered the senator gravely. "He was bitter, of course, over losing the nomination," she agreed, "and he honestly feels that the country needs a man in the White House, but I don't think he's the kind of politician who believes it's smart to betray his friends."

"What would you say," Huntoon asked, "if I told you that Judge Cadwallader had advised Harrison to try to please and flatter you in order to win your confidence?"

Miranda smiled sweetly. "As a matter of fact, Senator," she lied, "Alex told me about that suggestion, at the time. We both agreed that it was typical of the nasty old man."

Huntoon was somewhat startled by this statement, since he had always regarded prevarication as his own prerogative. Then he noted the heightened color in her cheeks and the angry sparkle in her eye. Lying was no job for an amateur.

"Harrison *is* double-crossing you," he insisted. "You needn't believe me; just think back to when he changed his line and started to act friendly. You'll find it was after his talk with Cadwallader. And I can prove that he defeated your Human Rights Bill."

The President controlled her anger and looked at her tormentor. "All right," she said. "Suppose you are right. What then?"

"Here's what I'm going to do," he told her abruptly. "I'm going to allow you two weeks to make up your mind. Then, if you don't resign we'll open up with a constitutional amendment to keep women out of the Presidency."

Miranda smiled at his cool insolence. "I can turn that one against you, Senator," she said. "You won't be able to win a hearing for it even in one of your packed committees."

"Want to bet?"

She nodded.

"And if you lose, you'll get out and get Harrison out, too?"

She nodded again. "And if I win," she observed, "I'll also get out and get Harrison out of the State Department, too."

"What!" The boss was startled.

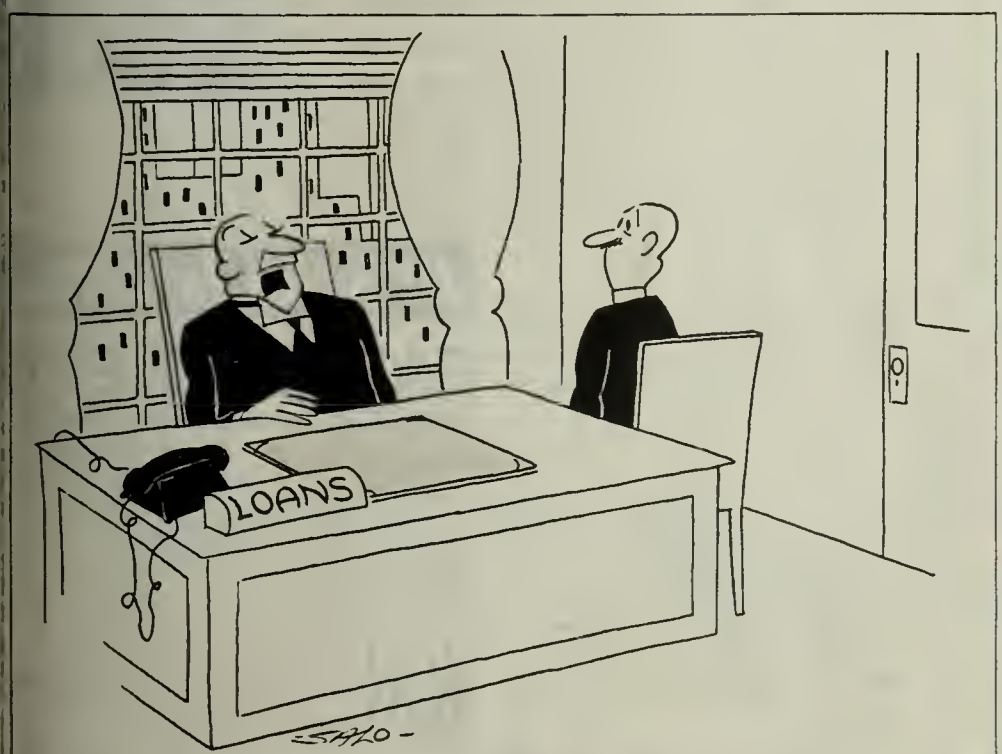
"Win or lose," the President told him. "I'll resign as President and get Harrison out of the Cabinet. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"What's the catch?" he demanded roughly.

"There's no catch," the President assured him. "It's only that I must be allowed to do it my own way. Surely I'm allowed to save my face—if only for the sake of the Party."

"There's sure to be a catch," the senator insisted. "Nobody gives up this job without making a fight."

"Oh, there'll be a fight," Miranda assured him. "The public will expect one, won't they? You go right ahead with your plans, Senator, and I'll promise to resign the Presidency and take Harrison out of the Cabinet, in my own time and my own way. No," she added, as she



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saw a fresh suspicion dawn on him. "I'm not going to serve out my term. I agree that this job calls for a man to deal with men like you, Clyde Morrow and Secretary Nearing."

"Well, I'll be damned!" he grumbled doubtfully.

"There's one thing, Senator, I should warn you about," Miranda said. "By the time I've finished with you the Party will be looking for another boss in the Senate."

Huntoon smiled. This was familiar territory; he had been threatened before.

"Thank *you*, Madam President," he remarked, in a parody of the official close of a Cabinet meeting. "You still have two weeks."

"Two weeks!" she laughed. "I'll be ready in two days. I'll begin," she added, "by getting rid of Nearing. He's incompetent."

"Any idea who will replace him?" he asked. "The Senate will have to confirm him."

"That's why the Senate will be looking for another boss," she told him. "When I make the announcement you will agree that I've made an excellent choice. In fact, Senator, I've decided to name *you* as Secretary of the Treasury. That ranks next to the Secretary of State," she added, significantly.

MIRANDA, Mary Smith and Lieutenant Corradio were considering the evening cocktail in the Lincoln Study. Emma had outdone herself in a concoction which she called the Great Emancipator and which combined lime juice, brandy and rock-and-rye with both feminine ingenuity and naval authority.

"Mary," said Miranda impatiently, "you look outrageously happy but if you don't stop looking at your watch, I'll have Emma strangle you. Your young man will show up."

"*You* ought to get married, too," Mary replied. "You owe it to the country to provide us with a first gentleman of the land."

The President laughed. "Heavens, Mary, it wouldn't be constitutional. Besides, who would accept the honor?"

Mary sipped her drink reflectively. "Well, there's always General Shenck, if Emma doesn't object."

"Hey!" exclaimed the naval aide. "Lay off my Ephraim. He's the only bachelor in official Washington that hasn't got fallen arches."

"Don't worry, Emma," the President advised. "He's yours, if you can catch him. Still, as you say, Mary, it *would* be convenient to have a first gentleman to act as my host at official dinners and help shake hands with congressmen. Don't you think it would be more democratic if we had a nation-wide contest to pick Mr. America?"

Mary giggled, then became serious.

"Just the same, Miranda, you ought to consider it," she urged. "You're still young and beautiful, and the way it is, you're too lonely."

"I'm not sure I'd make a good wife after all these weeks of executive authority. Men like to think they're the boss, don't they, Mary?"

Her secretary tossed her fiery head. "Arthur has too much sense to worry about that," she announced. "He knows darn' well who's the boss. We both are," she added, unconvincingly.

There was a knock at the door and Mary jumped.

Emma Corradio grinned appreciatively. "Yeah!" she laughed. "Just see how she has him eating out of her hand. Have a good time, kid, and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"I hope I'm more of a lady than that, dear," Mary replied with dignity, and scampered from the room.

Lieutenant Corradio cocked her merry eye at Mrs. Bruce.

"Is the Secretary of State calling today, Madam President?" she asked.

Miranda's face fell and she nodded. "Yes," she said, "any minute now, so would you take care of Minnie Oglala?"

"Okay, Chief!" Emma rose, saluted and then kissed the President.

"You put him across your knee and give him a good hard spanking," she advised. "He's either crazy or just plain dumb not to see what I see."

Miranda said nothing. Suddenly, she felt very lonely indeed.

There was another knock at the door and the White House usher appeared—a serious young man named Jones who believed that the great trouble with democracy was its lack of ceremony.

"Madam President," he announced in low but stately cadence, "the Secretary of State!"

When she was alone with the Secretary of State, the President sat for a few moments with downcast eyes, her hands tugging and twisting at a small handkerchief. This was going to be difficult.

"Alex," she said at last. "I've got something to say to you."

"Yes?"

"Senator Huntoon was here yesterday and told me that you had used the F.B.I. to defeat our bill."

"That is correct," said Harrison.

"He also said," the President continued, in a small voice, "that you had been advised by Judge Cadwallader to be especially nice to me in order to win my confidence."

"That is also correct," he said.

"Of course, Alex," Miranda assured him, "I told him that I knew all about it, but I'm sure he knew that I was lying."

"Never lie unless you have to," the Secretary of State advised her.

She flung back her head and looked him full in the face. "I lied to him," she declared, "because I was too proud to admit that there was not complete confidence between the President and the Secretary of State. He said he could prove that you had betrayed me."

He drained his cocktail and looked at her with a twisted smile.

"And you half believe him?" he asked. "You mean that you don't trust me?"

She considered. "Yes, Alex," she told him. "I do trust you. I must. If you were false, I simply wouldn't try to go on because that would prove I'm a poor judge of men."

HARRISON relaxed. "Thanks," he said gruffly. "I've been busy trying to keep your Administration from being wrecked. Huntoon is determined to get you, but I think I've got him neutralized, at last."

"But the bill, Alex," she objected. "After all, I promised all those people I'd fight for it, for them."

"And you did fight for it," he told her. "This way is best. You're far ahead of the country on it. By taking a beating in this Congress, we have a real chance to put it over in the next one. Huntoon had amended it to death and the courts would have killed it anyhow. The way I handled it, we've got an issue to take to the people."

She smiled tremulously. "And Judge Cadwallader?" she asked. "Did he really advise you to pretend to be nice to me?"

"Oh, him?" His tone was an insult. "He's working with Huntoon. In case you don't know it, we're in one hell of a fight. It's still a tossup how you'll come out of it. We're up against a tough combination, Miranda. This isn't like the convention. These people play for keeps."

"I know," she said. "Senator Huntoon told me. He's giving me two weeks to resign. He seems pretty sure of himself."

"I hope you told him to go plumb straight to the devil!" the Secretary of State exclaimed.

The President shook her head. "I told him I would do as he wished," she said.

"You what!"

"Now, Alex, don't roar at me, or the

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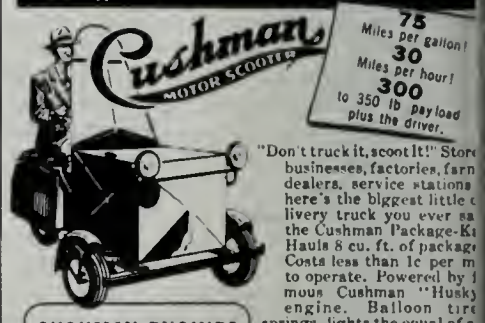

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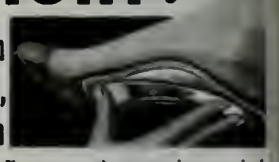

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Secret Service will think I'm being assassinated. I told him I would resign and take you out of the Cabinet."

He slumped back in his chair. "What's the idea? Is Beck staging a recovery?"

She smiled. "No, Alex, the poor old gentleman is still pretty ill. He didn't respond to the electric-shock treatment."

"Well, neither do I!" he exclaimed savagely. "You talk about trusting me and then sell me out behind my back."

She smiled again. "Listen, Alex," she soothed him. "I trusted you when appearances were against you. You trust me now. I know what I'm doing. I told Senator Huntoon I'd resign in my own time and in my own way."

"You also told him that you'd get rid of me as Secretary of State," he objected.

"That's right," she agreed. "Also at my own time and in my own way."

Harrison sat back and breathed deeply.

"Are you going to trust me, Alex?" she asked quietly.

He scowled and then nodded reluctantly. "I've got to," he admitted, "but for God's sake, Miranda, tell me what you think you're doing. Huntoon's the toughest fighter in American politics."

She laughed at his bewilderment. "Alex," she said, "you know as much as I do right now. Huntoon's given me two weeks. We can take care of him so long as we stick together."

"Exactly what have you been up to?" Harrison demanded. "I've got to know if I'm to handle the situation."

"Well—" The President hesitated. "I thought that if Huntoon got the idea that he could become President, he might be so excited that he'd start making mistakes. So I told him that I was going to drop Nearing and that I'll put him in Nearing's place. When that happens, he'll be next in line for the Presidential succession— after you, Alex—and I want him to lose his head."

The Secretary of State groaned. "You couldn't have done anything worse if you'd tried for a month of Sundays," he told her. "Up to now he's been trying to use us against each other. Your plan means that now he's going to have to get both of us together. Up to now he's been working for the Party—as he sees it—but now he'll be out for himself. The lure of the White House is sheer poison—and I know," he added ruefully.

"Oh, dear!" Miranda was penitent. "I never thought of it that way. I thought it might make him wait for a little until we could get our own plans worked out. Oh, Alex, I *am* sorry. Perhaps he'll just go ahead with impeachment. We *can* beat that, anyhow."

"Impeachment's no joke," he insisted. "They don't even need to convict you, but before Huntoon tries that he'll start this constitutional amendment to bar women from the Presidency. After a couple of months of public hearings, there won't be anything they won't have said about you. Just wait till the dirt starts to fly."

"I know," she said gravely. "It won't be nice but there are still enough decent people in America to put a stop to it. If it gets too bad, I know how to kill it. You see, Alex, there was plenty of nasty gossip about Queen Victoria once. Then she stopped it by the very simple process of getting married. That's one of the ways in which I can fight Huntoon. I'm thinking of taking a husband. You know, Alex, I *do* need a first gentleman of the land to help out at dinner parties and White House receptions."

"That wouldn't stop the stories. It would only make them worse," he insisted. "In any case, whom would you take? Most men like to do their own picking."

"I was thinking of General Shenck," she announced demurely. "As Army liaison officer at the White House, he's used to official protocol. He's reasonably handsome, Alex, and—"

THE Secretary of State exploded. "Shenck! That dancing pussyfooter! Get married if you must, Miranda, but for God's sake pick a real man!"

"It's a hard problem, I agree. There aren't so many men who'd be satisfied to play second fiddle. But Shenck's well connected, he knows everybody in official Washington, and people have got used to the idea of drafting Army officers for difficult or unpleasant jobs."

"Shenck! He'd make you look ridiculous. We can fight it out without that, Miranda, and don't consider Shenck—"

The President dimpled. "Well," she agreed with a sigh, "perhaps you know best. I simply wanted your advice. I promise you that I won't get married without consulting you."

Harrison leaned back and mopped his brow. "Thank Heaven! You're getting a little sense, Miranda. Shenck's a four-flusher. Now what is your next move?"

"It will be tomorrow's press conference," she told him. "I'm not going to wait for Huntoon to attack me. First I'm going to announce that the King and Queen of England have consented to let Princess Margaret Rose visit us. That will give the newspapers something different to talk about and Congress won't want to attack women in politics when

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Margaret Rose's sister is due to run the British Empire. You'll see, Alex."

Harrison rapped on wood. "Don't be sure of anything," he advised. "Remember Jim's out to get both of us and he has the Party organization behind him. If he can figure a way to turn her visit against you, he will. And thanks to your brain storm, now he's bound to go after me as well as you."

"You can count on the support of the White House, Alex. That's still worth something with the people."

"The people?" he asked. "Jim Huntoon will turn the White House into the kiss of death before he's through."

ARTHUR URN did not have to pass through Mary's little office to reach the President's press conference. Nevertheless, that was the route he preferred and he caught Smith just as she was about to enter the oval executive study, complete with notebook and well-sharpened pencils.

"Hi!" he said.

"And hi! to you!" she answered. "Come on, we're going to make some history this morning."

"It's already made, Smith," he told her. "I saw the doctor on my way in."

"Oh! What did he say?"

"He said my shoulder was all right for all normal purposes. He advised against playing golf for a few weeks, but, asked point-blank on the subject of marriage, he said, 'Bless you, my children!' So, Smith, assuming that you're still out of your mind, we can take the leap any time you say."

"I say, 'Oh!' " she said.

"Oh is absolutely right with me, sugar puss," he agreed, "but I might as well tell you that we're going to be married strictly according to Hoyle in St. John's Church, with bell, book and candle, and not a dry eye in the Cabinet. Don't think that's the way I want it, Smith, but on account of Miranda I think we'd better mortify ye olde fleshe a bit and do it right. After all, we can't let the President down, can we?"

"I see what you mean," said Mary. "Anyway, Miranda has promised us a wedding reception at the White House."

"She's a sound woman," Urn agreed, "and I'll get myself up in striped pants and slip you the ring and promise the usual. And then—"

"Yes?" she asked.

"Well, Smith, I know a nice old town in New England, where there's a nice old colonial farmhouse, complete with oil burner and refrigerator. There's a cold brook—Congress Brook, it's called, I guess because it babbles over the stones —but the only politics it discusses relate strictly to the ice age, with an occasional reference to the French and Indian Wars. And there'll be apple trees in bloom . . ."

"Will there be lilacs?" she asked. won't go unless there are lilacs."

"There'll be lilacs. It's a quiet pl and when they say, 'Neighbor, the sa running,' they don't mean me."

"Idiot!" she said. "You don't n scenery to sell me on marriage. I far away from everything?"

"Oh, no! It's quite a metropolis," boasted. "On a still night, you can h the limited whistle down to the junct and they've heard tell as how Dewey t Manila. Back to New England, ba Give me an old lighthouse and a d cod, and I'll show you life."

"It will be wonderful," she said. "A where we go will be wonderful. I hardly wait to tell Miranda, if you're s your shoulder is all right?"

"Try it and see," he urged.

After a while, she disengaged hers breathlessly. "Feels fine to me," she mitted, "though I'm prejudiced. Arthur! Not again! After all, we got to cover the press conference. randa particularly asked me to be ther

"What press conference?" he ask "Seems to me we must have missed So you might try out the other shoulde

She shook her head. "No," she order "I've got to tell Miranda."

"What's the conference about tod anyhow? I didn't get the usual fill seeing I was at the doctor's."

"It was just about Princess Marga Rose coming to visit at the White Hous Mary said. "Miranda and Harri planned it."

Urn started as though stung. "O gosh, Smith!" he groaned. "That kno our plans right out the window."

"Now why should—"

"Listen, Smith," he interrupt "Maybe you don't know it, but Miranc in one hell of a fight. This royal v means she's playing her trump cards a playing them early in the game. T means that Huntoon's going to cr back at her, but hard, and Harrisc double-crossing her. So we stay ri here on the job until she's out of woods. Darn it all!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mary. " sure Miranda will let us go."

"Miranda doesn't know what's h pening to her in this man's town," he ploded. "Nobody tells her and we ca because we're paid to worry for her. I know is, I've got to stay on the job."

She nodded disconsolately. "W save the lilacs for another year," she s "and I suppose the brook will keep."

Across the width of the town the Sec tary of the Treasury was angrily c fronting Senator Huntoon.

"Do you mean to say, Jim," he co plained, "that she can tell me to resi just like that, and I got to do it?"

The boss nodded with the urbanity a man who fully realizes that he, t

"I'll bet they've called Trixie Latour as a surprise witness"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

ould make an excellent President. That was settled by the Supreme Court, ll, in the Tenure of Office cases."

"But hell, Jim! I thought it was underood that I was to stay on in the Treasury r the time being."

"Your resignation has been accepted, nd that's that. I'll take care of you."

Nearing rolled a suspicious eye at the oss. "How come she named you for e job, Jim? She thinks she can get you ut of the Senate and then fire you from e Cabinet, too?"

The senator was still patient. He was rivately considering the contents of resident Huntoon's famous First Mesge to Congress. "Ma Bruce has run the white flag, Bill!" he exclaimed. She sent me a note this morning. I'll ead it to you. Here it is: 'Dear Senator untoon. I am nominating you for the ost of Secretary of the Treasury, in place f Mr. Nearing, whose resignation has een accepted. This is in line with our

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK . . .

I'm A Stranger In Town MYSELF

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Two beautiful young women were busily engaged in thwarting Martin Vincent's plans to acquire the trifling sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But Martin made it very tough for them indeed, because along with his truly remarkable talent for stumbling into trouble, he had an infinite capacity for blundering out of it. Don't miss this amusing tale of an innocent young man beset by the perils of the wicked city

onversation of the other day. To make ure that we fully understand each other, promise that I will not ask you for your esignation from the Cabinet, if the enate confirms your nomination. You an take this as a commitment from ours sincerely, Miranda Bruce.' "

"It's a trick," Nearing grumbled. 'She's trying to get you out of the Senate nd into the Cabinet, where she'll have ou under control. Look out for her, Jim, he's downright treacherous."

The senator smiled his frostiest smile. 'Mrs. Bruce is throwing in her hand, Bill," he explained. "We had a down-to-earth talk the other day, and she knows he's licked. This is between us for the present, Bill. She agreed to get rid of Harrison and resign the Presidency. That means that the Secretary of the Treasury is in line to become President."

Nearing nodded solemnly. "Then this nomination means that Jim Huntoon will be President of the United States," he said. "That's wonderful!"

Huntoon was human to the extent that he was not deeply offended by flattery, however clumsy. He beamed with comparative affection at the recent Secretary of the Treasury. He was in the early stages of that dire political malady known as White House fever, in which the victim—aware of his splendid qualifications for the Presidency—twists every circumstance and discards every scruple to fit his ambition.

"Bill," he said, "just give me a couple of weeks to get myself cleared by the Senate and find my bearings and I'll make you ambassador to Brazil. They tell me that Rio's one of the hottest little towns on earth. Mrs. Bruce was easy. After I showed her that A.H. was double-crossing her, she folded. Naturally, she's sore as a boil, like a woman, but she put it right down on the line, like a man, one-two-three. Harrison's out, she's out and I'm in. That puts me in the White House."

"And it's all constitutional!" Nearing exclaimed with awe. "No business about getting yourself nominated or elected."

"It's so constitutional that even Cadwallader couldn't pick a hole in it," the boss assured him. "After that Lincoln assassination they finally got around to making a law. After the President and Vice-President, the Secretary of State takes over and then the Secretary of the Treasury and so on down the Cabinet. You see, they didn't stop with killing Lincoln, but tried to kill Seward and Stanton, too. So now it's the whole Cabinet, in order of precedence. That bunch of lunatics before us tried to change things so that first the Speaker and then the President pro tem of the Senate would take over. That was why we railroaded through that trick law early this session, partly to pay off Harrison who wanted State with all the fixings, and partly because I was doing some long-range planning. So if the President dies or resigns, or is incapacitated—like Beck—the Vice-President takes over—like Mrs. Bruce. And if she dies or resigns, the Secretary of State takes over. But if there isn't a Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury gets it—and I'm going to be Secretary of the Treasury. Well, Bill, that's the way it is now. She's smart enough to know that she's licked and mean enough to want to dump the whole mess in my lap, just to get even. I'll hand her brains enough for that!"

NEARING was anxious. "You want me to call off that smear campaign, Jim? I've got it going good."

"Pile it on!" the boss told him. "Now that we've got them on the run we've got to hit them harder than ever. So pile it on, Bill, and we'll smash her for keeps."

Nearing relaxed. "It's going great guns," he said. "We've got that guy Harry Hines on a network show to pull a slick gag about her and Harrison. He's going to handle a straight news item about them but get himself put off the air by ad-libbing it. The networks watch those political scripts like hawks and pull the switch if there's a syllable misplaced. It sounds corny, but Harry swears it's going to be a wow. And I've started some of those old stories they used on Wilson in 1916. Remember?"

"Good work!" the boss said. "A little later I'm going to get Crossman to raise the question on the floor of the Senate. He'll make a parliamentary inquiry as to whether it is in order to call for an investigation of the White House, naming both of them. Of course, the ruling will go against him, but the press gallery will hear and the story will be in public print."

"That ought to fix Harrison, too," Nearing remarked. "Funny thing, Jim, the way people believe that sort of thing, regardless of the facts."

Huntoon positively laughed. "Of course," he agreed. "Most people believe that other people are human beings. I'm going to get Harrison. He'll be smeared along with her so there'll be nothing for it except for both of them to get out, like Edward and Wally. I won't even let them do an 'At long last—' radio fade-out from the White House."

"Think A.H. will take it lying down?"

"He can't do anything else, Bill. There's no real defense against a sex smear, is there? Take it from me, we're in and in for keeps."

(To be concluded next week)

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GOOD FOOD

BOB TAFT'S MARTHA

BY FRANK GERVASI

MEMBERS of the Washington chapter of the League of Republican Women and guests sipped their postluncheon coffee, lighted cigarettes and settled down to listen to Martha Taft. Several hundred pairs of eyes turned toward the short, round woman in green, with the small, impertinent flowered hat, who may succeed Clare Boothe Luce as The Voice of Republican Womanhood.

"I hope," discreetly whispered a big lady in a brown dress and pink hat to a slim, black-sheathed neighbor, "that she is as good as I have heard say she is." The distaff half of the political firm of Taft and Taft did not disappoint her or any of the others who filled the banquet room in the Mayflower Hotel. For nearly an hour they found themselves applauding and laughing and, more often than many realized, actually thinking about national and international affairs.

Martha tore into the New Deal, its heirs and all their works. She deplored wage rises and price controls, skewered the Marshall Plan, praised the Republican Congress, urged tax reductions and advocated economy in government.

She said nothing not already said by her senatorial husband in his campaign for his party's Presidential nomination. But Martha, who admits she merely takes Bob's learned harangues and oversimplifies them, said what she did with more humor and ease than her distinguished spouse ever manages—in public anyway. She spiced her serious fare with wit and laced the commonplaces with anecdotes, all in a voice that even Helen Hayes might envy for its warm mezzo tones.

It never would have occurred to Senator Taft to liken "the torch of liberty," as Martha did, to "your husband or the furnace—if you don't do something about them, they'll go out." Nor would the senator have described the Soviet Union's opposition to American aid in Europe as "stopping Santa Claus at the border and arresting him as a Fascist for trying to corrupt the Russian people with happiness."

Not once did Martha refer to her husband's candidacy although her talk was filliped with phrases like "Bob believes" and "as Bob would say." When she had finished, however, she had left the distinct impression that there was only one candidate for the Republican nomination for President, not half a dozen or more, and that his name was Robert Alphonso Taft. He is known to his four sons and six grandchildren, Martha confided, as "Gop" instead of "Pop" or "Grandpa."

"For G.O.P., you know," Martha explained to salvos of hand clapping from appreciative Republican mothers and grandmothers.

But Martha is just as effective before audiences less sophisticated than the manicured and furred assembly of orchid bearers she faced in Washington. In Providence, Rhode Island, a few days later, she wowed about 30 Republican women state workers. Martha confined herself largely to telling them how important The Woman is in politics, again summoning Bob's views to support hers.

"Bob is completely sold on what women can accomplish in politics," she said. "You know the old gag—telephone, telegraph, tell-a-woman."

After the Providence meeting, the ladies decided that Martha was "just like someone you would meet at the corner drugstore." Impliedly, at least, they were ready to vote for the male half of Taft and Taft in November should opportunity offer, which was what Martha sought to achieve to begin with.

If the senator emerges with the party's nomination from the forthcoming Republican scrimmage in Philadelphia this summer, and goes on to win in the fall, his talented wife will share in his success in a sense considerably more real than those words convey. For Martha, intimates of the Ohio couple agree, is at least as good a vote getter as her husband. Those whom Bob cannot move with a statistic, syllogism or analysis or with his copper-riveted sincerity, Martha can reach with a wisecrack, metaphor or simile or with downright charm.

She is, in the opinion of both friends and political enemies, the most charming woman and potentially the most influential since Eleanor Roosevelt appeared on the national scene. That indefinable quality enables her to make friends even with women who hold opposite or radically different political views, among them Bess Truman (with whom she has attended Spanish classes), Cornelia Pinchot, Mrs. Harold Ickes and Mrs. Henry Wallace (to whom she once loaned a baby's high chair for a Wallace grandchild).

Martha's closest friend is the patrician Alice Longworth who loves Martha, she says, because "she is the kind of housewife who has a cooky jar in her pantry instead of a bar."

Charm is usually associated with the figure of a beautiful model but in Martha it is displayed in the body of a frankly dumpy housewife, enhancing her effectiveness as a campaigner. When she uses the word "husband" wives who hear her wish they had the sort of mate she describes and husbands yearn to hear their wives speak of them in the vibrantly matrimonial tones she uses.

Yet Martha is no ham. She is what she appears to be, a mature woman of fifty-eight who dresses smartly but simply, has raised four boys to manhood, runs two homes, is intensely interested in public affairs and is doing useful work for the sheer fun of it.

She pushes her own wire-basket cart at the chain grocery stores of her neighborhood when, between campaigns, she has time to do her own shopping. She likes to see what she's getting for her money and looks for bargains in bacon or laundry soap with the enthusiasm and energy of the wife of any government employee who must stay on this side of extravagance. The Tafts are comfortably off but not rich. Bob still drives a vintage '38 sedan and Martha has a newer but no more spectacular car.

Simple Domesticity Prevails in Home

The senator's plain tastes in food help to simplify housekeeping tasks performed with the help of two servants, one of whom remains in Cincinnati and the other in Washington. Bob likes meat and vegetables but seldom eats potatoes, although he cherishes tossed salads. He is partial to ice cream for dessert, preferably with crushed fruit. At small dinner parties Martha is apt to serve a clear soup (in old-fashioned soup plates, not bouillon cups), fish with egg sauce, fowl or steak, two vegetables, salad and strawberry ice cream. She helps with the cooking just as she helps with the general housework. For large dinners and on special occasions caterers and extra help are hired.

At least one well-known Washington woman votes Martha the most gracious hostess in town. She and her husband arrived one full hour late for dinner at the Taft home one evening. Bob and Martha had started dinner, but Martha greeted her tardy guests as cordially as though they had been on time, saw that they were served piping hot food and were not made to feel by the slightest intimation that they had upset the mechanics of the Taft household.

She is equally poised in difficult situations in public. Once in Columbus, Ohio, she got up to speak after her husband had left to catch a train.

"I am," she began, "the most miserable person in the world. My husband has just told the story on which my whole speech was based, and I have just discovered a run in my stocking."

With that gambit she had little trouble in holding her listeners' attention for the rest of the evening.

Martha's talents, always a factor in her husband's political fortunes, have assumed a new and perhaps decisive importance in the Taft scheme of things. Bob has always relied on his wife's help. He would no more think of compaigning without her than he would of entering the Senate chamber in a barrel.

To Martha, in Taft's current campaign for the Republican nomination, has been assigned the job of overcoming, if possible, a widespread notion that Bob is a set of facts and figures rather than, as his wife knows him to be, a vital and sharp-witted man who likes fun as much as the next fellow.

The importance of Martha's mission has been cannily calipered by Taft's campaign managers who are as aware of his lack of glamor as they are of his indisputable if thoroughly conservative virtues. She is scheduled to make at least as many speeches as her husband in the weeks remaining before the convention. And should Bob fail to be nominated she will be campaigning anyhow for whomever the G.O.P. designates. After Bob and her boys, the party ranks high in Martha's affections.

Most of Mrs. Taft's speeches will be to women's groups, although she will also speak to mixed audiences and to strictly male gatherings like those of the Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. Taft's operatives have aimed Martha principally at the women because of a growing suspicion in the Republican camp that they might settle the issue in the next election.

"Women could run this country," Taft strategists believe, "if ever they organized and exerted their political power. According to the Census Bureau, there will be 94,000,000 potential voters next November, male and female. The women outnumber the men by at least 1,500,000. In other words, if all men and all women would vote on opposite sides of any issue the women would win."

Members of the male kingdom will be glad to know, though, that women are even more delinquent than men in exercising their voting privileges. In the last Presidential election, in 1944, only 54 per cent of the total potential vote of 89,000,000 was east by men and women but, according to the observations of political experts, far more men went to the polls than did women. The Republicans are anxious to attract the female vote on the as yet unproved theory that a larger turnout of women will result in a larger total G.O.P. vote.

One of Martha's jobs will be to educate women in the ABCs of economics. Women, the Taft managers reason, are more sensitive than men to the effects of inflation. They meet it face to face every day when they shop for the family food and clothing. It will be up to Martha to prove to them that Democrats are responsible for the reduced purchasing power of the dollar and convince them that the Republicans, particularly her figures-wise husband, will bring prices down.

Martha is not completely happy about her participation in the senator's campaign. Neither are some of the more influential party die-hards who haven't had a new idea in half a century. Both, for different reasons, are privately but audibly apprehensive when the subject is mentioned. Not that Martha shies from the rigors of campaigning. She is, in a wholly correct sense, of course, tough. She can dish it out and she can take it.

Mrs. Taft likes Pullman cars, hotel suites, the excitement of crowds and political give and take. She doesn't mind, as some women pretend to do, the attendant teas and luncheons and receptions. She sees in such gatherings a means of meeting and knowing more people, and learning what they think. They offer her an opportunity, too, of putting Bob across when she meets an unbeliever.

Martha's apprehension stems from a sincere modesty, a wifely desire not to outshine her husband and so to distract attention from him and his views.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

She's the sharpshooter in her husband's Presidential campaign. She is aiming principally at the women, on the theory that they may swing the next election

She is wholly convinced he is the man best qualified to receive the G.O.P.'s nomination and most deserving of election in November. "He has," she says, "the brains, character and experience for the job." But how to help him achieve the Presidency without drawing too much attention to herself and so detracting, perhaps, from Bob's stature in the public eye confronts her with a daily dilemma.

She resented the fuss people made over her when, in 1938, Bob rolled up a majority of 170,000 against Robert Bulkley, Democrat, despite President Roosevelt's personal intervention in the latter's behalf. F.D.R. had carried the state by 619,000 votes in 1936.

"All this talk about me getting the votes in Ohio," she told one reporter in Washington, "is just an alibi offered by Bob's political enemies. They can't understand why he wins and they just don't want to give him credit."

"Viewed With Alarm" by G.O.P. Shellbacks

The distrust of Martha's activities shown by some of the more conservative members of the Republican hierarchy—it is particularly noticeable among the shellbacks of the "woman's-place-is-in-the-home" school—has a different motivation. They see in her another Eleanor Roosevelt, with the same energy and peripatetic inclinations. They believe that Martha will keep away from the polls rather than attract Republicans who share their antipathy toward the presence in the White House of an able, vital woman. To this, feminists among Washington reporters reply, "Nonsense."

"Republicans who are so shortsighted are doing Martha and their party a great disservice with that kind of talk," Doris Fleeson exploded. "Mrs. Roosevelt was and is a great woman. Martha is the closest thing to an Eleanor Roosevelt that the party has produced. She could perform for Taft, should he be elected President, the kind of invaluable service that Eleanor rendered F.D.R.—keeping a channel open between all kinds of people and the White House, a channel that certainly isn't open now.

"Without a wife who can go about the country, meet and talk with Americans, both Republicans and Democrats, a President is a shut-in, the prisoner of his immediate political family whose members cannot themselves leave Washington to keep informed on what is really going on in the country."

Traditionally, with notable exceptions like Eleanor Roosevelt, political wives have been largely decorative. They've functioned usually only as handshakers in reception lines and champagne-bottle wielders at launchings. Martha Taft is a Republican break with this sort of tradition. Besides, she is proving to women that they can be useful citizens when their children are grown.

"Politics," Martha likes to tell friends and audiences, "is something husbands and wives can do together. It offers them a field for active citizenship after their children are through school, married, or otherwise gone their separate ways. But to become active citizens they must prepare themselves early, while they are still young. If they do they will find rich rewards when they are older. They won't be lonely, then. They'll be part of society, part of the onward course of things, not as spectators beside a radio or behind a newspaper, but themselves helping to make the news."

Explaining her present activities, Martha says, earnestly, "Ever since we've been married Bob and I have worked together. I have campaigned, too, for other women's husbands and it would seem a little strange—wouldn't it?—if I did not get out and do what I could when he himself is in the battle."

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THE SILVERTEX COMPANY • PHILA. 2, PA.

CAT-TEX

SOLE OUT-WEARS LEATHER!

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

EYE-GENE

SAFELY Relieves TIRED, SMARTING EYES In SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep or smoke—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢, and $1 eye-dropper bottles at Druggists. Insist on EYE-GENE!

Dull morning look...

Snap back with dazzle!

SATISFACTORY OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

were those made in behalf of Wendell Willkie in 1940. It was then and in the following year that she acquired a reputation as an "isolationist," a label she disavows as "utterly incorrect." She was, and continues to be a *pacifist*, she told me, not an *isolationist*.

After Willkie's defeat, Martha plunged into the fight to keep America out of war. She went to work with all the zeal of the articulate crusader that she is. It was not only her fight, but the party's. Its platform in 1940 had stated: "The Republican party is firmly opposed to involving this nation in foreign wars. We are still suffering the effects of the first World War." The antiwar declaration differed little from the one contained in the Democratic party platform which said: "We will not participate in foreign wars, and we will not send our Army, Naval or Air Forces to fight in foreign lands outside of the Americas, except in case of attack." The attack came on December 7, 1941.

With then Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark, Norman Thomas, John T. Flynn, Charles A. Lindbergh and other America Firsters, Martha made propaganda that to her was pacifist but which sounded like plain isolationism to critical listeners and editorial writers. By May 31, 1941, the Nazis had swept over most of Central and Western Europe and with the Italians had taken the Balkans and threatened the Middle East. President Roosevelt declared a "state of emergency."

"The whole purpose of the President's recent declaration of an unlimited emergency," charged Martha Taft at that time in a New York speech, "is to scare critics into silence."

Pre-Pearl Harbor Activities

Martha's eagerness to tackle the impossible evidenced itself at least once during the antiwar phase of her political life. Just before Pearl Harbor the America First Committee, of which she was a member, was told it could not hold a meeting in Greenwich, Connecticut, because Greenwich was "a hotbed of interventionism." The interventionists should not have challenged Martha. The meeting was held—with an overflow crowd.

Martha more or less disappeared from the front pages during the war years. She became active in various organizations, particularly that of the Quakers, for relieving wartime distress in Europe.

Her name reappeared in the country's newspapers when her husband made his first soundings last fall to check up on his chances for getting the Republican Presidential nod. Some reporters, not altogether accurately, decided that Martha "stole the show" on Taft's first swing through the Middle West and the West. She didn't really steal the spotlight. Husband Bob made the big and important speeches. But Martha did make the more entertaining talks.

"We've got a highboy government in Washington," she told one audience. "One bureau on top of another. And there are termites in the drawers."

"Washington is run by Pendergast politicians and parlor pinks," she said on another occasion, describing President Truman as "just one of the boys—and that's a fact."

"You've got to take him or leave him," she quipped, quoting Westbrook Pegler, adding as an afterthought—"and that's a suggestion."

One day she broke into verse. That was when Phil Murray of the C.I.O. and Bill Green of the American Federation of Labor denounced the Taft-Hartley labor law. Said Martha, after H. I. Phillips:

"Philip Murray and William Green
Walked up on the Senate scene.
They used 5,000 words or so,
And every one of them was NO."

It was during this trip that Senator Taft advised Americans to "eat less." President Truman almost simultaneously called on his countrymen to "conserve more." Taft, his critics said, had proved himself an inept politician. Truman had managed to say exactly what Taft said but in politically more acceptable language. Some worried Republicans told Martha they thought the senator had outraged public opinion with his more forthright language. And some Democrats predicted, loudly enough for Martha to hear, that Taft was "through."

"We aren't disturbed," said Martha. "Bob's political career has ended so many times. The difference between his 'eat less' and the President's 'conserve more' is the difference between plain language and double talk."

Martha's aptitude for politics is not surprising in view of her background. She was born in small-town Winona, Minnesota, in December, 1889, the daughter of Lloyd Bowers who served, until his death in 1910, as Solicitor General of the United States under Bob's father, the late President William Howard Taft. She often visited the White House on holidays from Rosemary School, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

That's when she met Bob, then a Yale classmate of Martha's brother, Thomas Bowers.

One doesn't think of Bob Taft as the impetuous, romantic type. Yet, while Miss Bowers was attending The Sorbonne, in Paris, after her graduation from Rosemary, Bob followed her to France one summer to ask her to be his wife. "And all the time," Martha recalls, "I didn't really think he liked me at all."

In 1914 she married the brilliant lawyer son of the affable President and when young Taft went to Europe as counsel of the American Relief Administration headed by Herbert Hoover, Martha went along. She visited France and devastated Belgium and got a glimpse of the physical effects of war, which confirmed her antipathy toward armed violence and influenced both her America First activities and her concern, later, for the plight of Nazi-Fascism's victims in World War II.

"I don't want to see people starve," she said concerning her opposition to the Marshall Plan, "but it isn't practical to go in so deep as to break down our own economy. I don't know just where that point is and I don't pretend to know. But, like Bob, I want to help those who really need help. It seems to me that a very careful quantitative and qualitative analysis of what Europe's war victims need should be made before we rupture our economic life with the strain entailed."

In Martha's background can be found a number of reasons for her talents and activities. Her great-great-great-grandfather, for instance, was Jonathan Edwards, the early American theologian, which should explain her elocutionary gifts. Her great-great-grandfather was Timothy Dwight, leader of the Connecticut Federalists, which ought to account for some of her hardheaded conservatism. And in her Irish grandfather Thomas Wilson, once chief justice of Minnesota, may be found her heritage of mental agility, humor and grace.

Their Only Fashionable Deed

Nature endowed Martha Taft with a first-class metabolism which has enabled her, in addition to her political activities—she was one of the founders of the League of Women Voters—to run two huge houses and raise four boys. The Tafts made their Ohio home on 60 acres of Indian Hill, atop Cincinnati, now a smart residential section. "Buying Sky Farm," says Martha, now, "is the only thing we ever did that turned out to be fashionable." The Tafts raise asparagus and strawberries on their hill but no with any conspicuous financial success.

Three boys—William Howard, thirty-two; Robert, Jr., thirty, and Lloyd Bowers, twenty-five—are married. The eldest is doing research in Old Gaelic at Yale and has three children. The second is a lawyer and also has three children. The third married last summer and the fourth, Horace Dwight, twenty-two years old, is unmarried and at Yale. Frequently they all gather around Martha and Bob and talk politics, often arguing the pros and cons of the views of Mother and "Gop." They all consider themselves progressives or, at least, "honest conservatives," and will offer to fight if called "reactionary."

In addition to running Sky Farm—mostly by telephone these days—Martha operates a spacious, old-fashioned home in Washington's creaking but fashionable Georgetown district. For relaxation she plays golf, at which Bob, Sr., excels. She likes to fish in cold swift streams. She collects etchings and has a large and representative gallery, although she buys few now. It's too expensive.

Besides, she is too busy, with a campaign on her hands, to go burrowing around in old bookshops and art stores looking for etchings. Unshakably convinced of Bob's ability to win in November if nominated, she has dedicated herself exclusively to the job of helping him win that nomination.

"We are entering the winning stretch of this election year," she told the District of Columbia's nonvoting Republicans the other day. "Anyone coming in from Missouri next January will meet Missouri's most prominent citizen and his friends on the way back."

THE END

"More years in the theater than I would care to admit to—and yet not one role where I talked!"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

90 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good!

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858

IMPERIAL

EST'D 1858

Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA - ILLINOIS

Trade Mark IMPERIAL - Registered U.S. Pat Off.

It's good to know...

IMPERIAL *is made by Hiram Walker*

Reg U.S. Pat Off

86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

"Shoot that fine animal?" Uvaldos cried. He led the horse from the stall. It was as gentle as a lamb

THE GRACIOUS SEÑOR

BY ROBERT ZACKS

MR. JAMESON gave me his small smile. "Like it here, I gather," he said dryly.

"It's terrific," I said. "I've been trying to be assigned here to South America for months. And now I'm here, I'm really going to make good. I—" But Mr. Jameson stopped me.

"We're glad to have you," he said briefly, and I knew he meant it. Mr. Jameson didn't waste words.

"When can I get started?" I said eagerly. "I mean really started. I'd like to get out and start selling—"

"I suggest," said Mr. Jameson carefully, "that you make haste slowly here. There's a different tempo among these people. They are of Spanish descent and they don't put business first as we do. Courtesy and geniality are more important."

I felt a little offended. "I know that," I said. "I'm a little eager but—"

Mr. Jameson's tiny brush of a mustache twitched and I began to wonder whether he was annoyed at my being sent down to work with him. But my thoughts were interrupted as his telephone rang and Mr. Jameson smoothly went into an elaborate ritual of utter nonsense with somebody about how his life was brightened because of the call.

When he hung up he said briefly, "That was Señor Uvaldos. He has invited us to his ranch for the week end."

"Fine," I said happily. "He's a big man here, isn't he? I'll sell him some tractors. I understand he needs—"

"I had to turn him down," said Mr. Jameson. "I already have an appointment. He's extended the invitation indefinitely."

"Well *I* can go," I protested.

Mr. Jameson shook his head. "I don't think it's wise for you to go without me," he said.

"If we wait, we'll lose the sale."

"We may," said Jameson mildly. "It's a calculated risk."

He stood up. I was dismissed.

I didn't think for a minute of ignoring Mr. Jameson's order. He knew what he was doing and I was new. But at supper I met Jack Peterson who worked for Univex Harvester, a competitor. He told me he'd been invited to Uvaldos' ranch and planned to go.

So I went down myself; I figured I had to. I did try to contact Mr. Jameson to explain the situation but he'd already left for a trip inland.

SEÑOR UVALDOS' ranch was a tremendous affair. The central house was Old Spanish in design and there was a well-built set of stables for horses. You could smell them.

Señor Uvaldos himself was a portrait of an old Spanish nobleman. Soft black eyes with a dagger in them, the face of an aged aristocrat who had always lived well, gray Vandyke beard and mustache, and a courtly manner.

"Welcome," he said in almost perfect English, when he saw my Spanish was weak. "My house is yours."

"Thanks," I said. I felt uneasy, somehow. Everybody moved as if in a dream and spoke lethargically and my voice sounded a little too loud.

I wanted to talk business desperately but I remembered Mr. Jameson's warning, so I stuck close to Jack Peterson, watching him like a hawk.

Well, Jack Peterson didn't say a word about business; he just messed around with the most time-consuming babble about how pleasant the day was and what a good host Mr. Uvaldos was. If that was good enough for Jack that was good enough for me so I looked around to throw a few compliments too and my eyes lighted on a painting, a miniature of a dog. It was brilliant in coloring and perfect in detail; really beautiful.

"Now there," I said, meaning it, "is a beautiful painting."

Señor Uvaldos' eyes lighted up. "You like it, señor?"

"Like it?" I answered. "By George, I wish I had something like it."

Señor Uvaldos bowed. "It is yours, señor," he said calmly.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. I started to say no but Uvaldos insisted and I didn't want to offend the guy.

Wait till Jameson sees this, I thought happily. Uvaldos sure must have liked me.

When I saw Jameson the next day and showed it to him and told him the story, he turned pale.

"You young fool," he said harshly. "You weren't supposed to accept. He was being polite. It's the custom."

I flushed; and I also got scared. "You must be wrong," I said. "Why, when I said no he insisted."

Mr. Jameson pushed the telephone toward me grimly. "Call him," he said coldly, "and pay your respects. See what happens."

I did. "The Señor Uvaldos," said the maid stiffly, "is occupied and does not wish to be disturbed."

I hung up. "What you did," said Jameson sharply, "was unforgivably clumsy. The only time you accept such a gift is when you're prepared to offer a return gift immediately."

"Okay," I said humbly. "I'll pay for it. Let's get him a return gift."

"You couldn't afford it," said Jameson bitterly. "The firm will have to do it and we'll take that miniature to make up for it."

"Sure," I said hopefully. "Anything you say. I'll even apologize. I'll—"

"It isn't as easy as that," said Jameson. He was beginning to feel sorry for me. I was wishing I were dead. "Uvaldos has his pride. He won't accept a gift that's obviously just a return for his." Jameson smiled his small smile. "We'll figure something out," he said thoughtfully. "But believe me, it will be difficult."

AFTER letting me sweat for three days, Mr. Jameson called me into his office. "I've invited Señor Uvaldos to my ranch," he said. "To look over a shipment of horses for my stable."

I just nodded. I didn't see how we could get Uvaldos to ask us for a horse. But when I got down there and saw the beauty and grace of the animals I wondered how he could *stop* himself from asking for one. He did stop himself though. And he greeted me very nicely too, with maybe a shade of reserve.

"Ah, Señor Jameson," said Señor Uvaldos, his eyes shining, "they are beautiful." But he didn't ask and we couldn't offer clumsily.

"All but this one," said Mr. Jameson, leading us to a stall. "This one is too temperamental, too wild."

Mr. Jameson went into the stall to stroke the animal, a superb stallion with powerful arching neck; immediately the horse reared wildly, smashing its hoofs against the door. Mr. Jameson ducked out quickly.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Jameson quietly, "we shall have to shoot him. No man can control him."

"Shoot him?" cried Uvaldos indignantly. "Shoot that fine animal? Let me try."

Softly Uvaldos went in. The horse was as gentle as a lamb. Uvaldos, his eyes gleaming, led the horse from the stall, and climbed on its bare back.

"Amazing," cried Mr. Jameson. "Utterly amazing. You are the only one who can handle him. You are a true horseman, Señor Uvaldos. It is too bad I must shoot him."

"Sell him to me," begged Uvaldos. "Please."

Mr. Jameson said coldly, "Sell to a friend? You offend me, señor. He is yours. He is no use to me if I cannot control him."

Señor Uvaldos got off the horse and bowed, smiling faintly. "Señor," he said, "my thanks. I cannot let this noble animal die."

Señor Uvaldos liked that horse so much he rode it home. As he left he said, "You must visit my home again, señor, and we will talk of tractors."

I stared after him, then turned to Jameson who was looking very pleased. "It's a lucky thing he didn't see you pinch that horse."

Mr. Jameson laughed. First time I actually ever heard him laugh.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Jameson patiently. "He may not have seen me but I'm sure he knows just what I did."

What a country! I'm about ready to give up and go back but Mr. Jameson won't let me. He says I'll catch on to it in time.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Photo taken in Palestine recently. The father of this child had to leave to defend his home against marauders. *Prior, From Three Lions Inc.*

Where's Daddy?

Hold on a little longer, son!

Daddy will be back soon. He's busy right now. Busy defending your birthright — busy defending your country.

You have a country now, baby. The nations of the world have given you, at last, a place to live. Your birthright took 2000 years to win.

So be brave, baby. We're with your father. We'll see that you don't lose this little place in the sun you call your own. You won't know the inside of a barbed wire cage or a ghetto, like your father did. A part of Palestine is yours. Hold on a little longer!

We'll send food, clothes, medicines, doctors, hospitals, schools — all the money and the means necessary to insure your future and the future of your country. And we'll send them, too, to those of your father's family who are still alive and waiting in Europe.

We won't let you or your father down.

We'll give, give, give! We'll give not only in charity's name. We'll give as big as the cause, because this time we're making history with our dollars. Because this is the year of your deliverance... this is the year of destiny!

WHAT MUST BE DONE IN 1948...

1. Supplementary aid for 250,000 displaced Jews in Germany, Austria, Italy and Cyprus.
2. Relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction for one million Jews in Eastern and Western Europe.
3. Immigration and reception in Palestine of 75,000 homeless Jews, including 24,000 children.
4. Housing, retraining and settlement for the newcomers in Palestine.
5. Reception and adjustment of refugees who will enter the United States in 1948.

1948 Destiny Campaign

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

for $250,000,000 minimum

For the Relief, Rehabilitation and Resettlement Programs of
Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans
165 West 46th Street, New York 19, New York

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., General Chairman

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE . . .

GENTLEMEN: Was interested in the photograph of Walter Preuss, his wife and eleven of their children living in five small rooms in Germany (Berlin's Winter of Fear, Feb. 21st) but I am enclosing a picture from my morning papers showing James Egan, his wife and eleven children of Boston who are living in two rooms on $35 a week. The Preuss house compares favorably with the Egan house. Maybe we should remember that charity begins at home.

MRS. GEORGE C. RAND,
North Andover, Mass.

. . . It occurs to me that those shoes worn by the Preuss children probably belonged to children who were victims of gas chambers or experiments of Nazi doctors or perhaps slave labor camps. I wonder if the soap they use now is made of human fat. My heart bleeds for Walter Preuss and his family. MRS. MORTON BROWMAN,
Montreal, Quebec

. . . Collie Small seeks our deepest sympathy because "some Berliners have been reduced to eating boiled nettles . . ."

The Agricultural College at Cornell has issued a pamphlet, Wild Foods, which recommends nettles as a food. On page 9 we find: "Stinging Nettles. Early May. Roadsides, waste places. Young leaves, cooked like spinach. Delicate flavor; good in soup. Boiling removes sting."

MINNIE ESTABROOK WILLIAMS,
Canton, N. Y.

WHEN A FALA NEEDS A FRIEND

EDITOR OF ANY WEEK: That communication by Fala (Feb. 14th) was about the cleverest thing I have read in a long time. You sure took your courage in your hand to publish it. The idea of making light of, and poking fun at our "kings and their jesters"! MRS. TEX WILLIAMS,
Eagle, Colo.

. . . Thanks for giving expression to Fala's opinions. The record is now complete. He was the only New Dealer who had not written a book or published his memoirs.

J. C. ALLISON, Issaquah, Wash.

BUNNYISM?

DEAR SIRS: I believe my young nephew (age 3) can join the Bunnyists. When his mother called him he ran outside to his father and said: "I didn't hear somebody." Is it? MRS. MYRTLE VAN ANTWERP,
Suttons Bay, Mich.

We-l-l-l, it's sort of Bunny as a kute kiddy. According to Mr. Corey Ford, Mrs. Bunny McLeod recently (a) ordered "some hot water juice and a lemon," and (b) while she was having her house painted, rushed outside and told the painters: "Wait a while, I might change my head!"

ARMED PEACE

GENTLEMEN: After reading the letters in The Week's Mail under No Peace on Earth (Feb. 21st), I looked again at our copy of that great picture "The Prince of Peace." He bears in His hand, with appropriate symbolism, a shepherd's crook.

The modern American shepherd could hardly be accurately pictured without his Winchester. The two instruments serve exactly the same purpose—the defense of the flock. J. L. LESTER, Lamont, Ill.

TWILIGHT ON THE S. D. TRAIL

GENTLEMEN: Re Twilight on the Navajo Trail (Feb. 7th), South Dakota has six reservations that Mr. Jim Marshall should visit. Our Indians have more disadvantages than the Navajo: colder climate; no sheep or raw material issued to make articles for sale; our Indian schools are the very worst. Every treaty the government ever made has been broken. Sickness, starvation and want are always at hand. The gov't has tested the cattle for T.B. but not the Indians.

Our Indians were strong, able people before they were placed on reservations.

T. O. RONAYNE, Aberdeen, S. D.

LETTERS, INC.

DEAR SIR: In a faraway country, John Doe's pretty little daughter has just excitedly returned from school to relate her achievements for that day. Baby brother is crawling contentedly on the floor. Mother is at her never-ending chores. John is having a hard time making ends meet.

It dawns on me that our lives are similar, the same trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows. It horrifies me to think of killing John, and I know he feels the same toward me. I should like to know more about John, and if we could correspond, telling each other of our respective countries and maybe exchange simple gifts, we would come to know and love each other. If tens of thousands of families in the U.S. were assigned a particular country, with the family names and addresses furnished by our consul, just reflect for a moment what a forward step this would be in the promotion of peace and good will. It could be made part of the Marshall Plan.

We do not hesitate spending billions for armament, why not try "Letters, Incorporated"? MILTON F. BRAUN, Dallas, Texas

CATCALLS

DEAR SIRS: I was quite amused by Reader Elizabeth Phillipson's anti-cat letter in The Week's Mail (Feb. 14th). Perhaps Miss Phillipson has a personality that is objectionable to cats.

MARCIA SHAW BARNARD,
Laurinburg, N. C.

. . . Obviously La Phillipson likes stupid animals such as the dog. They fawn and grovel at your feet and beg for everything instead of being independent enough to care for themselves.

ELEANORE HAEFER, Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . "Ole Lizzie" Phillipson must be made up of 98 per cent vinegar, 2 per cent hate. Quote, "stupider than a horse": Why don't she use some "horse sense" and try to develop a nicer personality? Most horses know more than their drivers . . .

MRS. RUSSELL WEIDMAN,
Wayland, N. Y.

LONG MAY SHE WAVE!

DEAR ED: We have decided to change our pin-up girl after reading your article Ladies in Wading (Jan. 10th). The lucky girl is the one in the Catalina bathing suit (polka dot, two piece). Would you please publish all the data on this little gal?

AEROLOGY OFFICE, U.S.S. PCE 896,
San Francisco, Cal.

Meet Jane Strickland, junior miss model and designer; 106 pounds, five three, Florida aquamaid, sweet seventeen.

BROTHERS IN CRIME

Continued from page 30

But here the Renos had no political ties. The citizens were outraged. Once more the Pinkertons were called in. Allan Pinkerton detailed his son William and two assistants to the job.

William Pinkerton followed the trail as far as Council Bluffs. There the Renos seemed to have vanished into the air. Scouting around, the detectives entered the toughest saloon in town. They discovered it was run by a former resident of Seymour. Young Pinkerton pricked up his ears. He and his men began to frequent the place as much as they could without arousing suspicion. But no one in the saloon seemed to tie in with the outlaws. The operatives did notice one man who appeared strangely out of place. He was too well dressed to blend into his surroundings. And he held many whispered conversations with the saloonkeeper.

Checking, Pinkerton found that the customer was Michael Rogers, a wealthy, respected citizen of Council Bluffs. He owned property all over the state. To suspect him of any wrongdoing, said local authorities, was sheer insanity.

Nevertheless, Pinkerton investigated further. He found that Rogers made frequent trips to county treasurers' offices to pay taxes on his properties. And from operatives watching the Rogers residence, Pinkerton got the news that several strange men had entered the house but hadn't come out.

The house was watched four more days. Then Rogers was seen stealthily coming out, accompanied by three strangers. All took a westbound train. The Pinkertons didn't follow.

Next morning, the four men sneaked back, coming from the direction of the railroad. But the detectives knew that no train had pulled in that morning. Another curious feature was that the men were covered with mud, and their clothes looked as if they had been slept in.

Handcar Furnishes a Clue

The answer to the puzzle came later in the day, when word arrived that the safe of the county treasurer in Glenwood had been rifled the night before. That was it! The men had come back by handcar, Pinkerton figured. And he proved it by finding one abandoned near the Council Bluffs station.

Now he had the picture. Rogers had visited the treasurer's office to pay taxes. He observed the layout, blueprinted a job for the Renos, and a raid followed.

Pinkerton determined on a raid of his own. His men surrounded the house. (Reinforcements had come in from the East.) Pinkerton banged on the front door and pushed his way past Rogers into the kitchen. The three strangers were just about to sit down to breakfast. Taken by surprise, they offered no resistance and submitted to arrest glumly. One was Frank Reno, the others were Albert Perkins and Miles Ogle.

Several packages of bank notes recovered were later identified as coming from the Glenwood safe.

The four prisoners were locked securely in the Glenwood jail—or so the authorities believed. But on April 1, 1868, the sheriff found the cells empty, a big hole sawed through the wall. All over the floor and walls was scrawled "April Fool."

The gang was next heard from May 22d, when it carried off its biggest haul.

The outlaws boarded a train while the engine was taking on water 20 miles south of Seymour. In the ensuing confusion and panic, the conductor, Americus Wheeler, drew his cap-and-ball revolver and blazed away. A fusillade followed, and Wheeler fell wounded.

Several bandits dashed into the engine cab. When the engineer hesitated to follow orders, he was brutally beaten and flung from the cab. So was the fireman. Then Frank detached the engine and express car, and headed both toward Seymour.

As it was speeding along, the outlaws broke into the express car. When the messenger wouldn't turn over the keys forthwith, they beat him into insensibility and threw him down an embankment.

The safe was torn open and $96,000 in booty taken. Then Frank serenely ran the gang home to Seymour in the locomotive!

Now began one of the most intensive man hunts in Western history. The Adams Express Company, which had suffered the loss, asked the Pinkertons to go after the ruffians again.

Vigilante Man Hunters Organize

The citizenry was up in arms, no longer terrified by the Renos, in view of the evidence that the Pinkertons were determined to wipe them out. Railroad and express officials helped whip up a strong sentiment against the killers. A Secret Vigilance Committee of Southern Indiana was formed. Like all vigilante movements that had sprung up in the West, this one considered the local law enforcement arm weak and venal. The vigilantes would take the law into their own hands. A necktie party was the only answer to banditry, they cried.

Things were getting too hot. The Renos fled.

One henchman, Val Elliott, was captured in another robbery, as were Phil Clifton and Charles Roseberry. The trio was put on a train for Brownstown. But the vigilantes boarded the train a few miles from its destination, seized the prisoners and swung them from a tree.

When three more of the bandits were captured, they too were snatched from deputies by masked men and escorted to the same tree.

The Reno gang was practically defunct now. The vigilantes, as lawless as their victims, were warning would-be sympathizers of the brothers what to expect. Indiscriminate floggings were handed out to suspects.

Meantime, the Pinkertons were off on the trail of the Renos. Bill and Sim were captured in Indianapolis, Frank and a pal, Charles Anderson, in Ontario. To frustrate a further lynching attempt, the Pinkertons had the four men lodged in the New Albany, Indiana, jail, strongest in the section. Now the final-act curtain was about to rise.

A few weeks later, in November, 1868, a J M & I train dropped an empty coach onto the siding at Seymour. That night, a southbound train hooked on to it and took it along. But now there were 50 passengers aboard, all masked.

When the train reached New Albany at 2 A.M., the mystery car was detached. The masked men marched quietly out, battered their way into the jail and tore the prisoners from their cells and hanged them from the jail rafter.

Laura Reno, when she heard of her brothers' deaths, swore she would avenge them. But she never did. Instead, she married and settled down to respectable domesticity. John, pardoned after 15 years in a Missouri jail, reformed; he came home and helped Honest Reno on the farm to the end of his days. And out in southern Indiana they still talk about the Renos, for legend has it that they buried the proceeds of their last robbery, and that it still awaits a finder. If the legend be true, apparently John made no attempt to find it.

THE END

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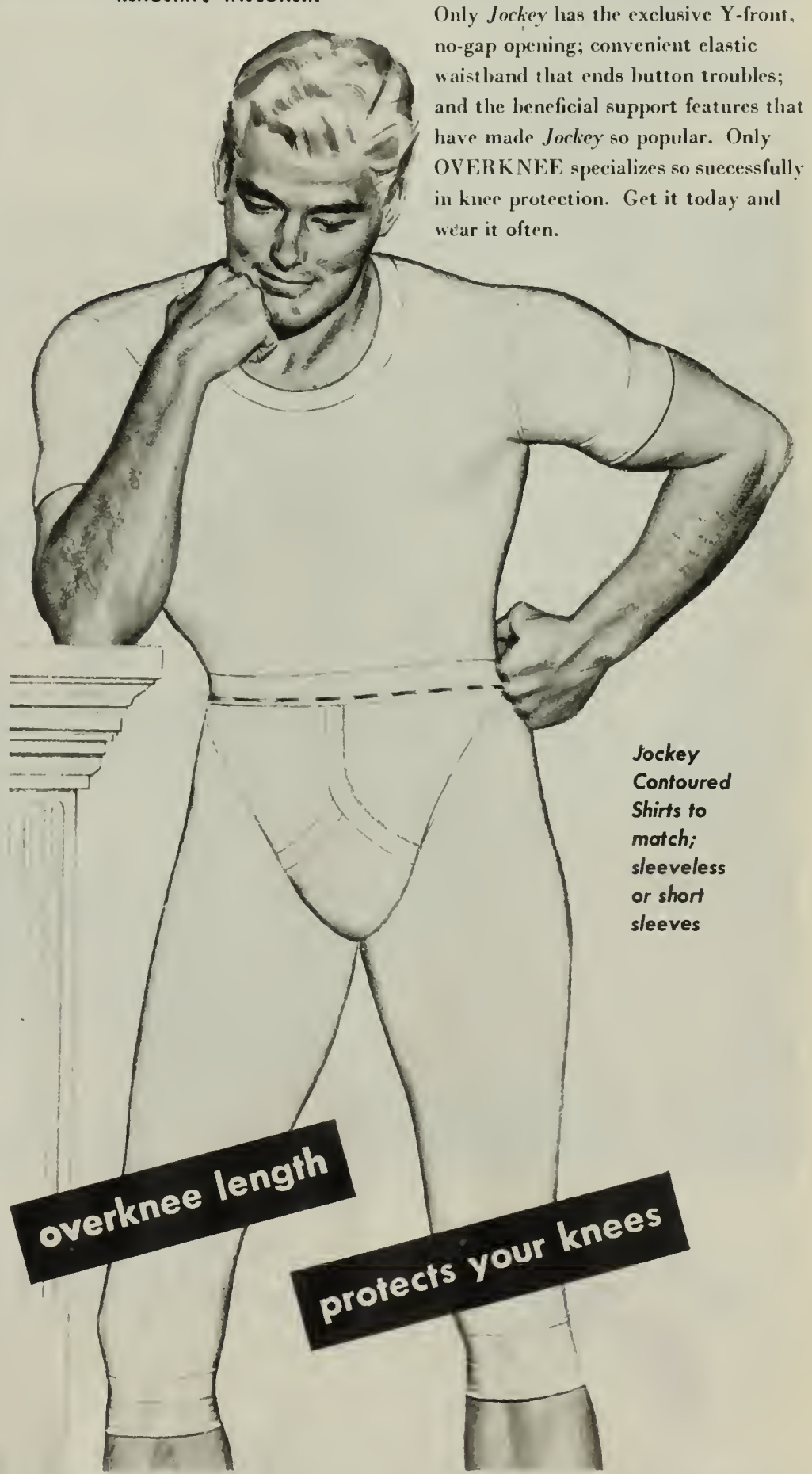

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1858 **Americans** are great at tall tales of super heroes. Legends of Paul Bunyan, mighty lumberjack, flowered in 1858, when the name Corby's came to Canada. Paul's blue ox, Babe, was so big that a bald eagle wore out 17 wings flying from horn to horn.

1880 **Cowboys** spun yarns about Pecos Bill when the name Corby's was 22 years old in Canada. Bill rode cyclones and mountain lions without saddle or spurs, while rolling a cigarette with one hand. A true gentleman, he never shot a tourist out of season . . . at least, not with all three guns!

1944 **G.I.'s spread** the fame of Kilroy, the little man who was always there—first. Wherever beach-head they stormed, they always found notices chalked up ahead of them, that "Kilroy was here." The name Corby's had then enjoyed 86 years of fame in Canada.

1948 **The atomic** age should bring out best talents of our "lovable liars" of today. Will our next legendary hero smash atoms between thumb and forefinger? Or will he bend light-waves around to make time move backward? At any rate, whether *you* exchange small talk or tall tales with your friends, *bring out the Corby's.* It's a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. You'll like its price, too!

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A CROSS FOR URDIA

Continued from page 17

old man will have it for his holy day."

Eldridge said, "That's white of you," and then bit his lip because it wasn't what he wanted to say to a Jew. Awkwardly he fumbled for a cigarette, feeling shame that he had allowed himself to be maneuvered into accepting favors. He said, "Well, I've got to go," and hurried from the room lest he yield to an impulse to shake hands.

AFTER he had gone, Elihu softly clapped his hands and said, "That was victory." Then he thought: But should I not be ashamed, a mature man triumphing over a youth? Has he not taken away a seed of gratitude which, in time, might sweeten the soil of hate? And Elihu nodded, thinking it would be a pity to sully the faith of Father Joseph by using his simple letter as an instrument of vengeance. He locked the door and crossed the road to the warren of bazaars, hurrying to a silversmith's shop.

Elihu knew that the Nestorians disapproved of display and bought a plain Cross of cheap silver which was slightly smaller than the one that had been lost. When he left with the package under his arm he felt strangely relieved. Then he remembered he had missed the evening mail, and there was no chance of the Cross reaching Urdia for the Christian Sabbath. Stopping at a café in the business district he considered the problem over a glass of green tea.

At a near-by table sat a fat, cheerful Arab whose name was Majid al Khadi. Elihu knew Majid very well, for in the days of Rashid Ali's pogrom this Moslem neighbor had hidden him from the mob. Their friendship, however, had ended with a business dispute. Elihu could no longer remember the details, but the coldness had lasted three years.

While he sipped his tea he heard Majid say to a friend, "I was lucky to get a sleeping berth on the train for Mosul tonight." Moved by impulse Elihu got up and went to the other table. He said, "Excuse me, Majid al Khadi, but do I understand you go to Mosul?"

The other man answered with cold politeness, "If God wills, I go. You have sharp ears. What may I do for you?"

They looked at each other with the bittersweet remembrance of pleasant hours spent together, now tarnished by the foolishness of pride. Elihu said, "I have here a parcel for the priest of the Nestorian church at Urdia. I thought, I hoped, that in Mosul you might hear of somebody who was going to the hills." He saw the Arab hesitate and added, "This is not a business matter," and gave Majid the letter from Father Joseph.

Majid al Khadi, like most educated Iraqis, was bilingual, and when he finished reading the letter he slapped his thigh and laughed. "This is indeed a jest!" he said. "A Jew buys a Cross and asks a Moslem to take it to a Christian *imam*. Oh, Shami Elihu! Shami Elihu!"

The Jew, controlling his anger, said, "Please do not laugh. The faith of the old man should be respected."

The Arab, checked in his amusement, answered, "The correction is justified, and if God has so willed it, the Cross will reach Urdia in time." He picked up the parcel and, with a sketchy salaam, left the café thinking: It is a pity we quarreled, but what is, must be. . . .

WHEN he reached the northern town the next morning, Majid went to the house of a friend, and it was some time before he remembered Elihu's request. Laughing to cover his embarrassment, he explained the matter, and the friend, who had strict religious views, answered, "One of my servants goes to his home in the hills and will pass Urdia. But the matter is so improper that I hesitate—"

Majid said, "What is improper? Is not the Christian Jesus one of our six Apostles?" He saw his friend still hesitate and added with cunning, "It is a coincidence that your servant is going to the hills. I would not call it predestination, but—"

His friend answered severely, "Have you forgotten, *insh'Allah mek toub*—that all things are written as God wills?"

Hiding his smile Majid said, "Then it was written that your servant should be the final messenger to carry the Cross to Urdia. Please send for the man."

Presently a Kurd who was employed as a watchman entered the room. He had the fine, thin nose and high cheekbones of the hill people and wore their traditional wide pantaloons. The hilt of a dagger showed above the folds of braided cloth about his middle, and he carried a slung rifle. His manner was preoccupied, almost surly, and he indicated with an impatient gesture that he had no wish to go to the Assyrian village.

Majid was insistent. He gave the man money and said, "This will make your trouble worth while." And then, spurred by his sense of humor, he instructed the Kurd to deliver a message. "Tell the Christian *imam*," he said, "that this was bought by a Jew, who gave it to an Arab, who now gives it to you. I am sure the old man will be astonished."

Murad the Kurd went away with the Cross thrust into the folds of his sash. He rode to the hills in a truck, perched on a top-heavy load of freight which swayed dangerously as they skirted dark gorges cut by the rivers through the mountain wall. The roar of the tumbling waters spoke harshly to him, encouraging a mood which made him caress the rifle and part his lips in a terrible smile.

In the coffee shops of Mosul he had heard a rumor that a trusted friend had made sport with a woman he loved. Like most Kurds he was quick in anger and the feudal law of blood was the only law he recognized. A bullet for the false friend. A knife for the unfaithful woman. Afterward—he shook his head because his slow brain did not see beyond revenge, and there would be no afterward when the woman was dead. He watched everybody who passed on the road with hard, suspicious eyes, and putting his hand to his dagger he also touched the Cross.

MURAD was tempted to hurl it into a gorge, for he would add several hours to his journey by going to the Assyrian village. But he was an honest man and could not break his bargain with the Arab, and, furthermore, it was notorious that the Assyrians worshiped jinni, and offense to one of these spirits might interfere with his feud. So it came about that presently he left the truck and turned off the highway to the Urdia road.

The sky was a spectrum toned with the colors of the setting sun. The sleepy sounds of birds nesting among clumps of scrub oak filtered through the dark wall of his thoughts. He came to a stream and when he stopped to drink he sat on his heels afterward, soothed by the beauty and the peace of the great hills. Then he realized that hate was slipping away, and jumping to his feet he ran down the rough track, trying to outstrip his changing mood. . . .

Father Joseph sat on the stone bench against the wall of the church, where he had been seated since noon, watching the path. Sometimes he stroked his beard nervously, but he was quick to chide his fingers for lacking the faith which was in his heart. "The messenger will come,"

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said in his simple fashion. And when saw Murad he added, "He has come!" rose to meet him.

Murad was breathless and confused. said angrily to the patriarch, "If you the *imam*, this is for you. It is some istian charm, and I was told to say as bought by a Jew, who gave it to an b, who gave it to me. Take it ckly!" He thrust the Cross into the ds of Father Joseph, and when the d raised his eyes he saw such beauty he wrinkled, tranquil old face, that he a nascent peace; but he killed it with urse as he turned and fled from the yrian's blessing. There were shadows his heels as he went leaping goatlike the stony path, and Father Joseph, Cross pressed against his breast, ked after him sorrowfully and ught: He runs from God. . . .

When the Kurd came to his own vil- the last light had gone from the rounding heights, and the huddle of -roofed houses was submerged in the et lake of night. He stood above the age searching for his anger, but all he was the numbness of fatigue. The d for food and rest was more urgent n vengeance, so he went to his broth- house and softly pounded the door h the heel of his hand. He heard the l-remembered voice and forced a le as a lantern shone on his face, king that he must hide the real pur- e of his visit because his brother was an of peaceful ways.

FTER he had eaten, they sat to- gether against the wall with their eless feet tucked up, and Murad ed casually, "Is all well, my brother? here news? What of my dear friend, dullah?"

His brother answered, "I was so over- ed to see you that I forgot Abdullah. left at sunset, going to Mosul to find . How was it you did not meet him the road?"

Gone?" repeated Murad, and he trem- d under the high wind of his anger as realized that by turning from the high- y he had missed the man he had come till. "Gone?" he said again, in a harsh ce. "Why did he want to see *me?*" hand went to his dagger; the fingers e talons curving to the haft.

The older man answered slowly, "Be- se there was report of an unclean ru- r which Abdullah feared might have ched your ears, and out of his love for he ran to tell you it was a lie." He ked into Murad's shocked eyes, and aking gently with a brother's chiding, ded, "So you heard it. How could you ubt Abdullah? How could you believe h evil?"

The sweat rolled down Murad's face as he whispered, "It was untrue? She—"

"—will make you a good wife when the time comes, my brother!"

There was no sound in the room. Murad, dazed by the wonder of truth, looked at his rifle leaning against the wall and then down to his sheathed dagger. He thought: If I had met Abdullah on the road I would have killed him. If I had not gone to the Assyrian we would have met. . . . He thought: If I had not been so tired because of the rough path over the hills, I would have killed the woman straightaway instead of coming to my brother. And then in a confusing whirl of thoughts he remembered why he had turned from the road, and saw again the beauty of the old man's face as the Cross was thrust into his hands.

"Oh, God the merciful! God the loving-kind!" whispered Murad, and turning to the wall and pressing his hands against the rough mud plaster, he wept.

SHAMI ELIHU sat at his usual table in the café across the street from his office. The heat of the day was dying and a breeze from the great river brought breath to Baghdad. The sweet odor of freshly sprinkled water rose from the cooling sidewalks, and voices which had been strident during the day now blended in modulation. Elihu, his dark eyes soft with dreams, was sipping his glass of green tea flavored with mint when he felt a hand on his shoulder; he looked up with a smile which wavered when he saw his former friend, Majid al Khadi. The Arab said, "I am now back from Mosul. I thought you would like to know I did your little commission."

Elihu said, "You mean the Cross for the priest at Urdia? Oh, I am so pleased!" His smile gathered courage, and forgetfully, as if these were the old days, he swung another chair to the table, saying, "You will have coffee?"

"I am your guest." The Arab sat, stretching his legs. He said, "There is a delicious breeze this evening. It is extraordinary how one feels at peace at the end of a hot day."

"I, too, feel at peace," said the Jew.

They were silent, each with his thoughts. Martins swooped from the rooftops, their narrow wings and forked tails carrying them with darting swiftness through the cool air as they called one to the other like flutes, and from far away, faintly but quite clearly, began the singing voices of the muedhddins spreading the call for prayer. Majid said, "It is the hour of *maghreb*. You will excuse me, Shami?" He was no longer formal and an impulse made the Jew detain him as he started to rise.

"I was wondering," Shami Elihu said, "why we have been so foolish."

Majid said, "Shami, I, too, have wondered. What did we quarrel about?"

"I cannot remember—"

"So we were sacrificing friendship for pride? Oh, Shami, Shami! A few words together, such as these, and nothing would have happened between us!" He held the Jew's hand within the double embrace of his own and felt the coldness of the years fall away like the dead shell of a chrysalis. "What *did* we quarrel about?" he asked again, shaking his head and laughing.

"Some little thing—"

"And a little thing brings us together again!— You will dine with me tonight, dear friend?"

When he had gone, making for the mosque at the top of the street, Shami Elihu lit a cigarette to hide his emotion. His dark eyes, soft as night's shadows, held a puzzled look. "A little thing?" he repeated wonderingly, but he was a practical man and dismissed the embryo thought with a smile. Then he remembered the young officer who had commissioned him to buy the Cross, and forgetting insults in the warmth of recovered friendship, he went to his office and telephoned the English base.

When he heard the voice of Flying Officer Eldridge he felt pity because it was the voice of a man harassed by trouble. The Jew said, "Mr. Eldridge, I have news to please you. The Cross reached the old priest at Urdia—"

Eldridge said, *"What?* I say, that's wizard!" and there followed a bewildering rush of words. Elihu gathered the young man had been in disfavor with some elder, but would be returned to grace when he reported the news. And when Eldridge finished with a boyish, "I owe you a flock of drinks!" it was a genuine expression of gratitude and an apology for past rudeness.

Shami Elihu put down the telephone thinking: A very nice young man with courage to admit a wrong. And if this is typical of the youth of his country, then the day of the English is far from ended. . . . As he left his office and walked slowly through the friendly darkness, Elihu savored a sweetness clean and tangy like wild honey, and looking up he saw the wonder of the stars lighting one by one in the high desert sky.

THE early morning light of the Kurdish hills filled the little Nestorian church at Urdia with color toning from primitive to pastel, and spread a rich carpet over the floor of hard, beaten earth. Light rose slowly to engulf the altar. A shaft of pure gold touched the Cross and made it shine with a glory which was reflected in the old eyes of Father Joseph. His heart was filled with the miracle of its coming, of the men of different faiths who had helped bring it to pass. Different, yet alike, Father Joseph thought. For God has many names, but He is with the Jews and the Moslems as He is with us. The old man smiled and reflected that out of the grain of kindness, leavened with a little understanding, had been made bread that all men could eat.

He went to the door and looked at the blueness of the sky edged with the crystal purity of the high snows. He heard the cattle lowing in the pastures and the turning wheel at the communal mill. He did not know the world beyond his valley of Urdia, but he had heard that peace had not yet come to that world although war was ended. "Truly," he said, his voice as music in the clear morning air, "there is need for a great baking of this bread."

And turning to his work in the fields, there was no doubt in his mind that the Children of God would find the grain and the leaven, for Father Joseph was a very simple man who believed in miracles.

THE END

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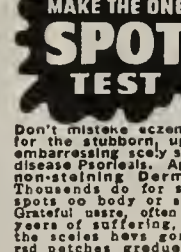

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FAIR EXCHANGE

Continued from page 21

morning. He distinctly put obstacles in the way of my getting over to see Janet again. I had Miss Lopchick, my secretary, making phone calls to find that cab.

Miss Lopchick took a dim view about telephones in general.

"I take a dim view of your desires, too," she said. "Since when has a secretary got to go around finding missing taxicabs?"

When Miss Lopchick gave the telephone a brief rest while she powdered her nose, I called Janet. She hadn't talked to that V.P. yet; I suggested that maybe we could go into the matter further at dinner.

I CALLED for her all the way out to Brooklyn and we went to dinner. It wasn't until Janet ordered a chocolate éclair with ice cream, whipped cream, chocolate sauce and a maraschino cherry for dessert, that I suddenly thought about Leona. Leona always ordered pie à la mode without the ice cream. She liked the way "pie à la mode" sounded, but ice cream hurt her mother's teeth.

I said, "I just thought of something, Janet. I have to call my mother-in-law's daughter. What's gonna be with that pajama top exchange?"

Janet looked up from the chocolate éclair. "It can be done. Mr. Harrell says he's an easy man to do business with, if I'll go out with him."

"Great," I said, starting for the telephone booth in high; then quick I shifted into reverse. "Time," I said, skidding back into the table. "Who is Mr. Harrell?"

Janet mouthed a large spoonful of goo. "Mishther Hawwerr," she said, "is th' vishe-presjidenn."

"It is not correct," I said, "to eat when you're talking. And of course, you told him it was out of the question," I added coldly.

Janet swallowed real fast. "Listen, you big dope," she said, "I'll go out with anyone I please. Who do you think you're marrying, anyway?"

I swallowed too, real fast. With food, it's a pretty empty gesture.

"Leona," I said. "That's who I'm m rying."

"So go call her," Janet said, going b into her chocolate éclair, "and I'll out with Mr. Harrell tomorrow and can get your pajama top exchanged w out having anything to exchange."

So I called Leona. We had a nice t She, me and her mother. Her mot was on the extension. Most people c get phones at all. Her mother has to h an extension. Telephoning Leona is taking a bath in public.

"Leona," I said, "maybe we better get all about the whole thing with pajama top business."

"But, darling," said Leona, "Mot would be furious."

"Yes," her mother admitted, over extension, "I would."

I said, "Leona, look. I lost it in a t cab. The only way Janet can exchang for me, is if she goes out with Mr. H rell. And I don't want her to go out w Mr. Harrell. If she goes out with a body it should be with me."

"What in Heaven's name are you s ing?" asked Leona.

"I don't believe it," her mother adc

I heard myself going on. "But it's truth, ladies. I am sitting here with Ja having dinner. She's redheaded, geous, and I don't like the idea of her ting herself into debt because of y pajama top. We have had two wonc ful days together, and it's not fair penalize her by making her go out w some vice-president who's probably enough to be her father. Now do understand?"

Leona gasped. Or maybe it was flatulence.

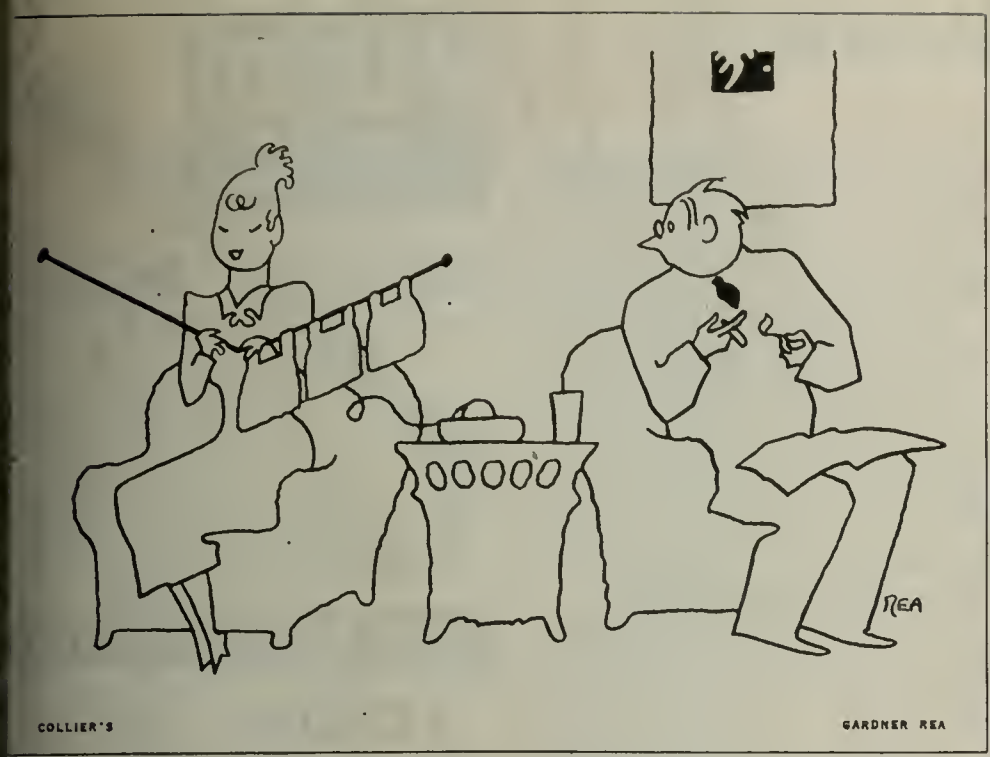
"Don't believe him, Leona," said mother. "He's just trying to make jealous."

"No," I said, "honest. If I'm tryin make anyone jealous, it's Janet."

As I hung up, Leona's mother really getting up a head of steam.

"Let's see, 'Continued on page 63, Section L, Column 7'"

COLLIER'S BRUCE CURRIE



When I got back to the table, Janet as gone. The waiter said she had gone f in a huff. I doubted that. In a taxi, ore likely.

I went home and had dreams about dheaded complaint departments. . . .

The next morning, Miss Lopchick had ews for me.

"I found your lost taxi," she reported, nd he's very fresh. His name is Krieg. e says he found your—you should exse the expression—one-piece pajama p in his cab. If you want it, you should me and get it. He hangs out on Thirtynth Street, near Marvin Brothers'."

"Miss Lopchick," I beamed, "you are onderful. If I weren't already tied up ith two women, I would make personal vertures."

I called Janet at the store, but she asn't in, they told me. After the third all, I got the idea and changed my voice. When I finally got her on the phone, I id, very quickly, "Look, you don't have go out with Mr. Harrell. I found the ajama top."

Her voice was clear and calm. "Please on't bother to call me any more, Mr. vans," she said. "You may come here any time and exchange your darned d pajama top anytime you like—"

I said, "Janet—"

"With or without the pajama top. And hope you marry that old battle-ax or er daughter or both and I hope all your oubles are little hatchet-faced ones."

I said, "Janet—"

"And I'll go out with Mr. Harrell or nyone else I please, tonight at five 'clock or any other time I please, from e Thirty-ninth Street entrance or anyhere else I please. Goodby!"

So then I really told her. I said, Janet—" but it's very hard to carry on a onversation on the telephone after the ther party hangs up.

BUT anyway, I'm no dope. Not too much, anyway. At five o'clock I alowed myself to be at the Thirty-ninth treet entrance to Marvin Brothers'. Acidentally, of course.

At 5:05, Janet came out with a guy. nd what a guy. Six feet of crew-cut all e way down to the cuffs of his tweed ousers.

I said, "Janet, you don't have to worry bout a thing. I gave Leona back to her nother last night."

Janet was beautiful. "Go away," she aid. I wanted desperately to kiss her. o I did. She kissed back, too.

"Mr Harrell," she said, weakly, would you make him go away, please?"

"I am only too glad," he said, advancng on me like Gentleman Jim Corbett.

"Stand aside, woman," I said to Janet, while I promote a vice-president." I ent to do battle with the man.

"Hey, Swifty," I heard somebody call. I looked around and saw my missing cabby.

"Hiya," I said gaily. "I got a better end for your book," I yelled. That was when Janet screamed, and something hit me.

Then I was floating gently, and I realized I was lying with my head in somebody's lap. My head ached, but her hands were soft and perfumy and everything was just crispy-crunchy.

"You can open your eyes now, darling," she said. "He's gone. Besides, he didn't hit you that hard."

I kept my eyes shut and grinned a grin.

"And stop grinning. I know that even you know better than to lead with your chin."

"I know," I protested, eyes still shut, "but that cabby distracted me."

She said, "And you can get up now, too. You'll catch cold lying on the sidewalk. And that cabby didn't distract you. Nobody asked you to stop and wave at him."

I opened my eyes and got up. Mr. Harrell seemed to be gone.

"I'm no fool," I said. "Wanna marry me?"

The cabby waved something at me. "Here's your pajama top," he shouted.

The man in the blue serge suit with the brass buttons came over. "You fellas got permission to stage a demonstration?" he inquired sweetly.

I said, "It's just a demonstration of affection, officer. Come on, Janet."

We got into the cab. The cabby didn't ask any questions. He just took off.

I said to Janet, "You haven't answered me yet."

The cabby turned back to look at me. "All right, what do you wanna know?"

"Not you," I said. I stopped kissing Janet. "Pardon, hon, the man's writing a book."

We missed a pedestrian by almost a foot. The cabby said, "Agh, nuts to the book. It always comes out the same. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. Same junk alla time. Ya can't win."

"I got a new ending for you," I said. "Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds another girl and gets married happily ever after."

The cabby was excited. "You mean this ain't her pajama top?" he asked, waving it at Janet.

"No," I said, and thought to myself that it might be wonderful to see what Janet looked like in it, if she'd wear it.

"I will not," she said, under her breath. I was kissing her at the time, the cabby was waving the pajama top and missing the rest of the cars on the street, and that's why Leona is going to be so mad, her mother will probably convince her.

THE END

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CAMPUS CRUSADER

Continued from page 14

case and sent copies to other colleges with a plea for action.

By their own choice, the undergraduates have no sororities and they require all girls to wait on table. When the college couldn't afford certain building repairs, the students, in "Operation Cleanup," voted to take over ground maintenance while the gardeners made the repairs.

The girls also ruled, except for Sunday dinner, blue jeans can be worn to the dining room or anywhere in college limits. Of course, there are some apparel limitations. Pajamas and bare feet are not allowed in classrooms.

SLC has taken precautions to see that the scholastic and social freedom granted the girls is not wildly misspent. The school accepts only those students who already possess a reasonable amount of maturity and a desire for serious study. Though it scarcely bothers about grades or course credits, SLC does go into tremendous detail over an applicant's complete personality. (What books has she read? How does she get along with others?) A candidate must, with her parents, teachers and doctor, fill out a massive 25-page form. (One father, a manufacturer, wrote in to say it was worse than anything he did for OPA.)

The teacher is the prime agent in SLC's brand of free-swinging education. Therefore, President Taylor has instructors who are broadly educated and who really like to teach.

Coeds' Weekly Progress Checkup

Each week at SLC, where there are only six students to each teacher, an instructor privately meets each girl in his class for about a half hour. In the conference, a student tells what she has been working on and what steps she has taken toward preparing the semester paper (or "contract") which is due on each course.

Teachers also serve as faculty advisers (or "dons"). A student may remain with the same don for four years, and it is his duty to guide his charge so that she will not spread her work too thinly or, by narrow concentration, omit some major aspect of knowledge. SLC scholars are thus able to end up with a broad, well-integrated education. The subjects they take are few but the girls approach them from all angles.

This winter, the philosophy class of Helen Merrell Lynd (coauthor of the Middletown books) was discussing the constancy of values. Members of the psychology and economics departments were asked to give their slants on the problem, and the students themselves contributed material gleaned from novels and even from mathematics and physics courses. As a final touch, Mrs. Lynd had the class come to her house in Manhattan, where they got a still different viewpoint from Gregory Bateson, an anthropologist from another school.

Sarah Lawrence naturally hasn't all the answers to education's ills. Statisticians have found that the average group of college women, although best equipped to raise families, produces more spinsters, more divorcées and fewer children than noncollege girls. So far, SLC graduates have not shown any inclination to improve upon their sister collegians.

It is generally thought that Sarah Lawrence is expensive because of its methods. Actually, the total cost of educating a student at SLC is not a hundred dollars more than at a comparable conventional school. SLC must charge the student $1,700 because it hasn't a large endowment. In spite of this, 13 per cent of the student body are receiving either scholarships or grants. However, the Sarah Lawrence faculty is underpaid and poorly housed. One of them uses a tool shed for an office. They remain because they are excited by the SLC crusade and the unparalleled academic freedom given them.

Most SLC students come from wealthy homes and a few of them spend more in a year than certain teachers earn.

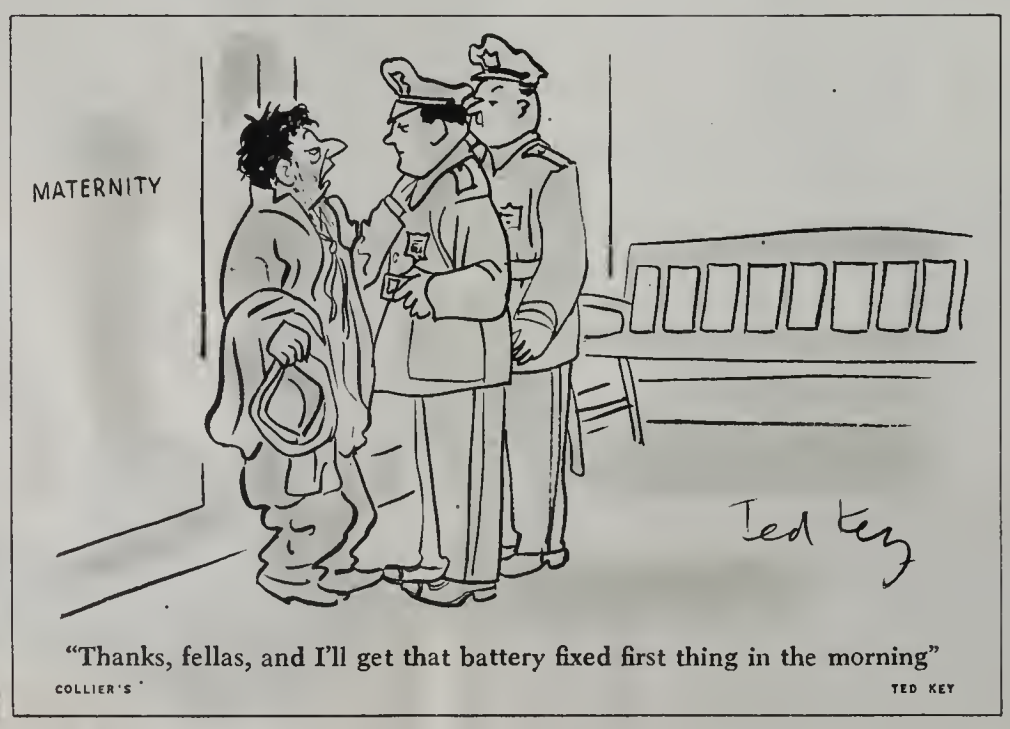
"There is one girl," Dr. Taylor relates, "who keeps a horse in Bronxville. Why, for what it costs to keep a horse, we could keep a pretty good poet."

One of the most serious accusations against Sarah Lawrence is that individualized education produces a self-centered, unco-operative individual. President Taylor answers by pointing to his student body's many worthy, collective efforts. He does say, however, that an SLC girl *is* likely to be unco-operative about following hate-ridden mass movements.

"We need," he says, "a resistance movement to keep democracy alive. It would consist of people capable of mature, individual thought. Behind the enemy lines of demagogy, they would keep alive the ideal of independent, liberal thinking."

Harold Taylor knows that proper education can be instrumental in bringing us the good life we have been struggling to obtain. With all his youthfulness, he is wise enough to be convinced that Sarah Lawrence College, by furnishing each young person with her capacity of meaningful experience, is on the right track.

THE END



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WASHINGTON

★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

ANSAS' wispy Senator Arthur Capper, mpleting his fifth consecutive term, in- ts he's running for re-election despite e fact he is eighty-four. If he does stay the race, the Kansas G.O.P. is in for e hottest intraparty brawl the state has n in several decades. Husky, persona- e, former Governor Andrew Schoep- l, who chalked up vote-getting records ring his campaigns, has announced for pper's seat, and Republican chiefs al- ady are split.

One group, headed by former Gover- rs Alf Landon and Payne Ratner, and y Seaton, Manhattan (Kan.) publisher, e backing Capper. Another group, earheaded by three potent editors, Roy berts of the Kansas City Star, "Young ll" White, son of the Emporia Ga- tte's late, great editor, and Fred inkerhoff, of the Pittsburg (Kan.) eadlight, are equally aggressive for hoeppel. Both sides are training for a ish fight, with the Schoeppelites con- ntrating on Capper's advanced age.

"S all set on Capitol Hill for the gov- nment to remain in the rubber busi- ss a long time. The controls that end is year will be renewed and greatly ex- nded. Urgent defense needs are the rea- n. Under the new legislation, private dustry may buy or lease government artime synthetic-rubber plants. But all bber, natural as well as artificial, will under tight federal control. A new bber czar will have power to allocate e entire supply. The bill will also re- uire maintenance of a 675,000-ton syn- etic-rubber production capacity.

ORMER Assistant Attorney General hurman Arnold is deliberating running Democratic Senate aspirant from Wy- ming. But that isn't keeping the ex-trust uster from tossing around razor- ngued remarks. Encountering Repub- can National Chairman B. Carroll eece, who hails from Tennessee, Ar- old wisecracked, "Why are you people eating your brains out trying to pick a ndidate? You don't even have to hold convention. The best Republican Pres- ent you could possibly select is already the White House. What more suita- e nominee can you offer than Harry ruman?"

HIS item may mean money in your ocket. The Federal Security Agency as on its rolls an estimated 925,000 ames whose owners are eligible for old- ge and survivors' pensions, but are not rawing them because they haven't ap- lied. So if you're over sixty-five, have aid Social Security taxes and are earn- g less than $14.99 a month, file your aim. Under the law the initiative is up claimants. Last year, Social Security aid out $483,000,000 to 1,975,000 bene- ciaries.

EXAS' heart may belong to the Demo- atic party, but its pocketbook is mighty enerous to the G.O.P. The great Lone tar State is one of the biggest contribu- rs to Republican campaign funds. Most of this money comes from oilmen. he Republican National Committee n't the only beneficiary; state organiza- ons also get sizable checks.

J.S. railroads have a $2,000,000,000 urprise in store for them. That's the ap- roximate total of claims the Justice De- artment is preparing against the carriers or alleged wartime freight overpay- ents. The cases are being readied by a special staff headed by James Kilday, antitrust attorney and brother of the Texas congressman. Kilday's assistants include two former members of the Army Transportation Corps. Illustrative of the cases is one in which a line is charged with boosting its rates 200 per cent. Another charge is that four officers of the Army's Traffic Control Division, which approved the alleged excess payments, have since wound up in railroad jobs. The instigator of the whole thing was Representative George H. Bender (Republican, Ohio), who says that he discovered the overpayments while probing war contracts.

THIS is the inside line-up of the slate of delegates selected by the Nebraska Republican organization at its preconvention powwow in Omaha: for Taft, 7; for Stassen, 5; for Dewey, 3. The convention's endorsement will be noted after the delegates' names on the ballot for the April 13th primary. In 1944, the first time the preprimary endorsement of candidates was tried, every approved delegate was elected.

DESPITE Senator Bob Taft's potent criticism, the 90 per cent farm-parity law will be continued by Congress. The act expires December 31st. Privately, many members of Congress agree with what Taft said out loud: that the parity formula should be whittled down to at least 75 per cent. But with the election pervading the atmosphere, this is one cat Congress will growl about in the cloakrooms but not bell on the floor. The issue is loaded with political dynamite. And so the boys don't forget it, the powerful Farm Bureau Federation, National Grange and other agricultural pressure groups are busy keeping the heat on.

Illustrative of what 90 per cent parity means to the taxpayer-consumers: Last year's egg and potato price-support operations cost respectively $60,000,000 and $88,000,000.

FIFTY-FOUR per cent of the members of the House and 38 per cent of the Senate have wives, children and other relatives on the Congressional pay roll. The annual cost to the taxpayer for this form of "family upkeep" is over $500,000 annually.

Nepotism on Capitol Hill is not new. It's an old Congressional custom. The only thing new about it is that it is more extensive and profitable than ever before —thanks to last year's Congressional pay raise.

Some of the relatives are legitimate employees. An instance of this is the able, hard-working son of Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Michigan, president pro tem of the Upper Chamber. Young Vandenberg is rated as one of the top Congressional secretaries. But most of the relatives are pure feather-bedding. Some don't even live in Washington. They're on the Congressional pay roll solely to provide the congressman or senator with additional income from the public till.

Georgia's raspy Representative Gene Cox has more relatives on the Congressional pay roll than any other member.

REPLIED Jim Farley genially to a press friend, who told him he was reviewing the hefty New Yorker's memoirs: "I don't care what you say, just so you spell my name correctly and use it frequently in your article."

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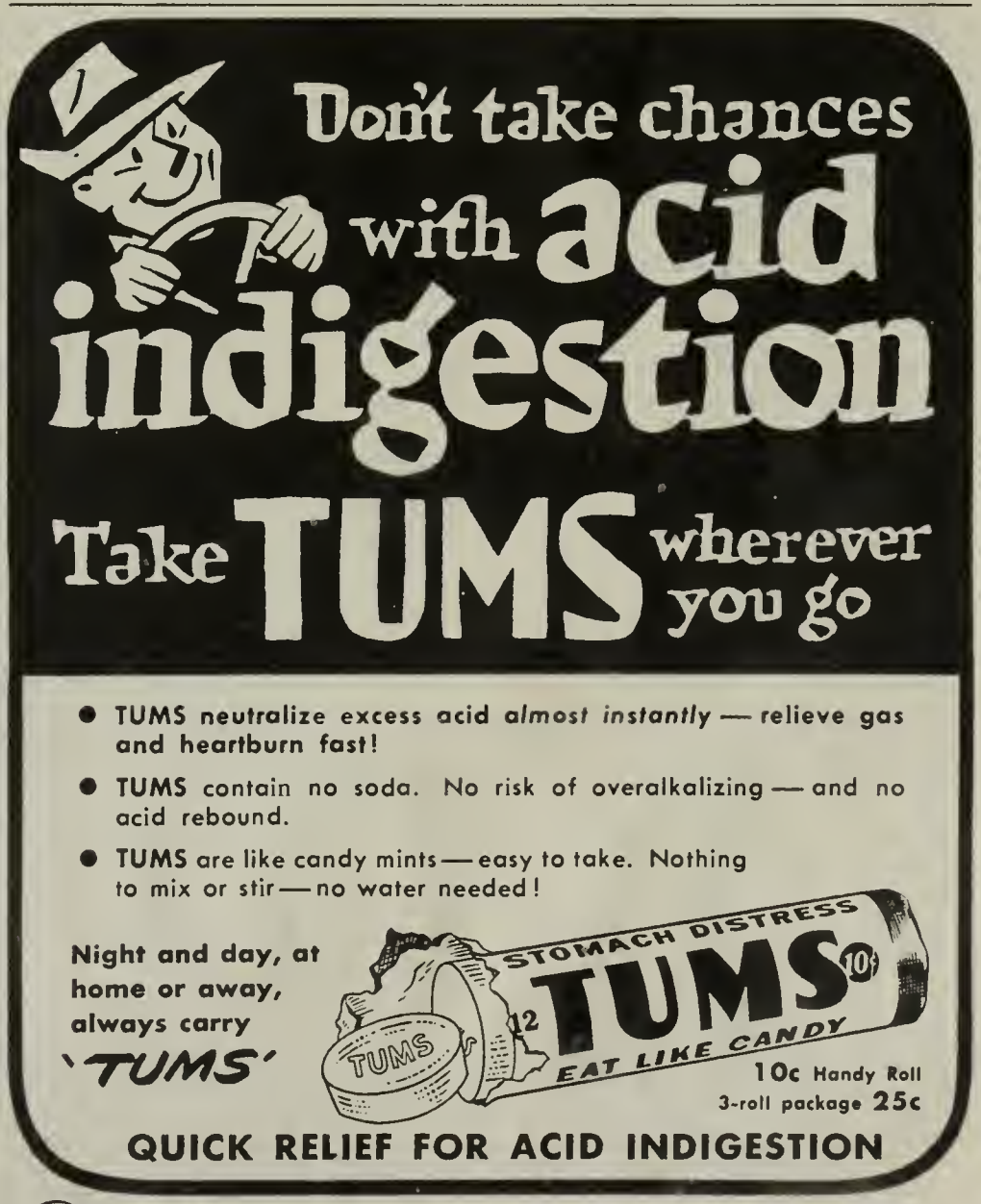

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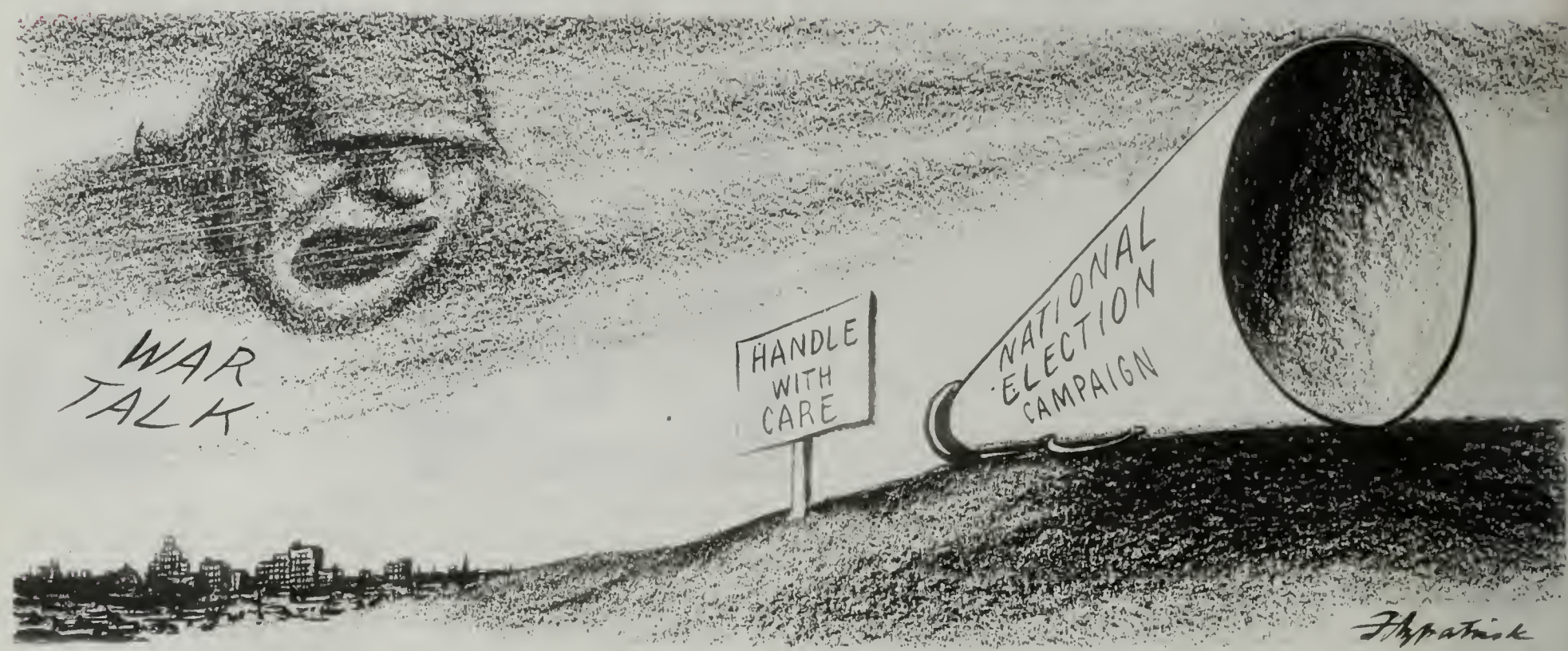

...THAT THERE'S TOO MUCH WAR TALK

EVERYWHERE you go people talk about war. Not that anybody says he wants war. Chances are that nobody, including the Russians, wants war. Americans never have been enthusiastic for war, certainly not since 1900.

Perhaps our grandfathers and great-grandfathers did not plan the Civil War in 1861. Surely a compassionate man such as Mr. Lincoln did not wish for war. He got one just the same.

So have we, at least twice since. We didn't like war in 1917. We didn't even believe it could happen to us. It came and we could not escape it. We certainly wanted none of it in 1939. Two years later we were in it right up to our necks.

What now? Are we drifting toward another such catastrophe, moved by forces we do not understand and cannot control?

We hope not. Everybody we respect hopes not.

An impatient man here and there says war is inevitable, and we had best have it over without delay. But that is the lunatic minority, speaking irresponsibly and without authority.

The majority, the overwhelming majority, say no, we will do nothing to provoke war. We will do nothing to hasten war. We will do everything to avoid war and to prevent war. If it comes, it will not be of our choosing.

There is not any war party in our government, civil or military. There is no war group in either of our political parties. There is no war faction in our Army or Navy or Air Force. There are pessimists and optimists, and pessimists by definition tend to take gloomy views. But it is honest reporting to say that not a single American in Congress, in the Administration or in the armed forces would willingly make a decision for war.

If you question those in authority, or even listen to them without the lead of a question, all talk about the same thing. They are saddened by the turn world events have taken. They are saddened and a little bewildered too. They wonder and ask themselves how and at what point we managed to take the wrong turn in the road.

This time three years ago we were on the winning side of a world war. The Russians were our allies, and, we imagined, our friends.

We did not agree with their political, economic and religious views as Communists, but they were resisting Hitler who was attacking us. So we were on the same side.

Winston Churchill had called the turn as he saw it the very day the Germans invaded Russia. He told the world he was still against Communism, but he welcomed the Russians as allies in the war against a common enemy. His words seemed reasonable and when the Japanese bombed us into the war, we followed the Churchill line.

We went quite a long way to help the Russians resist the Germans. We sent them weapons and food and motor vehicles. Our people performed miracles to produce airplanes, tanks, jeeps, guns, ammunition—billions of dollars' worth of it—to help the Russians defend themselves.

The chances are that what we gave them under Lend-Lease made much of the difference between victory and defeat for the Russians. At least that is what they said when the giving was good. We thought, we hoped, that the memories of a common effort against a common enemy would bind us in friendship when peace came. We might follow our separate creeds, but with tolerance and good will. We were conscious of our own deep desire for peace. We wanted nothing in the way of booty or compensation for our share in the victory. All we wanted was a peaceful world in which free men were safe.

We could not quite believe our eyes and ears when Marshal Stalin began to impute mean motives to us even before the Germans were conquered. Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the day he died, was angered to receive fresh evidence of Marshal Stalin's expressed suspicions of our good faith. Most of these statements of suspicion and hostility were suppressed because our government and the British hoped to conciliate the Russians if that were possible. So when Mr. Churchill made his speech at Fulton, Missouri, many Americans, and Britishers too, thought that he had overstated the case. In the light of today, what was said in Missouri seems moderate indeed.

So far as the record goes, Russia took up its foreign policies where the czars left off. Russian imperialism under the Communists is much like Russian imperialism under the czars. Russian policy today and tomorrow seems to be to push as far as other men will yield.

But we never had a war with czarist Russia. We didn't like the absolutism of the Romanovs. We offered refuge to many political exiles from Russia. But diplomatically we got along with them, and, as now, we liked a great many Russians. Tolstoy, for example, has been—is—popular in America, and something of a saint after the manner subsequently celebrated by Gandhi.

So what should we think and do now? Perhaps the best we can do is to follow the course already charted by the leaders of the two political parties, Democrats and Republicans alike. Thanks especially to Senator Vandenberg in the Senate, to Governor Dewey acting through John Foster Dulles, his adviser and representative, and to former Governor Stassen, who participated in the San Francisco Conference out of which the United Nations came, there are up to now no important partisan differences as to our international policy.

If this common American front, this unity of international policy can be preserved during the Presidential campaign ahead, we shall do our best for peace. The temptation to obtain factional and party advantage by playing politics in international affairs will be very great. Republicans who co-operate will be under fire from political rivals who want political preferment at any cost. The Democrats have some scalawags too, who would risk a world war if they could get some minor political advantage at home. We hope these sorry fellows will not prevail.

Nobody in this changing world can guarantee peace. All that we Americans can do is to retain our present will to do all that can be done reasonably and honorably to avoid provocation, to deal justly with Russia, to help those who want to help themselves, and who by helping themselves help us keep the world safe for freemen of good will. If we can get by this year of Presidential election, without mean divisions, we shall have done our best, and with good conscience we can honorably await whatever the future holds. . . . W.L.C.

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APR 19

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The little mix-up between Van Johnson and June Allyson is guaranteed (*a*) to make an audience go as wild as the bride, (*b*) to make you happy again, after all the killers and dillers, to share the hysterical laughter in a movie theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are c's and d's about this picture —in fact, all the way to z's. It is hearty, it is merry, it is clever, it is fun. As they said of Jackson, it's solid.

Van Johnson is breezy and a little forward and the preview audience adds "irresistible."

★ ★ ★ ★

June plays a slip from the hinterland, governessy, prissy, but, again to quote that preview audience, "irresistible."

★ ★ ★ ★

The picture is a prescription job—should be put in a bottle with an Rx on it, certain to make you lose the blues. You will shake well after using.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think the word the preview audience used for M-G-M's picture was "irresistible."

★ ★ ★ ★

Credit where credit is due—an unusual technique. To round out the cast we must mention Butch Jenkins, Hume Cronyn and Una Merkel.

★ ★ ★ ★

Albert Beich has turned out an original screen play which is original. Norman Taurog, expert farceur, has directed at his best. In fact, the whole production is Wright. Irresistible joke about the producer whose name begins with William H.

★ ★ ★ ★

Come and see what happens to the bride. June Allyson, when she goes wild with Van Johnson. —*Leo*

COLLIER'S

April 10, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

POWER PROBLEM

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In my opinion and that of other state officials, vast harm can be caused to Maine's economy as a result of statements in the article Our Lights Are Going Out (Feb. 28th), by A. G. Mezerik. I will quote several of Mr. Mezerik's statements:

1. "Forest fires, topping a basic shortage of electricity, destroyed a good part of Maine's electrical distribution system, including poles and lines." I am informed by our Maine Public Utilities Commission that out of slightly more than 11,000 miles of distribution, only 53 miles were affected by fire.

2. "But Maine's troubles are far from over, and electricity is still rationed—two hours on and two hours off." This is grossly misleading. Rationing was only in Aroostook, Maine's northernmost county. Ninety-two per cent of the state's electrical customers were not affected.

3. "Up in Maine the streets are dark . . . by official edict." Again this applies only to Aroostook County, and for a period of only three weeks there.

Here in Maine, we have experienced the worst drought on record, but we have gone through it in immeasurably better shape than your article implies.

HORACE HILDRETH, Governor
Augusta, Me.

. . . My reaction is that the article will give Collier's readers the impression that private utility management needs to be policed in order to do its job. I admit that here and there throughout the article some reference is made to how hard we worked during the war, and that some of the present situation is due to causes beyond our control, but there is a weakness to the effect of these.

I do not believe that there is a private industry in America that is more concerned with the problem of serving this nation adequately with electric power.

ROBERT E. GINNA, Vice-President
Rochester Gas & Electric Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

. . . I assure you that the Edison Electric Institute has facilities for knowing and evaluating the power situation in this country, and that my information is widely at variance with Mr. Mezerik's. Unquestionably the margin of reserve generating capacity is uncomfortably narrow. In December, 1947, it was 5 per cent, but t

(*Continued on page 59*)

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THIS cute little fellow wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth but his mother is a stockholder just the same.

For she's one of the thousands and thousands of mothers—young and old—among the 790,000 women who are stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. They outnumber the men!

They are women in all walks of life. The majority give their occupation as "housewife." Many others are teachers, nurses, stenographers, clerks and sales people.

Tens of thousands of girls and women who work for the Telephone Companies either own A. T. & T. stock or are buying it out of wages.

No other stock is so widely held by so many people all over America—and there are more stockholders now than ever before. The total exceeds 723,000.

So you can see that this is a business that is owned by the people. It was built by the savings of the many, rather than the wealth of the few.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

BOWLING'S TALKING MACHINE

BY BILL FAY

ANDY VARIPAPA discovered that he was the world's greatest bowler during a match game with Joe Falcaro in New York in 1930. Surprisingly, the knowledge made Andy unhappy.

"Falcaro and I rolled against Jim Murgie and Charley Riley, a couple of the Philadelphia boys, at Fifty-third and Broadway," Andy recalls. "Nobody knows Varipapa then because I am just a Saturday-night bowler—an unknown toolmaker from Brooklyn. But I threw three straight 279 games and averaged 260 for the match. All of a sudden everybody knows Varipapa, and I get offers for exhibitions from all over the country. It was very sad."

The sad part was that Andy spoke broken Brooklynese—adequate for toolmaking, but scarcely understandable in Philadelphia and other cities even farther west which were clamoring for his bowling services. Andy had been busy working and bowling since his arrival from Calabria, Italy, in 1903, at the age of nine. He had wasted no time on syntax and pronunciation.

"I had no diction. I knew the words but I couldn't say them and you got to be able to lecture to make money in exhibitions. You got to give the fans a show. So I started to learn diction and now—18 years later—Varipapa is called The Talking Machine."

The Talking Machine learned diction—as it has learned everything else—by hard work. Andy bought a secondhand car in 1934 and embarked on a series of winter exhibitions in the small Middle Western towns around Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis. In most of the small towns, the bowling alleys were close to the movie house, and Varipapa saw at least one picture in each town.

Learning Diction from Movies

"Westerns, comedies, love stories, I saw them all. I didn't care about the stories—I wanted to hear the words. Then I practiced the words as I drove to the next town. Maybe I'd drive 200 miles talking all the way—five or six hours straight. As a result, I now speak with perfect diction—like a Hollywood actor."

That is an understatement. The Talking Machine really speaks like a number of Hollywood actors. When it mentions "my old partner, Falcaro," the "podner" has a drawled quality somewhere in between Hopalong Cassidy and Gene Autry. When it mentions "baby" (Andy's attractive daughter), baby comes out clipped Clark Gable. This transition from broken Brooklynese to pure Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did not occur overnight. Andy covered the Middle Western circuit for 10 years on a September-through-May schedule, bowling, driving and talking 18 hours per day.

Varipapa is a smart bowler and he learned plenty on back-country alleys. The extent of Andy's knowledge has become uncomfortably evident to his tournaments rivals who—as late as 1940—looked down upon The Talking Machine as an itinerant trick-shot artist. Andy won the All Star Individual Match Game championship for the second straight year last December. It was the first time any bowler retained the All Star title.

Andy also holds the National Doubles crown with Lou Campi, but he is prouder of his 204.65 average for 90 games in the last ten American Bowling Congress tournaments—the highest mark among contemporary keglers. However, Andy never has won the A.B.C., and he probably never will.

"The A.B.C. is a short nine-game tournament. The fellow who has the hottest streak and the most luck wins. In short matches, any good bowler can win. But in long matches—held under neutral, standardized conditions—Varipapa will win. I have the endurance, the knowledge and the skill."

The subject of neutral, standardized conditions is a touchy one with Varipapa. Andy's amazing trick shots have been exploited thoroughly in movie shorts. Consequently, when Andy shoots a low score—he rolled an inglorious 130 in Peoria several years ago—skeptical spectators make derisive noises through pursed lips.

"Such people do not understand how conditions affect scores. Champion bowlers cannot score consistently on old alleys. An alley is like a lawn. You wear paths in it from constant use—what we call 'scorching'—and the paths keep the ball from rolling true. Some alleys are oiled too much and the ball won't hook. Other alleys are too dry and the ball hooks too much. That's why scores and averages never mean a thing to me until I see the bowler and his alley. Some bowlers average 50 points higher at home because their deliveries fit the grooves of their favorite alleys."

Varipapa insists that a 40-game match under neutral conditions is the minimum test of bowling skill. His definition of neutral conditions includes new or well-conditioned alleys and new 3-pound 6-ounce pins. Regulation pins vary in weight from 3 pounds 3 ounces to 3 pounds 8 ounces, and bowling-alley operators often make use of this five-ounce differential to send scores up—or down.

"Old light pins fall easily. I know because I see my ball hit every pin—Varipapa has good eyes even though he is fifty-four years old. But new heavy pins are hard to knock down. You have to hit the one-three strike pocket on the nose—and Varipapa hits it 95 per cent of the time on a true alley. You have to throw a fast hook to knock down new 3-pound 6-ounce pins, but I like that—Varipapa has th arm!"

No doubt about it, Varipapa has th arm. When we visited The Talkin Machine, Andy was playing catch wit a 16-pound bowling ball in his hot room. He was swinging the ball fo ward with his right arm as thoug shooting for the head pin. Then, at th moment of release, his wrist flippe the ball up and over his head. The was no effort in the motion.

"This is how I develop my hoo Watch the spin. Nobody spins th ball like Varipapa. This callus o the thumb—it comes from spinni the ball. You want a good note? Tal this down. Varipapa spins the ball fast his thumb swells up and wea out the thumb hole in his ball. Va papa cannot use a ball longer tha forty games."

A Brooklyn Success Story

The Talking Machine's earliest ar bition was to become a major-leag baseball player. Andy started to bo after both legs were broken in a bo hood accident (his bicycle crash into a brewery wagon). Andy work as a streetcar switchman on Broo lyn Bridge for $9 a week before gra uating to toolmaking. He's proud his family in Hempstead, New Yor his 14-alley Hempstead Recreati Center and his bowling record. H says his wife, Alice, is the world's be cook ("You can prove it by looking the Varipapas").

The Varipapas have three childre Connie, Lorraine and Frank. Conr is married and has a son ("whi makes Varipapa the only grandfath champion in sports"). Lorraine is excellent bowler and has appeared several bowling movies. Frank, twe ty-eight years old and a graduate Lehigh, will compete in the A.B. tournament this year.

Critics have called Varipapa arr gant because he refuses to quarrel wi statistics that prove he is the fin bowler extant. It would be more a curate to say that Andy is canc rather than conceited. He's also plea ant, co-operative and popular with t other bowlers. He has no illusio about being invincible.

"They tell me I ought to retire n that I have won the All Star twice in row. They say I ought to retire unc feated. What does that mean? Th you can't be beaten? No! It mea that you quit before somebody b you. Varipapa will keep on bowlin

On the way to the door, Andy p sented his card:

ANDY VARIPAPA
Hempstead Recreation Center
"Home of the World's Most Sensational Bowler"

"I had to put something on i Andy explained, "and I thought might as well tell the truth."

● Most ominous quote of the yea am going to be my own natural s —Leo Durocher. ★

Andy Varipapa modestly calls himself the world's most sensational bowler. And his tournament record over the years will bear him out

COLLIER'S SPORTS

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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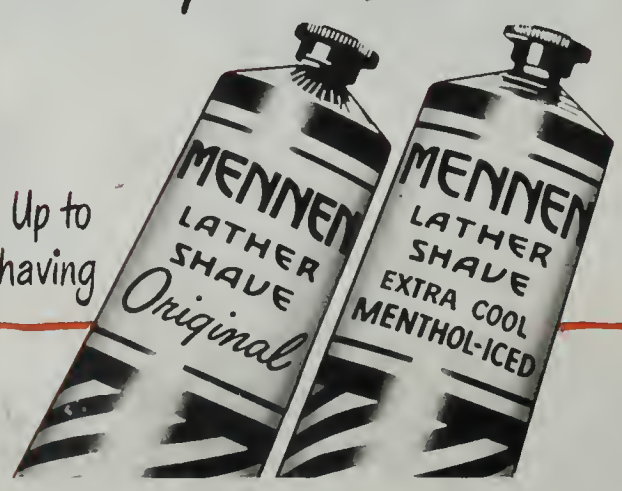

* According to Nationwide Surveys

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

GEORGE DE ZAYA

Authorities proved long ago there is no truth in the story that the bad men of the Old West cut a notch in their revolver handles every time they killed a person. Yet this tale is as prevalent today as it was 75 years ago and many Western curio shops still sell guns, liberally notched, that are reputed to have belonged originally to certain notorious outlaws.

America's worst excursion boat disaster was the burning of the S.S. General Slocum in New York's East River on the morning of June 15, 1904. Although its fire hose and life preservers were too rotted to be used and the fire was well under way when discovered, the captain decided to beach the vessel on an island 20 minutes away instead of on the near-by mud banks. This strange decision brought about the death of 1,021 of the 1,358 passengers, mostly women and children, who were on their annual outing. Later this Captain W. H. Van Schaick was tried for manslaughter, convicted and given a sentence of ten years, eight of which he served before receiving a pardon.

Bridge Birch, a Holstein-Friesian cow owned by the Moortown Farm in Hampshire, England, now holds the world's milk-producing record. For almost a year, her average yield has been 59.3 quarts a day, which is 4.3 quarts more than that produced by the previous record holder, an American animal of the same breed, and 53.2 quarts more than the daily average for all U.S. cows.

At the celebration "Days of '76" held every August in Deadwood, South Dakota, several of the town's historical events are always re-enacted, the most famous and dramatic being the murder of Wild Bill Hickok and the capture, trial and hanging of his killer, Jack McCall.

Safe-deposit companies in this country spend nearly $1,000,000 a year in employing outside specialists to break open about 65,000 safe-deposit boxes whose holders either lose their keys or fail to pay their rent for two years.

Since 1793, United States mint have issued for general circulatio 108 coins of different designs, rangin from copper half cents to $20 gol pieces. Of this number, which ex cludes commemorative coins, onl five have ever borne the portrait of celebrated person. With date of firs minting, they are: the Lincoln penn —1909; Washington quarter—193 Jefferson nickel—1938; Rooseve dime—1946; and the Benjami Franklin half dollar—1948.

A new machine that cuts out met parts, ranging in size from ash tra to locomotive driving rods, is ab "to read and follow a blueprint." A electronic eye in a small arm traces th outlines of the blueprint, and th movements are reproduced, on a pr determined scale, by a large an wielding the cutting torch.

The American Society of Compo ers, Authors and Publishers collects license fee today from all places i which its copyrighted music is playe for profit, either by live musicians from recordings on film or wax. T taling 48,000, these places compri 1,800 radio stations; 7,200 hotels, re taurants, dance halls and night club 12,000 bars, taverns and cockt lounges; 16,000 movie houses; a 11,000 miscellaneous establishmen including those which are served wired-music firms.

Although "Welsh rarebit" is spell this way in most cookbooks and the majority of restaurant menus a labels of food manufacturers in t United States, the correct spelling this dish, as well as the pronunciatio is "Welsh rabbit."

A recent official study of Americ women who are or have been marri and are past their reproductive per shows that 14 in every 100 never ga birth to a child.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact cepted for this column. Contributions m be accompanied by their source of infor tion. Address Keep Up With the Wo Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (1 N. Y. This column is copyrighted and items may be reproduced without permiss

SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT

DANGEROUS: A ride "hitched" on the rear of a truck, bus or car can take a child to the hospital *fast!* A sudden stop or turn can throw him into the path of other vehicles. *Motor vehicles are the chief cause of death among school-age children* according to National Safety Council records. Teach children *never* to hitch rides while on bicycles, sleds, roller skates or scooters. Teach them to play safe!

SAFE: There's nothing safer between you and the road than four new postwar Seiberling SAFETY TIRES, the *only* tires that give you the *combined* protection of:

SAW TOOTH TREAD for safe, sure stops in any weather...

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EXCLUSIVE HEAT-VENTS that protect against internal friction heat, worst enemy of tire safety!

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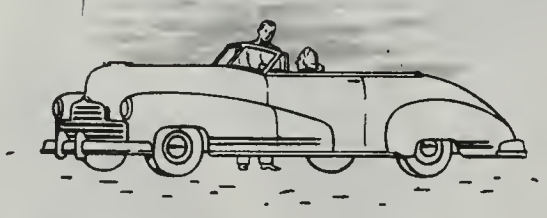
Ah! it's Spring!



. . . so wake up, tune up, your car at your neighborhood United Motors Service station

Who knows . . . it may cure *your* spring fever to find your car so alert, lively and responsive after a Spring Tune-up at your nearby United Motors Service station. There's the radiator to drain and flush . . . winter lubricants to replace with summer grade . . . carburetor, ignition points and spark plugs to check . . . and several other adjustments to make in preparation for the pleasant months ahead. Drive in today at the sign of United Motors for *friendly* service with original-equipment parts.

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NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

GEORGE KA

Jan Dennis and Joe Bianco, show people, assume a model pose for Walt Ku

THE supplier of both words and pictures for Sketches in Sawdust (p. 26), Mr. Walt Kuhn is known as the Show Business Rembrandt. Always crazy for the theater, especially the tanbark and carnival side, he started his life in art as a cartoonist in San Francisco, then shifted his easels to Europe. He was forty at the time. When he found long-hair painting didn't pay, he went back to being what was known in pre-Gurney Williams days as a "comic artist."

For a time Mr. Kuhn wrote, designed and produced stage pantomimes and satirical ballets; and for years he has been painting the big and little of the theater. His numerous products are precious collector's items. Born in New York in 1880, he says, "I love show people and would rather sit in a dingy dressing room with a 'hoke' comic than share caviar with Mrs. Van der Plush."

A RESERVE officer since 1934, Donald Robinson wrote Does the Army Want the Reserves? (p. 24) when he noted the sorry state of training in a New York City unit in which he is a lieutenant colonel.

Mr. Robinson, who is thirty-four, and a NYU man, left reporting for a New York paper to serve with the Army for almost six years during the war as labor-morale and labor-policy expert. He landed in southern France on D-Day, helped in the rebirth of the French government, and later joined Eisenhower's staff at SHAEF. He was then made chief historian for the U.S. military government in Germany.

Since his release, Mr. Robinson has been writing and lecturing, an article on industrial preparedness drawing the fire of Andrei Vishinsky, during the first famed warmongering speech at the U.N. More recently the Pravda of the Russian zone in Germany worked Mr. Robinson over for another piece. "I have also been bitterly assailed by some of our rightist friends," he adds. His new book, Spotlight on a Union, has recently been published.

GREAT stories need great experiences, hence The Half-Shot Hereford (p. 18) springs from Nord Riley's colorful life as a bullfighter. Back when Nord was being domesticated in Minnesota, he was chased up an elm by a crochety gentleman Guernsey, who kept him there till a small boy with a collie sauntered by. "While the dog drove off the bu our fearless matador-author reca "the boy asked me what I was look for up there and bet me a thousa million dollars I couldn't climb cottonwood in his back yard."

Another time Riley was scoutin duck slough in North Dakota, wl he was forced to race a genuine H stein to a barbed-wire fence. wasn't close," says Riley. "Flar shot from my nose as I ran."

Nord Riley's third and last taste Death in the Afternoon took pl when, mounted in a small car, came on a young Hereford blockin narrow, high-topped North Dak grade. "Honking made him f nasty," Riley says. "I put her in l eased up to him: he put his head do and breathed hard. So I backed u half mile to the next section line. could have licked that car."

PRACTICING the psycholog thinning processes he outlines The Fat of the Land (p. 50), Rus Maloney lost 60 pounds. He says t he wrote the piece because every of his friends asked, "How did you it?"

Now that he's a svelte thinsie, Maloney's biggest enjoyment co from being able to buy ready-m clothes. "I gloat over a men's cl ing store," he chortles, "the wa glutton gloats over *smörgåsbord.*"

Also in recalling his life as a Man Anonymous, Mr. Maloney sa reminds that fat folks have feeli They are constantly being woun because normal people think it o to discuss fatness if they use circu locutions like "stout" or "flesl or "heavy" or "obese." Unlike drinker, with whom people often s pathize, nobody sympathizes with overeater, Maloney points out. As a song like She's Too Fat for M is hardly a delightfully funny thin the fat young girl whom love pa by. "Whoever wrote the song wo have a wonderful time writing a s about a surgical boot or a pair crutches," Mr. Maloney says sadl

This week's cover: Cute Chick. team of Mead-Maddick have kn little Barbara McMillan of Ho wood since babyhood. Barbara is traveled over 10,000 miles before third birthday, never "poses," like "play pictures" for Mead-Madd loves to use big words. I'm told "I lucinations" scared her; she wante know if it bit! . . . TED SHAN

No defrosting

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How many handshakes on the Supreme Court?

WISE CUSTOM has it that each day before the Supreme Court sits, every justice shakes hands with every other justice.

Nine justices . . . how many handshakes?

The average man, who balances his wife's checkbook without difficulty, may well have trouble figuring that out. And even when he does get an answer, he is not likely to be sure it is right.

But take this problem to a trained mathematician, and it is simple. He quickly expresses it as $\frac{n \times (n-1)}{2}$ or $\frac{9 \times 8}{2}$. That equals 36 handshakes.

Tricky as this problem is, it is not very important. But if you have an insurance problem—and every married man has—you have a tough and vital solution to come by. And you will find no sure formula to help you.

That is why so many men have made a confidant and friend of their Travelers agent. They know how helpful it is to be able to call on his special skill and experience.

For example, you may be wondering if you are carrying enough life insurance of a certain type, but not enough of another. Your Travelers agent, with his ability and experience, will be glad to consult with you and to offer competent advice.

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MORAL: INSURE IN

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I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Ten dollars for a room and a few dollars for incidentals should have added up to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But five dollars' worth of blackmail changed the total to miscellaneous trouble—heart trouble included

Barton Duff turned. "Mr. Vincent, what's the meaning of this?"

I

THE Terwilliger boy stood beside his desk, gazing with glassy eyes at a spot on the lackboard somewhere above Martin 'incent's head, apparently hoping to nd there the date of the Battle of ctium. Martin saw a happy expreson light up the boy's eyes, then he alized that the emotion was relief, ecause there had been an interrupon. Bob Hanson, the mathematics structor, had entered the classroom.

Martin said, "Sit down, Terwilliger," and the boy dropped into his at like a spent baseball.

Hanson leaned across Martin's sk and whispered, "Bullfrog wants see you right away."

Martin nodded. "After class, you ean."

"He said immediately, Martin. He id drop everything," Hanson exlained. "He looked stirred up about mething."

Martin got uneasily to his feet, and oped for his pipe. He was tall, and d the slight stoop that some tall en have, but in his case it seemed at the weight of his baggy tweed it had affected his center of gravity. e began nervously rummaging rough the papers on his desk, and anson said, "Looking for your pipe, artin?"

"Yes. I know I had it here." Marn ran his hand through his black ir, and left it slightly more rumpled an it had been. He was sure that r. Fisher, headmaster of Porthaven hool for Boys, had learned of the rty the night before in young Terilliger's room. He should have opped those kids before they got so isy.

Bob Hanson said patiently, "It's ere in your drawer, Martin. Right n top."

"What's that?"

"Your pipe."

"Oh." Martin reached for it, pped it into his already bulging at pocket. He dismissed the class, nd walked along the hall with the athematics instructor. As they went wn the steps to the quadrangle, anson said, "You in trouble again, Iartin?"

"I think I know what it is," Martin id. "The Terwilliger kid received a ckage from home yesterday afterbon. I knew there was an afterghts feed coming up, and I meant stop it after they'd had a little fun, ut I forgot. I was working on my ography and I really didn't notice e noise they were making. Then

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Hutchins broke it up. He must have made a report."

"He would!" Hanson said.

Martin was worried. He needed his job at Porthaven, at least until he had finished his biography, and it was only a few weeks until time for contract renewals.

At the door of the administration building Hanson put out his hand and said, "Good luck."

"I think I'm going to need it," Martin said.

He went up the steps and along a corridor to Dr. James G. Fisher's office. In the four years he had been an instructor in History at the Porthaven School for Boys, Martin had followed this path as frequently as the most truant student. Dr. Fisher believed in dressing down his faculty members on the least provocation, and it seemed to afford him an additional gram of pleasure in Martin's case.

THE setting today was the usual. Dr. Fisher sat behind his big, orderly desk, with his back to the window, and waited until Martin had perched himself uneasily on a straight chair facing the desk. There was a moment of oppressive silence; it was an unnerving tactic characteristic of Dr. Fisher's dealings with students or masters, boys or men.

"Vincent," Dr. Fisher said at last. "I want to have a little talk with you about a matter of importance. It may surprise you to know that I did not ask you here to discuss that incident of last night, or your general laxness with the boys. I'm going to give you another chance, and I might say I don't give many chances."

"I know that, Dr. Fisher," Martin said, keeping his tone even.

"I hope I'm not making a mistake," the headmaster said, "but I've picked you for a very confidential assignment, Vincent. If you can bring it off, needless to say I'll forget your past inadequacies, including the incident last night. I must say, however. . . . Well, another time for that."

Martin felt tension stiffening his muscles. The unexpected had a way of throwing him off balance, and he had been prepared for a blistering lecture. He had already worked out what he was going to say. Now he stared blankly at the headmaster.

"Vincent," Dr. Fisher said, "I regret to inform you that things are in a bad way at Porthaven. Financially, that is. Fifty years ago, when the endowment was made, the funds appeared to be sufficient, but as you know, over a third of the corpus of the trust was spent to erect the school plant, and well spent."

"Yes, sir," Martin said, and moistened his lips. He was leaning forward slightly and his stoop was pronounced.

"I'm sure you know that we've been operating at a loss for some years," the headmaster continued, "—that the endowment shrank markedly in the depression years, and that the school enrollment has dwindled from two hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five boys, while costs are rising all the time."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said. It was no secret that Porthaven needed money. Each year there had been a deficit to be made up somehow.

"I must now tell you," said Dr. Fisher, "that the trustees feel that unless more funds are forthcoming the school will have to be closed and the endowment will revert, as provided in the original trust, to various charities stipulated by the founder." He leaned forward, fixing his eyes on Martin's face. "Vincent, we've got to have a quarter of a million dollars."

The look in James G. Fisher's eye almost set Martin to looking through the pockets of his baggy suit. Th headmaster settled back in his chai and said mournfully, "Otherwise, th trustees plan to sell the school to foreign interest which has expresse a desire to buy."

"A foreign interest?"

"Some sort of factory project," sai the headmaster. "Foreign to educa tion, I mean. Not alien. Certainly w can't allow that to happen, can we?

"No, sir."

DR. FISHER swung his chai around and gazed at the rows o photographs on the wall—fifty photo graphs of fifty graduating classes o the Porthaven School for Boys. Th first photograph in the group showe a rather bare hilltop site. The tree had been saplings then, and there ha been no ivy on the buildings. Seate on the lawn, in skullcaps and blazers were seven boys, the first seven Port haven had sent out into the world.

James G. Fisher said softly, "Th lucky seven. Our First Boys, Vincent Only two of us are left now. Myself there on the end, and of course . . ." He paused and glanced at Martin.

"Barton Duff," Martin said duti fully.

"Precisely," said Dr. Fisher. "Bai

Not until he was at the lectern did he become aware of his terrible oversight. He had left his speech in room 1207!

n Duff." His eyes turned reverently an oil painting above the fireplace, owing a big, bald man with small, lert eyes set under bushy eyebrows, nd a solid, square-jawed face. The uff portrait faced the portrait of the under of the school, on the opposite all.

There had been a day when the under's portrait had held the place honor above the fireplace, but Bar- n Duff had looked down for ten ears now from above the hearth. Ev- y faculty member knew why.

"Porthaven is proud of Barton uff," Dr. Fisher said. "I think I can fely say that no other Old Boy has ade quite the mark in life that Mr. uff has. Why, he has eighteen lines Who's Who, and Mr. Justice Sem- le, Class of '13, has only fifteen! nd as you know, Mr. Duff never ent to college. His formal educa- n was completed here at Porthaven. think we can all be proud of how ell the old school prepared Barton uff for the world."

Martin's palms were slick with veat, and he rubbed them together. here was a nervous lump in his omach, and he wished the headmas- r would come to the point.

Dr. Fisher's voice became muted. "In the past, we have come to count on Barton Duff," he said. "Time and time again he has made up our deficit, when appeals to the alumni body in general have had little result. But now, when the need is greatest, Mr. Duff has found a new interest." He gave his head a doleful shake. "However, it is our hope that by working through that interest, we can persuade Mr. Duff to resume his benefactions to Porthaven. Unless he does, Vincent, the school may not reopen next fall. If we can persuade him to make a donation of a quarter of a million, the school's troubles will be over. It all depends on Barton Duff, Vincent, and on you."

"On me?" Martin gaped at the headmaster.

"We want you to go to New York and persuade Mr. Duff to interest himself again in the old school," the headmaster said.

"Me?" said Martin. "Are you sure you mean me?" He swallowed hard. "Dr. Fisher, I'm afraid that's not in my line. I wouldn't know how to go about it. I'm no good at persuasion."

"The talent we wish to draw on, Vincent, is your knowledge of history," Dr. Fisher said. "Whatever your other shortcomings, I think you are well grounded in your subject." He gave Martin a sharp look. "Tell me, what do you know about the Historical Verification Association?"

"I never heard of it, Dr. Fisher."

"The Historical Verification Association is Barton Duff's new interest," the headmaster said. "He founded the organization. He pays its expenses. He serves as its president. He retired from his business affairs several years ago, and he has recently taken up the H.V.A., as his hobby you might say, and you know how important hobbies can become to retired businessmen." Dr. Fisher sighed. "The association meets Thursday night at the Hotel Westbrook in New York, and I have taken the liberty of writing to Mr. Duff offering you as a speaker at the meeting." He held up his hand. "Now the reason I didn't consult you first, Vincent, is it was a last resort. I didn't know whether he would answer the letter or not. Our previous appeals have gone unanswered. However, he did reply, and by telegram! I have it here. It says: 'BE PLEASED HAVE MARTIN VINCENT ADDRESS H.V.A. THURSDAY NIGHT.' "

"That's day after tomorrow," Martin said hollowly.

THE headmaster tossed the telegram across the table to him. Martin gazed at it and felt a helpless panic, like a turtle on its back.

"So this is the plan," said James G. Fisher. "You will take the morning train to New York Thursday and go to the Hotel Westbrook. I have wired for a reservation there in your name. You will attend the meeting of the H.V.A. and make your speech. . . ."

"But it's day after tomorrow," Martin said. "I don't have time to prepare a speech."

"You have the rest of today, Vincent," said Dr. Fisher. "And all day tomorrow. You're relieved of your other duties as of this moment. Now, to continue. You will attend the meeting of the H.V.A. and make your speech. You will become acquainted with Mr. Duff, persuade him to discuss the activities of the H.V.A. with you—you know, get him up to your room, man to man—and point out to him the serious condition in which Porthaven finds itself. I think, Vincent, that if you can establish a mutual interest, you will find Barton Duff susceptible of persuasion."

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said. "I'll be glad to help Porthaven in any way I can, but what is this all about? What exactly is the H.V.A.?"

For a moment the headmaster gazed out the window, then he cleared his throat and explained, with an air of diffidence: "Why, it's a very worthy project, which Mr. Duff has fostered. The Historical Verification Association, Vincent, is designed to combat the false conception of history engendered by the drama, the motion picture, and the historical novel. Mr. Duff feels that the combined impact of the inaccuracies of these three media, particularly the motion picture, will eventually make history as lopsided as an egg. He hopes to make these media more—er—responsible. You see his point?"

"Yes," Martin said. "How is he going to do it?"

"I'm not familiar with the detailed plans of the organization, Vincent. But the point is: It might be well to dwell in your speech on historical inaccuracies you have ferreted out of motion pictures you have seen."

"I rarely go to the movies."

"Or historical novels you have read."

"I don't have time to read them," Martin said.

"I'll put my secretary to work digging up material," James G. Fisher said hastily. He leaned across the desk. "One thing I must impress upon you: Barton Duff is a big man, a very big man. The man of affairs, Vincent, the hardheaded executive type, the man of quick decisions. I think it is essential that you impress him as sober, industrious and in all respects presentable. Please be most careful in your appearance and demeanor, Vincent." He looked with distaste at the shapeless tweed suit. "Do you have a suit that will hold a press?"

"I've got a blue serge," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher's face twisted. "Yes, I recall it. Well, I think it's preferable to tweeds. Please wear it."

"Dr. Fisher, I'm afraid you've picked the wrong man," Martin said. "I'm not the man for this kind of thing. I . . ."

The headmaster's face had hardened. "Of course you're at liberty to refuse the assignment," he said.

"I'll go," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher tapped his finger tips on the desk, and after a moment of hesitation, his voice became confidential: "Vincent, this is between just us. As I told you, it was a last resort, and I have not conferred with the trustees about it. If we can bring it off, well and good. If not, no harm is done. So the less we say about it, the better, don't you think?"

"Whatever you say," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher rose to his feet, an impressive figure behind the big desk. "This is your chance, Vincent. Your big chance. Bear one thing in mind: It's for the old school. Porthaven will be watching you. Porthaven will be rooting for you. Do your best for the old school, my boy!"

MARTIN left the headmaster's office like a substitute end trotting from the locker room. To do his best for the old Blue and Gold of Porthaven. To keep those colors flying. To keep his job, and the jobs of all the faculty. A mood of service sustained him all the way across the quadrangle, but subsided dismally when he reached his room.

He dropped into the chair at his desk, on which books were stacked three feet high. Martin was aware that he tended to retire into a world of the printed page, paying less and less attention to the details of daily living. His excuse to himself was that he had so much work to do on his book—an outline of education in America told through the biographies of great teachers—but he knew that it went deeper than that. Sitting alone at his desk, he became acutely aware of his inadequacies. He liked to think of himself as a self-possessed and retiring man, although a trifle absent-minded, and it was only in his worst moments that he would admit to himself that he was, in fact, simply timid. This was one of his worst moments.

He heard an eager knock on his door, and opened it. Bob Hanson, the mathematics instructor, had stopped in to learn the result of the conference, and when Martin told him what had happened, Hanson whistled softly. "You've got a hell of an assignment, Martin. This Barton Duff is a tough old apple. I guess you know that."

"I don't know much about him," Martin said glumly.

"He made umpteen millions in oil

(Continued on page 32)

THE HOUSE AT HYDE PARK

BY MILTON LEHMAN

To Roosevelt, his spacious home was The Big House. To the million visitors since his death, it is the Roosevelt shrine. Hyde Parkers view it with mixed feelings; they're proud but apprehensive of the growing influx of tourists

HANS KNOPF

The Roosevelt living room (above) is impressive but comfortable, reflecting the President's taste for informality. Attendants sometimes do a little deliberate disarranging to restore the lived-in appearance. In the hemlock-hedged garden outside the home is the President's grave with its simply inscribed white stone marker (below)

ELIOT WEST

EACH year, the peaceful villag of Hyde Park, New York marks the beginning of sprin by the screech of brakes, the smell o gasoline and the echo of speech making two miles up the road, wher the country squire lies buried in hi rose garden. Again this April, th villagers sit on their front stoops watching the flood of tourists and ob serving the anniversary of the deat of their foremost citizen, Frankli Delano Roosevelt.

It is now three years since Roose velt's death and already his home ha become a mecca for visitors. In tha time, more than a million people hav come to see his grave. His Hyde Parl estate, opened to the public two year ago by the National Park Service already rivals Washington's Moun Vernon, Jefferson's Monticello an Lincoln's Springfield.

But in Hyde Park village, the spiri of Roosevelt sits heavily on the loca conscience. In his own town, th President was a prophet withou honor, and the villagers, voting Re publican as their fathers had befor them, never supported him in his fou campaigns for President. Now i April, they gather again at Ray Hill' Drugstore—Ray is the local justic of the peace—and wonder what' happening to Hyde Park. They fea that the village may be turned into tourist honky-tonk.

There are still no juke boxes or hot dog stands in the village, but eac season there are rumors of promoter moving in. The local stores now carr stocks of souvenirs stamped "Hyd Park, N. Y." The proprietor of th Hyde Park General Store, who wa one of Roosevelt's harshest critics i the old days, now charges tourists fift cents for a breakfast of orange juic coffee and toast, has built two boxlik tourist cabins behind his store and planning to put up a sign pointing t Town Hall next door that says "Roosevelt Voted Here."

Probably no other American ha

Charles Seddon owns the Hyde Par General Store. Asked if he vote for F. D. R., he replies, "Yes, onc

been so memorialized so shortly after his death. In his will, the late President deeded his home and 33 acres of ground to the National Park Service, with the provision that his family could live here during their lives. But he also left behind a memorandum, which his widow reported when the estate was turned over to the public. "He said we had a right to live here if we wished," Mrs. Roosevelt declared, "but he thought we would be happier if we did not try to live in this house. He warned us that the people might want to come here."

Roosevelt was right. The people have come from all over—Europeans on their first trip to the country, elderly folks in their Sunday best, the farmer from Nebraska and his wife taking their first vacation in ten years, visitors from New York and Minneapolis and Paris. Some have come in organized groups, like the Convention of Democratic Lithuanian-American Organizations, the Mount Kisco Wednesday Study Club, the Pearly Gates Candle Choir, the English and Citizenship Classes of Philadelphia and the Boy Scouts of Troop 264, Brooklyn.

The estate, run by the Park Service, has been self-supporting on an admission fee of fifty cents. It has also proved profitable for commercial tourist bureaus, who run scheduled train and bus tours to "The Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt National Historic Site." For such Eastern enterprises as New York's Riverside Motor Tours and New Jersey's Trip-of-the-Month Club, Hyde Park is a featured attraction. It is also advertised by the Grand Circle Tours of Chicago, and by Roy Brown's Starlight Vacations from Birmingham, Alabama.

During the winter, there are few visitors, but early in spring the mass pilgrimage begins. By April 12th, the anniversary of the President's death, the Albany Post Road is choked by private cars and busses, coming north through Poughkeepsie or south through Hyde Park village. In the hot summer months, the hayfield parking lot beside the home is churned into a dust bowl; the garage where Roosevelt kept his blue phaeton becomes a public rest room; the broad green lawns are trampled by thousands and the people are lined up solidly.

The Roosevelt family home, a spacious gray stucco building, is set back from the Post Road on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson River. To the approaching visitor, it looms up suddenly through groves of maples and evergreens. The President used to call it "The Big House," and to many of the people everything about it seems remarkable—the large front porch so often pictured in newsreels of election nights; the outbuildings where the family servants lived; the greenhouse, still brilliant with roses and poinsettias; the massive twenty-foot-high hemlock hedge, a century old, walling in the garden and the grave.

At the door of the home, visitors are greeted by short, husky Robert McGaughey, the President's former butler. McGaughey, who now wears the forest-green uniform of the Park Service, welcomes sightseers with the same "How do you do?" with which he once greeted guests of the family. "He used to toss his hat up here," McGaughey tells the people in his Irish brogue. "Mrs. James would wait for him on this bench and then they'd go in for lunch together."

For all its forty rooms, the Roosevelt home seems surprisingly simple to those who expect grandeur, cluttered and old-fashioned to those who remember Roosevelt as "the great innovator." Not long ago, a well-groomed lady stood silently in the great rectangular hall, studying its furnishings — the heavy antique benches, the mahogany sideboard embellished with bronze figures of turtles and crabs, the walls hung thickly with prints of sailing ships and statesmen, a display case of ninety stuffed birds which, the guide explained, were shot and mounted by Franklin when he was a boy of thirteen. "Somebody ought to *arrange* this place!" the lady suddenly exclaimed. "There's no order here!"

ERNEST PALINKAS

Visitors are greeted by Robert McGaughey, the President's former butler, now with the Park Service. With him here are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Friedman

The home, in fact, has little of the ordered, museumlike flavor of most historic mansions. The downstairs rooms are treasure-troves of heirlooms, ancestral portraits and knick-knacks. In the drawing room, under a painted china chandelier, is a large grand piano covered with autographed photographs of kings, queens and other distinguished guests at Hyde Park. Except for the living room, most of the rooms are small and crowded.

"The Roosevelts," observes one of the Hyde Park villagers, "they never threw anything away."

The living room, which runs the width of the house, is impressive but comfortable, and even here the visitor senses the Roosevelt taste for informality. Standing at the wooden barrier to the room, most people look for the personal things of the President—the magnifying glass on his desk, used to examine his stamps; the game table piled with sets of lotto, parcheesi and checkers; a popular mystery novel on an end table beside weightier volumes.

The bedrooms upstairs are much plainer, furnished with old brass and heavy walnut beds, straight-backed

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In the great rectangular hall is a display case of ninety stuffed birds which, the guide explains, were shot and mounted by Franklin when he was a boy of thirteen. At the right of the case is a statue of Franklin Roosevelt as a young man

ERNEST PALINKAS

HANS KNOPF

Joe Mesuda manages Ed Curran's Hyde Park Inn and gas station while Ed is on a Florida vacation. Big selling items are Hyde Park and Roosevelt souvenirs. Popular are Roosevelt medals and banners showing "The Big House"

ERNEST PALINKAS

THE HALF-SHO

Two girls had him in their sights—and one was aiming right at his h

AT THIRTY years of age Fyffe Casey was still single and at times he felt that the Lord must have reached down to clasp his hand in His, and tiptoe him around the mantraps waiting for a tall, fair, blue-eyed man with a salary and inherited moneys. In a cub-bear way, Casey was kind of cuddlesome. His hair stood up in back, his nose had a dog-leg bend in it from a hockey stick and his limbs hung from him loosely, like they were basted on. Besides that he wore a bogus but lovable air of male incompetence that drove a great number of women sort of nuts with the urge to help the big dumb thing through life.

Under these circumstances, Casey's courting was peculiar, being in the nature of a buck rabbit making passes at a lady cougar. Casey also had a terrifying secret: The hug and kiss of a likely lass caused his reason to desert him like a rat from a sinking ship. It made his right leg twitch, too. How he had attained thirty years of age with nothing worse than a few frights he didn't really know; he guessed the Lord had taken a liking to him. Casey was grateful.

But one night the Lord let go His hold on Casey for a few minutes and the roof fell in. Promoted that day to the job of station manager of the Trans-Mountain Airways' Cheyenne terminal out in Wyoming, Casey was at the San Francisco airport bidding a wary farewell to Polly Andrews, a 108-pound simmering blonde with capitalistic tendencies. To Polly, who had lived all her years in San Francisco and who was sweating out her final divorce papers from an unreasonable investment named Angus MacDuff, Casey's departure had the look of a business reverse. Though his wooing had been distant and prudent, Polly sensed that in the presence of strong emotion Casey had a weak mind. So, grieving noisily, she grabbed him by both ears, hauled him down into range and kissed him with the juice on. Casey quivered fore and aft, like a stunned halibut. It was a pretty dreadful moment and Polly, knowing his secret, closed in. She whispered warmly in his ear that her love was such that the moment her divorce became final she would fly to his side to become his wife. His brain cooked silly, and his right leg twitching, Casey agreed that would be wonderful. Panting dryly, he shook loose then and loped like an agitated wading bird up into the plane.

Over Nevada, Casey cooled. No thought of reneging on his promise occurred to Casey, for he was an honorable man. He was depressed and churlish, but he figured that to be love. Over Utah he began to cheer up. He was getting back into the country where he'd been born and raised. His father had been a rancher in western Nebraska and Casey had a great fondness for ranch life.

At midnight the plane landed at Cheyenne and Casey stepped out into the fall wind, rich and crunchy with grit from the Wyoming range. He was inhaling lovingly when a girl stepped in front of him.

"Mr. Casey?"

"Yes."

"Mr. F-y-f-f-e Casey?"

"Yes."

"Mercy," the girl said, "I thought it was a joke She put out her hand. "Welcome to the range, bos I'm Susan Dunne, your hired hand in the city tick office."

They walked inside to wait for his luggage an Casey took a look at his employee. She was abo twenty-five, he thought, and her height was averag but after that nothing else was. At first he judge she was holding her shoulders back, but no, sh wasn't. Her skin was rosy; her nose tilted and ha freckles like scattered nutmeg. Her wide-space blue eyes gazed at Casey with open admiratio

"Hey, Fyffe," she said softly.

"What?"

"You an unwed gentleman, Fyffe?"

"Blessedly so, Miss Dunne. Thank you for as ing."

"Couldn't find the right female, of course," sh said cheerfully. "A soft-hearted Fate has heape us together, Fyffe."

"Marriage," Casey said moodily, "is a device f looting the male."

"Fyffe, I—now, listen here, I can't go on calli you a thing like that, it's got no sting." She purse her lips, pondering. "I guess it'll have to be Case Casey." She took his hand and led him to the ba gage section, where they picked up a suitcase and cased shotgun. "Going to plug yourself a redski Casey?" she asked.

"I've waited seven years to hunt pheasants. No I'm going to. The Wyoming season opens ne week."

"Isn't that fine?" Susie said. "I'll take you."

HER arm in his, she led him out to her car. S opened the door on the right side, tucked Cas in and walked around and got in the left. Casey w beginning to feel queer.

"Frontier Hotel," he said. "I have reservation

"Casey," Susie said, "you certainly are the toot some and charming one. It looks like I'm going care for you."

"I hope all the employees like me," Casey sa giving her a nervous glance.

"Oh, they will, but there's one little thing."

Casey admitted he wasn't greatly surprised.

"I'm the only female and females are different, I bet you know too danged well, huh, Casey?"

"I can truthfully report," Casey replied, "that t opposite sex—"

"Don't you call me an opposite sex. I—"

"Kindly let me finish. I can truthfully report th the opposite sex is, though second-rate, a grim ri dle to me."

"My," Susie said, "but I like you." She turned in a tree-lined street and stopped beside a large fra house. "On account of your being so lovable you spending the night with me."

Casey stiffened. "Now, hold on." He pulled hi self together for a stand. "Miss Dunne, I suppo I'm being a sticky old prude about this, but the ho is expecting me. It is gracious of you to ask me stay with you and I'm sure you'd make me ve happy, but I come of an old-fashioned, somew puritanical family, who—"

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON L. WOLSKY

IEREFORD

BY NORD RILEY

'Oh! Why, you—" she stopped, sputtering with y "By golly, I got a good notion to run in and tell p what you said. He'll work you over like a corn edder."

Your father," Casey said. He shuddered and sed his eyes. He wondered if the altitude was do- things to his mind.

You and your low city ways! A girl would get nished just being around you." She paused, glar- . "I think I'll bust you one."

Casey couldn't have felt lower if he'd just slugged ttle curlylocks over the head with her dolly. "I y be having a delayed breakdown from the war, ss Dunne. Don't be surprised if I start giggling l making queer noises." He took a deep breath. m terribly sorry. Please take me in."

For a long cold moment she studied him, then she lled. "Okay, Casey, leave us not start blubbering but it. If you've got loose marbles I'll get me a ite jacket." She chuckled. "I wonder how it'll necking a crackpot."

'HEY went in the back door. Michael Dunne and his wife were having a late cup of coffee in kitchen. Dunne, a rancher moved to town, was cky, ruddy and gray-haired. Mrs. Dunne was , neat and handsome.

Dad, Mother, this is Mr. Fyffe Casey, my new s and probably more. Casey, a couple of out- nding parents."

They shook hands.

Let's face it," Susie said. "Casey here gives me te a charge. It's Mother Nature working her fine ks to get ladies and gents together."

There was no sound but Casey's sudden sucking air.

How nice of the old babe," Mrs. Dunne said lly.

The big, floppy guy's pooped," Susie said. "He ht to be given milk."

Please come into the living room, Mr. Casey," s. Dunne said. "Are you sure now it's milk you t?"

Yes, ma'am." Casey sat down and Mrs. Dunne ught him a tray with milk and a piece of sponge- e. The Dunnes sat down and looked at him.

His name's Fyffe," Susie said. "Honest to God: -f-f-e. So we've all got to call him Casey."

Mr. Casey," Dunne said, "if you have any idea t you will have to see much of my daughter I gest you switch from milk to something more morphine." He glanced at his child and chuck- "We didn't club her enough as a kid."

We're going pheasant hunting together," Susie d. "He invited me at the airport. He's a fast ker, but I think it is absolutely vital that people are going to fall in love trust each other, don't , Casey?"

Casey opened his mouth, then closed it noise- ly on spongecake. A bright stiff smile coagu- d on Mrs. Dunne's face. Mike Dunne cleared throat. "Pheasant country," he said loudly, "is re than 60 miles north of here, up around Tor- ton and Wheatland. This is cattle country; e antelope; no birds." *(Continued on page 52)*

a cry Susan sprinted into y's arms. "Golly," she whim- d, "I thought I was a goner"

SPARE-TIME STATESMAN

BY BILL DAVIDSON

An editor once refused a biography of Charles (GE) Wilson because he thought the reporter had cribbed from Horatio Alger. His doubts were pardonable: From Hell's Kitchen to White House adviser is quite a long journey

EARLY in 1947, the president of the General Electric Company, Charles E. Wilson, was taking his ease on the fishing boat of one Gene Lowe off the coast of Florida and had just finished a personal struggle with a six-foot tarpon, when a Coast Guard cutter pulled alongside and informed Mr. Wilson that the White House wanted him on the phone. Grumbling, the six-foot two-inch Wilson repaired to the shore and got on the phone. "The President," said the White House, "wants to know if you will serve as chairman of his Committee on Civil Rights."

Wilson clapped his hand to his head, recommended several other people to fill the job, said goodby, and put back to sea to resume his interrupted business with Mr. Lowe. But a short time later, the Coast Guard cutter was back alongside, and again Mr. Wilson was transported to the phone, muttering. This time the voice from the White House was firm. "The President," it said, "would *like* you to be chairman of his Committee on Civil Rights. He thinks you're the only man for the job." The next day Wilson was installed.

In addition to explaining why the Florida offshore fish population did not decrease appreciably in 1947, this incident delivers some insight into one of the phenomena of our time. For Charles Edward Wilson (not to be confused with General Motors president Charles Erwin Wilson) not only runs one of the largest manufacturing corporations in America—but he also has had a bigger hand in the government of the United States than many senators and Cabinet officers.

Currently, for instance, Wilson heads the Civil Rights Committee, is a member of the Universal Military Training Commission, and is on the industrial panel of the National Security Resources Board. He is on the National Labor-Management Panel (to help Federal Labor Conciliator Cyrus W. Ching), and on the Taft-Hartley Advisory Board (to advise Truman when the labor situation warrants putting certain provisions of the Taft-Hartley law into effect).

In 1933 President Roosevelt called Wilson to Washington to help the New Deal put the N.R.A. into business; and in 1942, when the War Production Board was shot full of holes by fussing, fighting, feuding, etc., Roosevelt again called on Wilson to become its operating head.

Many Jobs for One Man to Turn Down

In his spare time, Wilson (a registered Republican) has resisted three bids by top-level Democrats in 1944 to be Vice-President of the United States, one Roosevelt request to serve as ambassador to Russia, four Cabinet offers, and the daily clamor of a radio breakfast couple who persist in campaigning for him for President. He also runs the Atomic Energy Commission's plutonium plant at Hanford, Washington; he has advanced some concrete proposals for the reorganization of the executive branch of the government; and recently, when he became dissatisfied with the government's attempts to stop inflation, he made a sensational one-man attempt to do the job.

Some of this activity might have been in the tilting-with-windmill department, but as Clergyman-Editor Dr. Daniel A. Poling put it, "No man out of the government has spent so much time away from his own business helping to run the government. He is a follower in the footsteps of Bernard Baruch, Owen D. Young, and others of that unique American hybrid species—the industrial statesman."

But Wilson differs from these distinguished gentlemen in one important respect. Whereas the stock version of the Industrial Statesman springs from a well-to-do family and a genteel education, Wilson literally fought his way up from the gangster-spawning sidewalks of the tough Hell's Kitchen of New York. His formal education ended when he finished the seventh grade and learned the finer points of mayhem necessary for survival on Tenth Avenue. This background has produced a surprising mixture of conservatism and primitive liberalism in the brawny Wilson, plus a brand of industrial statesmanship never observed before.

In the middle stages of the war, for example, when Wilson became executive vice-chairman of the War Production Board, he found the agency involved in a struggle with the military over who was to control the country's war production. General Brehon Somervell was the spokesman for the Army, and day by day his verbal duels with Wilson became more and more bitter. Finally, one afternoon, Wilson's Irish temper exploded. He leaped to his feet, grabbed the general by the lapels, lifted him into the air and shook him until the galaxy of stars on each shoulder jangled.

All Washington expected Wilson to be impaled on a dozen West Point sabers at nightfall, but curiously enough, from that point on, the air cleared, and Wilson ended up with all the Army co-operation he needed. Even Somervell was the model of cautious diplomacy thereafter.

When the Civil Rights Committee held its meetings in the White House last summer, Wilson, the industrialist, startled his colleagues by sometimes acting more liberal than the professional liberals on the committee. According to several of the committee members, a crisis arose during the first full business session when the question of lunch came up. There were two Negro representatives on the committee, and Washington has race segregation customs.

At first, Wilson recommended that they eat in the White House restaurant. Then James Carey of the C.I.O. said, "Mr. Chairman, this is the kind of discrimination we're supposed to be combating. Let's start combating it now by having lunch in a public dining room." And he named one of the swankiest hotels in town.

Wilson and the rest of the committee agreed, but then someone suggested phoning the hotel first, to warn them that they were coming. Wilson's face got red and he clapped his hat on his head, "No," he thundered, "we'll go right over without setting any stages!" He appeared ready to fight his way through the entire hotel staff, if necessary. But the luncheon came off completely without incident.

Perhaps the most violent exhibition of the Wilson brand of industrial statesmanship was his recent Herculean tilt with the inflationary spiral. For several days last December, many General Electric vice-presidents caught Wilson pacing up and down and staring thoughtfully out of the 45th-floor window of his New York office. Then came the blow.

He called a meeting of a small group of GE officers and, according to one of the vice-presidents, told them: "We must do something to try to shake industry loose from profit-and-loss statements, and face up to what's good for the country. It's going to bring us dangerously below our safe 6.8 per cent margin of profit, but I think we should try to start a chain reaction in business by lowering our prices on consumers' goods. I suggest cuts of from three to ten per cent. Maybe this isn't good management but it certainly isn't good management to let inflation knock over our economy."

More than half of the officers immediately hit the ceilings—especially those whose record depended on making the largest possible profit out of the items they manufactured. Wilson argued with them all day and by nightfall had them convinced. A few days later, the price cuts were announced, and the story hit the front page in every paper in the country. The interesting thing was that not only GE radios, heaters and refrigerators were reduced in price, but also the motors and vital parts which GE makes for dozens of other appliance manufacturers—the theory being that *they* would reduce their prices too.

Wilson's efforts, however, met with a mixed reaction. The New York Times and other newspapers hailed it as a valiant, patriotic move. But an investment counselor wrote to Wilson, "You are unfair to 1,500,000 investors," and the United Electrical Workers, C.I.O., contended that the reductions were mostly in hard-to-sell luxury items, and "you can't eat television sets and garbage-disposal units."

Acid Comment by Competitor's Journal

The Westinghouse News, the newspaper of a competitive company, wrote, "These reductions are somewhat like a lady making a fuss over the fact that she has lost 10 pounds this winter, and forgetting the fact that she put on 15 pounds last winter. Her sister, who avoided putting on so much to begin with, can't understand what the shouting is all about." The Washington Star, on the other hand said, "The General Electric Company has begun the new year by setting a good example for the country at large."

The best a high-ranking Department of Commerce economist would admit was that Wilson's price reductions might neutralize increases in fuel transportation and labor, and allow electric-appliance dealers to keep retail prices at existing levels instead of boosting them still higher. He also indicated that supply had equaled demand in many electrical items, and that someone *had* to start cutting prices or risk losing a lot of money.

"This type of price reduction," he said, "can work only when supply has caught up with demand in cars, clothes, food and nearly every item we use. It worked fairly well in 1920 when John Wanamaker suddenly reduced everything in their stores by 20 per cent. It didn't work at all last year when Ford cut prices, and when the bottom dropped out of the fur and costume-jewelry businesses." The very same day, however, this economist's boss, Secretary of Commerce Averell Harriman, said, "I heartily endorse the action of the General Electric Company in reducing its prices at this time." *His* boss, Harry S. Truman, said, "Should other industries follow your example, a real bulwark will be built against rising prices."

In the face of this diverse reaction, Wilson stood fast and maintained that much of industry would have to follow. "Once steel and copper come along," he said, "this thing will get going like an avalanche." (A few weeks later prices of some types of steel were increased.) But almost everybody agreed that Wilson had proved once again that he is one of the most spectacularly statesmanlike of the current crop of industralists.

Wilson's entire history has been spectacular—so much so, in fact, that a Chicago editor once threw his biography out, insisting that the reporter had borrowed too liberally from Horatio Alger when he wrote it. "No one," yelled the editor, "believes this kind of stuff any more."

Charles Edward Wilson was born in New York's lower West Side slums on November 18, 1886, of Protestant Irish-English ancestry.

His father, George, a bookbinder, was just able to make ends meet. All of young Charles' brothers and

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

sisters died in infancy. The elder Wilson finally decided to emigrate with the family to Australia to make a new start. But one day before he could afford the passage, he decided to go cross-town to witness the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. After the ceremonies, there was a stampede to get across, and before the police could break up the mob, several people had been crushed. One of the casualties was George Wilson, who never fully recovered and died a few years later.

At this point, Charles' mother, an uncommonly strong-minded woman, took over the raising of her three-year-old son. Apparently she did a good job, because several of Wilson's playmates of that era currently are reposing in cells at Sing Sing. She went to work as a practical nurse, and every time she noticed young Charles getting out of hand in street fights or with the use of the beanshooter (the Hell's Kitchen version was listed by the police as a bona fide weapon), she seized him by the ear and led him forcibly to the Central Baptist Church for a protracted session of religion. As a result, Wilson grew up a powerful kid, with the reputation of being the toughest and most devout boy in the district.

When he was thirteen, Wilson left school to go to work as an office boy with the Sprague Electric Company at $3 a week. William T. Ruete, its general manager, became a sort of synthetic stepfather to the boy, teaching him the business and pushing him along.

When the company needed a cost accountant, Ruete appointed the startled Wilson to the job, and Wilson had to go to night school to learn what accounting *was*, let alone the intricacies of the profession. When Wilson was a graduate accountant, Ruete transferred him to an engineering department, so Wilson had to study engineering by a correspondence course and plod to the Mechanics Institute several nights a week to do his applied-engineering work. Ruete also taught him how to talk to executives, how to dress, and about the necessity of an attractive stickpin in one's tie.

When General Electric bought out Sprague, there were only two people capable of running the plant —Ruete and Wilson. A few years later, shortly after the whole expanded operation was moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, Ruete died; and Wilson, his right-hand man, was put in charge of the entire conduit and wire section.

Building Up the Sale of Appliances

At Bridgeport, Wilson interested himself in the appliance business, which was roughly the equivalent of the dishes with which movie houses used to entice patrons into the theater. Electric appliances were made as a side show just so that people would use more electricity, thereby causing the electric companies to buy more turbines and other heavy equipment. Wilson, on the other hand, saw the appliance business as someday surpassing even the turbines in sales.

Fortunately for him, this also was the theory of Gerard Swope, the new president of the company. So, as the appliance business grew, Wilson grew along with it. He became assistant manager of the Bridgeport works, then manager of the merchandise department, then a vice-president of GE, handling all appliance activities. Finally, in 1938, he was moved to New York to be executive vice-president. One year later Swope retired and the fifty-three-year-old Wilson was the head of the largest corporation of its kind in the world.

This last promotion made Wilson the $175,000 a year boss man of an empire which includes 125 separate factories; 18 vice-presidents; 197,000 employees; a plutonium plant; an 800-scientist atomic research laboratory; a commercial radio-television-FM broadcasting setup; the Voice of America short-wave stations; a steel company in Niles, Ohio; a foundry in Elmira, New York; a mail route between New York, Schenectady and Pittsfield, Massachusetts; a 13.3-mile railroad in Erie, Pennsylvania, fully licensed by the Public Service Commission; Dr. Irving Langmuir, one of the world's greatest physicists; the men who make rain by dropping pellets into clouds; a glass factory; a varnish, oil and rubber factory; one of the biggest printing plants in America; a realty business; a security business; and a plastics factory which in its spare time makes compacts for a famous New York beauty salon and hulls for exhibition sailboats.

The peculiar talent which enabled Wilson to rise to the top of this *(Continued on page 92)*

At age seventeen, Johnny had been jailed three times for disorderly conduct. At twenty, he was no longer considered a character, but a platinum-plated heel

A VERY FUNNY GUY

Mope thought he and his son were voyagers on ships that pass in the night. But the kid showed him they were really in the same boat

BY JACK SHER

A REPORTER, or maybe it was a radio columnist, once described Mope Taylor as ". . . a man with a body like a worn spark plug, ears like head lamps and a mouth like a running exhaust pipe." When he read this, Mope Taylor did not laugh, feel hurt or angry. He did not feel anything at all. He just read it and thumbed on toward the sports pages.

At fifty-one, for over thirty years, Mope had been encouraging, even paying people large sums of money to write or say things like that about him. The sight of Mope anywhere, at any time, always brought a grin, sometimes a laugh. The less inhibited would call to him—the half-grown, gangly boys, the giggly girls clutching tattered autograph books, the boisterous men with boys' minds, who enjoyed hearing him on the air every Friday night, who "wouldn't miss Mope for love or money."

Mope had a special face for them, comical but detached, a face that gave them a show, but somehow kept them at arm's length. It had taken him years to perfect the pleasant brush-off and he could do it automatically. He only half heard what they called to him as his thin legs moved jerkily over the pavement, getting him somewhere on time, to one of the flat-faced towers of Radio City, to an ad agency on Lexington Avenue, or to a luncheon, where he would appear for from ten to twenty minutes, not eat, go through one of his routines, make a funny excuse and exit with laughter trailing him.

Out on the street again.

"There's Mope! Hi ya, Mope! Yer ears are fallin'!"

"Hey, Mope! Make with the mouth, Mope! Mope! Mope!"

"That's him! Sure, it's Mope!"

A wave of his hand and he was out of their reach, into a waiting car or cab. But the image of him remained with them, riveted into their minds by copy writers, gag men, magazine covers, a movie a year, the voice every Friday night, thirty years of his telling them and their telling one another that here was a very funny guy.

Actually, to someone in our civilization who had not been sandbagged constantly by the frenetic, high-pressure techniques that create a personality, the face and body of Mope Taylor might not have seemed funny at all. It was true that his third wife, Regina, who was twenty years younger than he, often thought he was, physically, an amusing figure of a man. His first wife, Claire, had not thought so, but she had been dead for many years. His only son, Johnny, now twenty-four years of age, did not think of his father as being at all funny.

Johnny Taylor, who had never been able to get along with his father, saw him exactly as he was. He saw a thin, aging man, five feet three inches tall, with a head slightly too large for his body, big ears, a round, protruding mouth, high forehead and small, clear gray eyes. It might have been because Johnny Taylor was now the only person who saw Mope Taylor exactly as he was that the father loved him so much. It might have been that, or the memory of things past, a time when the boy's mother had been alive, when he had held the child in his arms, nuzzling the soft texture of the baby's skin.

One of the things Mope Taylor had never told his son was how he happened to become a comedian. Johnny might have read any one of the innumerable stories about his father's career, but, if he had, he never mentioned them. From the age of twelve on, it had seemed to Mope Taylor that he might just as well have been a ditchdigger or a plumber for all the interest his son had shown in his profession.

It was not a story the boy would have understood, anyway, Mope often reasoned. Inquisitive writers had taken down all the facts, arranged them chronologically and cleverly. They had told about the skinny kid from the poverty-ridden streets of Chicago's South Side, about Mope Taylor, the son of a slaughterhouse worker, the youngest of eight children, the boy who dodged beer trucks in the street, got pinched by cops, almost went to reform school and was saved by a God-given talent for making others laugh.

ALL of it had been told and retold: how he'd run away from home at eleven, worked as errand boy in New York's garment district, performed in settlement houses, at smokers, rose to become a song-and-dance man in vaudeville, teamed with Red Roberts, was a hit as a single at twenty-three, a Palace headliner for ten solid years, then went into six straight musical comedy smashes, radio, Hollywood. And yet, the stories that had been written seemed to Mope as unreal, as unconnected with him as his real first name, the name his mother had called him, Jonathan.

Only Mope knew that his was not a God-given talent, nor a boyhood itch for fame, nor a desire to escape from poverty, nor any of the many reasons that had been given for his becoming a comedian. He didn't like to be asked why he had become a comedian, because he didn't know how to explain it. Nor could he recall for them the year, the incident that had prompted one of the raggedy clan to call him "Mope." He could have been seven then or nine. It had always been "Mope." Even his family, his own mother, had finally taken it up.

He didn't know when it was that he had become funny, was able to make them laugh. He was definitely one of the lesser, shunned urchins who stole, lied, swore, fought and prowled through the gutters and alleyways of a rotting, churning section of the city. The blows rained upon him by the larger ones were less fierce simply because he could make them laugh. His stringy, frail body was not a match for theirs and his mind was not as sharp or preying. But he had, somehow, learned to make them laugh and this had made him one of the tolerated.

If you could not compete in their world, you had to create one of your own and make them understand it. And he had. He had never forgotten their voices, and often, when someone complained about tough audiences, he thought about them.

Mope could shut his eyes and still see them dancing around him, Jimmy Lindell, the O'Rourke brothers, Tiny Rocca, Chick Kamp, Jerry Leib.

"Look at dat Mope! Yeah, make a face, Mope!"

"G'wan, 'fore I punch ya one!"

"Say somethin', Mope. Wiggle da ears, too. Ya better do it, Mope!"

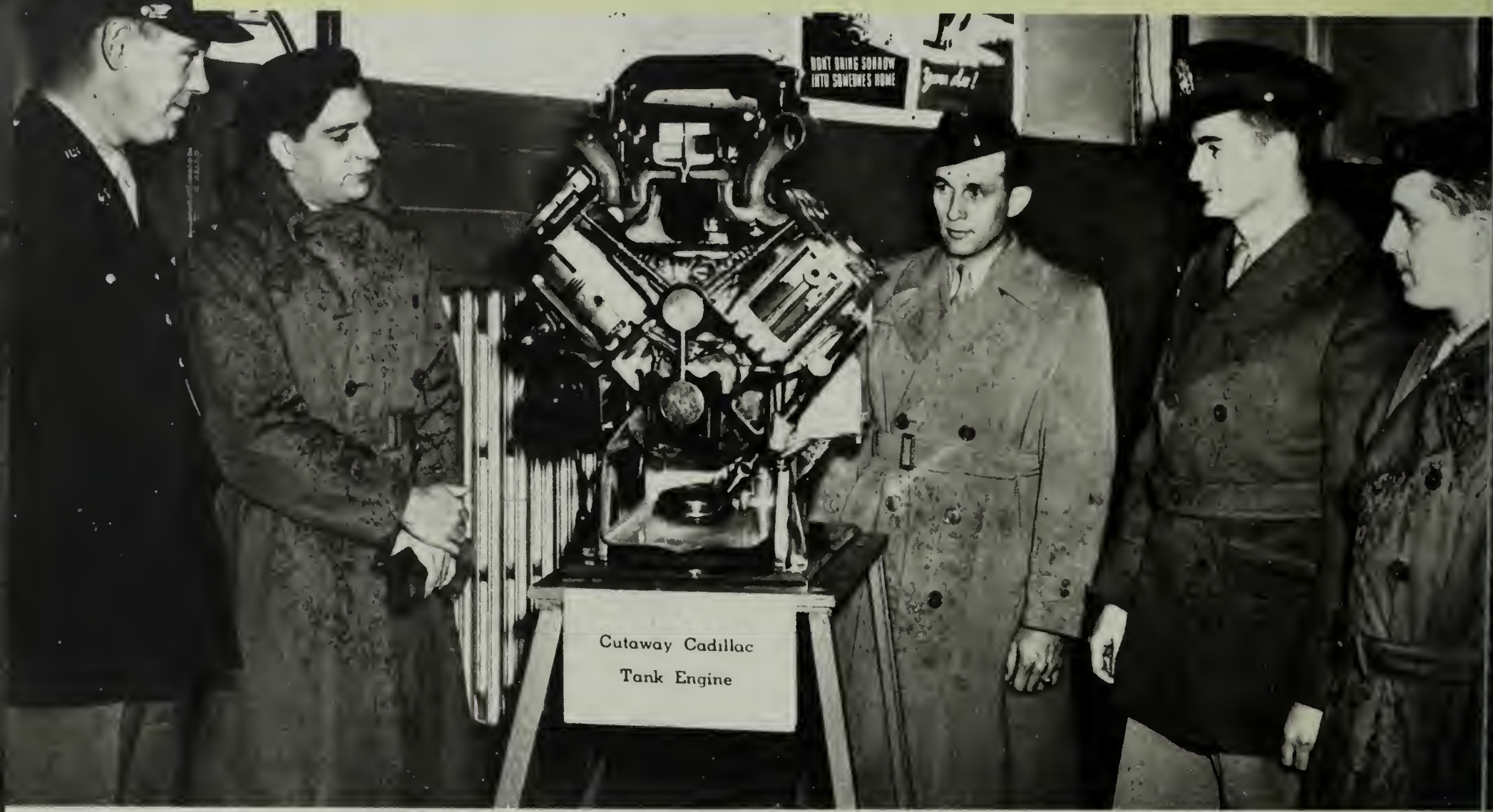
They would shout with laughter at his antics, shrieking, cruel sounds, starved, eager childish and sadistic noises that begged for more of what Mope gave them. He obeyed the law, created laughter for the stronger and, somehow, always knew what he was doing and did it a little better every time. And that was how he had become a comedian—of necessity, for survival.

He knew that he could never repay the half-starved, ill-clad, dirty, wrangling collection of adolescent hoodlums for what they had done for him, for the thousands of dollars he made every week, for the home on Madison Avenue, for the thirty-room summer place on Long Island, for all the comforts and luxuries and fame and adulation that they had made possible for him. And he had never wanted to repay them. He would have liked them to know what they had done for him. But he knew he would never tell it to anyone, least of all his son. Johnny would have laughed at it, or *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

DOES THE ARMY WANT THE RESERVES?

The Army Reserve Corps, first line of defense on the home front, complains that it is getting rough treatment from the big brass



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

At the Armored School, Fort Knox, Kentucky, reserve officers inspect a visual aid. But many reservists feel that they are not given enough actual field trainin

BY DONALD ROBINSON

IF WAR should break out, high strategists in the Pentagon are counting upon the 77th Division, a reserve outfit in New York City, to be ready for combat shortly after M-Day, fully trained and equipped to resist any air, land or sea-borne invader. At the present moment, however, the 77th would have extreme difficulty in fighting off a troop of competent Boy Scouts.

At last count, the 77th Division had less than 450 enlisted reservists assigned to it, not one gun, tank or jeep to train with, and not even an armory in which to meet.

That the 77th Division is getting any training at all for its wartime mission is due solely to the initiative of its own civilian officers; they have had, they say, virtually no help from the top brass in the Army.

Almost three years have gone by since V-E Day, but investigation shows the Army has made little progress toward organizing the 1,140,000 veterans who volunteered to serve in the reserve. It has not found time to assign most of them to units. It has no over-all program for training them. It does not even have any approved plans for keeping them in the reserve. In fact, some experts maintain that there are factions within the Department of the Army which are actually hostile to the very existence of an Organized Reserve Corps.

"The Department of the Army has revealed a minimum of interest in the reserves," says Brigadier General E. A. Evans, executive director of The Reserve Officers' Association.

Over at the White House, President Truman's close friend and military aide, Major General Harry H. Vaughan, himself a veteran reserve officer, says, "The present indications are that the Regular Army does not want a reserve."

This situation, in the opinion of some military observers, can have dire consequences. It is the reserve which, in an emergency, must supply most of the officers and N.C.O.s for any army America has to raise.

Here are a few facts:

1. As of September 30, 1947, only 189,998 of the 509,255 reserve officers had been assigned to units, and even this figure was misleadingly high. Of the 189,998 total, over 80,000 were, according to General Evans, assigned to pools, not to real, functioning military units.

2. The 631,039 ex-G.I.s who signed up with the reserves have been even more neglected. Merely 71,668 of them have been given assignments, and, again, a large proportion of these went to pools.

3. Not one reserve unit has been given adequate equipment, although millions of rifles, artillery pieces and other material are lying idle or being shipped overseas.

4. Just 6,418 reserve officers and 1,199 enlisted reservists received any sort of field training from the Ground and Service Forces during the first quarter of the 1948 fiscal year, the last period for which figures are available. The Air Force did a little better. It gave active duty training to 18,891, of whom 1,981 were enlisted men.

5. To date, the Army has not formulated any real long-range program for reserve training. The Army Ground Forces have not even issued a directive on training policies. At the most recent muster, only 28,000 reservists were enrolled in the Arm correspondence courses.

6. No permanent policy has be adopted by which reserve officers c obtain promotion. The Army s officially that it sees "no urgency the matter." Policies governing promotion of enlisted reservists we it is true, promulgated in Decemb 1946, but because of what Ar spokesmen call "confusion in field," few, if any, boosts in gr have been made. Most G.I.s w went into the reserve as privates years ago have been unable so fa win a single chevron.

7. Despite endless requests, identification card has been provi for the Army reserves.

As a result of this situation, auth ties like General Evans declare the morale of the reserves is nov rock-bottom ebb. Thousands of th are refusing to answer Army com nications. The enlisted men, over of whom were top-ranking N.C during the war, are described as e more fed up. Their condition, General Evans, is "pitiful."

Typical of the feeling among

ervists is that of a bemedaled major n Atlanta, Georgia. "It's gotten so," e states, "that I'm actually ashamed f my reserve commission."

This major has been assigned to a nit, but it is to one located in New ork City.

"I've written the Army a dozen mes," he says, "asking them to transer me to a Georgia outfit. I've never otten a reply. All I get are notices of eetings in Manhattan."

Some reserve training is going on roughout the country, but according to The Reserve Officers' Association, it consists almost exclusively of the same old hokum, the same dull ctures and speeches that we all have ard a thousand times before." Not reserve unit has had any official hooling on the strategy to be employed in an atomic war. When the 7th Division wished to include this bject in its training program, it had evolve the tactical points for itself.

Luckily, some of the veterans in the 7th had seen the effects of the Hiroima destruction. Using their observations as a base, the staff of the 77th s improvised procedures for the division to follow in defending itself ainst an atomic attack. These consist largely of methods for the dispersion of personnel and the employment caves and other natural ground features in the protection of equipment.

In addition, the 77th's staff has olved its own plans for situations herein the atomic bomb is used by us ainst an enemy. These include their eas on how best to take advantage the devastation wrought upon enmy troops and installations, what ison arrangements must be made r determining when a locale is safe r the infantry to penetrate, etc. It is t certain whether such plans have y practical value. They are improvisations.

Out in San Francisco, a group of servists was anxious to train itself, o. It called on the headquarters of General Mark Clark's Sixth Army and asked for the loan of Signal Corps training movies.

"We can't show you those films," a high officer said. "They're restricted. They can only be seen by members of the armed services."

"But we are in the armed services," the reservists protested.

"Oh, no," they were informed. "You're just civilians."

They never received the films. Instead, they were sent a five-year-old morale picture on why it was necessary to fight the Nazis!

A Thirty-Million-Dollar Cut

Last year, the War Department allotted $56,000,000 to the reserves, then slashed this amount to $26,000,000 when Congress directed it to pay veterans for their war-accrued furloughs. The only catch there was that in economizing to meet these payments, the Army cut its own funds a mere ten per cent; it reduced reserve appropriations 54 per cent!

For the 1948 fiscal year, the Army initially allotted $56,000,000 again to reserve activities—for both air and ground troops. This was just 8/10ths of one per cent of the total budget, so low that even an economy-minded Congress balked. Congress raised the reserve funds to $67,000,000.

The Army's attitude on appropriations led one statistician to compute that an average of $6,000 was being spent to keep organized, trained and equipped each of the 1,070,000 members of the Regular Army and Air Force but just $48 for each reservist. It led General Vaughan to remark disgustedly, "On the basis of the Regular Army's allotments for reserve training, each reserve officer can look forward to two weeks' active duty once every 20 years."

A dearth of money, however, is not the main reason why so few reservists have been getting active duty training. Instead of offering two-week tours of duty, as it did before the war, the Army at first insisted that reservists spend from six weeks to nine months in uniform. The usual civilian soldier, with just a fortnight's vacation each year, could not, of course, quit his job for such a long period of time. It was not until January 11, 1948, that the Army finally acceded to the widespread demand of the reservists and made two-week active duty stretches generally available. To many reservists, the Army's original insistence on the longer periods was simply obstructionistic tactics.

In the air reserve, conditions are said to be almost as bad. Some 60,000 World War II pilots accepted reserve commissions on the Army's pledge of enough flying time to retain their combat skills. That pledge has not been kept.

The Air Force is giving training each year to only 9,600 of these 60,000 pilots. The rest must stay on the ground.

Even these 9,600 are not getting real training. They—the men who flew the B-29s and the P-47s—are obliged to fly antiquated AT-6 and AT-11 trainers. At that, they are being allowed merely four hours or less in the air a month.

"Can you imagine my feelings," one pilot, who did 76 missions over Germany said, "when I went out to the Minneapolis airfield to put in my flying time? I found naval reserve pilots flying topnotch Corsairs out of a $6,000,000 installation. All I could get was a couple of hours on a junky old trainer."

Air Force officials state that a lack of funds is really their trouble. They say they just do not have the money for servicing sufficient planes to provide all their reserve pilots with air time. The explanation for why they are using the trainers instead of fast bombers and pursuit ships is also an economic one. It costs much less to fly an AT-6 than it does a P-47. The reservists' reply to this is, "Why doesn't the Air Force allot more of its funds to reserve activities?"

At the core of the whole dispute over the reserves is the relationship of the Regular Army and Air Force to their civilian components. In his last report as Chief of Staff, General Marshall urged that the United States rely for its security upon a small Regular Army, an efficient National Guard, and a well-organized, well-trained Reserve Corps. A large professional army, is, he said, "dangerous to the liberties of the nation."

Today, though the Regular Army and Air Force, with 1,070,000 men, are at their greatest peacetime strength in history, the National Guard has only a fraction of its authorized strength, and the Organized Reserve Corps is characterized by General Evans as "little more than a paper force" which is "shrinking and shrinking fast."

And this, believe it or not, is one thing for which Congress is *not* to blame!

That the National Guard now totals about 222,000 men, with small likelihood of reaching its goal of 682,796, is said to be no one's fault. The guard planners set their sights high, on the assumption that Universal Military Training would be established. But the experts do pass out blame for the impotency of the reserves. They lay the responsibility for it on the doorstep of the big brass.

Readiness for M-Day Urged

General Evans, speaking officially for The Reserve Officers' Association, charges that the Department of the Army is trying to keep the reserve as an unorganized amorphous pool from which it can draw men as it needs them. This, of course, is contrary to the reserves' wishes. They have asked that they be prepared for immediate use in time of emergency, that units of them be organized, trained and armed for action on M-Day, that each man receive his wartime assignment now.

The big battle over this issue started away back in 1944, when General Marshall began thinking about a postwar army. He directed that a study be made of the Army's civilian components, and named a committee of Regular Army, reserve and National Guard officers to do the job. After months of work, the committee recommended that an effective Organized Reserve Corps be established precisely along the lines advocated by the reserves themselves.

General Evans, who served on that committee, discloses: "The General Staff went all out in opposition to this plan. Every section of the General Staff 'nonconcurred' in it. Luckily, General Marshall recognized the value of a good Reserve Corps and overrode the opposition of his staff."

At General Marshall's order, the War Department published a directive in 1945 providing for the development of a real, ready-to-shoot reserve. General Eisenhower later reaffirmed this stand.

(Continued on page 68)

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

California National Guardsmen work side by side with Regular Army instructors. Reserves want more of this

SKETCHES IN SAWDUST

BY WALT KUHN

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THESE drawings were not made from models, so that they cannot be said to represent any particular performer, or to be based upon the acts of any specific show. I have tried to catch the spirit of the circus, and to get down on my drawing paper some of the marvelous fluidity of motion that every good circus act possesses. I have been following the circus and painting circus people and animals for almost fifty years, and to me it is still the most fascinating business in the world.

I've seen every kind of circus imaginable, from the little one-family shows to the elaborate three-ring presentations of the Ringlings. I remember a circus I saw once in France; the entire personnel consisted of a father and his son and daughter. They played only the little villages, and the father and daughter did the advance ballyhoo on the streets; he whammed a bass drum and she made terrible noises on a trumpet.

The performance consisted of clowning by the son, a bareback act by the daughter, and a strong-man act by the father, who was advertised as "The Oak of France." The girl, clad in a pair of heavily darned rose-colored tights, galumphed about the ring on a venerable old horse which doubled as a draft horse, drawing the caravan from village to village. The father climaxed his act by lifting with his teeth an upturned chair loaded with cobblestones.

I deplore the passing of the old single-ring circus, in which the clown talked back to the ringmaster, and informality prevailed.

The fast-moving, beautifully organized circus of today, with everything the biggest and the best, typifies our times. It is a form of mass production. It has gained a lot, of course, as a spectacle, but in my opinion it will gain a lot more when the department of laughter—the clowns—is built up to equal the rest of the show in quantity and quality. ★★★

Show today-
u!

Alley-oop!

e come the Clowns!

Trained Crow

Act

Nut Clown

Fractious Horse

I was several people behind a guy who insisted to Judy that this must be the two-dollar window because he'd just seen a horse go by

BRIDE AND ROOM

BY D. H. JOHNSON

MR. BILLINGS beamed as he put the lease before me. The beautiful, beautiful lease. "I trust you and your wife will be very happy in the apartment," he said. "Sign here, please."

"There's one thing you ought to know," I said. I took his pen and prepared to write *Thomas J. McCarthy* with a flourish. "I have no wife."

"*Whoops!*" said Mr. Billings, lurching across the desk to snatch the pen. From a Man of Distinction with a gentle glow on he suddenly became a man who tramps down daisies and barks back at small dogs. "No wife, no lease," he barked now.

"Please, Mr. Billings—"

"Sorry, young man. As rental agent for the new apartment building, I have made it my firm policy to lease only to men with families. In these times—"

I knew all about these times. From sad, personal experience. In fact, I was pretty desperate.

"But can't you make an exception, Mr. Billings? You know I'd be a perfect tenant. I've shown you my income-tax figures. I've shown you a character reference from the advertising agency I work for. I've shown you—"

"May I show *you* something?" Mr. Billings broke in.

It turned out to be the door. He held it open for me.

"I like you, McCarthy," he said. "I'd be glad to let you have the apartment if you were even planning to marry soon. Now, if you came in here with a marriage license—"

"But I haven't even got a girl!"

"Then," said Mr. Billings, "you haven't got a chance. Good day, McCarthy."

He slammed the door, and an idea struck me. It wasn't a new idea. It had been in my head a long time. I'd even dreamed of it, nights when my roommate would let me dream. It was a small, blond idea named Judy Walker.

I whipped around to the bank where she worked. Then I stood in line behind a large lady who had let her bankbook slide too far into the top of her dress and had to retire to the ladies' room for further groping, and a small boy who persuaded Judy to pry open his piggy bank. There was nothing in it but an I.O.U. from his father.

"Yes, sir," Judy said when I finally reached her, "may I help— Oh, hello, Tom! I haven't seen you in months."

"At your request," I reminded her. "Judy, I've come here to ask you something."

"The answer is the same as last time," she said. "I won't marry a man who can't save a nickel."

"I'm not even thinking of asking you to marry me. All I want you to do is to go down to City Hall with me and get a marriage license."

When Judy's blue eyes were amazed, their blueness was amazing.

"When I've got it," I hurried, my hair curling from the blue blaze, "I show it to a certain real-estate agent and get an apartment. Then I tear up the license and fade out of your life."

"Start fading now," Judy said coldly. She turned to count a green salad of currency.

"I'm willing to pay," I said. "Would you do it for twenty-five dollars?"

"No." Judy angrily snapped a rubber band around a head of the Treasury's best lettuce. "Anyway, you haven't got twenty-five dollars."

"Today is payday," I said. "There's an even hundred in my pocket."

"Tomorrow, as usual," Judy said, "you'll be broke. I've told you before, Tom, that I'll never marry a man who can't save."

"And I've told you before," I pointed out, "that I'm not asking you to marry me. All I want is a little teamwork on the license. Will you do it for fifty?"

"Never," Judy said, piling pennies into a tower. But all at once her hands slipped, and the tower crashed, and she looked up at me.

"I suppose," she suggested, "you'll be spending that money anyway."

"Soberly," I said, "but still like a drunken sailor with six months' pay and a six-hour pass. Will you do it for seventy-five dollars?"

"Definitely not," Judy said. She resumed piling up the pennies and they fell over again. "At least," she said, "not until my lunch hour." . . .

At one o'clock, I was back in Mr. Billings' office, holding the license under his reddish nose.

"Well, McCarthy." He beamed. "You said you didn't have a girl."

"This one slipped my mind."

The benignity hardened abruptly, like quick-setting cement. "No young man's mind is that slippery, McCarthy. Can you produce the girl?"

"Not right now. She's working."

"Then bring her around to the apartment at seven this evening. I'll be there to make sure this is no fake."

"She'll be glad to come," I said, hoping. "I'll go ask her now."

THIS time, I was behind a guy who looked like an absconding cashier and made a prolonged inquiry about cashing traveler's checks in Canada, a nearsighted clergyman who wanted Judy's help in counting a collection consisting mostly of buttons, and a wavering man who insisted that this must be the two-dollar window because he'd just seen a horse go by. It took me fifteen minutes to get face to face with Judy. Still, a face like hers was worth it.

"Yes," she said, when I explained about Mr. Billings, "I'll come. But it will cost extra. Shall we say ten dollars?"

"Shall we remember," I said, "that with the taxi to City Hall and back, the license and the lunch, a ten-spot is all I've got to my name?"

"That's exactly what I figured," Judy said. "Pass it over."

I gave her the ten and a hard look. "I'm glad I'm not marrying you," I told her. "Inside that beautiful blond head, there is a Scrooge loose." . . .

Mr. Billings and I were waiting in the apartment when Judy arrived. It was wonderful what her mere presence did to those bare rooms. It fille them with flowers. It moved in furn ture. It hung pictures on the wall There was only one thing it didn't d It didn't convince Mr. Billings.

"It seems to me," he said, the fro gathering fast on his graciousnes "that a young man and his bride to b would do more than nod to eac other."

"Come here," I said to Judy.

For a girl who hadn't been pra ticing lately, she fitted very neatly in my embrace. "This will cost five do lars more," she whispered in my ea

"Charge it," I whispered bac "And shut up."

Mr. Billings circled us contempl tively, looking like an art cri appraising a statue. "It lacks son thing," he said finally. "Wouldn't y be kissing her?"

It seemed as if I would. I did. "T dollars more," Judy whispered te derly.

I'm no tightwad. I spent thir more dollars before Mr. Billings pri one of my hands off Judy's should and put his pen in it.

"I'm sold," he said. "You do need to overdo it. Sign here, M Carthy."

I used Judy's shoulder as a writi desk. Mr. Billings went out, glowi gently again. Still, somehow, it did occur to me and Judy to unwind.

"Are you still glad you aren't goi to marry me?" she asked.

"No," I said, "but you still do want a guy who can't save a dime."

"Ah," Judy said, "but you ha money in the bank now."

"Eh?" I said brilliantly.

"I took every cent you paid m Judy said, "and used it to start a s ings account. And if you draw penny out of it, Tom McCarthy, break every bone in your head."

"Of course," I said a little la "I'll have to take out some money must owe you about a hundred bu in extra charges by now."

"Forget it," Judy said. "It's all the family."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

A brand-new Beauty with the "Golden Throat"

This 3-Way tone system, the finest in RCA Victor history, made *radio* history in thrilling tests of tonal fidelity. Even trained musical ears could not tell its performance from that of a live musician.

It sets a new high in performance ...quality...value

It's a great combination—this table model Victrola radio-phonograph! It's available in rich, selected walnut or lovely mahogany finish with all your radio controls outside where they're most convenient. You have *three*-point tone control for radio and records. There's a larger than usual speaker, far more than usual power. You *hear* the difference in the fuller, more resonant tone of the "Golden Throat."

The new, console-type automatic record changer is designed for quiet, safe operation. Rubber-matted turntable cuts out noise, saves records, too. In the newly designed, extra-light tone arm is RCA Victor's "Silent Sapphire" pickup, a permanent jewel-point—no needles to change! Try some of the new RCA Victor releases, like Tony Martin's *You and the Night and the Music* to hear Victrola 77U at its best! It plays on AC and it's ready—now—at your RCA Victor dealer's, a finer than ever value with the rich, true tone of the "Golden Throat."

• • •

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RCA Victor 66XI—Smooth, modern cabinet of walnut plastic *completely encloses* this powerful table radio. Standard and short-wave bands; hand-grip in cabinet top; spread-band dial; attachment for record player. Outstanding in style and performance, with the famous "Golden Throat" tone system.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WHY ATOMS DON'T FLY

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

AGAIN we draw the unpleasant assignment of having to report that another panacea for aviation's ills and, simultaneously, a short cut to everlasting success, just isn't so or is a long way from becoming so. This time it's atomic engines for aircraft.

It all sounded so simple. Trains and automobiles and ships and planes would move about the globe on power produced from a handful of these magic atoms. Plans to build some of these vehicles were announced. The press agents gave their favorite words —"may" and "soon"—an exceptionally heavy workout.

It was thrilling to contemplate that hereafter all the annoyances attending the operation of our family car would come to a permanent end. Like dropping a nickel in a pay telephone, once a year, or once in a lifetime, we'd slip a slug of stuff in a slot on the dash and there'd be no more trips to the filling station. Hot dog!

Yet, if we don't get atomic power plants for automobiles and locomotives in the next decade or two or even three, it won't matter too much. Speed on the highways and tracks is limited by the contour of the earth, regardless of the power available. Only if we rip up all our tracks and highways and put them underground or in elevated tubes, can we take advantage of the power and the speed produced by atomic energy—maybe.

Of all the vehicles that could use atomic power to advantage, the airplane needs it most; and would yield the greatest return on the vast cost in time and money to bring it into being. Atomic propulsion for aircraft is also the most challenging. For many years to come our conventional aircraft, military and civil, will be held back, particularly as to duration of flight without refueling in mid-air, by the limited energy in aviation gasoline and chemical fuels. As of now, there is no gasoline-powered conventional airplane capable of flying 25,000 miles—or circumnavigating the globe at the equator—without refueling in flight. Nor is there likely to be one so long as the airplane is dependent upon chemical fuels.

Our biggest bomber, the Convair B-36, can carry an atom bomb (or 10,000 pounds of the old-style explosives) to any inhabited region in the world and return to a home base without refueling, says the U.S. Air Force. Its radius is 5,000 miles out and 5,000 back or a straight-line flight (range) of 10,000 miles.

To carry this five-ton bomb load and fly 10,000 miles nonstop, the mighty B-36 has to weigh in at 139 tons. (The B-29s went into combat weighing 68 tons.) More than half of this 139 tons gross weight—or 86 tons—is definitely allocated to the power system. When the plane lands back home it will have used up 60 tons or more of gasoline and will be minus its 10,000-pound bomb load.

The point is that the relatively low energy content of gasoline alone is responsible for the limited range of this bomber. It can stay aloft, cruising at 300 miles an hour for only 33 hours.

We can build bombers even bigger than the B-36 to carry more gasoline but there is the matter of strength and length of runways. At 139 tons, the B-36 must have special runways at strategic points on American-controlled soil and that's an expensive and difficult job, particularly in time of peace. If bombers are doubled or quadrupled in size, the efficiency will drop. So the B-36 may be the biggest conventional bomber we'll ever build so long as we have to depend on the heat units in chemical fuels.

In a pound of gasoline (one sixth of a gallon), there are 18,700 B.T.U. (the internationally accepted British thermal units). Locked in the B-36's 63 tons or 21,000 gallons of gasoline are nearly 2½ billion B.T.U. That sounds like a lot of heat.

But in *one pound* of uranium, properly stirred into action, there are *35 billion* B.T.U. As aircraft power is derived from heat, you can see why famous scientists say atomic energy is the key to aircraft of unprecedented performance—and then walk awa

If only they could drop a pound o that wonderful stuff in an atomic en gine mounted in the B-36, they coul throw away the 86 tons of weight ga nered by the very necessary conven tional aircraft engines and fuel. Al but to protect the crew from th death-dealing radiation which accom panies the splitting or fission of ur nium, an atomic power generato must be enclosed in a radiation-pro shield in the way that doctors enclos X-ray tubes in lead boxes, and eve though the weight of the atomic e gine were negligible, they wou have to surround it with about 7 tons of shielding.

Engine Shield Is a Problem

Well, that seems to even things u You get rid of 86 tons of old-style en gines, propellers and gasoline th generate a total of 18,000 horsepow and you substitute a small atomic en gine that might give out as much a 25,000 horsepower, but you have t build 75 tons of lead or some oth heavy shield around it. That throw the entire design out of line. Suppo they straighten that out, what hav you then?

On the credit side you have th power to send the B-36 around th world at the equator nonstop at fa higher speeds than its present 30 mph cruising, and with that ato bomb aboard. That would be its *mi imum* range, more than enough for bombing mission, anywhere.

Offsetting this radiant picture the very delicate matter of opera ing and maintaining the atomic en gine. Though heavily shielded, aft an atomic engine is turned off, it co tinues to give out tremendous quant ties of radiation for a long time. Th characteristic adds to the problem servicing the power plant. If one the pipes in the atomic engine were spring a leak, the entire engine wou have to undergo a thorough proce of radioactive decontamination b fore it could be repaired.

The foregoing applies to autom biles and locomotives, too. The far ily car is not substantial enough support the many tons of shieldi required, and although locomotiv could, the nation-wide standard wid of railroad tracks, bridges and tu nels limits the design of the locom tive so it would be difficult to carry thick enough shield for safety.

Momentarily, the application atomic-energy propulsion for shi seems the least difficult. Sea water held to be a good shield, so the thi to do is tow the atomic engine su merged behind the vessel. Flexib pipes could carry heated water fro the atomic engine to an ordina steam turbine in the ship and conv cooled water back again. That's f vored over installing the atomic e gine on board with its necessary hea shielding.

Progress on matters of this magn tude is painfully slow in times peace, and the perfection of ma war-born devices of speed and pow and transportation for civilian use proceeding at a crawl.

But it won't if Congress follows t recent recommendation of its Co gressional Aviation Policy Board th nuclear energy for propulsion of a craft should be accorded "the hig est priority in atomic-energy resear and development, and that eve needed resource and facility shou be devoted to its early accomplis ment." ★

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP

TASTE THRILL AT EVERY AGE...

Pleasure time is Milky Way time, to candy lovers of all ages. Nothing else can quite compare to this luscious candy treat, rich with the 'e flavor of the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. Here is a truly thrilling treat for the whole family.

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Don't let hot, stuffy air decrease employe efficiency or keep customers away. These extremely quiet, powerful Fans, with their giant 24" blades have been specifically designed for industrial and commercial use where large areas require welcome relief from stale, stagnant air. All with Micarta blades, welded steel safety guards. Available with counter or floor pedestals in oscillating and non-oscillating models. Ceiling models, non-oscillating. No radio interference. See them, and other members of this famous family of appliances, at your Westinghouse supplier's.

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I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

Continued from page 15

after a knockdown, drag-out fight with the major companies, and now he has a stake in every big corporation you can think of. He's got the idea everybody wants to take his dough away from him, and he stays holed up in his house in New York. He never sees anybody, never gives an interview to the newspapers, never even has his photograph taken. Martin, you're in a spot."

"But why me?" Martin said. "I don't get it. Bullfrog used to teach history. Why doesn't *he* go?"

"Just as well you didn't bring that up, Martin," Hanson said, and grinned.

"Why?"

"Duff and Bullfrog never got on too well. As a matter of fact, I hear Duff didn't want him elected headmaster, and he put a padlock on his pocketbook as soon as Bullfrog got the job. You see, they were in the same class, and they're the only members of that class still living. And, as you know, Bullfrog has only got five lines in Who's Who. He'd give his eyeteeth to enlarge that puddle by another fourteen lines, to get one ahead of Duff's eighteen, and he's always writing some treatise or other to crowd his list of publications. And you notice he always puts long titles on them, to take up more space. They've been that way ever since they were in school together. One of them was out of bounds, or something, in their last year, and the other one snitched on him. I don't know which was which."

Martin said hopelessly, "He likes 'em sober, industrious and neat."

"Well, you are," said Hanson. "All except neat. Look, we can fix that up. Of course you can't wear that suit you've got on."

"I have a blue serge," Martin said.

"Blue serge? Lord, no!" Hanson snapped his fingers. "Martin, I've got it. We're about the same size. Want to try on that new blue pin-stripe suit of mine? I'm sure it will fit."

Martin shook his head. "It's double-breasted."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I've never worn a double-breasted suit," Martin said, as if that settled it.

"Did you ever try one on?"

"No."

"Well, you're going to," Hanson said. "And I'll lend you my tuxedo, too. Say, got any starched collars?"

"No."

"Better get some, Martin. And a new hat. You can't wear that beat-up gray job. Better get a black Homburg. And I know what—I'll borrow that Malacca stick from Hutchins. Got gloves?"

"Of course," Martin said.

"I suppose you mean those fur-lined gauntlets?"

"Yes," Martin said. "They're good gloves."

Hanson groaned. "You'll have to get some decent gloves." He picked up Martin's pipe from the desk. "And you certainly can't take this along."

"Bob, I've got to smoke!" Martin said indignantly.

"Smoke cigarettes."

"I don't like cigarettes. I like a pipe."

"You're not going to pack this pipe around in the pocket of *my* suit," Hanson said firmly. He stood back and studied Martin. "I don't think even bear grease will keep that hair in place. It always looks like you just had a shampoo."

"I've got a cowlick," Martin said defensively.

Hanson put his head on one side. "Come here a minute."

Martin approached the bureau, and Hanson picked up a cómb. "Stand still," he said. He drew the comb through Martin's hair, pursing his lips as he made a part and combed the hair away from Martin's forehead.

"Why, you dope," Hanson said. "All you have to do is part your hair on the side instead of in the middle. The cowlick falls right into place, and look, you've got a wave."

Martin gazed with surprise into the mirror. The change in part, which had brought out the latent wave, had allowed his hair to fall almost glossily into place. It was becoming. Martin looked at his face with rather astonished approval.

Hanson slapped his shoulder. "Cheer up, Martin. You'll do all right. Stop worrying. You know, I think you could use a little snifter. I have something tucked away in my room."

Martin wryly shook his head. "I've got to be sober."

"You?" said Hanson. "You never took more than one drink in a week in your life, did you?"

"I used to tipple a little," Martin said, defiantly. "But I don't have the time any more." He sat down at his desk. "Anyhow, I have a speech to write and I'd better get busy on it, Bob." He pulled his portable toward him.

Hanson nodded sympathetically. "All right. I'll round up your wardrobe for you." He went to the door, turned, and said softly, "One last thing, Martin. When you get to New York, don't let anybody sell you the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Beat it, Bob. I'm busy."

Hanson grinned, and said, "It probably belongs to Barton Duff, anyhow." He closed the door.

BOB HANSON put Martin on the Thursday morning train, and James G. Fisher was on hand to see him off. Martin's thoroughly documented speech was stowed in his bag, his tickets and expense money were tucked in his wallet; the parting blessing of the headmaster was his oppressive companion as he started the journey.

By the time he reached New York, Martin's spirits had risen. He had attended college in the Middle West, and he had visited Chicago several times, but this was his first trip to New York. He looked forward to seeing the Empire State Building, and even the Brooklyn Bridge, and he had no particular timidity about venturing into a strange city, even the biggest in the country. He had always had great faith in the nation's w ordered institutions of travel. All a n had to do was place himself in the ha of a railroad and he would be delive to his destination, where a taxicab wo convey him to his hotel and an elev to his room, all without the need of changing more than a word or two. simplicities of travel Martin had alw taken on faith, but this faith was terr shattered when he arrived at the H Westbrook late that afternoon.

The lobby of the hotel had the l that day of an old lady's parlor up auction, crowded with intruders. austere, old-fashioned chairs were all cupied, and here and there men sat upended suitcases and flicked cigar a on the rugs. Two conventions w booked in the hotel, and at the regis tion desk two clerks and an assistant m ager were shaking their heads almos unison. There was not a room to be in the Hotel Westbrook; there was p ably not a vacant room without iron in the entire city of New York. Defin there was no room for Martin.

"Why, yes," the clerk told him. " got your wire, but we couldn't fill reservation, Mr. Vincent. We don't a thing."

Martin felt lost. He stood by an o mental pillar, watching the milling cr at the registration desk. Lack of a h room would not have upset him u ordinary circumstances, he assured self without much conviction, but the blow seemed overwhelming. He a man with a mission and he had to fi room. He stood stiffly by the pilla Bob Hanson's well-tailored pin-s suit, his starched collar and ti knotted gray tie, his black Homburg gloves and stick, and felt the lum tension pressing on his stomach li ten-pound weight.

He glanced at the ornate gilt cloc the wall. Five o'clock. He had to ge tled somewhere and polish up his sp He had only three hours until the m ing of the Historical Verification A ciation at eight o'clock. He jamme cigarette into a sand-filled urn and wa across to the telephone booths. Six nickels went into the coin box and housed there for the night, but M still had not found a place to sleep

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOL

COLLIER'S

"I'll admit I was at th' cash register, but I ain't gonna take th' rap for them lemon pies!"

"An enviable record for over 25 years"
. . . *that's* DIAMOND T *reliability*

THIS latest Diamond T 614 is well worth a second look. It is really something rather special. The 2½-ton tractor has a new 339 cubic-inch heavy-duty Super-Service engine—130 truck horsepower. It handles 40,000 lbs. gross weight with speed, ease and safety beyond all former standards.

But, as in every Diamond T, this outstanding performance involves no sacrifice of reliability. Cudahy Packing Company has operated Diamond T's for more than 25 years. They have more than a hundred in service now. Here's what they say:

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WHEN IT'S WAY PAST MIDNIGHT, and you're *still* unable to get to sleep—it's hard to make your nerves behave.

Any unexplained sound can set fire to your imagination.

"What ails me?" you ask yourself. "Why am I so jumpy and on edge—and what kept me from getting to sleep in the first place?"

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Just drink Sanka Coffee!

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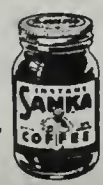

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left the booth and returned to the directory to look up more hotels, and as he was writing the numbers on the envelope a low voice said, "You looking for a room, mister?"

Martin turned, and saw the shiny number 15 on a bellboy's uniform, then he looked into bright, unwinking eyes.

"Who isn't?" Martin said.

"A guy can always get a room," the bellhop said. He was small and natty, with blond hair and pinched eyes in a white face. "You want a room, mister?"

"Of course, I want a room."

THE bellhop took in Martin's immaculate pin-stripe suit, the black Homburg and the stick and gloves, and said out of the side of his mouth, "What's it worth to you?"

"It's very important," Martin began then stopped and met the bellhop's eyes. "Oh, you mean money?"

"Yeah, money. Is it worth a sawbuck to you?"

"A sawbuck?" Martin said. "That's ten dollars, isn't it?" His thumb caressed the cleft in his chin. He *had* to have a room, he thought, and, after all, his expenses were paid. "Yes," he said, "it's worth ten dollars."

"Okay," the bellboy said. "Walk over to the desk and ask for the key to room 1207."

Martin's eyebrows went up. "What is this, some sort of rib?"

"Go ahead. Ask for the key. That your bag over there?"

"Yes."

"I'll get it and meet you at the elevator," the bellhop told him. "You go get the key."

Martin shook his head. "I don't understand. You mean the hotel has a vacant room all the time?"

"It's vacant all right," the bellboy said. "You want it or don't you?"

"Yes," Martin said. "Don't I register first?"

"All you do is ask the clerk for the key," the bellhop said. "I'll take care of the rest of it."

"Oh, I see," Martin said. "It's between you and the clerk."

"It's between you and me, mister, and nobody else. If the clerk says anything you tell him Barney Driscoll sent you."

"Are you Barney Driscoll?"

"I'm Charlie Savage," the bellhop said. "Number fifteen. Look here, if you don't want the room, okay. I'll put one of them jokers out there in it." He gestured toward the crowded lobby.

Martin put on his hat, clutched his gloves and stick, and walked resolutely across to the room clerk. He had to force his steps. He did not like it, and his muscles pulled his abdomen tight. The room clerk was talking on a house telephone. He raised one eyebrow, indicating that Martin had his attention.

Martin sucked in his breath, raised his chin and said, "Twelve-oh-seven, please."

"Twelve-oh-seven," the clerk said, and backed away the length of the telephone cord. He tossed a key on the counter in front of Martin and went on talking into the telephone.

It was only when he reached for the key that Martin noticed the man standing a few feet away, watching him. He was thin and his unpressed gray coat hung loosely from his shoulders. He had bright, rather haunted blue eyes, shining in a sad, gray face. For an instant Martin met the bright gaze, then he turned away, clutching the key, and walked toward the elevators. The man did not fit Martin's conception of a house detective, but he could not remember ever having encountered a house detective outside of bad jokes. He had no way of knowing, and he felt a contraction of his shoulder blades where the bright eyes probably were watching him.

The bellhop was waiting by the elevator with Martin's suitcase. He mo-

tioned Martin into the elevator, a followed. Martin's stomach readjusted self somewhat on the trip to the twe floor, but sank again when the bellh opened the door of room 1207 and sa "Here you are." It was a suite. Not o a suite. At least a bridal suite, Mar thought. He gave the bellhop a shock look and the boy said, "Not bad, hu Worth a sawbuck, ain't it?"

"Listen," Martin said. "I can't s here. This is somebody's room. Lo there's a photograph. And a private b That's not hotel furniture. Someb *lives* here!"

"Relax," Charlie Savage said. "Y want the room, or don't you? Guy w rents it is out on the Coast, but he do want it to go to waste. Somebody sle here most every night. They just stop the desk and say Barney Driscoll s 'em and get the key and come on up. left orders they could do it."

"Yes," Martin said. "But supp somebody comes tonight?"

"*You* got the key, ain't you?" bellhop thrust the key into Mart hand. "Just hang onto it. Now, b about that sawbuck?"

Martin swallowed, hesitated. Fin he asked, "Have you done this befor

"All the time," the bellhop said. "T three nights a week."

Martin took out his wallet, extracte ten-dollar bill, and gave it to the bellh Charlie went to the door, turned, grinned. "When you want to go, let know. Just phone down for Cha Savage. Number fifteen."

"When I want to go where?" Ma said.

"When you want to check out," bellhop said. "After all, chum, you a registered. You try and walk out here with your bag, and the house d will stop you. See?"

Martin saw. He nodded and sank a chair.

"He'll want to know where you w Charlie said. "He'll want to know w you got in that bag and how come ain't registered. They'll have you the manager's office, and the manag a tough little pickle." Charlie win "But you just call me and I'll get out," he said, and showed a happy "It'll cost you another ten, though."

The bellhop closed the door, but stantly Martin had it open again, called, "Come back here!" Charlie age turned his head as he retreated a the corridor.

"Can't. You'll be okay."

"Listen," Martin said. "Who is ney Driscoll?"

A COUPLE had turned into the c dor from the direction of the el tors. Charlie shrugged his shoulders walked on. Martin stepped into the r and closed the door.

He felt trapped, but he tried to sure himself. It was a vacant r wasn't it? Why shouldn't he sleep h A representative of the hotel had him here, if it came down to cases course he ought to telephone dow the manager and explain the whole t and have that thieving bellhop to out on his ear, but he hesitated to d and not from regard for Charlie Sa A call to the manager would prob mean a call from the house detectiv

Martin squared his shoulders drew in a deep breath. What the he told himself, he had a room and couldn't he use it without any nons Lots of guys would think nothing They'd settle in and sleep like kit They'd tell the manager where to off, and they'd probably wring that hop's neck. Why couldn't he do same?

He looked around the room. In corner was a small bar, well stocked a table was the photograph he had ticed when he first entered the room picked it up. A beautiful, raven-h

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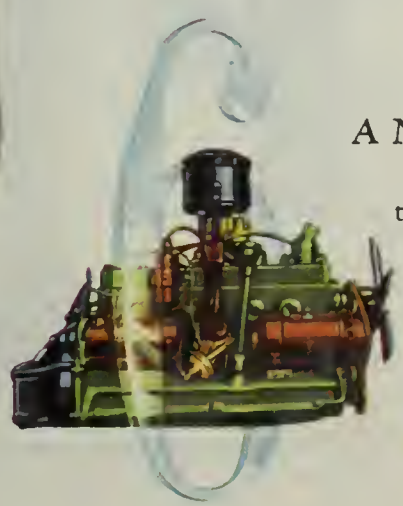

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woman smiled out at him. On her shoulder she wore an inked scrawl that said: *To dear old Barney, with Hedy's love.* He put the photograph hastily back in place.

He went through into the bedroom, and was startled by a glimpse of a tall, pale man, beautifully turned out, a man who belonged in this handsomely appointed suite. It was his own reflection in the mirror, as he realized instantly, and he paused to inspect it. He was so impressed by his own appearance that he felt better.

But he saw more photographs in the bedroom, and he recognized more of the faces. He opened a closet door; there were clothes on the hangers, shoes in the rack. He hastily pushed the door shut. To a man who had never owned more than three pairs of shoes at a time, the sight of a half-dozen pairs left behind on a trip to the Coast was disturbing. A man with such a wealth of shoes would not deal easily with an intruder, Martin felt.

He reminded himself that the bellhop had told him friends of Barney Driscoll often stayed here, and he remembered how the clerk had passed him the key without question. Still, he felt himself an intruder. He returned to the living room, saw his suitcase by the door, and carried it into the bedroom, then he got out of the suite as fast as he could. What he needed was a drink. For years he had contented himself with a highball a week, but that was in Porthaven. He hadn't needed a drink in Porthaven.

IN THE lobby once more, he felt more sure of himself, although he was constantly aware of the bulk of the key to room 1207 in his pocket. But at least he was in a position to explain his business; he was not an intruder in another man's room. He decided that he would telephone every hotel in the directory until he found a room, and get his bag out of room 1207, even if it cost him another ten. But first, a drink!

In the Westbrook's oak-paneled bar, Martin settled himself at a table and ordered Scotch and water. He poure substantial jigger of whisky into the ter, stirred it and raised the glass t lips, but he did not drink. His eyes again the bright gaze of the shabby he had seen at the registration desk he asked for the key to room 1207. man was at the bar, drinking a beer had adjusted his body on one elbo that he could stare at Martin.

Martin was disturbed. Was the following him. Certainly he acted a house detective checking up. F moment Martin thought of walking to the bar and explaining just wha circumstances were, but he discarde idea. After all, the man had no proached him. He yet had time t his bag out of the room and find an hotel, if possible. He lifted his glas swallowed the whisky, then left m on the table and moved out to the l

First he would get hold of Charlie age and have him bring the bag then he would try his luck at the phone. He looked around the lobby saw the bellhop sitting on a bench the bell captain's desk. He beckon him, and they met by a potted where Charlie listened unwinkin Martin's urgent whisper, "I've g get my bag out of there. The hous cer is following me."

"Sam is?" The bellhop shru "Look, don't worry about it. I ca care of Sam. It may cost you some though."

Panic rose in Martin. "No!" he "Just get my bag!" Through the of the palm he could see the entra the bar and he recognized the knees of a gray, unpressed suit. " he is now, Charlie. He's watching thing I do."

Charlie turned his head. "Wher asked.

"There. Standing at the door bar."

Charlie shook his head. "Tha the house dick. The house dick is fat guy."

Martin looked again. "Then he?"

"Could you have someone carry me outside? I'd like to see it in the dayl

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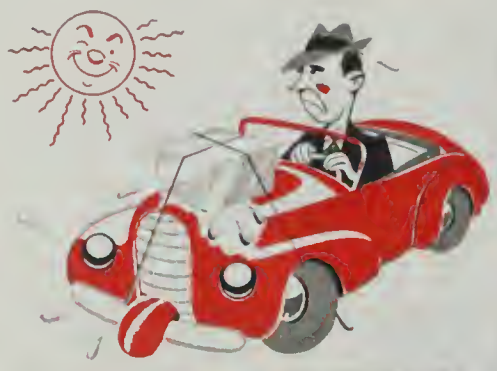

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The bellhop shrugged. "I don't know him. I've seen him, though, hanging around."

"I guess I'm jittery," Martin said apologetically. "I was sure he was following me."

Charlie gave Martin a long look, said, "You want I should find out who he is?"

"Yes," Martin said. "Can you?"

"Sure. You wait here."

"I'll wait in the bar," Martin said.

He returned to his table and ordered another Scotch. He turned his head frequently toward the door, but saw no sign of Charlie Savage. But as he looked, his eyes for an instant met long-lashed gray eyes. He turned his head away, then looked again, and once more gray eyes met his. They belonged to a girl at the table next to his, sitting alone with a Martini and a copy of Variety.

Martin hastily turned away, but he had seen enough to know that she was a very pretty girl and that she looked troubled. Possibly, he thought, he imagined that part of it. Perhaps his own pressing anxiety made him think that she looked anxious also. It was incredible how much the incident of room 1207 had upset him.

THE waiter brought his drink. As he stirred it Martin turned his head a little so that the next table came into the corner of his vision. The girl wore her blond hair drawn back to show her small ears. Her mouth was wide, but nicely shaped, and her nose was straight and rather prominent. The nose gave her a vaguely foreign look, Martin thought, possibly French. She had that self-contained, knowing confidence of a Frenchwoman. You saw it in American girls who had been around too much, but Parisians seemed to acquire it by birthright. Either type gave Martin a timid sense of inadequacy. He was always at a loss with confident women.

He had almost forgotten the drab little man with the hungry blue eyes. Then he glanced up and saw him, standing again at the bar. The man turned his head quickly away, and Martin frowned. The Scotches had done their work and anger possessed him. He'd get up, he decided, and walk up to the bar and ask this fellow why he was following him around. He started to rise, but dropped back again. He had no proof that the man was following him, none at all. He had been at the registration desk when Martin asked for the room key; he had been in the bar when Martin was there, and now he had returned to the bar. That was all. Martin had caught his eye a couple of times, but then he had also caught the eye of the girl at the table next to his.

"Excuse me," a low voice said. "Will you lend me five dollars?"

Martin jerked his head around. The girl at the next table was leaning toward him, and he met her calm eyes. He said, "I beg your pardon?"

"I said, will you lend me five dollars, please." The voice was low, but matter-of-fact. She looked at him with a certain unperturbed confidence, as if there were nothing unusual in the request.

"Five dollars?" Martin said, and stared into the gray eyes. Even in the moment of surprise he noticed that he had been right; she had a slight accent.

She made an impatient gesture with one hand. "I find I have come away without my pocketbook," she said. "Without my wallet, that is. You understand, I carry with me my money in a leetle alligator-skins wallet, and I forget to put it in my pocketbook. So I have not one sou with me." She pointed at her opened pocketbook and smiled. "In this countree, I am told, you must wash the dishes when you cannot pay. It is so?"

"Why, I guess so," Martin said.

"So." She spread her hands. "I do not wish to wash the dishes, so I look at you and I say to myself, 'Here is a nice fellow, and I will ask him for the money.' You see?"

It was Martin who was embarrassed, not she. He opened his mouth, closed it again, and there was an instant of excruciating silence. He saw her draw back, and the gray eyes became cloudy. She said quietly, "Excuse me, I am so sorry," and turned her head away.

"Wait," Martin said. "I'll let you have the five dollars." He reached for his wallet.

She shook her head. "To wash dishes is not so bad, I think."

His face reddened. "You took me by surprise, you know. I'll be glad to lend it to you." He had his wallet open, took out a bill.

Her low voice said, "Thank you, it is not necessary," and she sat half turned away. Martin became aware that the man at the bar was watching them, and it was an embarrassing scene as he sat holding out a five-dollar bill to the girl at the next table. Thank Heaven, he thought, the man was not a house detective. He said urgently, "Please take it. Here." He dropped it on the table at her elbow.

She turned quickly, with a wide, friendly smile. "You are *gentil*," she said. "I know when I look at you that you will not mind. I think it is an audacious thing to do, but you see, I do not wish to wash the dishes." She picked up the money. "I will return it at once. Almost at once. You are staying in the hotel?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Then give me the number of your room, please."

"Twelve-oh-seven."

She took an envelope from her pocketbook and wrote down the number with eyebrow pencil, then looked up at him and smiled again. "And your name?"

Martin hesitated. He was not registered. The room was not his. He said quickly, "Please don't think of paying it back."

Her eyebrows went up. "But I must!" She looked hurt, and her cheeks were flushed. "Of course I pay it back."

Martin thought fast. "Just put it in an envelope and give it to bellboy number fifteen. Tell him to take it up to room 1207."

"But may I not leave it at the desk for you?"

"The bellboy will . . ."

"But how do I find this bellboy? Is it not more convenient to leave it at the desk?"

Martin shrugged and said, "All right."

"And the name, please?"

"The room number is enough."

"Oh," she said, and blushed again. "I assure you, sir, I . . . Well, I should introduce myself. I am Madeleine Petit, and I also am stay here in the hotel. I have just come from Europe."

MARTIN thought that if she were staying in the hotel, she could have signed the bar check. But perhaps, being French, she did not know this. He said, "Driscoll."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Just put the name Driscoll on the envelope."

"Oh, to be sure, your name." She wrote Driscoll above the room number, then raised her hand and signaled to the waiter. "I am much embarrassed, Meester Driscoll. Such a thing will not happen to me again." She pushed the bill into the waiter's hand, and rose to her feet as he made change.

Martin also rose and, glancing toward the bar, saw a grin on the lean face of the blue-eyed man.

A moment later he was alone. She had walked quickly from the bar without a backward glance. Martin sat down and thoughtfully picked up his glass. He remembered her gray eyes, her low, exciting voice. Her perfume still lingered in his nostrils. He had been pretty slow

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e uptake, he thought. He had em-
issed the girl. But other girls he
would not have borrowed money
a stranger in a bar, he thought;
d have washed a ceiling-high stack
shes first.

s next thought was to wonder
her this was a new sort of confidence
that had been played on him. If so,
small stakes were involved. A girl
that, with a figure like that, could
etter than cadging five-dollar bills
rs. Still, he felt uncomfortable. Like
conventional people, he hated to
that anyone had got the best of
It made him feel like a sucker, and
dy he wished he had refused to lend
he money. After all, if she were
living in the hotel, she could have
d the check. And now that he
ht of it, that French accent seemed
nvincing. Definitely, Martin de-
, he had been taken for five dollars,
ny trusting stranger in the big city.
he'd be bidding for the Brooklyn
e.

t until he saw Charlie Savage at the
nce to the bar did Martin realize
the girl had made him forget the
lications of room 1207. The bell-
net Martin's eyes, spread his hands,
ged his shoulders, then slowly
his head. Meaning, Martin sup-
, that he had not found out who
an was. Martin nodded, and the
p went away.

rtin paid his check and returned to
bby. The drinks had fortified him,
or the time being the matter of the
room was unimportant. He had
peech to think about, and he went
e bulletin board to look up special
s for the day. He found it on the
line: *Historical Verification Associ-
: Parakeet Room:* 8 P.M. Hearing
ame called, he swung around. A
oy was paging Mr. Martin Vincent.
in called, "Here, boy."

"Mr. Vincent?"

"Yes."

"There's a young lady wants to talk to you. Please follow me."

Martin followed the bellboy across the lobby. It could not be Madeleine Petit; he had not given her his name. He didn't know any girls in New York. He was a stranger in town. Who could be paging him? He gripped the Latin instructor's Malacca stick a little more tightly.

SHE was sitting by a tall window, where two chairs were arranged close together, and she glanced up as Martin approached with the bellboy. He saw quick movement of a silken knee as she uncrossed her legs, then he looked into bored blue eyes. She got to her feet and held out her hand. "Mr. Vincent?" she said. "I'm Mary Edmonds."

He took her hand uncertainly, said, "Edmonds?"

"Didn't you get my letter?"

He shook his head.

She smiled, and the smile enlivened her face and hid the boredom in her eyes. She had a high, smooth forehead, very white under black hair, and a straight nose.

"I sent you a letter yesterday," she said. "Air-mail and special. I suppose it missed you. You *are* Mr. Vincent of the Porthaven School, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm Barton Duff's secretary."

"Oh," Martin said. "How do you do?"

"I was worried about you. I telephoned, and they said you weren't registered, so I came down. I took a chance and paged you. Dr. Fisher telegraphed that you would be staying at the Westbrook."

"I'm not registered," Martin said. "I'm—er—staying in a friend's room. Twelve-oh-seven."

She took a memorandum book from

CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Cigarette ashes are a great worry to a smoker and, perhaps more frequently, to the hostess. However, the wise smoker can light his cigarette and smoke its full length, without a speck of ash dropping off. Though he seems quite oblivious to the ever-increasing length of the ash, everyone else will keep anxious eyes on the cigarette.

The secret of the indestructible ash is a length of straight wire just a little shorter than the cigarette. The wire is pushed down through the center of the tobacco, beginning at the end which is to be lighted. A little care must be taken to keep the wire straight when pushing it into the tobacco, so it will not run off at an angle and pierce the cigarette paper. Naturally, in order to make the feat impressive, the wire must be put into the cigarette in advance. The ordinary wire paper clip is excellent for the purpose if straightened out and broken off at the right length. It is easy to break this wire by bending it back and forth between the fingers. A hairpin, one of the more robust kind, also can be used, though if it is one of those with wriggles, it is slightly difficult to push through tobacco.

When enough of the cigarette has been smoked to please, it may be laid flat on the tray and will go out almost at once.

Wife puts engineer on right track

7 A.M. "Oh! Oh!" said the engineer. "I'll never be in shape for that 9 o'clock run! I need a laxative. My head's pounding, I feel logy."

"It's speedy Sal Hepatica for you! It will give you the green light in a jiffy!" said his wife. "Here it is, all mixed and sparkling for you!"

9 A.M. Everything's under control . . . even the man at the throttle! Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour.

It also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. So always keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy!

In a national survey, more than half the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try speedy Sal Hepatica next time *you* need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that because Sal Hepatica is a *fluid bulk laxative,* soft pressure is exerted to stimulate *gentle,* speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

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"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

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pocketbook and wrote the number on, then gave him her smile again. M. Duff wanted me to brief you a lit- she said. "He likes his meetings to on schedule."

artin nodded, and strove for a mun- manner. "Shall we have a cock-"

e glanced at her wrist watch. "All . I'll have just one. I'm not much ocktails, you know. Not while work- anyway. And Mr. Duff doesn't par- arly approve."

He's opposed to drinking?"

Oh, no. Only public drinking. Mr. believes that both eating and drink- hould be conducted in private. Natu- you know how he feels about acy."

don't know much about Mr. Duff," tin said.

Exactly. That's the way Mr. Duff s it."

HEY reached the bar, and after they ere seated and he had ordered cock- she said, "Mr. Duff lives by himself is house up on Fifth Avenue. He y ever sees anyone. He almost never s the house except for H.V.A. meet- I run most of his errands for him, I keep his appointments, when he s appointments, that is. But it's a . It's a constant fight."

What's a fight?"

Keeping his privacy, I mean. News- rs are always trying to get at him, in- ew him, take his photograph, all that, so far we've kept them out. Had to bars on the lower windows, though." gave Martin a level look. "Now the thing is to be there on time to- ." She opened her handbag and out the memo book. "The meeting s at eight o'clock, and that means tly eight o'clock. Your speech goes t 8:06, and you will be finished at ."

What?" Martin said.

On the dot," said Mary Edmonds. Duff will ring a warning bell at and two bells at 8:36, then you're ugh."

e said nervously, "I didn't time my ch."

Then you'd better time it." She put nemo book away and picked up her tail.

How much time have you allowed hat drink?" Martin asked.

e looked surprised. "Twelve min- Why?"

thought so," he said, with a grin.

Well, I have to be back at six thirty. I have dinner and we start for the Westbrook at seven forty-six. You'll be on time, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," he said. "I want to make a good impression on Barton Duff."

"You do?" She raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

"For the old Blue and Gold," Martin said.

She nodded. "At least you're frank about it. I thought they'd send up a slick article like you."

"A slick article?" said Martin. He was tremendously pleased, and put his hand to the tight knot of his gray tie.

"Money," Miss Edmonds said, and sighed. "It's always money."

Martin put his glass down and focused his eyes on her remote face. He was feeling the drinks. "It's not *your* money," he said.

She met his gaze steadily. "No, it's not my money," she said. "But it *is* my job to fend off all the money seekers who come knocking at Mr. Duff's door. I get a little tired of it. And you know . . ." She leaned toward him. "You're not fooling Mr. Duff. He knows perfectly well why Dr. Fisher sent you up here to make a speech."

"Does he?" Martin said uncomfortably. "What did he say about it?"

Her smile was irritating. "He simply laughed."

Martin said glumly, "That's not good."

She was still smiling. "I'm afraid all the big build-up Dr. Fisher gave you was in vain, Mr. Vincent."

"Build-up?" Martin said. "Dr. Fisher gave me a build-up?"

"The most promising young master at Porthaven," she said. "A real scholar, and a specialist in history and education. Now engaged in a definitive work on the history of education. And so on and so forth."

"Imagine that," Martin said.

"But, as I said, the build-up won't help," Mary Edmonds went on. "You might as well give up and go back to Porthaven, Mr. Vincent. As a matter of fact, as I told Mr. Duff, isn't it time the other alumni took a hand in supporting Porthaven? Why should all the burden fall on Barton Duff?"

"You told him that?" Martin said. "Well, I can tell you why. Mr. Duff is a First Boy, one of two surviving members of the first class at Porthaven. He's helped the school in the past, when no one else came through. They've tried soliciting the alumni. They've tried everything. But most of the alumni are primarily interested in the colleges they went to. They've forgotten Porthaven."

"So has Mr. Duff," said Mary Edmonds.

"You don't know anything about Porthaven," he said. "You've never been there. You've never even seen the school. Yet you go out of your way to argue against us with Mr. Duff, without even knowing what Porthaven is or what it means."

"Well," said Mary Edmonds. "What *does* Porthaven mean?"

"It's a damned fine school," Martin said. "It could be the best in the country if it weren't so pressed for money. Every year we send out a class of kids, and they're educated kids. We've taught them their lessons, sure, but we've taught them other things, too, to last them all their lives. Sportsmanship, and getting along with your fellow man, and . . ."

"The old Blue and Gold," she said tartly.

"That's right," Martin said with belligerence.

"I'll bet you don't give a hoot about it," she said. "I bet you hate the little nippers. Otherwise you wouldn't unload all those clichés like a dump truck."

"I can't help it if the truth sounds like a cliché," Martin said. "We *have* done a fine job at Porthaven, for fifty years now. It would be a crime if the school had to close down. It would mean two hundred boys would lose the advantages of Porthaven. It would mean the faculty —and it's a good one—would be out of a job."

"That's it," Mary Edmonds said. "Jobs."

"We can get other jobs," he said stiffly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Mr. Vincent," she said. "Because Mr. Duff has made up his mind. His only interest these days is the H.V.A., and it's a good thing, too. It makes him happy, and the H.V.A. isn't trying to get at his moneybags."

"I don't understand this interest in history," Martin said. "I remember hearing that Mr. Duff had very poor marks at Porthaven. He barely squeaked through."

"It isn't history; it's the movies." She smiled. "He adores the movies. He's like a kid about them. He has a projection machine and a theater in his house and he sees all the new ones as soon as they're released. Actually, the H.V.A. is just a good excuse to see all the pictures. Of course, he's very sincere about the aims of the organization. Don't think he isn't!"

Martin said, "You seem to be fond of old Mr. Duff."

"I am." She glanced at her watch. "Your two minutes are up, and I have to run." She rose, and put out her hand. "At least, when you make your speech, Mr. Vincent, concentrate on one thing. I'll give you that tip."

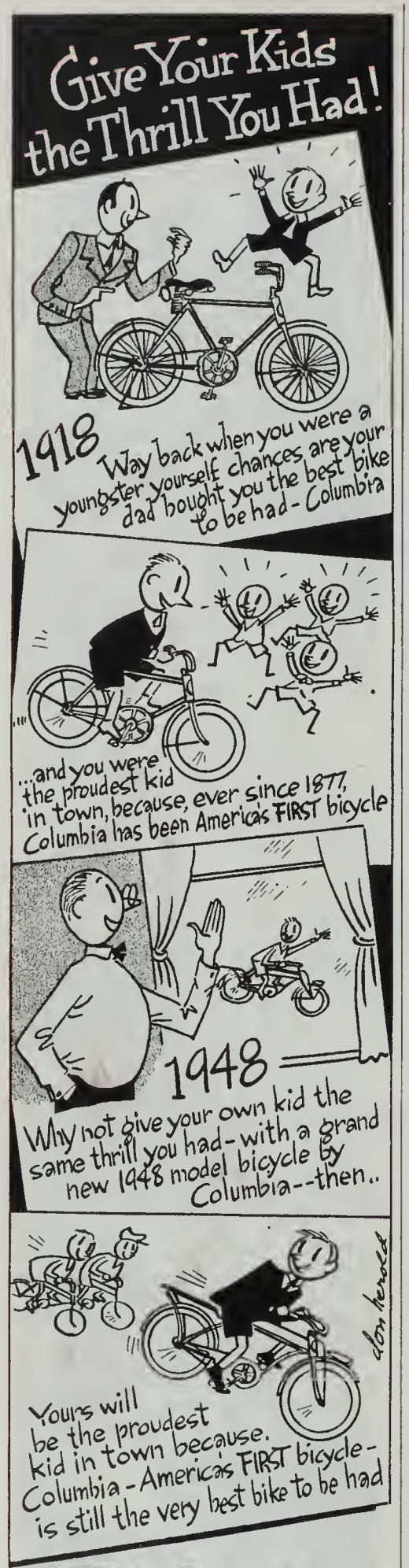
"Yes? On what?"

"The West," said Mary Edmonds. "He follows all the Westerns." She smiled again and said, "Good luck," and walked briskly away.

MARTIN paid his check and went out of the bar. His task seemed impossible with Duff's secretary openly allied against him. As he went up in the elevator to the twelfth floor he thought that there wasn't much chance for Porthaven. He had little reliance in his powers of persuasion. But surprisingly, he was not greatly concerned, and as he walked along the twelfth-floor corridor he understood the reason why. He was pretty tight.

Tight or not, there was the matter of the speech. It was already six thirty and he had to time it, he had to put a little emphasis on the West somewhere. It was thirty pages long, far too long for a half-hour speech. He let himself into room 1207 and got the speech out of his suitcase in the bedroom. As he did so he saw his reflection again in the full-length mirror and paused for a careful inspection. Yes, he thought, he did look like a

"Boy, did you get a load of that hunk of man?" VIRGIL PARTCH



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pretty slick article. It had done a lot for his morale, that phrase from that girl.

He changed into his tuxedo, then took the speech to a table near the window in the living room and got out his pencil. He had cut two paragraphs out of the first three pages, and was at work on the fourth page, when the telephone rang. The sound in the still room made him jump. He turned and looked at the instrument, aware once more that he was an intruder in this room. But he had given Mary Edmonds the number; the call might be from Barton Duff. He crossed slowly, picked up the receiver, and said, "Hello."

A woman's voice said, "Mr. Driscoll?"

Martin's heart sank. He mumbled, "Who's calling?"

"This is Miss Petit. Madeleine Petit."

"Oh," Martin said. "Hello."

"I wish to return the money," she said. "May I now?"

"All right," he said. "If you'll just leave it at the desk, I'll pick it up."

"I'm on the eleventh floor, Mr. Driscoll. I only have to run up one flight. I come at once." She hung up.

AT LEAST, Martin thought, as he dropped the receiver back on its cradle, she wasn't a confidence artist. He hadn't been taken in. He was glad he had not refused the loan.

Two minutes after she telephoned, Madeleine Petit was at Martin's door, giving him her wide smile, saying, "You were a good sport to let me have the money." She looked past him. "Oh, what a beautiful room."

She was moving forward, and Martin stood aside. "Lovely," she said. "You live here permanently, it seems."

Martin said nothing; he saw no point in explanations. She dropped into a chair, opened her handbag, and took out a five-dollar bill. "I return it now," she said, "with so many thanks."

Martin took the money; he felt embarrassed and said with an attempt at lightness, "You know, I'm a stranger in town and I thought maybe I'd been taken in by a confidence trick. I owe you an apology."

"Confidence?" she said, and her eyes opened wide. "What is this, confidence?"

"You know," he said. "Taking advantage of somebody. That kind of thing."

"I see," Miss Petit said softly. "I would say, Monsieur, you yourself have everything here to take advantage. Even a bar!" She smiled. "I am hinting."

Martin moistened his lips, said, "I don't want to seem rude, but I'm terribly busy. I have to cut a speech. You know, time it. My speech is too long in script, and I only have half an hour for it."

"You must time it?" she said. "But allow me to help. You make your speech and give me your watch. How is that? Please, let me help you."

"That's kind of you," Martin said. "Very kind. I *would* like to try it out." He picked up the telephone. "What will it be, cocktail or highball?"

She pointed to the bar. "But you have so much here. Why do you call?"

"I need ice," Martin said hastily. "What will it be?"

"For me, I think, a Manhattan."

Martin ordered a shaker of Manhattans, put his watch in her hand, and began reading the speech. When he found a place that could stand cutting he called, "Time out," and she checked the watch. There was a faint smile on her lips all the time.

A waiter brought the drinks, and Martin paid. As he filled the glasses she said, "When do you make your speech?"

"Tonight. Eight o'clock."

"So soon?" She glanced up at him. "It is a strange speech for you to make, I think."

"Strange? Why?"

"So much, what you call, scholarship. So much talk of history. In you it surprises me."

"Well," he said, "history is my subject."

"Your subject, please?"

"My specialty," Martin said. "Shall we go on?" He picked up the manuscript and went on reading, making cuts now and then, calling for time out, refilling their glasses. At last he finished, looked at her, and said, "Well?"

"Very good," she said. "A very fine speech, I think."

"Thanks. But how much time?"

"Oh." She studied some marks she had made on an envelope with eyebrow pencil. "Take away one minute here, and another two, is three minutes, and is five, is seven, is twelve. What time we begin? Six minutes to seven. And is now seven fifty-nine. Sixty-five minutes you is talking. Take away twelve. Is fifty-three minutes. It makes twenty-three minutes too much, but you make many cuts, so . . ."

Martin stared at her. "What time did you say it was?"

"Seven fifty-nine." She looked at the watch. "And now a half."

"I'm due at eight!" Martin cried. "I've got to run."

"But wait. The cocktails are not finished. We . . ."

"You finish 'em," he said. "Goodby."

He started for the door, but her call stopped him. "Wait! I have your watch."

He turned to snatch the watch, then threw open the door and dashed for an elevator.

The Parakeet Room was on the main floor. He ran across the lobby to the entrance door, and a glance at his watch showed him that it was three minutes past eight. He was out of breath when he opened the door.

About a hundred persons were seated on gilt chairs facing the speakers' rostrum, a table covered with green baize and set on a platform. A hand touched Martin's arm, and he looked into Mary Edmonds' reproving eyes. She whispered, "I warned you to be on time. I'm afraid you've defeated yourself, Mr. Vincent."

FOR the first time, Martin became aware that there was silence in the room. Two men were seated at the speakers' table, and at the lectern stood a big, bald man who could only be Barton Duff. He was an impressive, solid figure of a man. The planes of his face were firm and commanding, and there was an alert gleam in the small eyes set deep beneath thick gray eyebrows. The eyes were fixed on Martin, and they watched him as Mary Edmonds led him to the platform and indicated a waiting chair next to hers. Martin sat down heavily.

"And now perhaps we may resume," said Barton Duff in a rumbling, assertive tone. "Our schedule will be retarded throughout by twenty-seven seconds. Please bear that in mind. Now I return to the motion before this body. Debate, as you know, was limited to three minutes. I declare debate to be closed. The motion before this body is: Resolved, that the Historical Verification Association shall make an initial appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the publication of a monthly bulletin setting forth historical inaccuracies in current films. All those in favor will signify in the usual manner."

There was a chorus of ayes.

"Contrary-minded," said Mr. Duff.

No voice spoke.

"The motion is carried," said Barton Duff. "Now we will hear from our speaker of the evening, Mr. Martin Vincent, instructor in History at the Porthaven School for Boys. Mr. Vincent."

Martin rose, bowed to Barton Duff, and moved unsteadily to the lectern. He was still a little breathless, and his forehead was wet with sweat. His whole body felt flushed from the liquor that he had drunk.

Mr. Duff sat down, and Martin faced

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audience. Not until he put his hands to the lectern did he become aware of awful thing that had happened. He left his speech in room 1207.

For a moment, as he gripped the lec- in the Parakeet Room, Martin was aid that he had left his voice, as well is speech, in the room upstairs. Then ash of light broke through the vapors is brain.

I heard tonight the very interesting olution adopted by this body," Mar- said, "and I was struck at once by great potential for education in this posed monthly bulletin to be pub- ed by the Historical Verification As- iation. I congratulate the association this dynamic and constructive project. ions of what might be accomplished such a service flashed through my d, and, being a teacher, I naturally ght how it could be allied to educa- n. By that I mean formal education." Martin glanced at Barton Duff; he ld not see his eyes for the bushy eye- ws, but even the rays reflected from bald head seemed unfriendly. Martin t on: "Why not, I thought, dis- ute this bulletin to school children ughout the nation, to inform them historical misinformation in motion ures. Prevent the warping in the new d. Then the thought came to me that dren could themselves be of great efit in preparing such a bulletin, as l as receiving benefit from it. You w, I think there should be in every utable school a class in historical verification, a class of boys and girls trained to search out for themselves the historical inaccuracies in our various media of entertainment, to report on them, and to collate their reports. I think it would be a good idea to have one school designated as the center of collation, to serve as the nerve center of this project, to prepare for the monthly bulletin of the H.V.A., a students' report on the subject. Perhaps suitable prizes offered by this association would further help to stimulate a new interest in history among our children."

Martin turned his head slightly, and saw a gleam in Barton Duff's eye. There was a round of applause, as if the eye had photoelectric qualities to which everyone in the Parakeet Room was responsive. Martin knew he had hit on it. He did not suggest the Porthaven School for Boys as the collation center. He did not even mention Porthaven. He was sure it was not necessary. He glanced at Mary Edmonds once. Her lips had a sarcastic twist, and her blue eyes frankly stared at him.

MARTIN was warmed up. When he finally remembered to look at his watch, which he had placed on the lectern, it was 8:35. He turned to the chairman with a smile. "Let me take this last moment to apologize for my tardiness in arrival here this evening. At the same time, in order to compensate for the time lost in the schedule, I will conclude my address at once."

He sat down, and looked at his watch. It lacked twenty-eight seconds of 8:36. He had given Barton Duff a full second for good measure. Martin closed his eyes. Already his head was beginning to throb. It was unfair, he thought, to have a hang-over begin before the evening was done.

There was solid applause, led by Barton Duff, and Mr. Duff announced that Mr. Vincent's proposal would be on the agenda at the next meeting. Then the meeting moved on to other things. At last the motion was put for adjournment, precisely on schedule.

A group gathered at the rostrum, and for a time Martin answered questions, then Barton Duff drew him aside. His eyes were bright and he put a heavy hand on Martin's shoulder. "An excellent address," he said. "My boy, I'm happy to see Porthaven so well represented here tonight. Now I want to talk to you about your plan."

Martin said, "Perhaps we can get away somewhere for a bite." He was acutely reminded that he had eaten no dinner.

"I never eat in public," said Barton Duff. "Not if I can help it. But I do want to talk to you, Mr. Vincent. The thought came to me that boys would be particularly helpful in the case of Western pictures. There's where hash is made of history. Why, I saw one yesterday afternoon. It was about Billy the Kid. You know how they made him out? A hero. A Robin Hood. That kind of thing. You know where Billy came from?"

"New York City," Martin said. It was a happy remembrance.

"That's right. A New York tough. A mean little punk. A killer. And look what they're doing, making a hero of him to the kids. Mr. Vincent, come to my house at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning and I'll show you that film. Eleven sharp. Now, where can we go and talk?"

"If you'd like to come up to my room?" Martin suggested.

"Excellent," said Barton Duff. He signaled to Mary Edmonds. "Mary, I'm going to have a conference with Mr. Vincent." He pulled out his watch. "It's nine eight. We'll be through at nine thirty-three." He looked at Martin. "What floor is your room?"

"Twelfth."

Barton Duff made rapid calculations,

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aid to Miss Edmonds, "Have the front at nine thirty-five, please."
es, Mr. Duff," Mary said.
ow, Mr. Vincent," said Barton "Off we go."
they moved toward the door Mary nds said softly, in Martin's ear, e cheers for the Blue and Gold."
hat was a good suggestion you ," Mr. Duff said as they crossed the to the elevators. "Very good. e a man of ideas, Vincent. Had ome prepared with that thought?"
o, sir," Martin said. "As a matter t, I discarded my prepared speech."
ood! I like a man who can think on et. I like a man with ideas." Mr. s powerful hand caught Martin's as they reached the elevator, and lled him toward an opening door. ey waited while the elevator emp- but as they started to enter, a voice sharply, "Hey, there!"

ARTIN glanced back and saw a bellboy waving frantically. It was ie Savage. He came up at a trot, g, "Wait, I got to talk to you."
ater," Martin said.
's got to be now. It's trouble."
xcuse me, Mr. Duff," Martin said. rton Duff pulled out his watch "I don't have much time, Vincent. it wait? Here's our elevator."
rtin thrust the key to room 1207 is hand. "Go on up. Room 1207. me on the next elevator."
s you will," Barton Duff said, some- stiffly. He took the key and stepped the elevator. The doors closed be- him.
ake it fast, Charlie," Martin said. at's wrong?"
lenty is wrong," said Charlie Sav- "I got to get you out of that room. ey Driscoll is back from the Coast."
rtin groaned, and the bellhop said, n for me, too." He fished in his et. "Here's your sawbuck."
rtin said, "I don't care if he *has* back. I've got to have the use of room, or some other room, for ty-five minutes. It's urgent."
rother, that ain't all that's urgent," bellhop said, and gave Martin a e toward the elevator.
e doors opened at the twelfth floor, Martin started out, but as he did so an struck violently against him, y upsetting him. The man ran on the elevator, and just before the s closed, Martin got a look at him. vas the man in the shabby suit who been trailing him that afternoon. is hand was a camera, with flash- attachment.

Charlie Savage said in Martin's ear, "What goes on?"

For the first time Martin noticed the noise from down the corridor—a woman's shrill voice, a man's shout. Before he reached the door he knew that the noise came from room 1207; it was an awful realization.

The door was open, and just inside Martin saw Barton Duff shaking his finger at a girl standing by the bedroom door. The girl was Madeleine Petit, and she was airily clad in a bath towel.

"I tell you, he took a photograph!" Barton Duff was saying angrily. "Young woman, what's the meaning of this? What are you doing here?"

Madeleine Petit saw Martin and raised an imploring hand, then quickly clutched the bath towel again. "I am taking a bath and this man walks in on me. Right into the bathroom!"

Barton Duff swung around. "Mr. Vincent, what's the meaning of this? A man was here and took a photograph. *My* photograph. Who is this young woman? Did you bring her here?"

"Of course he bring me here," Madeleine screamed. "I am here as his guest. He is Mr. Barney Driscoll. This is his room."

"Driscoll?" said Barton Duff. Frowning eyebrows almost hid his eyes. "What's this about Driscoll? This man is Martin Vincent of the Porthaven School for Boys." He glared at Martin. "Or he *says* he is."

Madeleine was staring at Martin with the shocked eyes of a woman compromised. He said quickly, "This is all a mistake, Mr. Duff. When I sent you up here I thought of course the young lady had left."

"Someone took a photograph," said Barton Duff. "I want to know who took that photograph."

Martin slapped his palms together, remembering the anonymous shabby man with the camera in his hand. "I know who took that picture!"

"I'll bet you know," said Barton Duff. "Who? Who are you working with? By George, is this blackmail?"

A deep voice said, "What in God's name is going on here?" A man stood in the doorway, a tall man with brown, brooding eyes and a drooping mouth, wearing a sport jacket and a canary-yellow shirt, open at the throat.

Barton Duff gave him a venomous look. "Who the hell are you? Another blackmailer?"

"Who am I?" the man said in a quiet tone. "I'm Barney Driscoll and this is my room. Do I need an introduction?"

(To be continued next week)

"Onion soup, roast beef and gravy, mashed potatoes, carrots, cherry pie and ice cream— What'd you have?"

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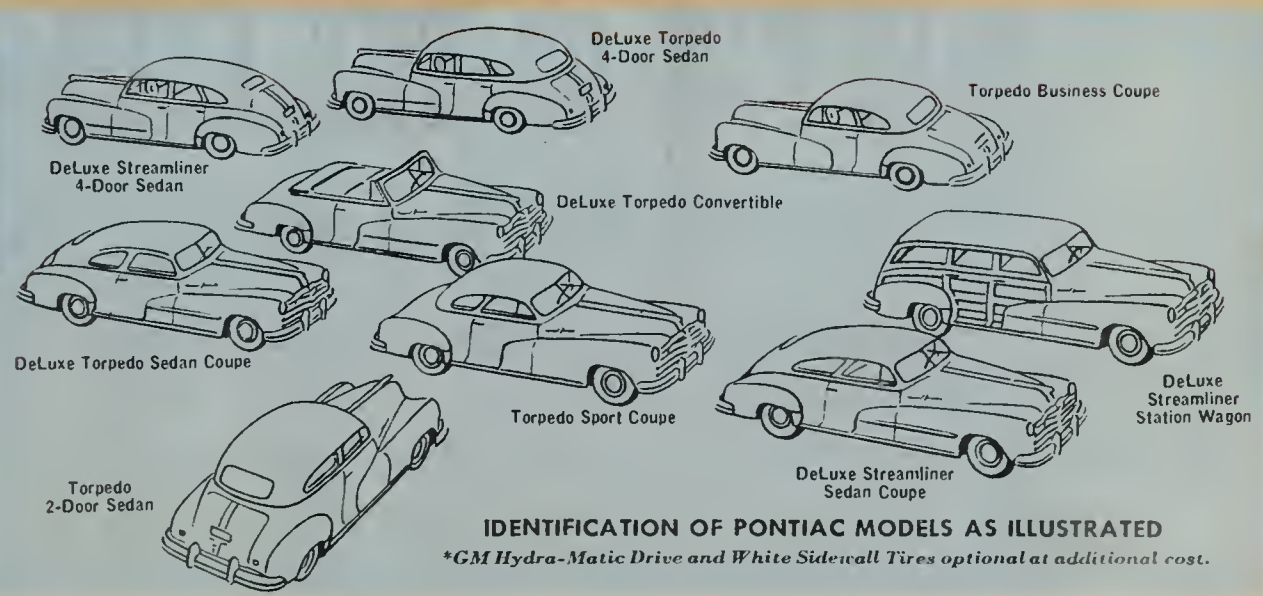

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J. Scott Smart, star of The Fat Man radio program, at left, and Jeff Brophy, a husky entertainer who tips the scales at around 500 pounds, take comfort in a couple of sandwiches that, just for a gag, are filled with ham

THE FAT OF THE LAND

BY RUSSELL MALONEY

The corpulent get that way because they eat too much. They are unhappy because they are fat. They are fat because they are unhappy. It may be emotional, and not glandular

WOULD you like to know one of the mos important medical discoveries of recen years? It is that fat people are fat becaus they eat too much. During recent years it has bee customary to attribute the whole question of over weight to "glandular" troubles. So here's the lates bulletin on that: About one fat person in a thousan has something wrong with his glands, but even the he is usually too fat because he eats too much.

An overwhelming majority of medical men agre with the psychiatrists that the fundamental cause o many physical ills is mental. Psychosomatic medi cine is the word for this kind of diagnosis and treat ment—medicine for the mind and body.

The authority for this article is Dr. Hilde Bruch a New York psychiatrist on the staff of Babies' Hos pital at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Cente who has for a number of years been observing fa patients, both in her private practice and in clinica work. A brief flurry in the press and news maga zines last autumn concerning the question of obesit centered on more or less hazy accounts of a pape which she read before members of the New Yor Academy of Medicine. The paper was entitle "Psychological Aspects of Obesity."

Dr. Bruch is not the only doctor who has don intensive work on this subject. There are numerou other specialists whose findings agree with hers, in cluding Doctors Henry Richardson and Thoma Rennie, of the Cornell Medical Center staff. As matter of fact anyone who has access to a medica library will find that fatness has of late been deal with almost exclusively as a psychosomatic prob lem.

This article also contains the findings of anothe authority on fatness—the author. It is true that am a layman, but I am a layman who used to weig 60 pounds more than I do now. I think I understan what made me get fat and stay that way for such long time, and I know that the few simple fact which make up this story were helpful to me in los ing the 60 pounds. No one human problem i exactly like another, but there are fundamenta things about fatness that apply to every fat persor

I'm not giving medical advice, I'm just repeatin what certain doctors have told me. A zealous dis senter could dig up an equal number of doctors t dispute every word set down here. But nobody ca deny the facts of his own experience, and I did los 60 pounds.

Incidentally, I think that anybody who under takes a reducing diet without regular checkups by medical doctor is unwise, to say the least. If th doctor does nothing else he can reassure his patien when he reaches the point, inevitable in most reduc ing diets, at which he begins to get the panicky feel ing that he is impairing his heart or some other vita organ. (The way really to damage your heart, o course, is to stay fat. This is also a good way to ge diabetes, high blood pressure and fallen arches.)

Good-Natured Aspect Is Only Skin-Deep

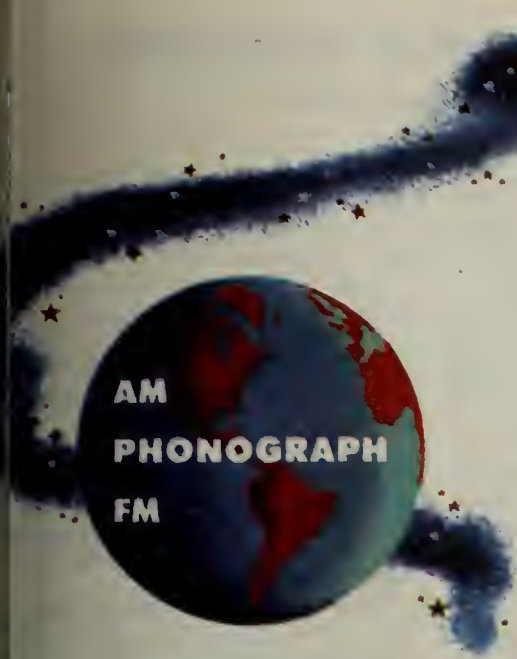
When I was so much overweight I was unhapp about it. The good-natured fat man is good-nature only on the surface; he has learned that the pos makes life easier for him. Now that I am back a my proper weight I am perhaps just the slightest b less good-natured. I'm happy rather than good natured. The process by which I lost the 60 pound was the process of finding out what was making m unhappy, of taking steps to correct the situation an of maintaining, for half a year or so, a low-calori diet. The last was absurdly easy.

A fat person is an unhappy person. He's unhapp because he's fat; but, more important than that, h is fat because he's unhappy.

I have aroused roomful after roomful of m friends to vociferous fury with that statement. can always calm them down instantly by saying th same thing in a different way—by saying a fat pe son is fat because he is neurotic. "Neurotic" is respectable word. "Unhappiness" is seldom used i polite company. But unhappiness is the fundamer tal problem of the neurotic, who is always someho compelled to act against his own best interests an his prospects of happiness. "Happiness" may be corny word, but it is a far more important one tha "diet," "exercise" and "will power."

The discovery that fat people are fat because the eat too much represents an about-face on the pa of the M.D.s, who have for some years now bee proceeding on the theory that fatness must be symptom of a glandular *(Continued on page 7*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



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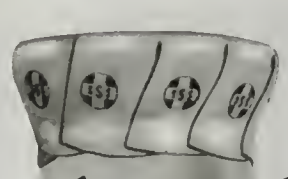

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THE HALF-SHOT HEREFORD

Continued from page 19

For the first time since he had arrived, Casey felt he was catching up. He'd hunted pheasants all over the Middle West. "I brought my 20-gauge pump along. I find using a—"

"Casey's bunking with us tonight," Susie said. "He's bushed and I figure I better get used to looking after him. His mind's going. He says he thinks he's not all there."

Casey laughed, but no one else did. He glanced plaintively from Dunne to his wife. "They are expecting me at the hotel," he said. "I wouldn't want them to be mad at me."

"We'd be delighted to have a lunatic in the house," Mrs. Dunne said. "I suppose I didn't realize it until just now, but I think I've been running a kind of asylum ever since my daughter was born."

"I don't feel I ought to impose on you."

"It's nothing," Susie said. "I'll just call the hotel and tell them you're spending the night with a woman."

When she had gone to the phone, Dunne peered soberly at Casey. "Man to man, Mr. Casey, I tell you I've never seen her take to anyone like she has to you. She's spent most of her life on a ranch. She's never had any truck with men that play around with a woman's affections. She's the kind of girl that'll take her heart out and hand it to you." Dunne's face was solemn. "I'd feel bad, real blood-spillin' mad, if anyone took advantage of that. You follow me, Mr. Casey?"

"Dammit all, anyhow," Casey said, rising, "this has got to stop! Not twenty minutes ago I got off a plane, a happy, tired stranger. Now I'm being threatened with bloodletting." He stopped, panting some.

"Buckle back in your chair, son," Dunne said. "You look honest to me. I just wanted it clear that I'd shoot the man who wasn't." He got up, went to a cupboard and poured out two shots of whisky. He handed one to Casey. "You're pale, son. This will bring up your color."

Susie returned from the phone and sat beside Casey on the davenport. "Just think, by this time next week we'll probably be nuts about each other."

Casey held out his glass to Dunne. "I wonder if I could have another on those?"

"You must be very tired," Mrs. Du said. "Would you like to turn in?"

"Well," Casey said, "I do feel I'm ing peculiar."

Dunne handed him the whisky. hold the kid until you can get ups and bolt the door. Good night, Casey." . . .

After breakfast the following m ing, Susie drove him out to his offic the airport. Before letting him out lifted her lips to his and planted one. mouth was warm and sweet. St began to rise in Casey.

"That'll be all for this morning," said. "Feel free to drop in anytime more treatments." As she drove o the parking lot Casey's right leg twitching strongly.

THE next few days were pleasant busy for Casey. With Susie's hel moved into the small brick house left by his predecessor at Trans-Mou Airways. Susie installed new curt hung pictures, rearranged the furn and lugged over a couple ivy pl Twice she prepared dinner for him better get used to the joint," she him, "just in case a certain old party gets the lead out and asks me to b little woman."

Cheyenne, 6,100 feet above sea l had a cow-town atmosphere that C adored. Nosing around, he learned Mike Dunne was a well-heeled rar owning thousands of acres of range big herds of white-faced cattle. Wit good grass and high beef prices D had made a killing the past few y Casey became enraptured with the of owning a ranch. So did Susie. had him talk to her father and withi days Casey had made a deal to buy Dunne a small ranch at a price that up most of his small inheritance, bu still below market. Dunne asked a small down payment; Casey w need cash for building up a herd. . .

On a Friday, two weeks after C arrived in Cheyenne, Polly called San Francisco to tell him her divorce papers had come through

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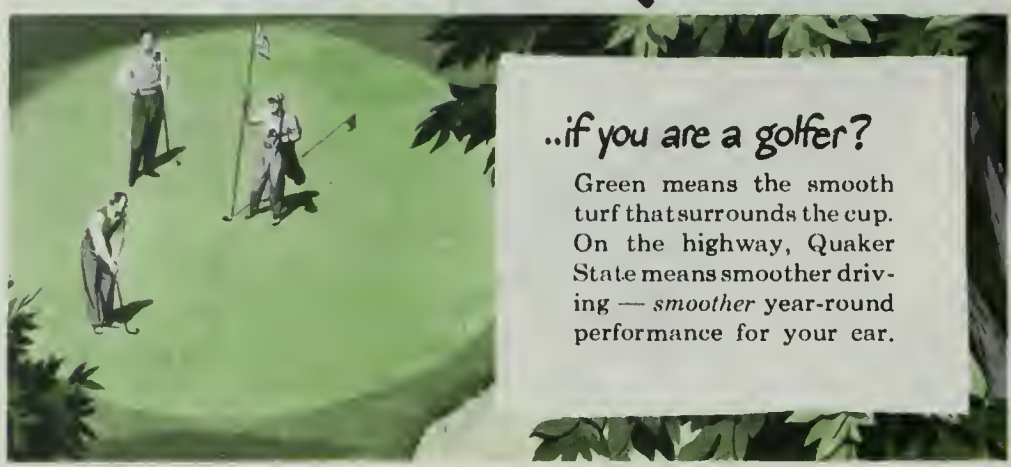

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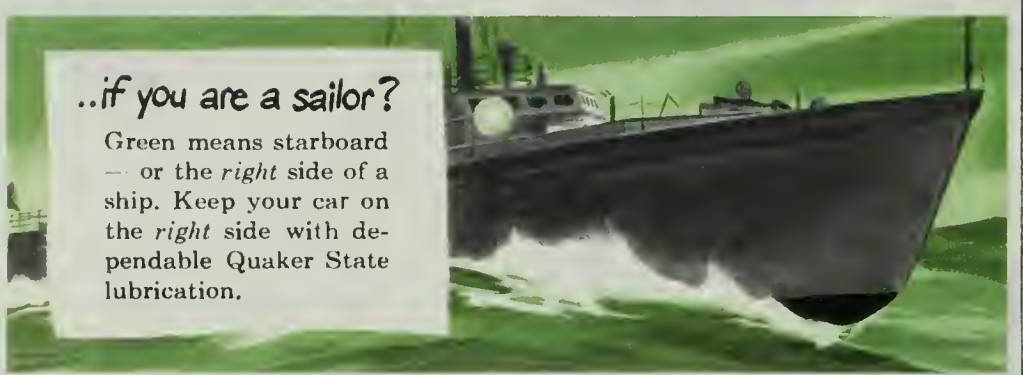

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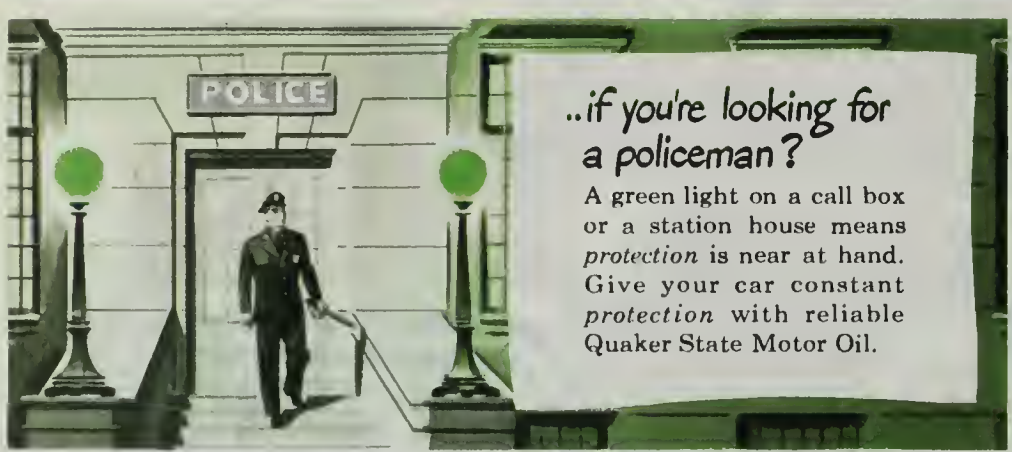

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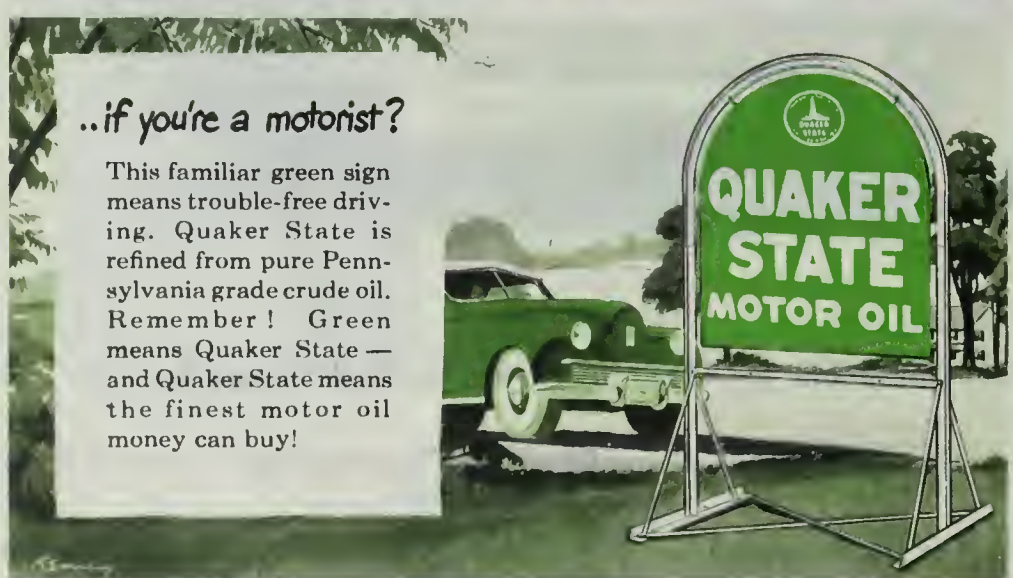

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that she would land in Cheyenne Sunday evening on the ten-o'clock flight. Casey was shaken; in the past few days his fiancée had pretty well skipped his mind. What was more, Susie was taking him pheasant hunting Sunday. When he had quieted down, he realized he could readily get back from hunting in time to meet Polly. He realized too that it was time to tell Susie about Polly. The thought made him sweat. He'd never given the kid any reason whatever to believe he had any romantic feeling for her, but Casey felt like a polecat anyhow.

EARLY Sunday, Susie and he left Cheyenne for the Torrington area. As they drove north the land changed, leveling off. The big rolling ranches became farms. Grass became grain. It was pheasant country.

Casey spotted the first birds, two big garish cocks and a seedy-looking hen, standing around a shock of wheat. He and Susie got out, loaded up and separated, one to each side of the birds. After a quick look, the pheasants legged it for the cover of high grass and thistles along the fence that separated the wheat field from a small pasture where Herefords grazed. Casey knew the birds would either stand in the cover or run head down along it. When he and Susie reached the fence they began working toward each other.

Susie flushed the first cock and dropped it in the pasture. A few moments later Casey kicked up the second cock. It headed noisily out over the stubble and Casey shot it. He was trotting after it when Susie screamed.

"Casey!" she shrieked. "Judas priest, look!"

A hundred feet out in the pasture Susie stood facing a Hereford bull.

"Don't move!" Casey roared. "If he charges shoot for the snoot and dodge!"

It takes a bull a little time to get himself mad enough to chase things, even girls. But it was clear he was charging his batteries. He breathed hard, pawed up dusty clods of turf and switched his tail stiffly. Susie stared at him, hamstrung with fear. Standing at the fence, sixty yards from the bull, Casey let him have a blast of bird shot that kicked up a small cloud of dust and hair from the bull's rear. Outraged and fouled, the bull stomped around and glared at Casey. "Run!" Casey yelled at Susie. "Beat it for the fence!" Susie fled like an alarmed doe and when her flight caught the bull's attention again Casey battered his bottom with another round. Susie belly-slid under the barbed wire, got up and with a small cry sprinted into Casey's arms. He brushed thistles from her hair, patted her here and there and found himself clucking a good deal.

"Golly, Casey," she whimpered, "I thought I was a goner."

Casey began to feel marvelously heroic and fine. A rush of tenderness for the girl in his arms swept over him. For the first time in his life he felt protective toward a female; he hankered to look after Susie. He kissed her and she responded in strength.

"Casey, this sort of cinches things, doesn't it? When a gentleman shoots a bull in the caboose to save his woman's life and then smooches her right out in the stubble field I guess it means some kind of wonderful natural force has taken over, huh, Casey?"

Casey, his right leg twitching, turbulent with emotion, didn't hear the little red-faced man in overalls coming up behind him. He'd gotten as far as: "Baby, I've got something to tell—" when the little man belted him across the left shoulder with a pitchfork handle.

Casey whirled around and the little man slugged him on his dog-leg nose with a handful of flinty knuckles. Casey bent like warm taffy, but didn't go down.

"Damn' two-bit city kid!" the little man cried. "Out shootin' a man's stock!"

"You leave him be!" Susie yelled. claw—"

"Girlie, keep your trap knit," farmer said. He eyed Casey, who feeling his nose for fresh breaks. " bull cost me six thousand smackers any smart slicker takes and shoots h askin' for a bruise!" He lifted the p fork handle and swung earnestl Casey's head. Casey ducked, gra the farmer's wrist and jammed his into the side of the other's knee. crashed down together in the stu Casey on top. Casey banged him t under the ear with his elbow and farmer relaxed. He looked up tired Casey. "You rassle pretty cute once git to movin'."

Their faces so close they looked c eyed at each other, they lay for a without moving, panting. "What got in mind to do now?" the fa asked finally. "We goin' to lie out like this all day, just breathin' hard?"

Susie, circling the pair like a frusti referee, cried, "He slugged you from hind, Casey. Crush his skull!"

Though Casey's nose throbbed hea he was calm. "We'll chat," he said t farmer. "I shot your bull becaus was going to charge the girl."

The farmer winced with dis "Freddie wouldn't charge nobody! you never seen a sweeter, kinderhea bull. I raised Freddie from a yea and I know, I know certain, he'd go o his way to be nice to people."

"Oh!" Susie yelled. "What a big

"He was going to charge," Casey patiently, "so I shot him to draw off. At sixty yards that bird shot bounced off anyway. If he's hurt I'll Okay?"

"I ain't in no position to dicker. got a deal. Lemme up now, this i place for a man my age, lyin' out in stubble holdin' up a stranger."

CASEY let him up. The farmer bru himself off. "Name's Watkins," said, striding to the fence and Fre who had been watching them, fascina "That feller hurt you, Freddie?" farmer asked. "Your behind blee or anything?" Talking soothingly, kins climbed through the barbed wire walked toward the bull. Twenty y out in the pasture he stopped. Fre had his head down and earth was fl from beneath his front hoofs.

"Why, blast you, Freddie, what's e you?" Watkins cried. He started b ing slowly for the fence and Fre charged. Casey shot him in the ru but it was too late. Watkins waited he knew he must, and as the bull cl in on him he hopped aside. This t Casey shot Freddie at closer range the bull grunted with pain and fury turned away from Watkins, who race the fence and slid under. He rose ran to Casey.

"By God, after all I done for that b that really gits a man sore! Borrow that gun!" Casey handed him the gauge and the farmer blasted Fredd battered bottom for the fifth time. F ing better, Watkins handed back the g "Friend, I'm sorry I poled you lik done. You ain't a bad feller. Why d you and the missus come on up to house and have a snort? How abou girlie?"

"Shucks," Susie said, "reckon I'd fa a snort."

Casey was staring at Freddie, seemed confused.

"You want to give him anot round?" Watkins asked. "Go ahead.

"Freddie's a fine-looking anim Casey said. "A whiz."

Watkins eyed him with new inter "What do you know about pureb Herefords?"

"My dad raised them in Nebrask Casey said. "I know a good bull whe see one. Freddie's one."

"Bub," Watkins said, "you come

the house. You and me'll have a talk out Freddie here while your missus l mine have theirselves a snort and ne jawin'."

They drove up to the farmhouse. Mrs. tkins, a portly woman in a clean ging- n dress, welcomed them. Watkins ke out a bottle of bourbon and his e carved up a roast beef.

"Want to see Freddie's pedigree?" tkins said. "I got it right here."

The more Casey talked and thought out it the more he admired Freddie. needed a bull to build up a herd on ranch and he knew the value of oded stock. Susie urged him to buy d it was clear that Watkins wanted to l.

"I moved up here from Missoura," tkins said, "five year ago, figurin' to se me some good stock. I have. I de money, but this danged country!" stopped, gathering invective. "Cold winter, and windy every day. My old y here can't stand it. Gets her to eezin' October clean through March. want to get back to Missoura."

Susie looked at Casey and nodded. sey said, "I'll give you what you paid Freddie."

They began to dicker and ended up a f hour later with Casey giving Watkins heck for six thousand dollars.

"When do you want him?" Watkins ed.

"Lend me a trailer. I'll take him now."

"Jerusalem," Watkins said quietly, n't this been a day though?"

While Watkins got on a horse and, with dog, hustled Freddie into the barn d got him ready for the ride to Cheyenne, Casey and Susie hunted the farmer's fields for pheasants. By mid-afternoon they had their limits and Freddie was in a trailer ready to go. Watkins was a little drunk and a little sentimental.

"You give Freddie here a fair rattle and roll and by George he'll give you the best calves you ever see. You take care of him, hear?" He turned to Susie and put his arm around her. "Girlie, you bring that rasslin' old man of yours back to Missoura and I'll git me another bull and by thunder we'll all take turns shootin' him in the behind. How about that?"

After shaking hands affectionately all around, Susie and Casey and Freddie started back for Cheyenne. Susie put her head on Casey's shoulder. "You heard him," she said. "I'm your missus, you're my old man. We're a natural couple, hey, Casey?" She kissed him under the ear.

Casey was bathed in a great feeling of warmth and contentment—until he remembered that in a few hours Polly Andrews would be in Cheyenne, anxious to make a harnessed man of him. He'd have to tell Susie and he resolved to tell her the moment they got back.

IT WAS dark when they reached Cheyenne. They drove to Casey's house to unload Freddie and park him in the garage for the night. A light was on in Casey's house.

"You got company," Susie said.

Casey had a sensation like the one he had over Iwo Jima when he couldn't get his escape hatch open. He was facing disaster, but he and Susie went in anyway. Polly sat on a divan, a highball in her hand. She still had her mink coat on.

"Fyffe, darling!" She rose and embraced him like an extra layer of skin. "I simply couldn't wait another minute, so I took an earlier flight. The airport people didn't know where you were so I came out here and found the back door open. I wanted to see our house."

Casey swallowed dryly. "You two haven't met, have you? Well, uh, Susan, this is Polly Andrews from San Francisco, an old friend. Polly, this is Susan Dunne. We've been out on business today."

Susie was staring at Casey, her eyes misty with hurt.

Polly eyed Susie carefully. "Business, eh? On Sunday? How nice." She drifted slowly about the room. "This little hut has possibilities, but really, Fyffe, it's quite grim now." She turned and smiled indulgently at Susie. "I suppose Fyffe has told you we're being married soon?"

"No," Susie said, pale. "He didn't get around to that. Why should he? I just work for him." She looked at Casey. "I guess that winds things up for the day, doesn't it? I'll leave you two now."

"Wait," Casey said. He started after her. "Back in a minute, Polly." He caught up to Susie at the car door. She wouldn't face him. "Susie," he bleated, "I wanted to tell you a dozen times, but I couldn't get it out."

"You big stupe," Susie said. "You make me feel such a fool." She finally looked at him and Casey groaned at the tears in her eyes. "Oh, Casey, why didn't you beat me over the head when you saw I was falling so hard for you? Now, I hurt all over."

"Dammit all, Susie," Casey said, "I do too."

"How was I to know?" She blew her nose. "You didn't act like a guy in love with someone else." Her face brightened. "Hey, Casey, maybe you aren't."

"Maybe I'm not," said Casey. "I don't know; I was blitzkrieged. Anyway, I promised to marry her. She's flown all the way out here. I'm cornered, Susie; I gave her my word."

"But, Casey, if maybe, like you just said, you don't love her, couldn't it be that you love me?" She peered at his

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face. "You look kind of like it, all worried and unhappy."

"I suppose maybe I do love you, Susie, but it's too late. I promised Polly."

"By Judas, I heard you say it. Now don't you worry that charming, beat-up old head of yours about this, Casey, because I'm putting my low mind to work. Females got natural talent for small crime in affairs like this, so you just stand back and don't catch any wild swipes." She had a thought. "Hey, you can't stay here tonight; it's disgusting. I'll take you home with me."

"I'll go to the hotel. In the morn—"

BEHIND them in the trailer Freddie, the forgotten bull, let out a bellow of impatience. Casey leaped a foot.

"Fyffe, darling," Polly called from the porch, "what was that horrid noise?"

"It was Casey's bull," Susie said.

"His what?"

"His bull. A bull is a male cow—"

"I know what a bull is, Miss Dugan," Polly said with some tartness. She came out. Through the slits in the trailer she and Freddie regarded each other with revulsion. Freddie's next blast drove her back ten feet. She turned to Casey. "Is that big vulgar thing actually yours?"

"I—"

"He bought him today, Miss Andrews," Susie said, cheerful. "Six thousand bucks. After Casey won his scrap in the stubble field—"

"If you don't mind, Miss Dugan, I'd rather hear this enchanting story from Fyffe."

Casey had a feeling he ought to take Freddie by the ring in his nose and make a run with him for the open range and a man's life. He reined in his wandering mind. "Now, look. That bull there, Freddie, is mine, Polly. I bought him today for six thousand and he's worth every cent I put—"

"But, Fyffe darling, six thousand dollars! Does he have gold-plated steaks?"

"He's got a lead rump," Susie said, "huh, Casey? You should have seen Casey shooting Freddie in the behind to save my life, Miss Andrews, he—"

"Quiet!" Casey yelled. "One more interruption and I will slug the both of you." He looked irrational. "I bought Freddie to use in building up a herd on the ranch I bought. As soon—"

"Oh, you have a ranch too," Polly said. "How nice."

"It's really simple," Susie said. "When you buy an eighteen-thousand-dollar ranch there's no sense in fooling around with a bull with shady ancestors."

"Now, listen—" Casey began.

"As I see it, Fyffe," Polly said in a quiet voice, "you've just spent twenty-four thousand dollars of our money to buy a bull and a ranch. That is a lot of money, Fyffe. I don't know how much we have—"

"Hah!" Susie said. "*He* had twenty-five thousand. Pop looked him up before he sold him the ranch. It's a wonderful investment, Miss Andrews. Why, in—"

"She's right, Polly," Casey said. "In a few years when I get the herd built up I'll make money. You'll like ranch life. We'll be only twenty miles from town. I'll quit my job as soon as I can."

Polly controlled herself with difficulty. She said to Susie, "Thank you for taking such good care of Fyffe, Miss Dugan. Now, good night."

Susie smiled, walked around and unhitched the trailer. "All I hope is Freddie likes it here. Good night, all."

When she had driven off, Polly went into the house while Casey apologized to Freddie for making him spend a night in a trailer.

Polly had regained her comp when Casey came in. She was sere her knowledge that in a clinch Case a nervous twitch and the mind of a fish. She handed him a highball. " have a little talk, shall we, darling?" snuggled into his lap. "I don't think anything has happened tha can't mend easily enough. It could pen to anyone. Bright Eyes said were a little drunk when you bough awful monster and it's perfectly ob Fyffe, dear, that the girl and the gl of the Old West duped you into b that silly old ranch." She saw C face darken; she laughed sweetly.

"I don't mean a ranch isn't all Fyffe; later. But we're civilized p and we can't cut ourselves off fron way of life and the people we k now can we? I'm sure that we ca one of these hillbillies to take Fredd our hands, then we—" her voice t off as she peered worriedly into C quiet eyes. Startled, looking like s one followed home by a cat he'd drowned, Polly put down her drink kissed Casey with desperate inte When she finally opened her eye found Casey's blue ones gazing into hers, cool, calm and a little patient. His right leg had no more t to it than a cold roast.

"I'm not going to sell Freddie," C said. "He's my bull and I like h

For a moment Polly studied thoughtfully, then she got off his la sat down across from him. "I darned," she said. "You're in love that Dugan clodhopper."

"Dunne; Susan Dunne." He redd suddenly. "In love with Susie? gives you that idea?"

"Call it woman's intuition," Polly ironically. "She's a smart operator. got you and your money tied up ti Polly sipped her highball and rega Casey with cynical amusement. "Y a sweet guy, Fyffe, even now. But I tell you something horrid? You a lot nicer when you had twenty thousand and a good salary lying ar loose. We could have gone back an joyed San Francisco on that, Fyffe pinching pennies in this godforsaken with nothing but bulls and coyote company is not for Polly, dear."

"Polly, for Heaven's—"

"And Fyffe, get me a plane tick San Francisco for tomorrow, will y

WHEN Casey got to the hotel was pacing the lobby. "It's a time. Another ten minutes and I'd led a posse out there."

"We were having a talk. Your r was brought up."

"I came down here to tell you, L Joints, that I talked to Pop and decided that you got to pay for the r in full right away. No more small c payment. See how she likes that that doesn't drive her off, I'm going t

"Polly's leaving for San Francis the morning."

Susie stared at him, her eyes we up. "She's quitting, hey? I figured longer fight."

"She said I was in love with Susie," Casey said. "I wonder how d know things like that?" He grabbe by the shoulders and kissed her. right leg began to twitch, out of co

THE END

ON THE TRIP OF THE TONGUE

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A thought, can leave you glum.
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

demand for power was met all over country. The program for installing tional capacity in 1948 and a careful aisal of expected load growth indicate this margin will be 8 per cent this com- December and will continue to increase 1951, when the normal margin of re- s, depleted when the government d new construction in the interest of ing World War II, will have been re- d. CHAS. E. OAKES, President, Edison Electric Institute, New York City, N. Y.

f a power shortage in the United States mminent, much of the responsibility be laid justifiably at the feet of public- er proponents. Every possible means been used by proponents of public er to make it impossible for public ies to make any appreciable expansion cilities in advance of demand.

Mr. Mezerik is writing to bring about complete socialization of the electric- y industry, it might be well for him to some consideration to the situation in pe before going overboard. France is g at the moment to find ways and ns of expanding its socialized power in- ry. Since the war, the consumption of ricity has increased in that country to per cent above prewar levels. At the time, rates have advanced until they at present eight times higher than be- the war. E. N. POPE, Carolina Light & Power Company, Raleigh, N. C.

ier's disagrees with those who interpret rticle as a plea for an extension of pub- ower facilities at the expense of private panies or a proposal for policing of ate utilities, but does not disagree with right of Mr. Ginna, Mr. Oakes, Mr. e and others to express their view- ts. Collier's presented the article tly as a report on the power shortage an explanation of its underlying cir- stances, which included the war, vast nsion of demand, drought and forest , and other problems of public agencies ell as private companies.

LITTLE BOO-PEEP?

R MR. DAVENPORT: For many years I been waiting for someone to expose ter Winchell (The American Phenome- , Feb. 28th). Congratulations to Dick- Hartwell and Collier's Magazine for a ough and first-class job.
HUGH W. BALDWIN, Merced, Cal.

. Your subtly veiled attack against chell reminded us of a gnat biting at tail of a lion. It was a sinister attempt iscredit our super-American patriot.
WOODWARD MILLER, New York, N. Y.

Relative to your recent article on Wal- Winchell, you can have him, I don't t him, he's too rat-a-tat-tat for me.
L. E. WOOTEN, Raleigh, N. C.

Orchids to Walter Winchell and Col- 's for your excellent profile of him.
ARTHUR BLISS CONKWRIGHT, Palm Springs, Cal.

BAD, BAD MAN!

s: Re Robert Mitchum (Movie Men- , Feb. 21st): How would you feel if a ghter of yours, a sister, your girl, or n your wife liked a man "because he the most *immoral* face she ever saw— ause he suggests sex in an *evil* sort of y"? What kind of an ideal is that to sent to the impressionable young peo- who read your publication?
ANNE C. CUSICK, Parma, Ohio

. I am wondering about those girls who nk Bob Mitchum looks immoral and ggests sex in an evil sort of way"—and e him for it. I can't help thinking there is something amiss in their psychical development. As for that half-lidded stare of Mitchum's, the only thing it suggests to me is lack of sleep.
MRS. DORIS WILBERT, Sheboygan, Wis.

. . . A man doesn't have to be tough to play tough parts, nor capitalize on a tough past life.
JOHN W. JOURDAN, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

. . . I am a teen-ager, and, as you have probably guessed by now, read Movie Menace with great attention. However, I think you made a few mistakes. For instance, you said, "Mitchum was not beautiful." Please, my friends, you only have to take one look at him to see that he is quite handsome.
PATSY MORROW, Gordonville, Pa.

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to call Mr. Robert S. Allen's attention to the fact (Washington Party Line, Feb. 21st) that Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela are not little countries in Central America, as he says, but are in South America. I am wondering just which Central American countries Mr. Allen did mean?
LINA W. HAXSTUN, Wynantskill, N. Y.

Why, Mr. Allen!

JET-PROPELLED ANGELS

DEAR SIR: Re letter from Herbert A. Moore, Feb. 21st: Mister Moore should have checked on his methods of aerodynamic propulsion before he asked that Freling Foster's angels should be given jet propulsion. I'm afraid that he would find that jets would be very little better than wings in a place in which there is no atmosphere. I would advise rockets.
SGT. WM. F. BRALEY, Eglin AF Base, Fla.

. . . The jet engine must burn its fuel with the oxygen of the atmosphere; if it carries its own oxygen, it becomes a rocket. A V-2 tucked under the angelic arm should do the trick.
ORVILLE E. FREEMAN, West Frankfort, Ill.

. . . Issuing jet-propulsion devices to a band of angels would be about as effective as installing a set of oars on a covered wagon.
JOSEPH O. STRUTE, Carlisle, Pa.

COVER GIRL GETS COVER

DEAR SIRS: I thought you might be interested in the accompanying photograph and legend "Cover Girl Helps Folks Get Home. Memphis: Patty Valentine, called 'Little Miss 1948' by National Magazine, points to portrait on cover. Her parents, Sergeant and Mrs. Herb Valentine, had difficulty finding an apartment until it became well known that Patty was a cover girl. Father is in Marine Corps."
BILL DENIKE, Memphis, Tenn.

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A VERY FUNNY GUY

Continued from page 23

looked at him with his calm poker face, the way he always had whenever Mope called him on the carpet.

The things Johnny Taylor had done were almost legendary on Broadway. In his early teens he had been odd and unmanageable, the rich-kid-of-a-famed-comedian, who drove souped-up motorcycles, broke arms and legs, got kicked out of schools. Mope thought he would change. But only the things he did changed. He never lost his love for anything that would travel fast, but he augmented it with brawling in night clubs, disappearing for weeks, girl trouble.

At the age of seventeen, he had been jailed three times for disorderly conduct. By his twentieth birthday, he was no longer considered a character, but a platinum-plated heel in a supercharged, foreign hack. Night-club owners barred their doors to him, and columnists clucked sadly in print about the errant son of the beloved comedian.

MOPE often saw him in the audience at the theater, or his radio show. He could never understand why the boy came to see the shows. Johnny never laughed at anything Mope said or did on the stage. He would sit, blank-faced, watching Mope's routines as though they were childish things he had memorized and disliked.

Whenever Johnny was out front it worried Mope. He was nervous on those nights and it always seemed to him that his timing was off. Perhaps it was because his knowing the boy was out there made him try too hard. He often spotted Johnny from the wings, just before he made his entrance, and the sight of him sitting there, cold and critical, always unnerved Mope.

Johnny Taylor didn't look at all like his father. As a small boy, Mope thought he resembled his first wife's brother, Fred. He had Fred's good looks. He had grown to be almost half again as tall as his father, with a slim, boyish body. His features were clean and regular. He missed being handsome because his skin was sallow and unhealthy, his eyes vague and stubborn, almost always deeply circled. The only hint that he was Mope's son was in Johnny Taylor's eyes. They were small and clear gray, even during times when he was nursing a badly hung-over head.

Johnny had been ten years old when his mother had died. Mope had often felt that, if Claire had lived, things might have been different between him and Johnny. Two years later he had married one of the girls in the musical comedy in which he was then starring and they had tried to make some sort of life in the large house on Long Island. Johnny never mentioned his mother after Mope married Dorothy. Mope knew now that he must have felt lonely and lost in that big house, as lonely as Mope, himself, had often felt.

It had taken Mope several years to learn that his second wife had never loved him and had hated his son.

He caught on to Dorothy the night that Johnny broke his arm. There was a party that night. There was always a party. Mope was on the porch doing one of his routines for Dorothy's sleek, new Dune Road friends. He heard the shriek of a siren as it broke suddenly over the sounds of the drunken people on the porch. Some of the guests giggled when a cop got out of the car, came up on the porch and called Mope's name.

"You Taylor?"

Mope knew right away that it was about Johnny.

"Your son's been hurt. Broke his arm. Cut up some. They got him over to the hospital in town."

"I'll come right away," Mope had said. "Can you take me?"

Dorothy had hurried up to them then, her voice high and shrill, demanding to know what had happened.

"It's Johnny," Mope had said. "He's been hurt. Come on."

"You go, hon," she said. "I can't leave all these people."

As the car had turned, wheels screeching on the gravel, headlights sweeping the porch, Mope had seen his wife's face. She was smiling, a brief, horrible expression impaled in that instant of light, a red-lipped grimace of cruel satisfaction. In that brief second he saw her as she had always been and then he dismissed her completely and forever and thought only of his son and pain.

By the time Mope got to the hospital, Johnny was asleep. His arm had been set, the cuts bandaged, the morphine had taken effect. He was sleeping quite soundly, his thin face pale and somehow boyishly defiant and brave. Mope looked down at him and, for the first time in many years, wept openly. When he came out of the room, the cops who had driven him over were waiting. The squat, moon-faced one who had come up on the porch was angry.

"What's the idea givin' a kid that age a big hack like that to drive?"

Mope did not tell him that Johnny had taken the car without his knowing it. He did not even know Johnny could drive. He was only thirteen years old then.

"Kid like that ought to been in bed hours ago," the cop went on. "Although how he could sleep with all that racket—"

Something in Mope's eyes stopped the cop then and he wrote out the rest of his report and Mope signed it. Mope stayed until six that morning, but Johnny did not wake up until after he was gone. That morning he had to take a 7:22 train into the city to get there in time for the nine-o'clock rehearsals of a new show. It was not so much that he couldn't have missed the rehearsal, but that he couldn't bear to face the boy, wouldn't have known what to say. He saw him that night at six-thirty when he got back from the city. Johnny was home by then, propped up in bed, blank-faced.

Mope stood in the center of the room, embarrassed.

"You feel all right, now?" he asked.

"I'm okay," the boy said.

Mope started to walk toward the bed, but at that moment Dorothy came into the room, her sharp face malevolent.

"He's nothing but a little thief," she said. "He deserves to be—"

"Get out!" Mope said.

But after she left, the boy would not look at him.

LESS than three months later, Mope divorced his second wife. He bought the large house on Madison Avenue and he and his son moved to the city. Mope enrolled him in a private school, watched him drive off every morning, sitting straight-backed and seemingly bored in the back seat of the limousine, eyes fixed on the stiff neck of the chauffeur.

A headmaster called a few weeks later, to explain to Mope why Johnny Taylor's incorrigible behavior could no longer be tolerated at Blakely for Boys. Johnny was expelled. Mope tried dozens of other schools. He gave Johnny almost everything he asked for, the speedy motorcycle, charge accounts at Fifth Avenue stores, flying lessons and, at seventeen, even a suite of rooms of his own in a hotel on Fifty-ninth Street.

The older Johnny Taylor grew, the less the conversation that passed between father and son. The occasional meetings were almost invariably to straighten out something Mope's son had done, some-

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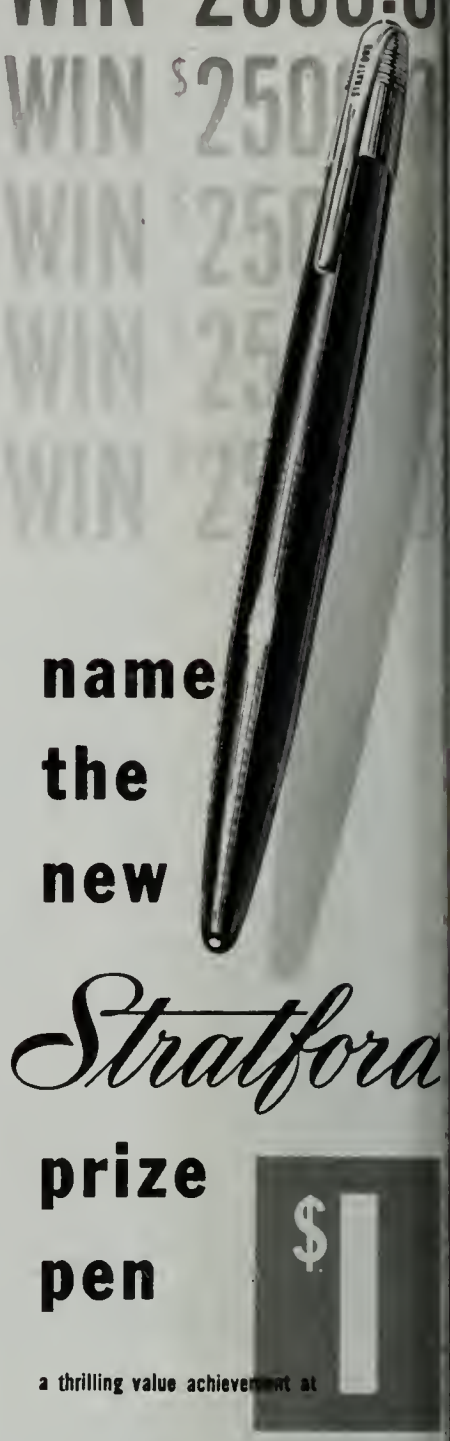

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ng money or influence could fix. nny Taylor never came to his father. ope always called him to the house.

"What's it this time?" Mope would say.

"Nothing important."

"That isn't the way I heard it."

The son would look at him coldly, his e blank and detached.

"How did you hear it?"

"I always hear it. And it's always uble."

"I'm okay."

Mope did not really mind fixing whater it was, but he sometimes wished re was something else he and Johnny uld talk about. He was surprised one y to see his son at the ball game. He ked back for an instant, up into the ndstand behind his box on the thirdse line and saw Johnny sitting alone. ope, who loved the game, hadn't menned it to Johnny in years. He debated king Johnny to join him in the box, t was afraid of embarrassing him and invading his privacy. He had had him the carpet a few days before.

At the next session, four months later, ope remembered about the ball game.

"Saw you at the ball game," he said ddenly, interrupting his queries about hnny's latest trouble. "Last August."

"Did you?" Johnny said, politely, distly. "I go often."

"Good game," his father said.

"I used to play it some," Johnny said.

Their eyes met for a moment and then e older man looked away. They never entioned baseball again. Mope knew of way of bringing it up and the trouble hnny kept getting into grew to be more ious. He cracked up a three-thousandllar speed boat one afternoon, breaking his shoulder and dumping the party people with him into Peconic Bay. obody else was hurt, but two of the ls sued and Mope settled out of court. made all the tabloids for three days nning. Mope overheard one of his g writers remark, "Trying to kill himlf, that kid is getting more laughs than old man."

When Mope Taylor married for the ird time, he thought a long time before nding his son an invitation. It was to a quiet wedding, just a few theater ends at the house, befitting the union a man fifty-one years old with a oman twenty years his junior. Johnny dn't come to the wedding. He sent a ire. It read, "Congratulations," and ope could not understand, reading it, hether the word had been written in ncerity or sarcasm.

Regina, Mope's third wife, had worked ith him on the radio show for the past ght years. She was one of the agency crowd, a well-liked, practical young woman and one of the few people with whom Mope could talk without feeling too much of a strain. She was as fair and competent as a wife as she had always been in conducting her part of his radio show. She was not a gregarious person. She enjoyed the house, and Mope liked having her in it. Her voice was soft, the way Claire's had been, and he often slipped up and called her Claire, but she took it good-naturedly enough. She even told him once that she knew Claire was the only woman he had ever loved. It surprised and disturbed him slightly, but he was rather pleased that someone understood that.

THE most startling afternoon in Mope Taylor's life occurred one June day, some eight months after his marriage to Regina. He had left rehearsal around four o'clock and gone to the house on Madison Avenue for a short nap. He had just settled back in a chair in the living room, ready to relax, when the maid knocked on the door and said his son wished to see him. Mope felt a sudden shiver of fright go through him. In all the years, Johnny had never come to see him, except when summoned. This time he was certain that it was really going to be bad.

Johnny came into the room slowly, his face not quite as masked as usual, something of defiance in it, an expression Mope had not seen on it since Johnny had been thirteen or fourteen. Mope got up out of the chair, confused and awkward, then sat down again. His son took a few stiff steps nearer to him.

"What's happened?" Mope said, his voice almost pleasant.

"I want to tell you something."

"All right," Mope said, "let's have it."

"I want to tell you," his son said, hesitantly, "that I'm going into the theater."

Mope looked at his son in astonishment, his round, protruding mouth slightly open, his small eyes wide and uncomprehending. He felt that it was some sort of a joke, and he knew jokes very well, but this was beyond him. He shifted around in the chair.

"And just what would you do in the theater?" he asked.

"I think I can do comedy," his son said. There was a faint brief smile on his lips. "I think I can."

The lines on Mope's face hardened. He stopped squirming in the chair. He saw it all then, and for the first time in his life, hatred and anger welled up against his son. It would be the crowning stunt, the one thing the boy could do that would hurt him most. He could publicly,

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openly make a spectacle of himself in his father's profession, subject both of them to ridicule and derision in the most obvious and deliberate manner. Mope's mouth closed, twisted in scorn, his eyes cold and derisive.

"You couldn't even be a chorus boy," he said. "You couldn't even learn a time step."

His son's face resumed its old, mask-like expression.

"I couldn't be worse than a lot of the dead jokers you've had in your shows."

Mope lowered his eyes from his son's face. He was certain the boy meant him. He saw Johnny sitting in the audience again, straight-backed, unyielding, his face frozen, completely unmoved by the performance on the stage, not seeing anything funny in his father's antics, not understanding them, despising them.

"Forget it," Mope said wearily. "You're not going to do it."

"I'm okay," his son said, unconsciously slipping back into the language he had always used whenever he was in trouble. "I just wanted you to know."

He went then, quickly, leaving the old man alone and bitter in the chair in the big house, lost and hopeless, and then, after a while, filled with pity for his son. When Regina came home, he did not tell her about the visit. He did not want to talk to anyone about it.

Mope did not hear a word from, or about, his son for almost a month. He felt sure that the insane idea would pass from Johnny's mind, that he would, this one time, be rational and take it out on him in some other way, another smashup, a girl, or a long, drunken flier through the bars of the city. He waited almost hopefully for one of Johnny's escapades.

It was Regina who brought him the news. She showed it to him in the paper one morning, her face puzzled and amused. An item in one of the columns read: "Mope Taylor's unusual son, Johnny Taylor, is one of the working members of the summer theater group at Reddington Playhouse in Vermont. Mope's *enfant terrible* has taken the stage name of Johnny Marsh."

Mope put down the paper slowly. Marsh had been Claire's maiden name. Regina silently poured him another cup of coffee, watching his face carefully.

"Why do you suppose he's doing this?" she asked, gently.

"I don't know," Mope said; it was obvious he did not want to talk about it.

THROUGH sources he had always used, Mope surreptitiously kept track of his son. He knew he was making the rounds on Broadway, and Mope found out what was happening. Some producers were seeing Johnny out of curiosity, some because of his father, shaking his hand and asking, "How's Mope?" and recalling times Mope had worked for them. Some, knowing Johnny's reputation, avoided him completely. Nobody had a job for him.

On Forty-seventh Street one day, Mope ran into Henry Stahler, who had produced one of his early shows. Stahler greeted him effusively, as always, wringing the small man's hand, and beaming.

"Your boy was in to see me the other day," he leered. "That son of yours! Wanted a job in the new thing I'm doing. Say, what is this, Mope? Is he serious? Figured he needed a little lecture, so I gave him one. Told him there was no reason a young man with his money should be trying to take the bread out of the mouth of some actor who needs the dough. Say, Mope, did you put this bug in his head?"

"I don't know anything about it," Mope said, looking away.

"How crazy can that kid get?" Stahler said, jovially. "Say, remember the time he—"

But Mope moved away, on down the street, his head down against the chill December wind, holding his high-crowned felt hat with trembling fingers. He found out, later that week, that Johnny was in need of money again. But this time, he did not send him any.

On the first of the year, his radio show moved out to the West Coast to allow him to do the movie a year for which he was contracted. Time seemed to stand still in the warm, pleasant climate. Mope thought of Johnny constantly, fought against sending him money. The fling, he knew, would soon be over. But he grew restless and weary and the Hooper rating on his show took a drop.

WHEN Mope came back from California, in April, the house on Madison Avenue looked good and the brisk spring wind seemed to put new life into him. The very next morning after he and Regina got in, Mope had all the New York papers brought to him. He opened to the sports pages to read about the Giants winding up spring training, about the Yanks and how DiMag was doing. Then he turned to the theater section and there was Johnny's picture.

The serious face of his son, looking at him from the page, did not seem real to Mope. The caption under the picture was brief: "Johnny Marsh, one of the principals in Laughter in the Streets, a musical opening at the Grand soon."

Regina had seen it, too, and came into the paper-scattered bedroom to tell him.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Nothing," Mope said, after a moment. "What can I do?"

"You ought to see him," she said. "Should I call him?"

"No," Mope said, "don't do anything."

The week before Laughter in the Streets opened was a very long one for Mope. Regina had not mentioned it since their first conversation a month before, but on the day of the opening she asked Mope if he were going. He shook his head and went on eating his lunch, the food churning in his stomach. He had planned on going for a walk with Regina that afternoon and then to the newsreels, the way they often did, but when the time came to go, he did not feel up to it. He spent the afternoon alone and restless in the living room. At dinner, he sat silent, feeling Regina's eyes on him, pityingly.

"You'd better go, Mope," she said, finally, speaking almost as she would to a small boy.

Mope's eyes met hers, trapped and pleading.

"I haven't even got tickets," he said.

"I got you one," she said. "In the second balcony. I thought you'd rather sit there."

Mope was grateful that she understood he had to go and that he had to go alone.

He reached the theater shortly after the curtain had gone up. He climbed the stairs and pushed through the dark to his seat unnoticed, stumbling and eliciting a few grumbles from the spectators whose vision was fleetingly blocked. He sat down, perspiring, closed his eyes, briefly, and heard laughter.

Mope opened his eyes. Johnny was on stage and Mope concentrated on the figure far below him, seeing nothing else, his small, gray eyes following every move, fixed, unbelieving. His son's voice reached out to him. A chill swept over him. He felt cramped and cornered under a spotlight and it seemed as though Johnny were alone on the stage, performing for him.

He began to hear the laughter. Mope knew, instinctively, that what Johnny had said should have been funny, but he could not understand why they were laughing. Johnny's movements, the erect, effortless, sliding walk, the way he talked, the things he said, the strange, high-pitched voice did not have any element of comedy in them for Mope. He saw only Johnny and as he watched him he began to feel sick and the sickness

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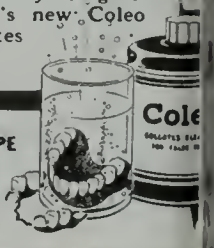
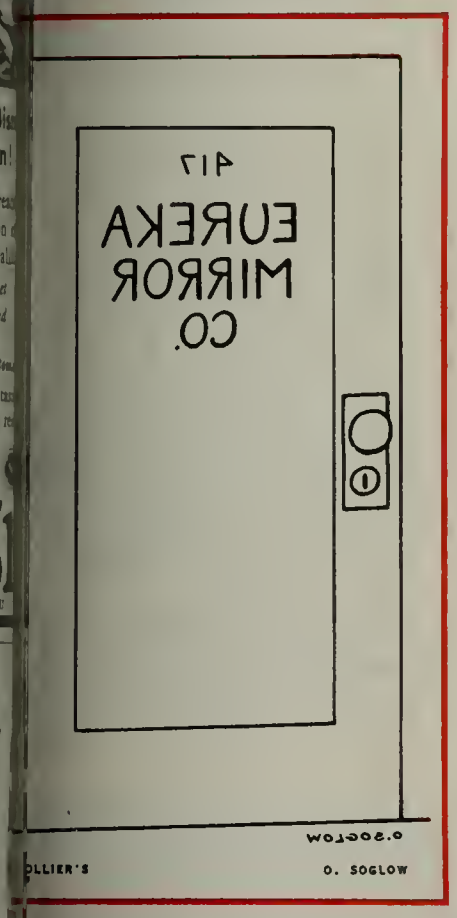


NEW "FIZZ" TYPE CLEANSER FOR FALSE TEETH

Johnny was just being himself on age. His whole life was there, in movement of his features, his body, the tone of his voice. It was all the tragedy, frustration and help-ss, the sadness, the loneliness and ss, all the frailties that had ob-him from boy to man.

waves of laughter all around him scalding sounds, noises that told they were laughing at the tragic on the stage, the pitiful figure, ng without sympathy, with scorn. rigid, his face still and expression-ut mixed with his pity and shame certain strange respect for what oy was doing down there on the There was nothing to laugh at ope hated them for laughing. They nly the surface, the long, graceful, ow ludicrous body, the queer, tor-sounds he made with the high-d voice.

could not understand how what y was doing held them. They did



see what he saw, the truth behind the figure down there on the stage o make them laugh. They did not rstand what had gone into it, the and misery of the boy in the bed the broken arm, the loneliness of hood, the youngster with everything e world and nothing at all, the erless, the unwanted, the confused. e saw it, painfully, years in one ment down there on the stage. He it and understood, more painfully, much his son had really seen and and had been hurt and was now g. It was not funny at all to Mope.

WAS some time before he realized, atching Johnny, why the things he to make audiences laugh had not funny to his son, either. It was a of commenting on a life that had lacking in the things he had needed esperately, the warmth, the under-ding, the friendliness of other human gs that had never existed for him in ooyhood or the years that had fol-d. He thought of his son's mother, re. She had understood that about too, and had never laughed at him. now he knew why Johnny had never hed, either.

fter it was over, Mope did not go stage. He walked all the way home, e slowly than he had ever moved. stopped only once, at a telegraph e, to send a wire. Regina was wait-up for him and her eyes asked him question, but he only nodded to her and smiled, vaguely, and went up to his room.

Regina brought all the papers in to him the next morning, her face flushed and excited. After a while, watching him as he read, she knew he was embarrassed because she was there and she smiled and left him. He sat up more erectly in the bed then and went on reading.

". . . the show, itself, is glaringly weak in script, but the hilarious, droll, touching artistry of Johnny Marsh, Mope Taylor's son, wrings every ounce of comedy out of it, adding much that is not even there."

Mope picked up another paper. "Last night a young man who had only proved to the world how worthless the son of a celebrity can become, proved something else which none of us had ever suspected, that he is possessed of a very great talent for comedy. Johnny Marsh in Laughter in the Streets, is the most sparkling, original comedian to come up the pike since his famous father, Mope Taylor, opened in the Goldwell Follies some twenty-five years ago."

He kept on reading. "Proving that talent must be an inherited quality, a youngster named Johnny Marsh let fly with both barrels last night, convulsing the audience at the Grand Theater with his brilliant comedy performance in Laughter in the Streets. Like his celebrated father, Mope Taylor, Johnny Marsh is a very funny guy. . . ."

AFTER he had finished all of them, he started again from the beginning, and then he noticed the interview with Johnny. It was very short, a box at the bottom of the page, headed, Son Of Comedian Watched His Father. "Mope Taylor's son," it began, "regardless of all you and everyone else has read about him over the years, is an unusually reticent young man when approached on the subject of his new career and how he happened to become a comedian.

"In a very brief interview, conducted backstage after the final dress rehearsal of Laughter in the Streets, Johnny Marsh, as he will be known on the stage, did say, quietly, 'Maybe I won't be any good on Monday night. I don't know. A comedian is seldom funny to himself. But if I have anything at all, it is because I've always studied my father seriously. I've watched the way he worked, tried to understand the basic motivations behind comedy, which he knows so well. I hope someday that I can be as genuine an artist as he is, as great a performer. But,' he added, 'I don't see how I can make it.'

"As you know," the paragraph that had been added said, "Johnny was well on his way to making it last night."

Mope put down the paper. He thought of the wire he had sent his son last night and wished he had said more, wished there had been a way of saying what he really had felt. But there was no way of saying it, because he had never been able to reach him, he had never been able to develop that talent, the one of being a father. All the wire had said was, "I'm very proud of you," and he had signed it, "Your father, Mope."

Regina came into the room then. She looked at him anxiously her face puzzled. Mope looked up at her and smiled, wryly.

"Well," he said, "they're pretty good."

"Johnny just called," she answered, her face still puzzled. "He said to tell you that there's a ball game this afternoon."

Those who saw Mope Taylor hurrying into the Polo Grounds that afternoon, those who yelled, excitedly and laughingly at the sight of him, "There's Mope! Hey, Mope!" were gladdened by how personally and proudly he seemed to look at each of them, how cheerfully his frail arms flapped as he hurried along in his customary jerky gait, trying to keep up with the thin young man who strode gracefully beside him.

THE END

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Kevin made his pile on a long shot—and lost it on

A SURE THING

BY I. J. KAPSTEIN

KEVIN O'NEIL stood smilin to himself in a corner of th creaking elevator. Whe the elevator stopped at the sevent floor, he pressed a crisp bill into th hand of the colored elevator bo "Buy yourself a horse, Edwin," h said.

Edwin grinned so hard that his ea quivered. "I'll buy him, and you b him, Mr. O'Neil," he said. "Thanks million."

"Don't thank me, Edwin," Kevi told him. "Thank a filly name Bouncing Betsy, who is a filly th hates to see another filly's tail ahea of her. Also, Edwin, let us be gratef to a robust three-year-old known Geronimo. He finishes so far ahea I think they give him uranium in h oats."

"Two on the nose, Mr. O'Nei That's mighty fine," Edwin said. Th buzzer in the elevator gave a shor complaining whine, and Edwin p his hand on the cable.

"Not only two on the nose," Kevi said, "but one after the other in th first and the second. This will teac my fat friend Freddie Oppenheim n to stand me up when we have a da for the races. All his life Freddi has—"

The buzzer complained again, th time at some length, but Edwi ignored it. He leaned forward out the car, his eyeballs rounded and fixe with awe upon Kevin. "You mea the double, Mr. O'Neil? You hit th daily double!"

Kevin, fat with self-love, nodde "And if that Freddie, who's dumb than a horse and not nearly so prett had met me as he promised, he to would be a wealthy man today— L it be a lesson to you, Edwin." H jerked a thumb at the buzzer whic had begun snarling on a continuo note.

"What you going to do with all th money, Mr. O'Neil?" Edwin asked.

"Ask no more," Kevin answere "Soon the wintry winds will blow, an this fleabag will see me no more. shall be sitting in the sunshine Hialeah. For many years I have bee striving, Edwin, for many winters slush and sleet and chills and cough to raise me a comfortable nut for Flo ida, and—" The buzzer's snarl w now a series of convulsive curse "You want to lose your job, Edwi I've already told you what Fredd lost by not being punctual." He stoo smiling expansively as Edwin's roun brown face in the grille sank slow downward.

In his room Kevin locked the do and sat down on the edge of the be

"Take it, Belle," he said. "Take it- all or any part." Belle shook her hea

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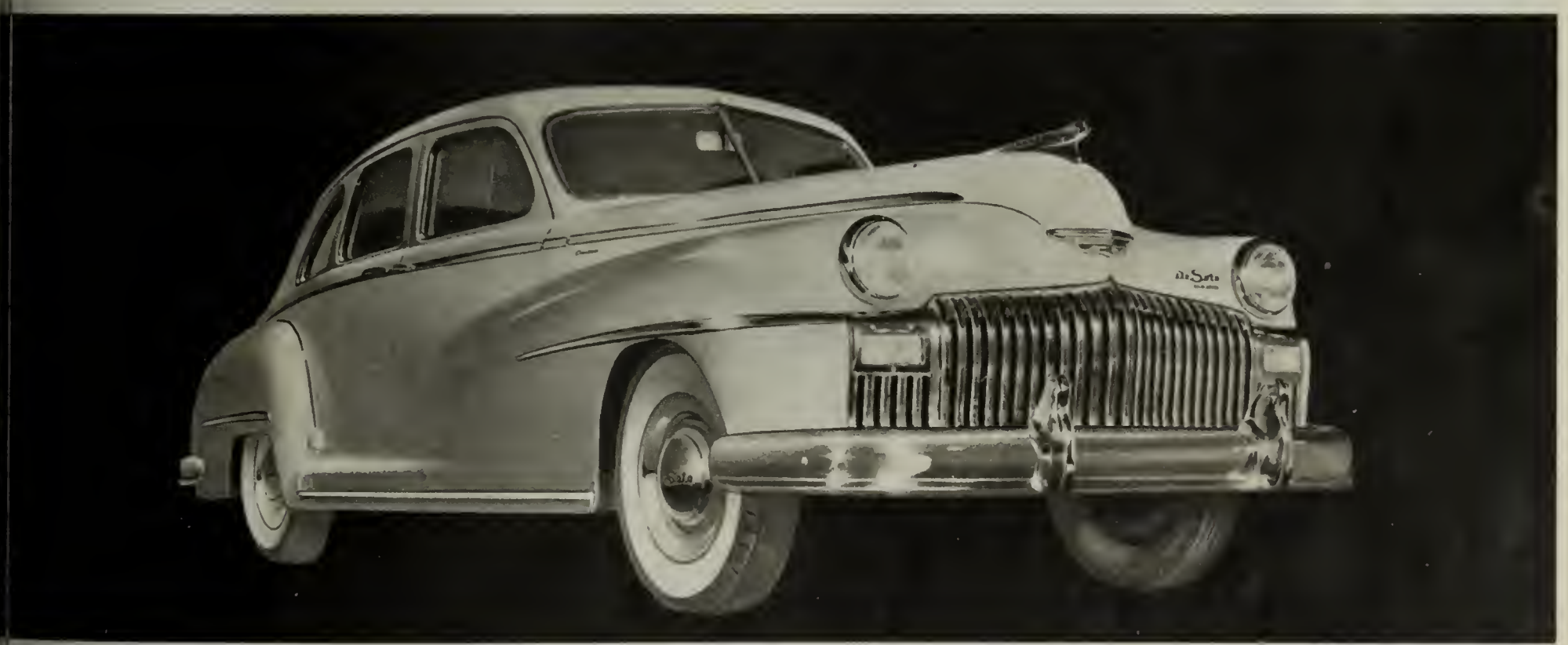

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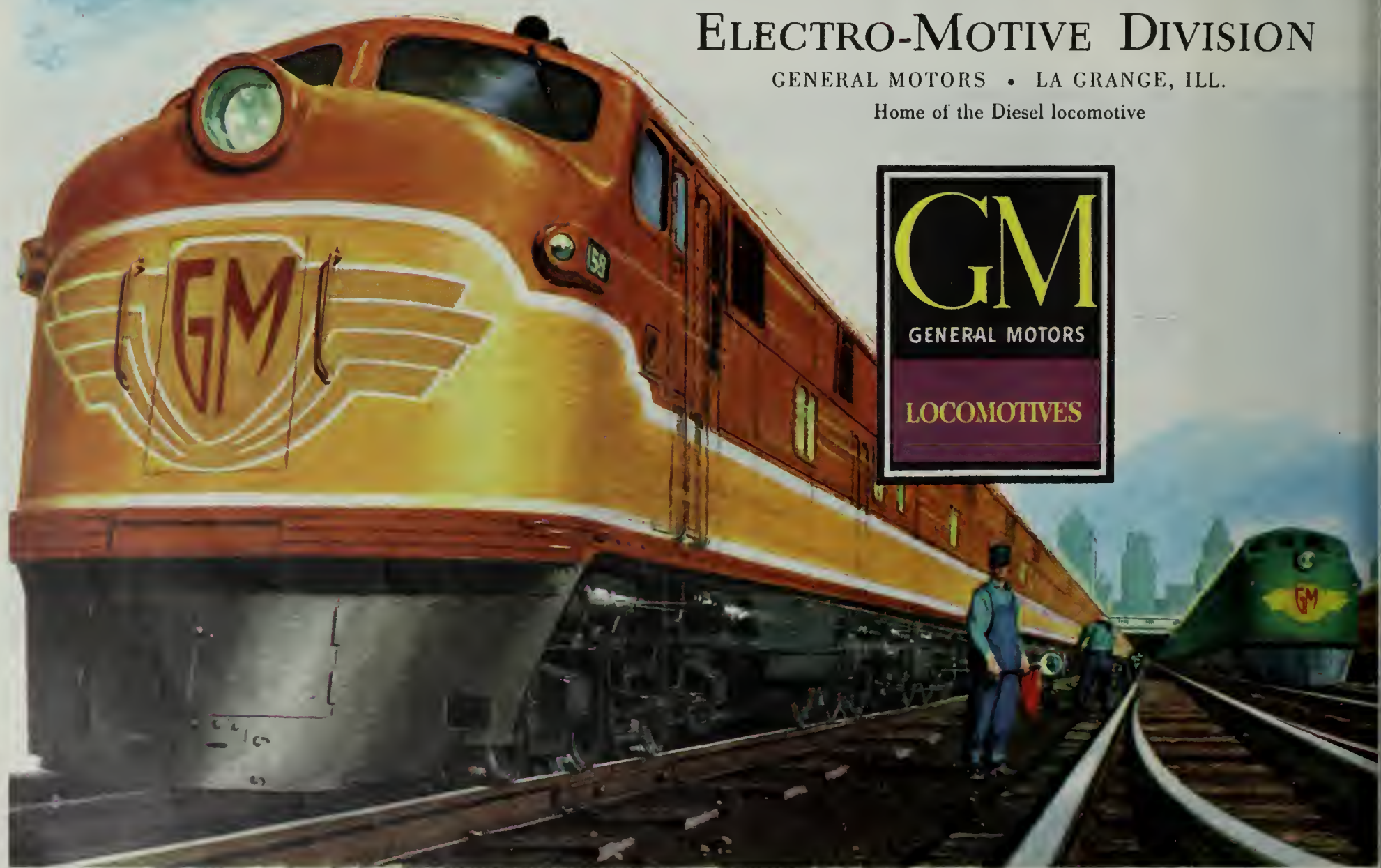


ached into his pocket and pulled roll of bills big enough to choke No, he thought, not a horse. What titude!— Big enough to choke a ppotamus. Lingeringly he counted money, laying it out neatly edge to till it looked like a green counter-covering the bed, and as he dreamily mplated the green expanse, there in his mind's eye a vision of pink ngos and towering palms, a sky and blue, and himself sitting in the s at Hialeah picking the winners a warm sea breeze ruffled his shirt-es.

eddie the fathead, he thought—as as Kevin had known him, he'd led about getting onto a sure thing, here when Kevin had finally found r him, Freddie hadn't shown up at rack. In exultation Kevin reached the telephone. "Hello, Fatso," he d say. "Hello and goodby. Shortly, ood man, I leave for Florida, having recently acquired at the races a big of money."

HEN he got the number, it was not Freddie but Freddie's wife who ered. Her voice sounded so strange he did not recognize it at first. "Is u, Belle?" he asked hesitantly.

Kevin," she said. There was a long e. Then she went on. "I've been g to get you." Her voice broke. vin, there's bad news—very bad."

or God's sake, Belle!" he said. "Tell Is it Freddie?"

es," she said. He heard her gulp. s been badly hurt. I'm frightened. n't—"

Never mind now," he told her. "I'll ight over."

Yes," she said. "Hurry, Kevin. se."

must be bad, he thought, gathering his money and stuffing it into his ket, because he'd never heard Belle hing but calm though she'd had good on over the years to be blowing up y day what with being married to a e-crazy, two-for-a-cent gambler like ldie, a man as worthless as himself, ays looking for the easy dollar and sure thing instead of working at a dy job and bringing home an en-pe every week. But she was a good nan and a proud woman, Belle was, 'never had he heard a complaint from or a plea for help in her troubles.

was the saving grace of Freddie, he himself as he climbed the stairs of shabby walk-up, that he loved Belle aybe not more than he loved the s, yet loved her with all that was d in him. And good he was, a good nd. And but for the gambling weak-s in him, a good man. As he saw the r already ajar for him, his heart sank he silence behind the door, a silence death itself.

Belle came to meet him as he entered the room. He could not tell that she had been crying, but when he put his arms awkwardly around her, she leaned hard against him, and he heard a dry, rasping sob.

"Belle," he said huskily, "is it that bad?"

She rested against him another moment without answering and then drew away. "The doctor's still with him," she said. "I think he's dying, Kevin."

"Ah, now," he said. "Don't talk like that. Tell me what it was happened to him."

She told him, her mouth trembling, but her voice steady. Fred had gone out after lunch, saying that he was going to meet Kevin at the track. Ten minutes later they'd brought him back—he'd been hit by a truck; the wheels had gone over him.

"Just like that," Kevin said.

"I've lost him," she said.

"Don't say that, Belle." He looked toward the bedroom door. "If the doctor's still with him—" He took her hand. "Look," he told her, "you know what these doctors can do nowadays. Miracles, Belle. You know that. We'll have Freddie in a hospital. Yes, and with the best of care. Nurses going double around the clock, and the doctor in bed beside him." He gripped her hand hard. "We'll have him up again, Belle, never you fear."

She gave him a small, tight smile. "You're a good man, Kevin," she said.

He knew what made her disbelieve him. "Look!" He pulled the roll of bills out of his pocket. "Look," he said again, "bigger than a Florida grapefruit. You could buy a whole hospital with that. Take it, Belle," he said. "Take it. All or any part. I could get no pleasure out of it with him lying on his back in there—"

She shook her head quickly. "Not a penny of it, Kevin. It's yours. And besides we don't need it."

"I know better, Belle," he said.

"Not a penny," she told him again. She twisted about to look at the bedroom door. "Why doesn't that doctor tell me something?" she said. "I've been sitting here—I'm afraid to go in, and I'm afraid of his coming out."

"I'll go in," Kevin said.

"And you'll call me, Kevin?"

"Yes," he said. "I'll call you, Belle."

He went across the room, opened the door, and closed it behind him. The air was heavy. On the pillow his friend's large, squarish face looked oddly collapsed.

From beside the bed, his fingers firm on Freddie's pulse, the capable-looking young doctor glanced up.

Kevin whispered, "I'm his friend, Doc. I came in to find out—"

The head on the pillow moved slowly from side to side, and the lips puffed a short breath out. The doctor leaned forward. "He's coming to now," he said.

"Then he'll be all right, Doc?" Kevin asked quickly.

The doctor shook his head, his eyes on Freddie's face. "He's all smashed up inside." He hesitated and then said quietly. "He's going to die in a little while."

"Ah, no!" Kevin said.

The head on the pillow stirred, and Freddie's voice whispered thinly, "Belle?"

Kevin went to the bedside. "Freddie?" he said.

The eyelids lifted slowly. "It's you, Kev."

"Yes, Freddie. I'll call Belle."

The pale lips puffed and subsided. "I'm a goner, hey, Kev?"

"No," Kevin said loudly. "You're going to be all right, Freddie. The doc here says so."

"What's going to become of Belle?" the whisper asked. "I was always going . . . I was always going to hit a sure thing . . . a sure thing, a big pile of money . . . and give it to her . . . all of it."

"You will yet, Freddie," Kevin told him. He bent forward over his friend. "You're going to be up and around in no time."

"Thirty-five bucks is all . . . is all we got in the world. Alive or dead . . . I was never good for her," the whisper complained.

"You'll be up in no time," Kevin insisted. He paused. His eyes brightened. He added briskly, "I'll lay money on it. I'll even give you odds—big odds."

THE doctor looked up, frowning at him. He motioned toward the door. "You'd better call his wife," he said in a rapid undertone.

"Sure, Doc. In a minute," Kevin said. He bent forward again. "Listen, Freddie. You listening, boy?"

"A sure thing," the whisper said.

"Absolutely a sure thing," Kevin told the eyes. "I'm giving a hundred to one I'm so sure. A hundred to one you'll live. How's that for a bet, Freddie?" He snatched the roll of bills out of his pocket and held it up before the dying man's face. "I'm putting up," he said. "See? There it is. What do you say, Freddie boy? Is it a bet? Is it?"

The doctor said sharply, "Are you crazy, O'Neil? This is no time—"

"A hundred to one, Freddie!" Kevin begged. "Thirty-five hundred to your thirty-five. What do you say? Speak up, Freddie boy. You got a sure thing at last!"

The whisper was a thread of sound. "A sure thing— It's a bet, Kev."

Kevin whirled. "You heard him, Doc! It's a bet." With nimble-fingered haste he counted off the money and thrust it into the doctor's hand. What was left of the roll, the two or three bills, he put back in his pocket.

The doctor was staring at him in stunned bewilderment. Kevin was already at the door. "I'm sending his wife in, Doc." He pointed at the money in the doctor's outstretched hand. "A bet's a bet," he said rapidly. "And I never yet welshed on anyone, alive or dead. Pay his wife off for me, Doc, and tell her I'm leaving for Florida right away." He raised his voice a little. "Goodby, Freddie boy," he said. "Goodby."

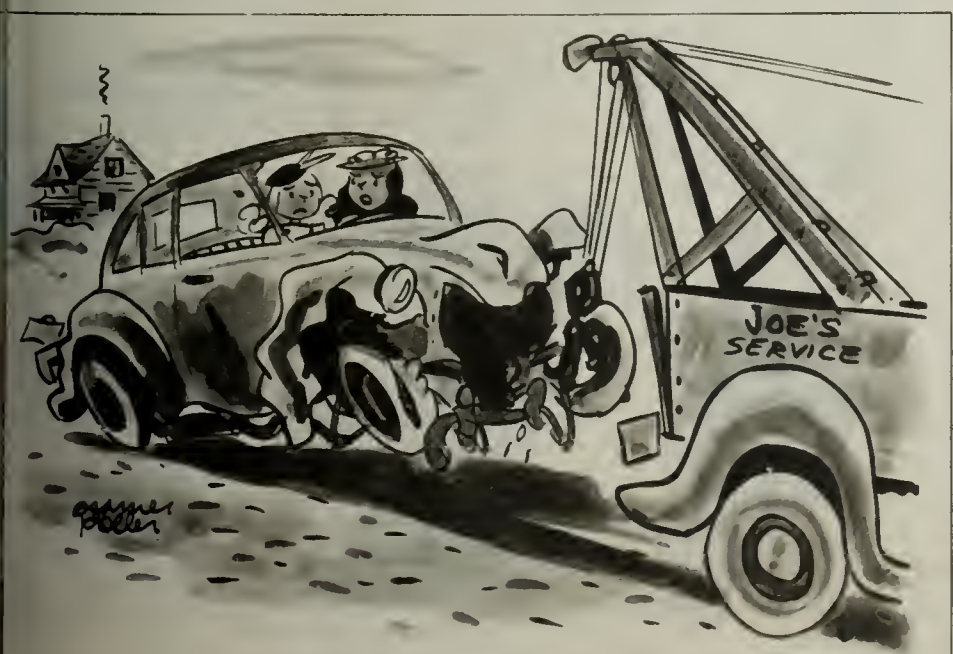
"Belle?" the whisper said vaguely from the bed.

Kevin opened the door into the living room, and Belle sprang up. "He's asking for you, Belle," he told her.

"Yes," she said. "Oh, Fred—" and went past Kevin, almost running.

Kevin hurried down the dimly lighted stairs. Outside it was nearly dark. The wind was blowing cold out of the northeast and he shivered and turned his coat collar up. Then he lifted his head and faced forward into the wind.

THE END



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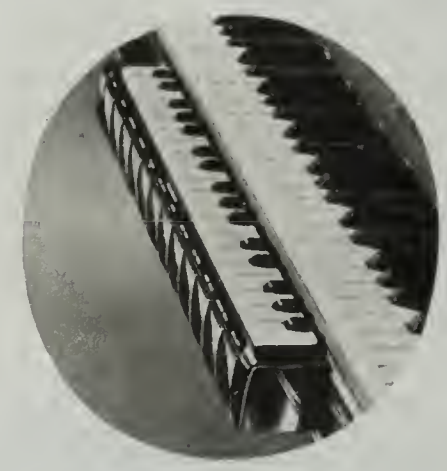

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DOES THE ARMY WANT THE RESERVE

Continued from page 25

"If this plan had been implemented," says General Evans, "it would have given us an adequate national security program. But it wasn't!"

He cites this as an example. Although the Marshall policy specifically banned the formation of any kind of pools, more than 500 composite reserve units have been set up. "These," Evans states, "are nothing more nor less than the same old wartime pools which every officer and G.I. detested so much."

Disregard of the reserves has taken many other forms, too, according to Evans. Until recently the Army did not allow reserve officers to belong to officers' clubs on military posts, even to purchase at a post exchange.

When The Reserve Officers' Association petitioned Congress to extend commissary privileges to reserves retired for physical disability, many of them veterans crippled by wounds suffered in action, the War Department opposed and defeated the move.

It would set a bad precedent, the regulars argued, despite the fact that retired personnel of the Regular Army do have such privileges.

A Suggestion to Improve Morale

In New York, one of the rare Regular Army officers concerned about the poor morale among reservists proposed to First Army headquarters that it arrange for the participation of a reserve officer and enlisted man in the ceremonies at which President Truman was presented with a degree by Fordham University.

"It would help raise the prestige of the reserves," he urged.

The proposal got exactly nowhere. First Army refused to suggest it to Washington. Only Regular Army personnel were on hand at the ceremony.

The reserves say that some Regular Army officers have even been attempting to introduce the "caste system" into their ranks. An instance of this, reported by a reserve officer, occurred at a meeting of reserve paratroopers in Atlanta, Georgia. Several score officers and enlisted men who had seen action in Normandy were present. They all were in civilian clothes.

The Regular Army colonel who presided at the session (his name is withheld out of consideration for the reserve officer who told the story) was shocke learn that the reserve officers and enl men were sitting together.

"There is too much fraternization between officers and enlisted men, said. "I want it to stop."

One paratrooper captain was so noyed that he got up and walked He has not been to another meeting. reports that a large number of enl reservists have also stayed away.

Enlisted reservists as a whole been particularly infuriated by this re to the military caste system. M point to the fact that a War Depart board chairmaned by Lieutenant (eral James H. Doolittle itself seve condemned the Army for "irregular and injustices in the handling of listed personnel." This board, in M 1946, demanded that the Army adop new philosophy in the military ord policy of treatment of men, especial the ranks, in terms of advanced conc of social thinking."

"Not only has the Army failed to c out this recommendation," it was st "but it is actually trying to superim its outworn caste ideas on the civilian diery, too."

What does the Army say about these varied charges? Recently, Se tary of the Army Kenneth C. Royall queried about them. He replied, "S I became Secretary of the Army July, I have not had an opportunit look into the question, so I have no tion of what is going on in either the serves or the National Guard."

Lieutenant General Manton S. E speaking for the Army, had this say: "The Army of the United Stat a three-legged structure whose legs the Organized Reserve Corps, the tional Guard and the Regular Ar Before anyone gives credence to cha that the Department of the Army is interested in the reserve, or any o component, he should realize that Army is scarcely likely to chop off leg of the structure for which it is rectly responsible."

Other Department of the Army cials maintain that the reserve pictu "really not as black as it has b painted." They say that they sin have not had sufficient time since Day to get all their plans for the rese in shape. They admit that only a sr

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number of officers and enlisted men have been assigned to units but ascribe this to the fact that many reservists have not specifically applied for assignment. Army regulations ban the detailing of enlisted men to units without their consent. (But in this connection, The Reserve Officers' Association states that only one enlisted reservist in 24 has been contacted about an assignment.)

Officers on duty in the office of the Executive for Reserve and R.O.T.C. Affairs, an Army staff section in charge of reserve matters, feel that the policies they have evolved are good ones. The difficulty has been, they declare, that some of their plans have not got General Staff approval, and that others which have been approved have not been adequately followed in the field.

Studying the Civilian Problem

Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal is personally concerned about the entire situation. He designated a six-man committee, headed by Assistant Secretary of the Army Gordon Gray and including representatives of the Navy and Air Forces, to make a thorough investigation of all the civilian components of the armed services.

One point the Gray Committee was asked to consider is why the Army and air reserves are in such poor condition when the naval reserve is flourishing.

On February 1, 1948, the naval reserve numbered 940,000, and was growing at a rate of over 12,000 a month. There was no evidence of any feuding between the regulars and the reserves. Morale was sky-high.

The Navy has a full-fledged program in operation for training its reservists. Naval craft have been made ava them at every sea and inland p Navy has also set aside 312 and ship armories for the rese addition, it is building them 175 type training centers. These w everything from radio and rada ment, machine shops and gyro rooms to libraries, lounges and galleys.

Today, naval reserve officers come at every naval installation. ships' stores, officers' clubs, co ries. To make sure there is no dis tion between the regulars and on promotions, the Navy Dep has instituted a new plan linking two together. Each reserve of inactive status has been assigned lar Navy officer as "a running m When the regular becomes eligible promotion, so does the reserve.

Credit for the effectiveness naval reserve program is general to Jimmy Forrestal. While he Secretary of the Navy, he insiste make a real drive to keep its happy. It has. And so has the Corps. Its reserve is also report in splendid condition.

What about the National Gua vestigators will find it presents picture. Back under state contr it is short of men but long on a working hard to prepare itself M-Day force.

Its published story today is t getting excellent co-operation f Army. But there are those who ber when things were different.

For years, the Army had no the National Guard, and the se was reciprocated. In a top-secre ment written on July 12, 1944,

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—J. W. Dean (ex-private, H Company), Galesburg, Ill.

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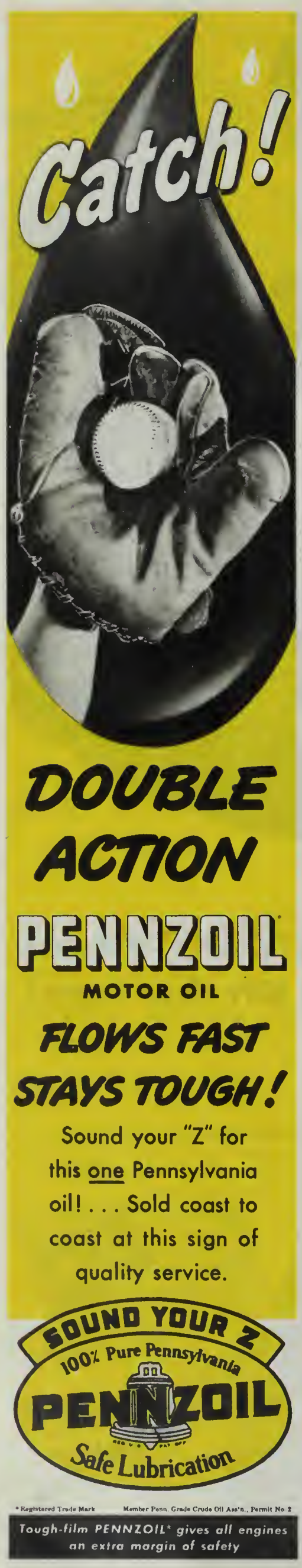

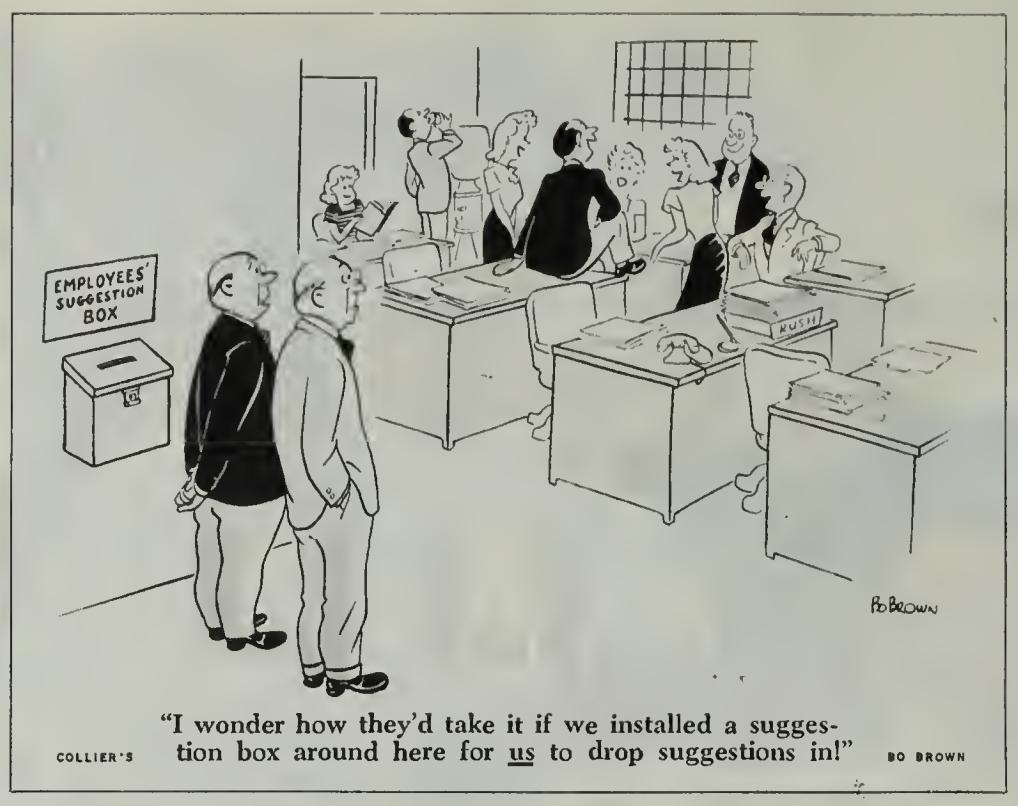

COLLIER'S "I wonder how they'd take it if we installed a suggestion box around here for us to drop suggestions in!" BO BROWN

before he was killed in Normandy, Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, commander of the Army Ground Forces, even urged that the guard be disbanded once and for all. He wrote General Marshall:

"One of the great lessons of the present war is that the National Guard, as organized before the war, contributed nothing to national defense. . . . It was necessary to make almost 100 per cent replacement of commissioned officers with troops from the grade of major general down through the grade of colonel and to replace an extremely high percentage of officers of lower grade. . . . The structure of the National Guard was pregnant with disaster for the entire nation."

A National Guard in postwar America, General McNair asserted, is "unnecessary and undesirable." His official recommendation: "that the National Guard be dispensed with as a component of the Army of the United States."

The Guard Fights Back

The National Guard replied to this statement with accusations that the Regular Army had continuously discriminated against it. Major General Ellard A. Walsh, president of the powerful National Guard Association, told his group's 1946 convention that he had proof of 8,000 cases of discrimination. Major General George E. Leach of the Minnesota National Guard declared, "I tell you, gentlemen, the General Staff at Washington is soulless . . . not anything human."

The association passed a resolution castigating what it termed "the unwarranted, unjustifiable and indefensible treatment accorded many of the nonregular officers in World War II" and demanding that it stop. Then it did more. It unleashed one of the slickest campaigns in history to "put the heat on" the Army.

With its strong political ties, it got countless governors to talk with Washington, got friendly congressmen to apply a little judicious pressure, too.

When the War Department chopped its 1947 appropriations from $110,000,000 to $50,000,000 the guard arranged for an avalanche of protesting telegrams and letters to descend upon the Pentagon. After that, a delegation of guard lobbyists visited General Eisenhower.

"You can't do that to us," Major General Milton A. Reckord, adjutant general of Maryland, warned Ike.

The War Department bowed to this pressure and quickly restored $12,000,000 of the sliced funds. According to the National Guard Association, the Army has since leaned over backward to give the guard what it wishes, including brand-new P-80s to fly and some $30,000,000 worth of surplus military facilities, among them parts of Camp Atterbury in Indianapolis and Jackson Barracks in New Orleans. However, some observers take with a grain of salt the statement of General Walsh that the National Guard is receiving "splendid support" from the Army. They suspect that the guard is courting Army favor because it fears current moves to consolidate it with the reserves.

Training for the 4,200 guard units is going full blast, although some of Secretary Forrestal's associates are not pleased with the type of training it is getting. One point made by them is that the guard should be schooled now for disaster work . . . for civil defense, clearing away rubble, repairing utilities, in other words, against an atomic-bomb attack. But this is not being done.

Recruiting for the National Guard has been slow. Oklahoma has done the best of any state in organizing units, Nevada, the worst. That Nevada got started at all was due to the activities of a group of Reno gamblers.

The legislature in Carson City adjourned without appropriating any state funds for the guard, and it looked as if Nevada would be left without one. This disturbed the patriotically minded operators of Harold's Club, a Reno gambling resort. It was bad advertising for Nevada, they felt. They therefore chipped in some of their own money and opened a drive for contributions from other private parties. Enough money was raised by them for the Nevada guard at least to begin work.

At the end of last summer, the National Guard throughout the country numbered about 100,000 men. An $850,000 recruiting drive was then launched, replete with top radio bands, street signs and magazine advertisements, in the hope of raising guard rosters at the rate of a man a minute for two months, 88,888 in all. The hoopla notwithstanding, the drive fell about 13,000 short of its goal. Major General Kenneth F. Cramer, chief of the National Guard Bureau, then sadly announced that it would be impossible for the guard to reach its projected M-Day strength of 683,000 (about three times its prewar force) without the enactment of Universal Military Training.

The red-hottest development on the entire reserve-National Guard scene is the proposal recently made by Major General Harry H. Vaughan. The Chief Executive's military aide urged that the National Guard be entirely removed from state control and merged with the Organized Reserve Corps. The outraged cries that ensued made bedlams out of

al Guard armories, reserve meet-
nd the columns of the country's
Harry Vaughan couldn't have
ed a greater storm if he had come
an end to all state sovereignties or
er of the Baptist and the Catholic
es.
Chicago Tribune called his sug-
"militarism gone mad." The New
Times, however, thought it one
ould be thoroughly explored, per-
y a Presidential commission."

pposed to Armies for States

ghan, like President Truman (who
Colonel Truman on the Army's
records), has served in both the
al Guard and the reserves. Sitting
office in the East Wing of the
House, Vaughan asserted that
no reason any more for states to
rivate armies. He believes that
training suffers from joint federal-
risdiction. He says:
present plan for our security
stablished a National Guard and
ve, units of which are found in
local community throughout our
y. The functions of these over-
units are identical. How much
fficient these citizen components
be, if combined into one force,
only to federal control!
the event of war, it's the federal
ment's responsibility to defend
ion, not the states'."
ghan holds that legislation can be
utionally enacted to transfer the
to federal control. Such a law, he
ould provide safeguards to insure
for use by states in an emergency.
ere is no necessity now for the
or of a state to have command of
ce, tank or field artillery units, as
do now. A governor's only need
ops arises in an emergency—a ca-
he, a hurricane, a race riot or a
that has got out of hand. For
like that, governors need only
y police, not tank outfits or para-
rs. If the guard is transferred to
deral government, the law can
specify that the Army must automatically make available troops to any governor merely upon his telegraphic request."

To the statement of Maryland's General Reckord that his proposal is "contrary to the Constitution," General Vaughan replied, "It's no such damned thing! Actually, you can say that it has been unconstitutional for the federal government to have been paying all these years for the training of the National Guard."

Vaughan adds, "I discussed this idea with Harry Truman 20 years ago and he said then that if ever he were in a position to do something about it, he would. We are interested purely in national security, and any merger or elimination that will aid national security—that is, the greatest security for the fewest dollars—is what we want."

Naturally, the National Guard Association is objecting wildly to the merger plan. The Reserve Officers' Association has made no official move for or against it. However, its leaders are understood to support it. The Army favors the move, but silently. It doesn't care to antagonize the guard.

It's anyone's guess, of course, whether anything will ever come of the Vaughan suggestion. Or whether anything will be effectively done to straighten out the reserves. Talk of a Congressional investigation has been heard. Some experts are urging that President Truman appoint a board of impartial, qualified citizens to make a real probe and produce a program for how the United States can best handle the civilian side of its Army. A group like the Compton Commission which dug into the question of Universal Military Training is recommended.

As one reserve officer, Lieutenant Colonel Kermit J. Berylson of New York City, a distinguished veteran of five and a half years service in the past war and 14 years in the reserves, says, though, "Whatever they do, they'd better do it fast, or there won't be any civilian soldiers left to straighten out."

THE END

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THE FAT OF THE LAND

Continued from page 50

disorder. To be perfectly fair, there was every reason for them to think that simple overeating alone could not be the cause of overweight.

For one thing, a doctor with no special psychiatric background is inclined to accept statements made by fat patients about their eating habits. In describing his diet to his physician the fat person will invariably cheat—make it sound much more reasonable than it really is. He can't help doing this, as I will explain. The doctor, disturbed by the sight of a person having grown fat on what seems to be just about a normal diet, comes to believe that it must be due to some mysterious glandular ailment.

It will help us to get some idea as to just what food means to a fat person if we try to understand the sort of attraction whisky has for an alcoholic. The normal person enjoys both, but feels no great temptation to overindulge in either, and he has little or no sympathy for those who do consistently, for instance, drink too much. Normal people decree that the overindulging misfits must be punished. The alcoholic is thrown into jail, as insane people used to be. And the fat person is an object of ridicule, as insane people used to be.

Alcoholism Has Similar Phases

It is only in recent years—since the organization of Alcoholics Anonymous, and the publication of material like Charles Jackson's magnificent The Lost Weekend—that we have in some part stopped taking a moral tone on alcoholism. The normal person, whether doctor or layman, now realizes that the alcoholic can't "stop if he wants to," and that appeals to his better nature are useless.

The alcoholic, like the other kinds of neurotic, has what Dr. Carl Binger has called "a splinter in his soul," some more or less trivial thing which, because it happened exactly when and where and how it did, has altered the course of his life, made him unhappy, and severely diminished his usefulness to himself and to society.

Now then, just as an alcoholic has difficulty explaining his compulsion to get drunk, so does a fat person have difficulty describing the urge he has to overeat. In the first place, he doesn't understand it himself. He knows only that he eats because he is hungry. Well, "hungry" can be just a word; it may have little or nothing to do with bodily needs. A normal person, absorbed in something else, forget a meal entirely. A disgusting may "take away his appetite," or a s of delicious smells wafted from kitchen may suddenly drive him fr with a desire to eat.

But eating, to the fat person, ha emotional significance quite diffe from the enjoyment a normal pe gets. The feeling is hard to describ is not a conscious delight in the pleas of the table. A fat person is not n sarily a connoisseur of good food, yet food is the most important thin his life. Is that too extravagant a s ment? It won't seem to be when understood that, for the sake of the solation he gets from overeating, th person sacrifices his physical com his social prestige, his working effici and even love and health.

All this isn't a conscious choice. fat person is aware only that he has n the choice when the sacrifices bec apparent. He sees dimly that he has g up much in return for little, and b ashamed of himself. He tells him what other people have told him, losing his fat is only a question of " power." There are lots of jokes abou people and will power. The best re ing exercise, say the wags, is to shake head slowly from side to side when fered a second helping. No enlighte person today would laugh at an alco ic's inability to say no to a second dr The fat person needs the same kin sympathy.

I am speaking from my own exp ence when I say that a fat man has an finite capacity for fooling his doctor, for fooling himself. It is hard for an us, under the best of circumstances face facts about ourselves, but it is haps hardest of all for the fat person

Even the most sympathetic fri cannot help regarding him as jus little ridiculous, and they cannot showing it. How simple it would they are plainly thinking, if So-and would just stop eating so much. In face of this unspoken reproach, fat person naturally would welc the suggestion that it is not his ea habits but his glands that are at fault makes him appear to be the victim tragic fate over which he can be pected to have no control.

So in describing his usual dinner, instance, the fat man will skip over second helpings, the extra piece or of bread and butter, and the do

COLLIER'S "You've had enough, Madam" NED HILTON

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spoonful of sugar in his coffee. He forgets to mention the candy bar he bought and ate at eleven in the morning, the quarter pound of peanuts he casually consumed with a beer in the evening, the two ham sandwiches and the pint of milk he felt the need of at bedtime.

If he is asked to keep a food diary, to make an exact entry for everything he eats, he will find another way to cheat. Without realizing what he is doing, he will go on a sort of diet for the period during which he keeps the diary. This throws the doctor completely off the scent.

Once in a while a fat person just ups and reduces. He gets back to normal weight through some combination of diet, drugs and exercise, and with none of this talk about happiness and unhappiness. I did that myself just after I got out of college. I used to do strenuous exercises, morning and afternoon, and to some extent I watched my calories. I succeeded in sweating off 40 pounds. Several years later I gained it all back, in just about the same time it had taken me to lose it. I had been what Hilde Bruch calls a "thin fat person"—that is, a person who had managed to lose weight, without losing the reason for overeating.

The psychiatrists recognize a common pattern in the lives of fat patients. Most of them come of families in which the mother has been dominant. They were overprotected and not able later to break away from the family and fit into adult life on their own.

The function of a mother is primarily to feed her young until they are old enough to feed themselves. A "mom," to employ the term used by Philip Wylie, is unwilling to let her children grow until they are independent of her. For some reason she regards them as property rather than as people in their own right. The only way to keep a child completely dependent is to hamper his normal development—to discourage his friendships, disparage his interests in things outside the family group, and instill in him a fear of new contacts. The only thing that a child in this unhappy spot can do with the full approval of his mother is to eat.

In the average American's estimation, there is no such thing as a good wife or mother who is not a good cook. The way to compliment a pie is to say it is as good as pie Mother used to make.

Drawbacks of Meals à la Mom

The idea of Mom is, in fact, inseparable from the idea of a superabundance of food—not, mind you, well-chosen food or even, necessarily, well-cooked food. Just lots of food. A mom who kept her kids on a hygienic low-calorie diet would seem to most of us a very strange kind of mom indeed. And all our celebrations, patriotic, sentimental and religious, seem to call for overeating; the fat person, always uneasily diet-conscious, is continually being urged to take aboard a few more carbohydrates "just this once," because it is some kind of special occasion.

Nowhere so far is there a fat person who says to himself, as he digs into an overloaded plate, "I am overeating in order to console myself for unhappiness caused by emotional immaturity, and to further insulate myself from further social challenges by building up a wall of fat between me and the world."

No; the fat person eats because he is hungry, unbearably so. But his whole concept of hunger is one that the fat person must meet and destroy before he can get thin.

A fat person can't *really* be hungry, in the sense that his body requires nourishment. Actually, he is just tense and anxious—anxious about nothing, anxious about everything—and he has learned to call that sensation "hunger," because food will temporarily allay it. In much the same manner, some alcoholics will call the fierce urge toward a drunken oblivion "thirst."

Food will temporarily soothe the nameless anxiety of the fat person, but only temporarily. An empty stomach can be filled, but who can prepare a meal big enough to fill an empty soul?

Some people support the glandular theory for fatness by pointing out that many boys and girls begin to get fat with the onset of puberty, when the sexual organs begin to function. But even for a well-adjusted child, puberty is a time of great emotional strain. For the timid and overprotected child, the strain is unbearable.

As Dr. Bruch pointed out in her address before the Academy of Medicine, a timid child struggling with the problems of early adolescence usually loses the sympathy of his mother. His timidity, his social awkwardness, his inability to fit into an increasingly complex away-from-home life, seem to reflect discredit to her, to the way she has brought him up. She nags him for things which are, after all, only symptoms of a dependence which she has devoted her life to building up. Thus his anxiety is redoubled, and he becomes an even more confirmed habitué of the soda fountain and the candy store.

Occasionally you will hear about some unhappy fat person who is perfectly willing to diet, but can't. It makes him too weak. He gets faint from hunger and is not able to do his work. The faintness must be a product of his mind only, because his very fat is stored-up food energy. A fat person on a reducing diet may severely cut down on his intake but he is still using exactly as many calories as his body needs, making up the balance from his own fat.

You can't use up more food energy than your body needs; the extra energy that you take in during the course of overeating is stored away as fat. can't use up less food energy than body needs; the extra energy need an overweight person on a low-c diet is provided by his own body. S weakness or fainting is sure to be ps genic in origin—a mental rather t physical failing. It is none the less for being psychogenic and none th tragic; but the fat person, like the holic, can be helped only by a re approach to his problem.

Fat people get fat, and stay fat, i ways. One is positive and one neg On the positive side, they overeat; negative side, they withdraw from of the activities of a normal exis

A Corny Proverb—But It Wor

When a fat person becomes act is on his way to reducing—not so because of the increased exercise, b cause he is on his way to getting better adjustment generally, and is to find more valid satisfactions i than eating. The old saw about eat live rather than living to eat is irrita smug, but it fits here. Fatness is a v circle. As you get fat, you are les less able to grasp the normal satisfa of life; you turn more to eating as th consolation left to you and so you g ter, and still less able to cope with li

The new understanding of the lem of alcoholism has not emptie saloons. By the same token, kn what makes fat people fat will not them all thin. They must be unders and must understand themselves, b they can attain normal weight.

As compared with the alcoholi fat person is no social proble all. He doesn't get into fights, he d lose his job, he doesn't "disgrace his ily." He does endanger his health not in the spectacular way the alc does. He suffers, but he suffers in si He schools himself not to flinch at about his fatness, and he succeeds s that his friends think of him as " natured." The very thing that mac fat person get fat in the first place passivity and submissiveness, which instilled in him by Mom—serves to him fat, and to make him accept wi protest the role of clown that his fr force on him.

How many fat people do you su there are in this country? There never been a census but the life insu people are interested, simply becau people don't live as long as normal p do. (They don't live as long as u weight people, either.) One survey o 000 male policyholders revealed more than 2,000 of them were 2 cent or more overweight. That's se Of 60,000 applicants for life insu whose medical histories were tabu ten years ago, more than 1,600 we jected solely because of overweight

What can the fat person do abo He can go to a doctor for a ph checkup and advice about a red diet. Probably extra vitamins wi prescribed and possibly a little th Now he is about to start dieting, as h done many times before. He has al failed, but this time it may be differe he can remember three simple tho They are that there is nothing wrong his glands; that a reducing diet i weakening; and that the fat perso secret, irrational reasons for gettin and for staying fat.

His problem is worse than the holic's, in a way, because it is a lo struggle and he gets little sympathy. shouldn't want sympathy. He admit to himself that his present l somehow unsatisfactory, that some is lacking—something he has been t to replace with food. He is hungr right, but what he wants isn't food. must give himself a chance to fin what it is he really wants.

THE END

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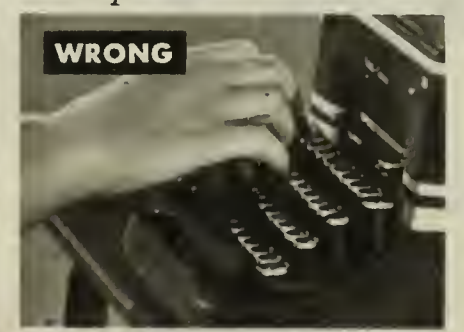

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THE HOUSE AT HYDE PARK

Continued from page 17

chairs and wallpaper with simple floral designs. A farmer's wife, examining the President's boyhood room, exclaimed to her husband, "Look at that bed! It's just like the one you made me send to the Salvation Army."

Another lady visitor, with a marked British accent, paused before the larger bedroom which, a placard said, was occupied by King George during his stay at Hyde Park. She studied the old-fashioned bed, the cotton bedspread, the Victorian side chairs, and gasped to her companion, "Imagine His Majesty sleeping in that room! Why it's scarcely fit for servants."

A full-bosomed American woman tapped her on the shoulder. "Lady," she said, "if this house was good enough for our President, it's good enough for your king!"

Room Remains as in April, 1945

The President's own bedroom, at the south end of the upstairs corridor, is a large, sunlit room whose windows look down on the Hudson River. It is kept as it was when Roosevelt was last here, before he went to Warm Springs, Georgia. Above a dressing table is a photograph of Anna, James and Elliott Roosevelt as children, stuck to the frame of the mirror by a black hatpin. On the table is a calendar, its pages torn off to April, 1945.

Beside the huge walnut bed is a night stand with two telephones, one of which used to be a direct line to the White House. On the sofa at the foot of the bed is Roosevelt's dressing gown and, on the floor, his bedroom slippers. Fala's harness and an Indian blanket are on a chair near by. Next to the bedroom is the President's closet, its door half open, showing two of his suits, neatly pressed, and beside them the blue Navy cape he wore at the Teheran Conference. His Panama hat is on the shelf and at the door is his wheel chair.

Frederick L. Rath, Jr., the young, energetic National Park historian, is determined to keep the house looking lived-in. "The President didn't want to make a museum of this place," he said, "and we try not to make any changes." To help keep the place as it was, the Park Service employed most of Roosevelt's former servants—his butler, McGaughey; his gardener, Charles Van Curan; Frank Draiss, his road builder; Mrs. James' former chauffeur, Louis Depew; the caretaker, William Plog, and both Mr. Depew's and Mr. McGaughey's wives, who had served as housemaids to the family. All of them are old retainers, accustomed to seeing the house as the Roosevelts knew it.

Even so, Rath has been watchful. A few months ago, he noticed that the living room didn't look quite natural. He got out an old family photograph of the room. "Right away," he declared, "I knew what was wrong. The ladies had done their work too well, putting everything in its place—like it had never been before." Rath did a little historic disarranging. He punched dents in the pillows on the davenports, moved some of the books that were stacked too neatly and brought some of the chairs out of line.

Across from the home is the large, gray field-stone library-and-museum, which the President had built with his own funds and the contributions of friends. Several years before his death, he began shipping crates of his personal and public papers and the bewildering assortment of mementos, souvenirs and gifts he'd collected in three terms at the White House. All told, the library now houses 100 tons of documents, and the museum bulges with 8,000 items, en to fill one floor of the Smithsonian I tution and as hard to classify as the tents of a New England attic. Mo this material is still unsorted. "It may years to get through it all," says Shipman, who manages the buildin, the archivist of the United States.

Roosevelt, himself, kept an office planning to write and to arrang papers when he retired from public Today, historians are busily at wo the stacks, making notes for the tentative biographies of the Pres and solemn college students are s gling through their masters' these such subjects as "Franklin Delano R velt on International Affairs bet September, 1939, and December, 1 and "An Appraisal of the Camp Speaking of Mr. Roosevelt and Hoover in the 1932 Presidential paign."

While the library is closed of browsing visitors, the museum is jam with people crowding the display c The museum officials are always exp ing to indignant travelers why the watch fob or the hand-carved book they gave the President eight years are not on exhibit. "There's onl much room," Mr. Shipman tells t spreading his hands unhappily. "W to keep changing the exhibits, and m *next* week your gift to the President be on display."

But any week, the display is bewi ing. In one case are drafts of a fir chat, with the ghost writer's w crossed out and amended in Roose writing. Near by are Fala's harness gear, greeting cards sent to the Scott his birthday and several cartoons of that the President liked. The relics r in size from an ivory acorn with a thi inside, presented by Mrs. Emilye Ru Daniels, of Glen Rock, New Jerse a birchbark canoe given F.D.R. by Passamaquoddy Indians. There's a st of Winston Churchill, carved fro native Brazilian nut; a Kiksadi t pole, sent down from admirers in Ala the framed heads of Roosevelt George Washington, pieced toge from canceled postage stamps; and heads of two buck deer which, accor to the engraved plaque, were f "locked in mortal combat on the hun reserve of Monroe M. Redder, Hendersonville, North Carolina."

Tributes to the Honored Dead

In the hemlock-hedged garden betw the museum and the home, the Presi lies buried. At the grave, people s bareheaded, some reading from pr books, some with their heads bo some staring at the white stone ma with its inscription:

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVI
1882—1945
ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVEL
1884—

Now in April, there will be ceremo at the grave and people will come wreaths and flowers. Recently, a gr of Brazilian citizens requested a han of earth from the garden to place monument they're building to Roose Last year, the American-Hellenic U of Athens brought soil from the Acr lis and Parthenon to sprinkle on grave. There have been many for visitors—the delegates to the Un Nations General Assembly; former bassador and Madame Wei-Tao-min China; Dr. Anna Mazačová-Proc ková of Czechoslovakia; President M ano Ospiña Peréz of Colombia; Cha Comeau, mayor of Saint Lam Canada.

most of the flowers were brought p in people, an old woman with a c of lilacs, a child with wilted violets ed tensely in her hand. Some have lling cards—"In memory from an r from Flatbush"; "In loving ry to my dearest brother, Staff nt Andrew G. Macro, who was on Guam."

summer the entire congregation Abyssinian Baptist Church of Harme with flowers and stood by the chanting an old-time ballad:

n I was young, I used to wait master and give him his plate, pass the bottle when he got dry brush away the blue-tail fly. ny crack corn and I don't care, my crack corn and I don't care, my crack corn and I don't care, master's gone away."

right 1944 and 1945 by Leeds Mu- rp., New York, N. Y.)

is isn't like Mount Vernon," ick Rath observed. "These people ber the President and none of this like history. A lot of them ask Fala is and we say that he's with Roosevelt, who has a cottage two from here."

visitors, Rath maintains, are un- y respectful toward the property. so," he said, "with the crowds g, we had to put up barriers at the because we couldn't take a chance ng anything. And we've fastened some of the things pretty firmly, be sure. But you won't find folks is at most of the public parks. After s is the greatest souvenir-collecting in the world—and all we've lost we opened are a silver candle r, a metal plate from inside one doors and the case of the thermo- the hall."

h, who holds a master's degree in y from Harvard University, is now cally scrawling notes on the Roose- f Hyde Park.

ople who knew the President are ving," he said, "and we've got a e to talk to them. But we've got rk fast:"

h and George A. Palmer, superin- nt, are also gathering history with a recorder, interviewing the Roose- ervants and old friends of the fam- "We're still experimenting," said r, "but you've never heard history his. Each person we interview tells ory in his own voice—you get the ion, the tone and not just the ."

mer put a spool of wire tape into cording machine and turned on the . Robert McGaughey, the butler, lking. "He was in very poor condition when I first came here. He tried to walk with his crutches and steel braces. They were clamped around his waist and attached to his shoes. He tried to walk through the front hall and he tried it outside. . . . Me and Mr. Depew, we'd help him get into his car. We'd get our hands under him and carry him out, and he'd put his arms over our shoulders. . . . Yes, I'd wheel him around the library while he fixed his books. 'Robert,' he'd say to me, 'do you mind this?' "

Recalls Beauty of "Mrs. James"

Mr. Plog, the seventy-nine-year-old caretaker for the estate, talked into the wire recorder in the greenhouse, where he was cutting roses. "I came out here in 1897 to work for Mrs. James. She was a very beautiful woman, about six feet tall. She generally laid out all the work and what she laid out I done. . . . When you were sick, the family always helped out. They paid for my wife in the hospital that time, and when she came back, why, Mrs. Franklin would come in and take care of her."

Hyde Park village echoes of Roosevelt. The new high school on Violet Avenue was named for him, and the St. James Episcopal Church posts a sign outside for visitors, saying that Roosevelt worshiped here. In the summer months, parishioners are assigned to show tourists through the church and point out the Roosevelt pew.

Even during Mr. Roosevelt's lifetime, Hyde Park saw more important people than any town its size in the country. The villagers say it began with the king and queen of England, who drove through town with the President back in 1939 and ate hot dogs and ice cream at a picnic on his estate. Later, there were always prime ministers and diplomats, senators and congressmen boarding trains at the village depot.

And now, among the cavalcade of tourists on their way to the Roosevelt place, there are still important people. Not long ago, Ed Curran, proprietor of the Hyde Park Inn and gas station, looked up from his newspaper to see a convoy of big black limousines. A half-dozen uniformed men jumped out of the cars and began inspecting his cafeteria from all angles. At length, one of them nodded and a squad of plain-clothes men marched into the cafeteria with Vyacheslav M. Molotov between them. While the rest of the party ordered hamburgers, cheeseburgers and bottled beer, the foreign minister of all the Soviets sat alone in a booth with his prepared lunch of borsht, squab and Russian black bread. Ed Curran got his autograph.

THE END

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MADAM PRESIDENT

CONCLUDING A STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

The Story:
MIRANDA BRUCE, attractive widow, has been elected Vice-President of the United States through the clever political maneuvering of young reporter ARTHUR URN, who is falling in love with MARY SMITH, Mrs. Bruce's secretary. When, a few weeks after the inauguration, the President becomes mentally ill and is unable to discharge the duties of his office, Miranda becomes President.

Among those scheming to remove her from office are Senator JAMES HUNTOON, treacherous Party boss who wants a rubber-stamp Party man in the White House, and Secretary of State ALEXANDER HARRISON, who thinks that a woman's place is in the home. Harrison stands to succeed Miranda under the old law of succession which Congress has recently re-enacted.

Huntoon throws every obstacle in Miranda's way, and finally asks outright for her resignation. In reply, Miranda makes a cryptic promise that within two weeks she will resign the Presidency and take Harrison out of the Cabinet. Then she asks Huntoon to take the post of Secretary of the Treasury, next in line to the Secretary of State in the Presidential succession.

Huntoon, thinking that he has Miranda on the run, plans to open up a smear campaign to blacken the names of both Miranda and Harrison.

ALL in!" Bill Donelson called, to open one of the most memorable press conferences since Pearl Harbor.

"Madam President," began the Portland Express, "have you considered the possibility—"

"Just a minute, May," Mrs. Bruce interrupted. "Before there are any questions, I have a couple of announcements to make:

"First of all, Princess Margaret Rose of England will come for a visit to the White House this June. It will be extremely pleasant for me to have her as a guest, and the king and queen were kind enough to say that she might come. It's not a state visit, of course, just a personal visit from a very charming girl to a country where she will always be welcome."

"Is the king coming with her?" asked the Chicago Tribune.

"No, Walter," Miranda replied. "She will come by herself and she will be my guest. I know that you will all be happy to meet her."

"Will she hold a press conference?" asked I. N. S.

"I think I'll spare her that," the President said, "unless she wants one."

"Are you going to give a party for her?"

"I plan to, Nellie," the President replied. "I thought a dinner followed by a small dance would be nice but I'll have to wait until she gets here. She may have other plans. I know she wants to see something of America outside of Washington."

"Madam President," this was the Wall Street Journal, "you said that you had two announcements. What is the other one?"

"Nothing as exciting as the Princess' visit, I'm afraid, Kenneth," the President said. "Only that I've accepted the resignation of Secretary of the Treasury Nearing."

The ironic hand clapping was quickly shushed by the soberer journalistic minds.

"Have you picked his successor?" asked the New York Times.

"I have, Bert. I have nominated Senator James B. Huntoon to take Mr. Nearing's place," she told him. "Senator Huntoon is a very able man and I'm sure that the nation's finances will be capably administered by him."

"Does Huntoon know you've nominated him?" asked the P M correspondent.

"Of course," said Miranda. "The senator's an old friend of mine. I want him to be Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Nearing has completed his work in that department."

"Have you any plans for a change

Huntoon and Nearing stiffened
two familiar voices flooded the ro
"You can't use it," Huntoon insis
"I'll deny it, and so will Near

in the State Department, Mac
President?" This was the Portl
Express again. "I mean, are you pl
ning to ask Secretary Harrison for
resignation?"

"No comment!" snapped Mirar

"Is there any connection betw
the visit of the princess and Nearin
resignation?" asked the Chicago T
une, still hunting for a ringing he
line.

"No comment, Walter," the Pr
dent insisted.

"Really," she added, "that's all
news there is today. I should th
it would be enough."

"Thank *you*, Madam Presiden
intoned the head of the White Ho
Correspondents Association, and
the rush for the doors and telephon

Mary Smith fought her way acr
a choppy cross sea of struggling c
respondents until she reached
President's desk.

"Miranda!" she exclaimed. "I ha
wonderful news! Arthur's shoulde
healed. We can get married next we
and Arthur knows the most heave
place in New England where they ha
apple trees and lilacs and a brook t
doesn't talk politics, only he does
think we should leave you just now

"Nonsense!" the President laugh
"Did either of you by any chance ta
notes on the press conference?"

Mary looked embarrassed. "I
frightfully sorry," she admitted.
was going to, but just then Arth
came with his news and, well, we b
forgot. I just got here for the end."

The President shrugged her slen
shoulders. "For Heaven's sake, de
hurry up and get married and ha
your honeymoon and come ba
when you've brushed off this star du
Neither you nor Arthur is worth
darn to me right now."

"Oh, Miranda, I'm so sorry-
Mary began penitently.

"Nonsense, darling. Your m
riage is much more important than
these politics. Really. Do you s
want me to give you a reception?"

"Of course," said Mary. "But A
thur won't let us get married until h
sure you don't need us."

"I'll have to speak to that you
man," the President said.

THE President exclaimed, "Hea
ens, what a pretty bride she i
and unashamedly dabbed her eyes
Mary tossed the bridal bouquet to h
maid of honor, Captain Susan Bow
and retired upstairs to change into h
going-away dress.

"She's a very pretty girl," Harris
agreed, as they rejoined the guests
the East Room of the White Hou
"but I do wish you'd tell me why y
—why women—cry at weddings.
thought this was supposed to be
happy occasion."

Miranda turned to the Secretary
State. "And you're a politician!" s
remarked. "Well, if women march
off to marriage the way men mar
off to war, the streets would be lin
with cheering crowds. It's so mu
braver the way it is—to go one
one. All that valor, loyalty and inn
cence happily offering itself in t
service of life, not death. Oh, I kno
Alex, that you men can't see it, b
that's the way it really is."

Harrison considered for a mome

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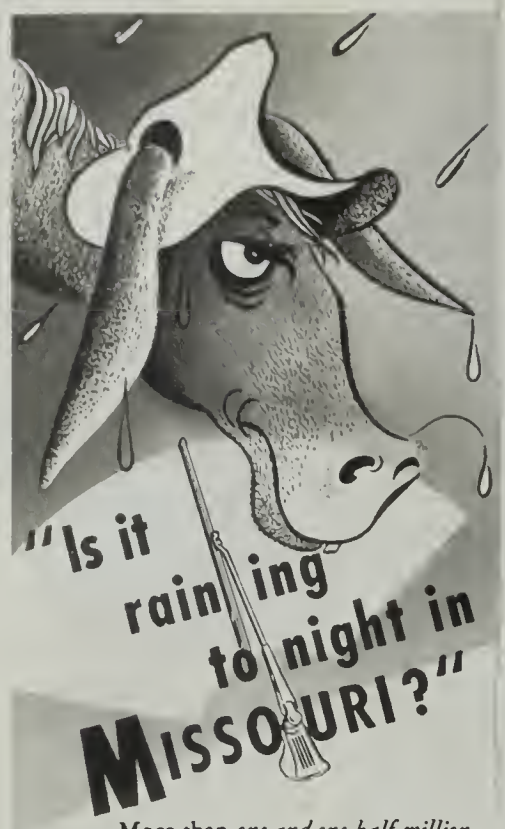

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before responding to this uncomfortably emotional statement. He didn't quite know what to say.

"Young Urn's a good boy," he remarked at last. "He's going into it with both eyes open. Marriage isn't much fun from a man's point of view these days," he added, "but he'll take good care of her."

The President smiled mischievously. "I should say he will," she agreed. "He's the most practical bridegroom I've ever seen. He won't even tell *me* where they're going. He says that he won't take a chance on letting politics get mixed up in his honeymoon. All I know is that, after the usual deliberate false start which fools nobody, they're taking a plane to Boston. Arthur insists that no honeymoon is legal without starting with fish chowder at the Copley Plaza. Trust a New Englander to drag his stomach into romance. After that, I gather from Mary, they are driving off in a borrowed car to some remote place and will spend a couple of weeks among either the arbutus or the fried clams."

Harrison grinned. "Either way sounds all right to me," he remarked. "Would you like to dance, Madam President?"

The President turned her fine eyes on the Secretary of State.

"Gracious, no!" she thanked him. "I'm much too old and cautious to be seen cavorting with you in the presence of Arthur's newspaper friends. It's not Presidential—and besides just look at Emma Corradio and General Shenck! Really! Anyhow, I'm too tired. Mary's been like a daughter to me these last months and it was no small thing to get her all wrapped up and delivered to her husband. Let's just sit and wait for the young couple to make their departure."

UPSTAIRS, Arthur Urn tried for the third time to put his left foot in his right shoe, then gave it up and sat with a puzzled frown on the edge of a chair which General Grant had considered right stylish. "Have you got the tickets?" he asked again.

Gus Myers chuckled. "And you're the guy that covered the landing at Iwo Jima?" he inquired. "Listen, boy, people have been marrying each other for years with no fatal results. You might even call it a habit!"

"It's not one with me," Urn replied. "Have you—"

"Once and for all, Art," his best man assured him, "everything is all right. I have your tickets. I have the money. I even packed your suitcase for you and, oh, yes, I slipped in an extra-special wedding present which may come in handy someday, all tied up with white satin ribbon—"

"I wonder if Mary's ready," the bridegroom interrupted him. "I'd hate to—"

"Listen, you oaf," Myers said, "it's lucky for you I'm a friend or I'd spill this to the public. Try putting that shoe on the other foot and it will work better. All right, all right. I've got everything ready. I'll give the money *and* the tickets to you whenever you think you can manage to get your coat on."

There was a tap on the door. It opened to admit Frank Mulcahy. "Are you near ready, Arthur boy?" asked Miranda's political secretary. "Miss Susan just passed the word that Mrs. Urn was—"

'Here!" Arthur demanded. "What are you dawdling for, Gus? Give me those tickets and God knows I'll need the dough."

"You wouldn't be letting me know how to reach you?" the Irishman wheedled. "It would be a bad thing if we couldn't find you, and we needing you."

Urn shook his head. "If there's any kind of real emergency, I've told Susan Bowen what to do. No, she doesn't know where we'll be, either, and don't you turn the Secret Service loose on us or Mrs. Mulcahy will be a widow. This is one time when even a newspaperman is entitled to privacy. We'll get the papers and I'll phone if I see anything important. We'll be back in two weeks."

Myers looked at Mulcahy and grinned. "If this is what getting to the White House does to a guy, I'm just as glad my boss didn't win the election. Not that Susan isn't a good argument . . ."

"Susan!" Urn whirled and confronted his best man. "I knew I'd forgotten something. Of course, why don't you marry her yourself, Gus? She thinks you're—"

"Oh, quit maundering!" Myers objected brusquely. "Get on with your honeymoon!"

"Sure now," Mulcahy said tactfully, "it won't do either of you any good at all if you keep the ladies waiting."

"Here are your tickets and the cash," said Myers. "Have a good trip."

Urn turned and gripped his hand. "Thanks for everything, Gus. Now come along and let's get rolling."

AS THE official limousine, with raucous police escort, left the White House portico, bearing Arthur and Mary Urn off amid a shower of confetti, Frank Mulcahy took the fair Captain Bowen by the arm.

"It's no time to be asking you this, Miss Susan," he said, "but before Arthur left he said he'd told you what to do in case there was any trouble here. Now I'm wondering what he meant by that."

Miranda's military aide turned to the rabbity little Irishman. "Search me, Frank," she said. "All I know is that last night before the bachelor party, Arthur said if anything went wrong for me to get in touch with Gus Myers."

Mulcahy watched the slow warm blush that tinted the captain's cheeks.

"He wouldn't be playing Cupid now, would he, Miss Susan?" he asked. "Myers is a good man, for all that he's not on our side."

Susan looked hard at the political secretary. "Oh, go jump in the lake, Frank. He's a good man. Period."

Mulcahy shrugged his shoulders. "Well, then, let's hope nothing happens," he said. . . .

That night, Frank Mulcahy said to his wife, Kate, "If it's a boy we'll be calling him Bruce."

Kate smiled a patient smile in the dark. "We'll do no such thing," she said. "We'll call him Francis, after his father, and if he's a girl we'll call him Theresa on account of my mother—"

The telephone rang and Miranda's political secretary picked up the instrument of torture.

"Mulcahy? . . . This is Charlie Bascom of the Record. Art told me to get in touch with you if anything serious developed. Do you ever listen to the Fun in Hollywood show?"

"I do not. Should I?"

"Tonight you should have. You know that would-be funnyman they have emceeing for their soup operas—Harry Hines?"

"Sure, I know him and he's not funny to me, Mr. Bascom."

"Well, what he pulled tonight isn't at all funny for your boss. You know that sort of raised-eyebrows leer he puts into his voice. Well, tonight he said, 'Flash! Washington! The State of the Union'—and the way he said 'Union' was practically libelous—'Madam President and her Secretary of State—' and then they cut him off the air. It's murder. Ten to one, if there's a studio checkup all it will show is that he started to ad-lib a legitimate news item and was choked off automatically. Perfectly innocent but it sounded like hell on the receiving end."

"What else do you know about it, Mr. Bascom?" Mulcahy was cautious.

"Well—I know that Hines' sponsor is a friend of Senator Huntoon. And this afternoon my city editor phoned to say that there are some new red-hot Alex and Miranda gags going the rounds in New

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To me, it adds up to a smear cam-

nk you, Mr. Bascom," Mulcahy m. "The FCC will be looking into oubt."

hell with the FCC! It's happened. three million radio fans heard that ey'll start jumping to conclusions. be all over the place by morning. now what they've been hinting your boss and Harrison up at the l. Well, this Hines gag is clear out world, all done by tone of voice en silence, as though he had barely opped from spilling the dirt."

nk you, Mr. Bascom," Mulcahy d. "I'll take care of it."

pite of his assumed calm, fifteen s later he was at the White House. esident hadn't yet gone to bed, and on had been located working late desk in the State Department. istened quietly while Mulcahy told f the broadcast and the gossip.

. Bascom's saying it's a deliberate al smear," he concluded, "but ave a hard time proving anything."

anda considered for a minute. he reached for the telephone and e White House operator to get her tish ambassador. After a few min- e bell rang.

vid?" the President asked. "Would ind coming down here at once? hing rather serious has happened. es, in the main part of the house. upstairs."

n Fyffe-Percy had joined them, hy repeated his report of the radio cast and the new wave of sex-angled s.

hat nonsense!" the diplomat ex- d. "It's nasty for you both, Madam ent, but I don't see what I can do it. The only thing is to ignore it. ind of thing happens to everybody lic life."

. that's not the point," the Presi- ssured him. "It's Margaret Rose inking about. I believe we'd better the arrangements for her visit. I n't want to cause a moment's em- sment to her and her parents, and ow as well as I do that a story like ll spread."

n!" Fyffe-Percy pondered. "It's ood of you," he remarked, "but here's not a word of truth in it, I'm at the king and queen would feel o glad to show their complete con- by letting the visit take place as d. After all, it's been officially an- d in both countries."

u're a good fellow!" Harrison said , "but I agree with the President. This is just the beginning of a smear campaign against her and myself. It's politics, of course, and I think I know who's responsible. He won't stop here. It won't help friendly relations with the Empire if the princess steps into a tough political squabble over here, with a dirty story as its basis. I wish you'd report to the Foreign Office and tell them we suggest postponing the visit. God knows your diplomats can dream up plenty of convincing reasons for anything they decide to do."

Fyffe-Percy shrugged his shoulders. "Naturally I'll do as you suggest, Mr. Secretary," he replied, "but I'll also add my own recommendation, that the visit take place as planned. If the royal family show their solidarity with you, Madam President, believe me it will help you deal with this unpleasant situation on both sides of the Atlantic."

"What's your opinion, Frank?" Miranda asked.

"I agree with the ambassador," Frank Mulcahy said. "Once you start retreating on account of a smear campaign, there's no end to it. Stand firm and this thing will run its course. Give them a couple of weeks and there will be something new for the country to talk about."

Harrison shook his head. "That's just it, Frank. They'll give us something new. They won't let it stand at this and a little barroom gossip. This is only the beginning. I don't think we should ask the princess to come over here while there's this kind of talk about the President and the Secretary of State. And I don't think the British public would like having her even remotely tainted by association with these unpleasant stories."

"Perhaps you're right," the ambassador agreed, "but if you don't mind, I'd rather wait a few days to see whether there are any further developments before I recommend action to my government. You both have my sympathy and I know that you'll come out of this with flying colors."

AFTER Fyffe-Percy had returned to the embassy, Miranda turned to Harrison. "Well, in any case, it's a comfort to know that the British Empire is with us, Alex."

"They don't vote in this country," he reminded her. "I'll get Huntoon for this," he added savagely.

"What can you do?" she asked.

"I could resign and leave Washington," he suggested.

"No!" Miranda and Mulcahy answered simultaneously.

"No, Alex," she repeated. "That

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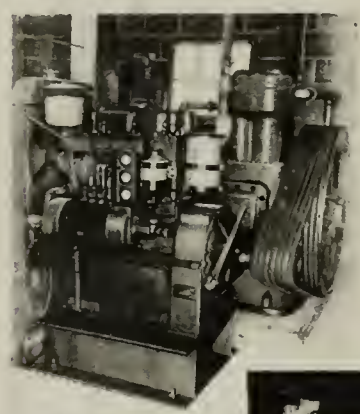

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n't solve anything. It would only olor to the stories and clear the r Huntoon."

rison nodded. "Guess that's so," eed. "Well, I'll go on home and ver it. Perhaps we'll have some n the morning. Good night, Mi- Good night, Frank. Thanks for g so fast on this. At least we are h the radio audience."

he door closed behind the Secre- f State, Miranda turned to Mul- "This is bad, Frank," she said . "This is very bad. We can't hit ithout making it worse. I do wish thur were here. He might have an But he wouldn't tell anybody where Mary are going."

cahy reflected. "He told Susan that if there was bad trouble, she get in touch with that Gus My-

ers!" the President exclaimed. he's on the other side!"

's a good friend of Arthur's, n President," Mulcahy said. "But thinking that maybe Arthur knew sweet on Captain Bowen and was g them."

President frowned and shook her "Arthur was so wrapped up in get- arried to Mary he wouldn't have ized Romeo and Juliet if they were nder his nose."

ere's nothing like trying, is there?" hy asked and went to the tele-

TEEN minutes later Gus Myers s located, dancing at the Shoreham

. Myers? . . . This is Frank hy at the White House. The Presi- would like to speak to you." He d the instrument to Miranda.

s, Madam President?"

. Myers. I wondered whether *you* where Arthur took Mary for their moon. Something rather serious me up, and he told Susan Bowen to touch with you in case of emer- . . . What's that? . . . Where is it? hat did you say? Dynamite? In itcase? Yes, I know he was. You n't explain that two and two are nd have him take it in . . . Yes, you, Mr. Myers . . . You are very

turned back to Frank, her eyes ing. "Myers says that he gave it to r as a wedding present. Wrapped in his pajamas while packing his suitcase. He say's it's dynamite and we don't need to worry."

"What's dynamite?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He wasn't too specific, except to say that it's what we need."

"And we not knowing where he is," observed Mulcahy.

"Here," said Miranda firmly, "is where we can use the F.B.I. We know that they were to leave Boston this morning by car. They aren't likely to have motored more than 200 miles and they can't drive east without getting into the ocean. Frank, you're from Boston. Where would they be apt to go?"

Mulcahy was already at the phone, explaining to Eddie Burke that Arthur Urn must be located at all costs.

"Tell the President," said the deputy director, "that we will find him before morning."

"Frank," the President directed, "you get Mr. Myers on the telephone and ask him to come here at once, if he will."

Mulcahy smiled. "And him courting Miss Susan," he murmured, and proceeded to obey instructions, catching Myers in the middle of a rather dreamy tango with a rather dreamy Wac captain.

"He'll be down, Madam President," he told Miranda. "He asked if it was all right if he took Miss Susan home first, but I said to bring her here. It seems she's not in uniform but I was telling him that you did not object."

The telephone rang. It was the deputy director of the F.B.I.

"Tell the President, Mr. Mulcahy," Burke said, "that Mr. and Mrs. Urn checked out at the Copley Plaza at ten o'clock this morning. They are trying to locate the doorman who was on duty at the time to see if he can give a description of the car or made note of its registration. We're sending out a six-state alarm for them."

"Poor Arthur!" the President sighed. "His honeymoon! I wish we didn't have to."

There was a knock at the door, and Jones announced, rather disapprovingly, "Captain Bowen and Mr. Myers, Madam President."

The cause of his disapproval was evident when Susan appeared in a rather revealing black-lace evening dress that was at complete variance with etiquette for White House military aides.

"I'm sorry to break in on your evening, Mr. Myers," the President told him. "Susan, you look ravishing. I won't keep your young man long. But I must know what he put in Arthur's suitcase. There has been a rather unpleasant development, Mr. Myers, and I'd rather not bring him back from his honeymoon unless it is absolutely necessary."

"Can I speak in confidence?" Myers asked, glancing around the room. "You see, Arthur and I have been up to something rather illegal."

"Of course," the President assured him. "What happens on the second floor of the White House is private and privileged."

THE telephone rang: Eddie Burke again. "The doorman didn't get the license number, Mr. Mulcahy," he said, "except to notice it was a Massachusetts car. He gave us a good description of the vehicle and says that it headed out toward the Fenway after leaving the hotel. That helps. We're sending out a general call over all New England radio stations for Mr. Urn to get in touch with Washington. If the car has a radio, perhaps he'll hear it. Or somebody that knows him at his destination could hear it and tell him when he arrives."

Mulcahy frowned. "They'll be sleeping at this hour, Mr. Burke," he said. "Like Christians," he added, thinking of his own Kate and his warm bed.

"Well, Madam President," Myers was saying. "Art and I arranged to set up a wire recorder to pick up what happened in Senator Huntoon's office. My chairman authorized it, but naturally we don't want to be caught at it. One of my staff was in Counterintelligence during the war and is pretty smart at snooping. After a number of blanks, we picked up a really hot talk between the senator and Secretary Nearing. When I played it back to the chairman, he said, 'This is it!', so I wrapped it up and stuck it in Arthur's suitcase as a wedding present from the National Committee. Naturally, he wasn't to use it unless it was absolutely necessary. As I said, I tried to tell him about it at the time, but he was all dithered over getting married. Perhaps I should have kept it until he got back," he concluded, "but I didn't want to leave it kicking around my office. The fewer that know about it the better."

"And what was in that conversation, Mr. Myers?" Mulcahy asked.

"It was something about a smear campaign against the President and Secretary Harrison," Myers said. "There was something about a radio program and a man named Hines—"

"Hines!" Miranda exclaimed. "That's it, Mr. Myers. Well—if only Arthur had told somebody where he is!"

The telephone rang. It was Eddie Burke once more.

"They stopped off for lunch at Concord," he told Mulcahy. "The doorman recognized the car and the couple from the description and says that they asked about the road to Keene, New Hampshire. We'll hope to get them any minute now, Mr. Mulcahy. That is, if it's the right couple and the right car. So far, we've had three couples picked up by mistake all the way from Portland to Hartford."

"Where's Emma?" asked Susan Bowen suddenly. "She might know. She and Mary have been pretty close these last few weeks."

"She's probably out with General Shenck," Mulcahy suggested. "And that would mean the country club, if you ask me."

And he was absolutely right, as it took the White House operator only five minutes to discover that the general and Lieutenant Corradio had just left by private car to return to Washington. The Secret Service was called into action, to locate and intercept.

"Goodness!" Miranda laughed. "This is becoming ridiculous. Frank, don't you think we ought to tell the F.B.I. to wait until morning. I can't have everybody disturbed like this. Mr. Myers, you'd

"Well, well, I guess I'll soon be able to call you 'Baldy'!"

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better take Susan back to the dance or take her home. And I'm not forgetting your kindness. Please thank your chairman—"

The door opened, this time without the aid of the scandalized Jones, and Lieutenant Corradio appeared, saluted, sat down and beamed at the gathering. "Just a minute till I catch my breath, Madam President," she said, "and I'll do my stuff. You don't need to send the Secret Service for me to show that you can't get on without me."

"Emma, we've been trying to locate Arthur and Mary," the President explained. "Susan thought you might have an idea of where they went. We've got to get in touch with Arthur as soon as possible."

The White House naval aide looked around the circle. "Why, if you'd only phoned me," she said. "Mary told me before she went away—just in case. It's a place called Tallow Falls, New Hampshire. I don't know the telephone number but it's listed in the name of Jenkins—A. B. Jenkins, I think it is."

Mulcahy grabbed the telephone, which suddenly appeared as the shortest way home to his Kate and their growing family.

THE road was a pale ribbon under the dark pines, as they topped the last hill and slipped down under the marching stars toward a little fold in the mountains. There was a scent of apple blossoms in the cool evening air, and above the hum of the motor they could hear the cheeping frogs, and the clatter and brawl of a stony mountain brook. Arthur brought the roadster to a halt.

"This is the place," he said.

"It's lovely," Mary said. "Where's the house?"

"Just around the curve. There, where you see that light."

The car moved slowly ahead and came to a halt in front of a snug, white clapboarded house, with gables and dark shutters. There was a light by the door and a penciled note signed, "Hattie," thumbtacked to the front door to say that there was food in the icebox, and the fire had been laid in the south bedroom and she would be by in the morning to get breakfast. "P. S. Don't forget to turn off the lights.—H."

"Oh, I love it!" said Mary.

Arthur lifted her across the threshold into the hall. "There!" he said. "And you can smell the lilacs, too."

She flung her arms around him.

"Darling! You *are* good to me."

"Wait a minute and I'll get the b he said, "and then we'll explore the box."

"I'm not hungry," she said.

The telephone rang.

"Shall I answer it?" she asked.

"Let it ring!" he said. "It's prob a wrong number."

"No," she insisted. "That wouldn neighborly."

"Just so that it isn't the F.B.I., S it's okay by me," he said.

When he returned from the car, l ing their two shiny new suitcase found her looking at him with a str haunted expression.

"It's for *you*, darling. Washin calling. The White House."

"No," he groaned.

"Arthur!" It was Miranda Br voice. "I'm dreadfully sorry to b you . . ."

There was a sudden pounding a door, and a young man, neatly clad dark blue double-breasted suit, w into the hall.

"You Mr. Urn?" he asked. Special Agent Brown of the F Boston office."

"Gracious!" Miranda turned to others. "I never thought Arthur w say such a thing to me."

"No, Miranda, I didn't mean came his contrite voice. "It's just we've got a G-man on our honeym now. What have I done? . . . Oh. . . . I didn't bother to open it . . . W minute . . . Yes, it's there . . . It's a of wire. Yes, of course . . . Yes, I wi I'll hurry down and then come ba Mary . . ."

"He will not!" Mary's voice rep his on the phone. "I'll come with I guess I deserve it for telling E where we'd be. No, of course not, da At any rate, this time they haven't his shoulder . . . We'll be down to row."

Urn turned to Special Agent B and shrugged his shoulders. The G smiled sympathetically.

"We'll be in plenty of time if we about six tomorrow, Mr. Urn," he "I've got a fast Army plane waiting private flying field about ten miles of here. That's how I got here so myself. We'll be in Washington b tomorrow if the weather holds fair. you mind if I bed down on the sofa I'll call you in plenty of time. N

COLLIER'S "Sorry, folks, that's the end" GENE CA

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even get breakfast for you if you can stand camp cooking."

Mary walked up to the F.B.I. agent and shook his hand. "You're an angel, Mr. Brown," she said. "Make yourself comfortable and there's food in the icebox. See you in the morning. Come on, dear," she said to her husband. "I'm going to bed."

SENATOR HUNTOON, busily engaged in the serious business of lining up votes for his confirmation as Secretary of the Treasury, could see no obstacle between him and the Presidency.

So he was somewhat startled to be called off the Senate floor in the middle of the afternoon by an urgent summons to the White House. He was even more surprised when he found Bill Nearing waiting there, too, in Frank Mulcahy's office. They were not kept waiting long before they were ushered suavely into the President's study. There they found Arthur Urn and Secretary Harrison, as well as Miranda herself.

"Good afternoon, Senator, good afternoon, Mr. Nearing," the President greeted them pleasantly. "It was good of you to come."

"Good afternoon, Madam President; afternoon, A.H.; hullo, Urn—thought you'd left town," the senator replied affably. "There was a good reaction to the nomination, though some of the senators wondered about Bill Nearing here. Have you anything in mind for him yet?"

"Not at the moment," she told him. "The other day you said something about giving me two weeks to make up my mind, Senator. Well, I've made it up, or rather it was made up for me. You see, there was a rather unpleasant radio reference to Secretary Harrison and me last night."

Nearing said nothing but his face reddened slightly and he crossed his haunches the other way.

"It was so unpleasant in its implications, Senator," the President continued, "that I have asked the British government to cancel the princess' visit. Politics is bad enough without having to embarrass a nice girl and a friendly government."

"I heard about it," Huntoon said, "but I hope you don't think that I had anything to do with it."

"Absolutely not!" Nearing was emphatic.

"I'm not guessing, " Miranda told him. "I have something I want you two gentlemen to hear. Are you ready with the wire recorder, Arthur?"

Urn nodded and pressed the switch.

The study was suddenly flooded with two familiar voices:

". . . pile it on, Bill, and we'll use it to smash her for keeps . . . that guy Harry Hines on the Hollywood network show . . . Good work . . . I'm going to get Crossman to raise the question on the floor of the Senate, naming both of them . . . That ought to fix Harrison . . ."

When it was all over, Miranda looked steadily at Huntoon. "Any comment, Senator?" she asked.

"You can't use it, of course," the boss replied. "Wire tapping's against the law and you've exposed yourself to serious charges."

"I didn't do any wire tapping," the President said. "And neither did the Secretary of State. I won't tell you where we got this recording but I promise you that it won't hurt me or my Administration."

"But you can't use it," Huntoon insisted. "I'll deny it and so will Nearing. We'll say it's a fake."

"I don't believe that you will, Senator," Miranda told him, "because we can prove that it is not a fake—prove it by first-hand evidence," she added.

"What are you going to do?" This was Nearing, red-faced and sweating. "Hell, Jim, they've got us dead to rights."

"I am planning to call in the legislative leaders of both parties in the House and Senate, the members of my Cabinet and the Supreme Court," the President said. "I shall play this recording to them and tell them how it came into my possession." She paused. "Unless—"

"Unless?" Huntoon echoed, a grayish pallor stealing like mist across his impassive face.

"Unless you stop this smear campaign and keep it stopped," she said.

The boss nodded. "When do I get the recording?" he asked.

"Never!" snapped Harrison.

Huntoon considered. "You won't want me in the Treasury, I suppose."

Miranda smiled. "I'll have to think about that, Senator," she told him.

Harrison turned to the President. "If he comes into the Cabinet, I quit!" he said.

"We shall see, Alex," she replied calmly.

"And what about me?" Nearing was plaintive. "Jim, you got me into this—"

"I'll have to think about that, too, Mr. Nearing," the President said.

The plump Nebraskan was woebegone. "So long as she has that record, Jim, we're both of us no better than—than captive balloons."

"You should have thought of that," said Harrison, "but if anybody thinks I'm going to stay in the same Administration with a man who—"

"Alex, we'll not make any final decisions just yet," the President interrupted him. "This thing's quite scandalous enough without hurting the Party by a lot of resignations and public explanations. What I ask of Senator Huntoon now is that he put a stop to this filthy rumor that he started about us."

Huntoon rose. "Thank you for thinking of the Party, Madam President," he remarked with bleak dignity. "You know, of course, that after this you'd be justified in not resigning. I'll gladly release you from any commitment you have made me."

"We shall see," Miranda repeated. "Anyhow," she added, after Huntoon and Nearing had left, "now you can tell Fyffe-Percy that we've won."

The Secretary of State grinned. "Shucks, Miranda, I did that before the meeting. I was lucky enough to reach him before he'd cabled London. By the way," he added, "there's a federal judgeship coming up in Oklahoma. I think we owe it to the Opposition on account of they saved our hides. But I tell you one thing, here and now. No matter what, I'm hanged if I stay in the Cabinet with Huntoon."

"We'll talk it over," she answered vaguely. "Now, Arthur, you get back to your bride. The plane's waiting at the airport and you'll both be back in Tallow Falls in time for supper. I can't tell you how sorry I am that I had to interfere with your plans. 'By."

AS THE door closed behind Urn, the President looked up from her desk at Harrison. "I don't know about you, Alex," she said, "but I've had enough of this job for the afternoon. Let's go upstairs and talk this over without all these official papers staring at me. Emma Corradio's due to show up with cocktails any time now."

Upstairs in the Lincoln Study, she leaned back in the easy chair and relaxed. Harrison looked rather uncomfortable in a handsome sort of way.

"I won't stand for Huntoon," he repeated stubbornly. "I'm sorry, but I can't go along with you on that. He ought to be run right out of Washington. It's either he or I, Miranda."

The President sighed. "You make things so difficult, Alex," she argued. "Don't forget that I *have* promised him to resign and I like to keep my word. You were right. This is no job for a woman. The country understands me and supports me, but the politicians are

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th one foot in the cave and the the skids—and that makes for

aned forward seriously. "Mi- he told her, "you simply cannot I don't care what you promised n. You owe it to the American who believed in you and voted —millions of them—not to leave e House with your job undone." ver said I'd leave the White she murmured, but he paid no

this Human Rights Bill of ours," inued. "That makes a good the next Congressional cam- You just sit tight, darling, and n."

da, startled, shrugged her shoulders. Her dress was not d to conceal the fact that the t was an exceptionally attractive

's one of the reasons I'm going , Alex," she said. "I was always tell the truth and keep my word can see that you were right all Woman's place *is* in the home, rican politics *is* a man's game." ou can't quit now," he argued. got them on the run. Huntoon eak his word to you any day in , Miranda. You ought to treat same way that he would treat ly do it first. That's the golden olitics."

oked at the flushed and earnest r speculatively. "Then you nk that Huntoon would make a esident, Alex?" she asked. "I he was the one man who could the Party. That's pretty im- you know."

oon a good President!" he ex- "Aside from the way he's treated d be the worst President since Three months after he stepped White House the country would for revolution and I'd be ready one."

if you were President you'd call resignation from the Treasury?" d. "I promised not to—in writ-

, but you've got to choose be- m and me," he insisted. "If you , I quit. There's a limit to what in the name of politics."

, Alex," the President said, "it's u. I've said that I'll resign, and it, and I've said that I'll get you e State Department, and I mean Huntoon will become President less you block him."

mean that you'll get out and e President. Is that it?"

"That's the only way I can keep my word to Huntoon and not break faith with the people, Alex," she said simply. "If I resign and you become President, that will take you out of the Cabinet, as I promised. Huntoon was so fascinated with himself as a Presidential possibility that he never thought of that."

"The first thing I'd do would be to call for his resignation," he grated. "Second thing I'd appoint a good man as Secretary of State so as to nail down the succession to *this* job."

"Would you?" she asked. "I shouldn't think that would be necessary. So long as we have that recording he'd have to do as we say, wouldn't he? Or be absolutely ruined in public life. What was it Nearing called himself? A captive balloon? We could keep Huntoon in and make him work for us, no matter what his backers want. And if we send Nearing to Brazil, we'll be able to take over the Party machinery. I know it's not noble or dramatic, Alex, but it seems the sensible thing to do. Or am I being too sordid and practical?"

THE Secretary of State shook his head. "You can't do it, Miranda," he said. "I know what you've had to take in this thankless job. I know we don't agree on lots of things but I've tried to help you win this fight and I'd give my life—yes, I would—to help you do your job. It's made me sick to see the dirt and stupidity banking up against you. But I can't see you quitting and I don't aim to help you quit. You're too—well, Miranda, you're too fine for anything less than nobility."

The tears started into her eyes. "Why, Alex," she said shakily, "that's the nicest thing anyone has ever said about me. But if you were President, I wouldn't have any doubt about my program. You'd see it through."

"I'd do my best," he agreed, "but without you in the White House, half of the power behind it would be lost. You see, this Human Rights program isn't smart politics, but it's right. It's the sort of big idea that makes its own politics as it goes along. Now, I'm not much of a dreamer but I do know something about the practical side of these things. I kind of hoped that you'd stick it out and I could help and," he added with a grin, "maybe stick a few of my own ideas on taxes into the picture."

"I never said I wanted to leave the White House," Miranda objected; "merely that I was going to resign as President for the good of the country. If you'd only co-operate—"

"I'll co-operate," he said, "but you

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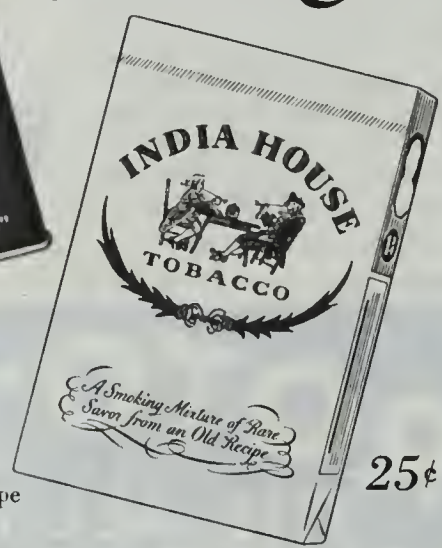

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couldn't stay on here with a new President, you know."

She laughed helplessly. "Alex," she murmured, "I tremble to think that you are in charge of our diplomacy."

Harrison stood up, white-faced and serious.

"I've tried to help you," he said, as slowly as though each word were a pint of blood. "I don't know how to say these things, I guess. As I told you, I don't know much about women. But you're kind and you're good and—God knows I'd like to marry you, but you don't have to do that to get me to work for your program. I'd carry the ball for you, not only because it's for you, but because you stand for the kind, clean things. You can have me, if you want me, but not under false pretenses, Miranda, we both rate something better than that."

"Alex," she said, turning her head away. "I know I've thrown myself at your head, but—this is a terrible, lonely job. These few weeks have seemed endless. I couldn't bear to leave you alone with it, too. I—I think I could help you if you're not too proud to let me."

He looked at her with a twisted smile. "I thought love was supposed to be so wonderful," he said. "This hurts."

"Yes," she answered. "It does hurt."

"Are you sure this is how you want it?" he demanded. "This way you have it both ways. You resign but stay in the White House. I marry you and become President, and Huntoon is the victim of the biggest double cross in American history. Sounds more like a political deal than a romance to me."

Miranda felt very small and weak. "I know it must seem like that, Alex," she whispered, "but I couldn't imagine anything else that would make you understand—"

"Understand what?"

"That we love each other," she gasped. "Oh, Alex, it's dreadful for me to be so shameless but I had to let you know."

He leaned down and pulled her up so that she stood facing him.

"Why—why, you low-down, conniving, double-crossing politician!" he accused her.

"Me, Alex?" she asked. "Is that a compliment?"

"It's not right," he said. "I'm for you."

"Oh, is that all?" she asked, b ing. "Come here, dear, and let n

"Damned if I'll let you kiss objected. "I'll do my own kissin

"It's only your necktie," she ex "It's crooked and shows your co ton. There! That's much better

"Taking unfair advantage—" gan, and seized her.

"Oh!"

"Told you I'd do my own kiss Secretary of State remarked a f utes later.

"And I'll do mine," she repl spirit, and proceeded to do so.

THERE was a knock at the do sprang apart guiltily and t the direction of the intruder.

"Ready for your cocktails, President?" asked Lieutenant C "This is a special effort: Great pators with a touch of absinthe thinking of calling them Mirand

The President laughed unc "Come on in, dear. We need a dri said. "Heavens! What *shall* we the invitations?"

"What invitations?" asked Em

"Oh, you know," Miranda ex "It will offer a new problem ir etiquette for poor little Jones you'll have to call in your Prot vision to help him. All I can th something like this: 'You are invited to the White House to at marriage of the President of the States and the Secretary of Stat know, Alex, that sounds almost cession."

"More like annexation, darli rejoined.

"Oh!" Emma said coolly. "I s *that* weeks ago. It was written both of you. Well, let's drink t how in Mirandas. To the First La added, "whoever he or she may

"Why quibble?" Harrison de "Lieutenant, to your very good Glad to see you on board, and kindly get the hell out of here! I official business to discuss wi Commandress in Chief."

THE END

COLLIER'S "You should try to get indoors more often" MISCHA

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SPARE-TIME STATESMAN

Continued from page 21

heterogeneous hodgepodge is reputed to be his excellence as a "production man"—the name for a business type who reorganizes things for better efficiency and who (according to legend) can untie Gordian production knots which have stumped the experts, merely by getting on the phone and issuing instructions.

Before Wilson went to work on the problem, there were some frightful indications of how the GE appliance business had just grown untended, like Topsy. The cabinet of a refrigerator, for instance, was made in Erie, Pennsylvania, the compressor unit in Schenectady, New York; and the control mechanism in Lynn, Massachusetts. The refrigerator was then assembled in Erie, and sold from Cleveland.

Waste Motion Is Reduced

Under Wilson, each appliance came to be made and distributed in a single place. Now, for example, refrigerators are made *in toto* in Erie; electric irons in Ontario, California; garbage disposal units in White Plains, New York. Before Wilson, all of the huge switchboards, transformers and turbines for electric power plants were custom-built for each purchaser. This necessitated an extra outlay of as much as $100,000 for custom-built spare parts to fit each piece of equipment.

Wilson started the first movement toward standardized heavy equipment and standardized parts. He shouted so loudly about cutting down the usual nine-month schedule for the manufacture of a single turbine, that former GE President Gerard Swope once remarked at a meeting, "It's a good thing Charlie Wilson doesn't set up production schedules for the making of babies."

It was this same reputation as a production man that caused Franklin Roosevelt to yell for Wilson to become operating head of the War Production Board. It was September, 1942, and the United States was deep in crisis. Not only were we in danger of losing the war, but the military was throwing body punches at Donald Nelson, head of the WPB; and the Army, Navy, Air Force and Merchant Marine were engaged in a wild melee over who had priority on the nation's raw materials. Roosevelt tossed Wilson into this mess, principally because he was acceptable to the generals and admirals and because a "production man" was sorely needed.

Wilson (who gave up his $175,000 GE salary for the $8,000-a-year government job) began producing immediately. First, he heaved out most of the congressmen's relatives working in the agency. Then he discovered that one of the biggest battles was over aluminum extrusions, the slender powerful aluminum beams necessary in the framework of all aircraft. Gigantic presses were needed for the manufacture of these extrusions, and there only were a few such presses in the entire country. Up until then the major effort had been directed at increasing the production of the available presses. But Wilson said, "Why can't we make more presses?" Apparently no one had seriously considered that before.

So Wilson commandeered a plant in the Middle West that was manufacturing a small machine tool, and by means of some industrial hocus-pocus, the plant was converted to the manufacture of the huge extrusion presses. In a few months, there were so many extrusions available that small boys were using discarded ones for fishing poles.

When the Truman Senate War Investigating Committee was keeping watch on war production, Wilson was the man who was called on most often to testify for the WPB. Once he set a Capitol record for candor when a senator accused him of hiding evidence in his files. Wilson shrugged. "What you want," he said, "is in such-and-such a drawer in such-and-such a file. Send a boy over to get it if you like."

By the middle of 1944, Wilson was chairman of the Production Executive Committee and the Aircraft Production Board, two subagencies which had all but superseded the WPB. He sat with generals and admirals like Somervell, Clay and Vickery and kept materials flowing where they were most urgently needed at the particular time—into planes, tanks, landing craft, aircraft carriers and the Manhattan Project (the atom bomb). He was, according to Admiral Samuel M. Robinson, "a better umpire than Bill Klem." In addition to this, Wilson spent part of every month shuttling around the country teaching war plants how to untangle production snarls.

Once, Senator Truman was about to haul a Fort Worth, Texas, aircraft plant onto the Congressional carpet, because month after month the company had failed to meet its production schedules. "Before you expose them to the bad publicity of an investigation," Wilson said to Truman, "let me see if I can help them get straightened out." Truman said okay, and Wilson flew down to Texas for just three days. That month the plant met its schedule for the first time and kept on meeting it until the war ended.

There is some controversy as to whether Wilson deserves the lion's share of the credit for this monumental production job, or whether he merely capitalized on the momentum generated before he arrived on the scene. The majority opinion is summed up by another major wartime figure, Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg, who said, "America reached miraculous heights of production from 1942 to 1944, while Wilson was doing most of the driving, and the driver generally deserves credit for what happens while he is at the wheel."

A Brief Appearance in Politics

Wilson left the WPB in 1944 when he was accused of slowing down reconversion in order to prevent competitors from catching up with his own company. Just before that, he popped up on the national political scene when his name was mentioned at the 1944 Democratic National Convention as a dark-horse Vice-Presidential candidate.

When Harry Truman became President, he remembered the man who had been so co-operative before the Senate War Investigating Committee, and Wilson found himself deluged with appointments to part-time government jobs. Some of these came as announcements in the newspapers, with the Presidential tag line, "This is a case of public service where no one can refuse to serve," and as Wilson said, "To refuse to serve when it's put like that is like hissing the Star-Spangled Banner."

The most important of Wilson's postwar assignments were the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training (known in the newspapers as the UMT Commission), and the President's Committee on Civil Rights.

On the UMT Commission, Wilson was the representative of American industry, and he and Chairman Karl T. Compton, the president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, played major roles in making the basic decision—whether or not push-button warfare was far enough advanced to render large foot armies obsolete. The commission's answer was no. Wilson was visibly upset over his decision to send young men into the

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forces and almost immediately ard he joined five other members commission in issuing another blicized statement urging universal lament.

he Civil Rights Committee, Wilson stuck his neck out. Even his bitter- emies admit that it took courage conservative businessman to sign me to a document advocating such as nondiscrimination in employ- or reasons of race or religion; non- ation of whites and Negroes in the forces and in education; a power- vil Rights Section in the Depart- of Justice and in the F.B.I.; a ul FEPC; the elimination of the hunt in the Federal Loyalty Pro- public housing to counter discrimi- in private housing developments; ic health program; and legislation lynching, the poll tax, the white y, restrictive covenants, and Jim laws in Washington and the South.

immediate reaction to this was of cancellations of orders by some eral Electric's biggest customers, utterings on some GE levels that ss is getting to be a Communist." heless, Wilson stuck to his guns. of this startling activity, plus Wil- anguished outcry that he didn't to be a merchant of death" when vernment asked GE to run the rd (Washington) works for the c Energy Commission, has caused titude of raised eyebrows. The apparently is that Wilson still is ly religious man and one of his t pleasures of a Sunday morning scend the guest pulpit of a Baptist and heave punches at the Devil, d Intolerance.

record backs up his hatred of ance. He is vice-chairman of the al Conference of Christians and nd recently The American Hebrew ine presented him with a medal for sles with bigotry in 1947. Wilson tes that he has been a guest at so communion breakfasts and other orning religious activities, that he atically rises daily at 6 A.M. and s for a somber churchgoing suit.

le from churchgoing, Wilson's al diversions consist of lugging -odd pounds around a golf course, nking them down in a ringside seat dison Square Garden, where he has bserved bobbing and weaving in with one of the characters in the or two weeks every winter, Wilson ut the company of Mr. Gene Lowe hes with him off the reefs south of . That is his only vacation.

rest of the year he spends with Wilson (a neighborhood girl whom he married during his Hell's Kitchen days in 1907) in a modest home in Scarsdale, New York, from which he travels to New York on a regular commuters' train every day. Despite his $175,000-a-year salary, Wilson merely rented this house for years, and didn't buy it until the landlord threatened to toss him out at the height of the housing shortage.

Because of this background, Wilson has been called "The Al Smith of the West Side." Like the New York governor and Presidential nominee who was raised in New York's *East* Side slums, he also has been called other names, some of them unprintable. Wilson's critics say that he is a loud talker but a shallow thinker, and that his reputation is based on the work of a lot of other men.

Contrary-Minded Opinions

Henry Wallace has implied that Wilson is a spokesman for the "warmongering Wall Streeters" who surround President Truman; and a few top labor leaders say that he has the mistrust of working people. Many GE workers claim that their labor-management relations were much better under former president Swope and that Wilson interferes in bargaining and treats them like infants by distributing comic strips to explain such things as the Taft-Hartley law—a procedure which the C.I.O. has also found useful. They commend his civil rights pronouncements, but they are waiting to see if he will put them into effect in his own plants.

On the other hand, C.I.O. President Phil Murray has stood up in meetings and openly defended Wilson against charges that he is antilabor and a strikebreaker; and high-ranking Roosevelt Democrats like Anna M. Rosenberg, say, "He has the tendencies and desire to be a liberal —much more so than practically any other industrialist in the country."

One thing which upsets most attempts to classify Wilson as a stock industrialist is his affection for Franklin D. Roosevelt, a point of view which is regarded by most big businessmen as a malady akin to leprosy. During the WPB era, Wilson and F.D.R. spent many lunch hours swapping lies about fish which each claimed he had caught in Florida waters.

One day, after Wilson had used a White House sofa to indicate the length of an alleged Wilson-subdued tarpon, the President said, "All right. After the war, we'll go down to Florida together, and we'll each fish a different side of the same boat. Then we'll *see* who's the better fisherman." When Wilson goes out fishing today, he still finds it difficult to look over to the other side of the boat.

THE END

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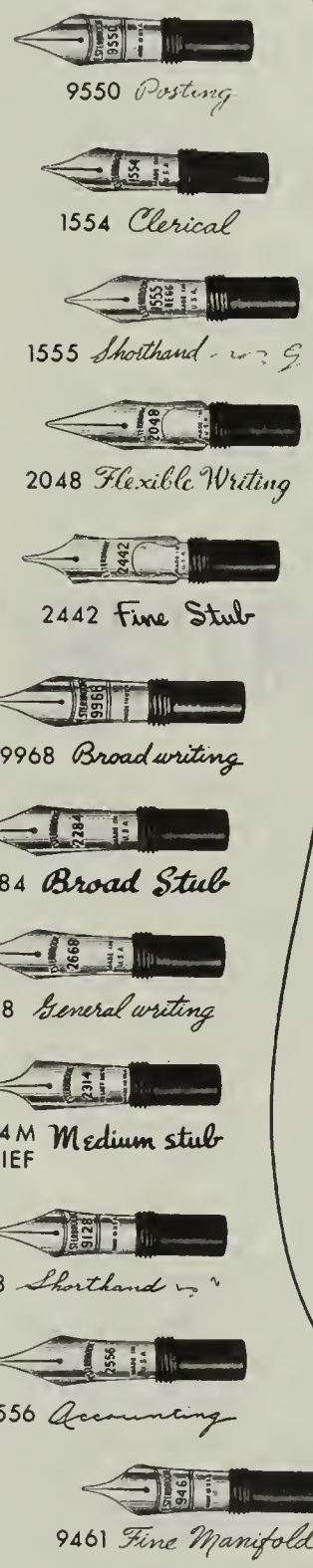

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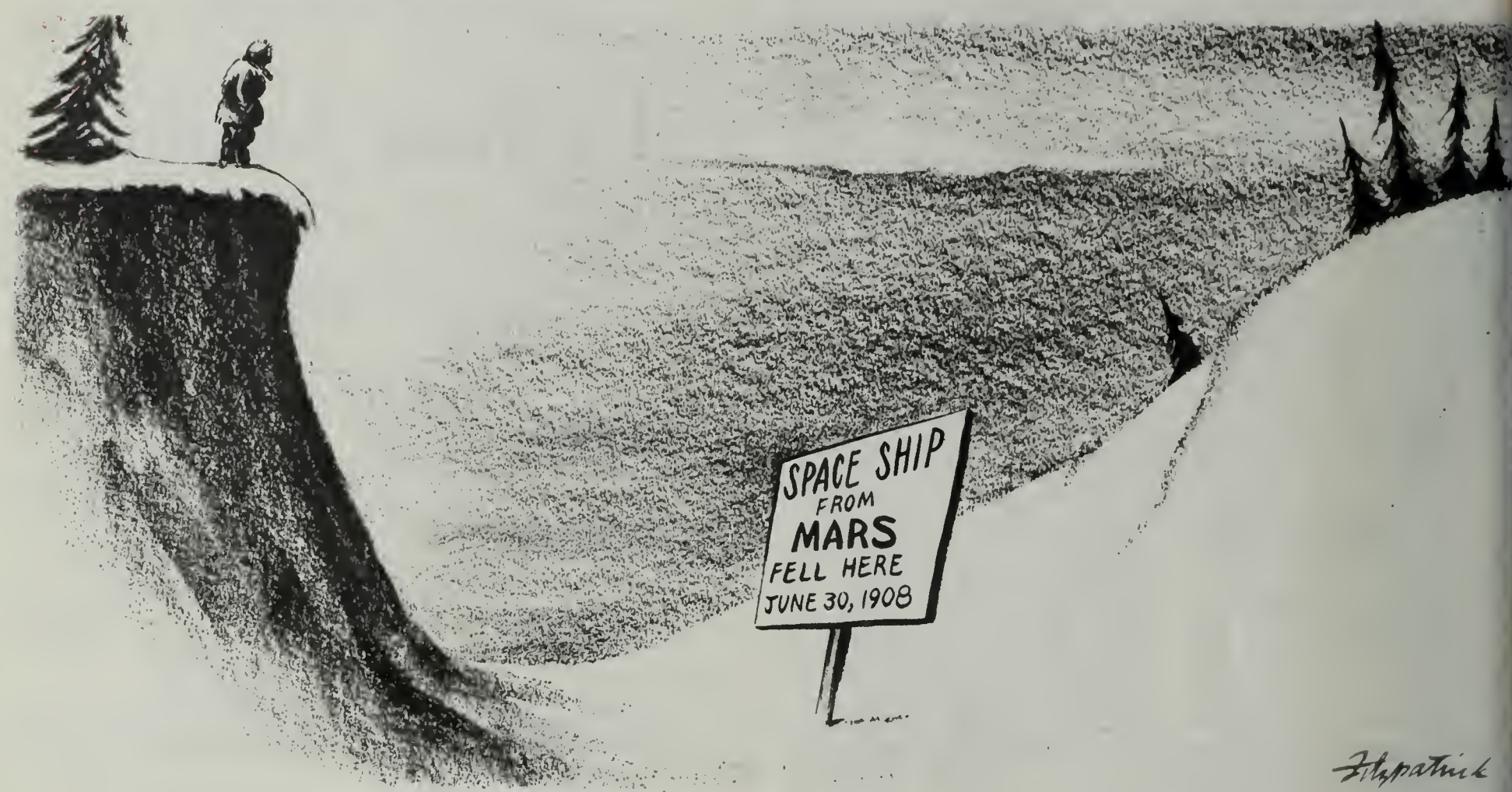

...THAT SOMEBODY'S KIDDING SOMEBODY

ON JUNE 30, 1908, something from somewhere out in space hit the earth with a tremendous wallop in the wild Tungus region of Siberia, digging a crater of enormous size and sending seismic shocks twice around this planet. Scientists since that time have assumed that the thing was just an uncommonly big meteor.

Now, however, Reuter's News Agency reports from Moscow that a Russian scientific writer named A. Kazantseven has offered another theory. Pointing out that the missile left no traces of itself in the ground, Mr. Kazantseven says that it must have been a space ship from the planet Mars, some 50,000,000 miles distant from the earth; that it probably was uranium-powered and carried enough fuel to take it back to Mars; but that its Martian navigators' calculations somehow went wrong and the ship was demolished on landing.

We don't know who Mr. Kazantseven is, and hope he's more than a figment of some ingenious reporter's brain. But it's a theory which touches a match to your imagination. Suppose it's true. That would mean, of course, that Mars was inhabited by beings of some sort, and that they were some fifty years ahead of us in atomic science.

This in turn would argue that they were far ahead of us in other aspects of civilization. they were as persistent as human beings a you'd expect them to try, try again at this busin of reaching the earth by space ship. And if th were as fighting a race as we are, you'd expect th efforts at interplanetary travel to have some m tary objective, like some of our more imaginat warriors' dreams of installing a space-control b on the moon sooner or later.

But this kind of speculation could go on and in any direction. On second thought, we rat hope Mr. Kazantseven was just having a wild dre in public, or is a reporter's dream himself.

. . . You can't keep a good man in: We keep thinking of the Civil Aeronautics Board's $10,000-a-year chairmanship and how it went begging for quite a while after James M. Landis left it. What made it unattractive to several very capable men was that same $10,000 a year—minus, of course, income taxes.

There have been too many similar cases in recent months for the U.S. government's health. Dean Acheson quit as Undersecretary of State ($12,000) to make more money in private law practice.

Same as to James C. Caffrey, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission for quite a while at $10,000.

Daniel W. Bell resigned as Undersecretary of the Treasury ($10,000), after thirty-four years in government service, to become head of a financial firm at $35,000.

And so it goes. We're losing good keymen in government at a faster and faster clip because, though the government spends billions on all manner of things, it does not pay big enough executive salaries to attract the top talent. In wartime. course, it can take its pick of industrial and ot wizards at $1 a year. In peacetime, few of su men will work for peanuts; and we can't say blame them, especially when you consider the curably political Washington atmosphere in wh they have to perform.

Congress last year voted itself a pay increa This year, we wish it could find time somewh along the line to revise a lot of government execut salaries upward—sharply.

. . . That Combs has something here: Into the Congressional debate on extending the community property principle throughout the federal income tax system, there blew the other day a fresh and invigorating breeze from Texas. It arrived on the wings of Representative J. M. Combs, Democrat (needless to say) from the Lone Star State; and what it boiled down to was that most wives deserve credit for at least half of their husbands' earning powers, what though the pay checks are made out to the men exclusively.

American wives by and large, trumpeted Representative Combs, maintain homes where men can be reasonably peaceful and comfortable during their hours of ease, and thereby recharge their batteries for the next day's battle with the job.

And that is only the half of it: "Even if our wives did not work at all," added the honorable member from Texas, "they would still be entitled to 50 cent for putting up with us. On second thought had better amend that. On that basis, some of wives would be entitled to 90 per cent."

Check. And we have a feeling that if the Com philosophy could percolate generally through American male consciousness we'd swiftly acqu a still higher percentage of happy homes than have now.

Collier's

APRIL 17, 1948 TEN CENTS

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY
By Merlin H. Aylesworth

YOU GOTTA BE SMART TO FISH
By Russ Davis

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COVER By *LARRY BARBIER*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

FAY

DEAR SIR: I write to congratulate you on the acquisition of Bill Fay for a sports weekly column. I am sure it will prove an item of much interest to your readers.

Do you imagine you could persuade him to find time for an article on the noble Scottish game of curling?

DR. W. M. BROWN, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . Bill Fay is good—he has to be good to be there—but part of his March 6th column is a dismal dabble. Sez he—"Are baseball players underpaid?" He starts at the fountainhead—Earl Nelson—and then, after guiding us between the craggy buttes of the grandstands and the emerald greens of the groundkeepers' arts, he strews before us the tummy-tickling tantalization of hot dogs, pop and peanuts; assuming that by now we have long since forgotten his announced theme, he concludes his interesting, but ambiguous, dissertation with paraphrases which might have been culled from the ledgers of Job. . . . What a lovely stroll down the garden path!

J. CLYDE MCINTYRE, Flint, Mich.

. . . I have been a Collier's reader for many years and can't remember when you have included a feature that should be as popular as Bill Fay's articles. . . .

J. BRANCH DOUELSON, Provo, Utah

GARNER

SIRS: There is a somber sadness about the John N. Garner Story (Feb. 21st–Mar. 20th) almost without parallel in contemporary American history. Never a member of Mr. Garner's party, I am proud to say that in his thinking and actions is the seed of greatness. How clear his mind, how truly democratic his logic, as contrasted to that of his "Cap'n."

J. L. MCCURDY, Fort Wayne, Ind.

. . . Have always had great respect for John N. Garner. But after reading his story am wondering why we needed a President at the same time.

MRS. LOUISE TOTUSEK, Tonkawa, Okla.

. . . I cannot refrain from telling you how much I appreciate and understand the John Nance Garner Story, the most interesting, the best-edited and the most illuminating story published by Collier's in years. Please keep up your good work for the benefit of our confused country.

E. M. ALLEN, Keswick, Va.

(Continued on page 38)

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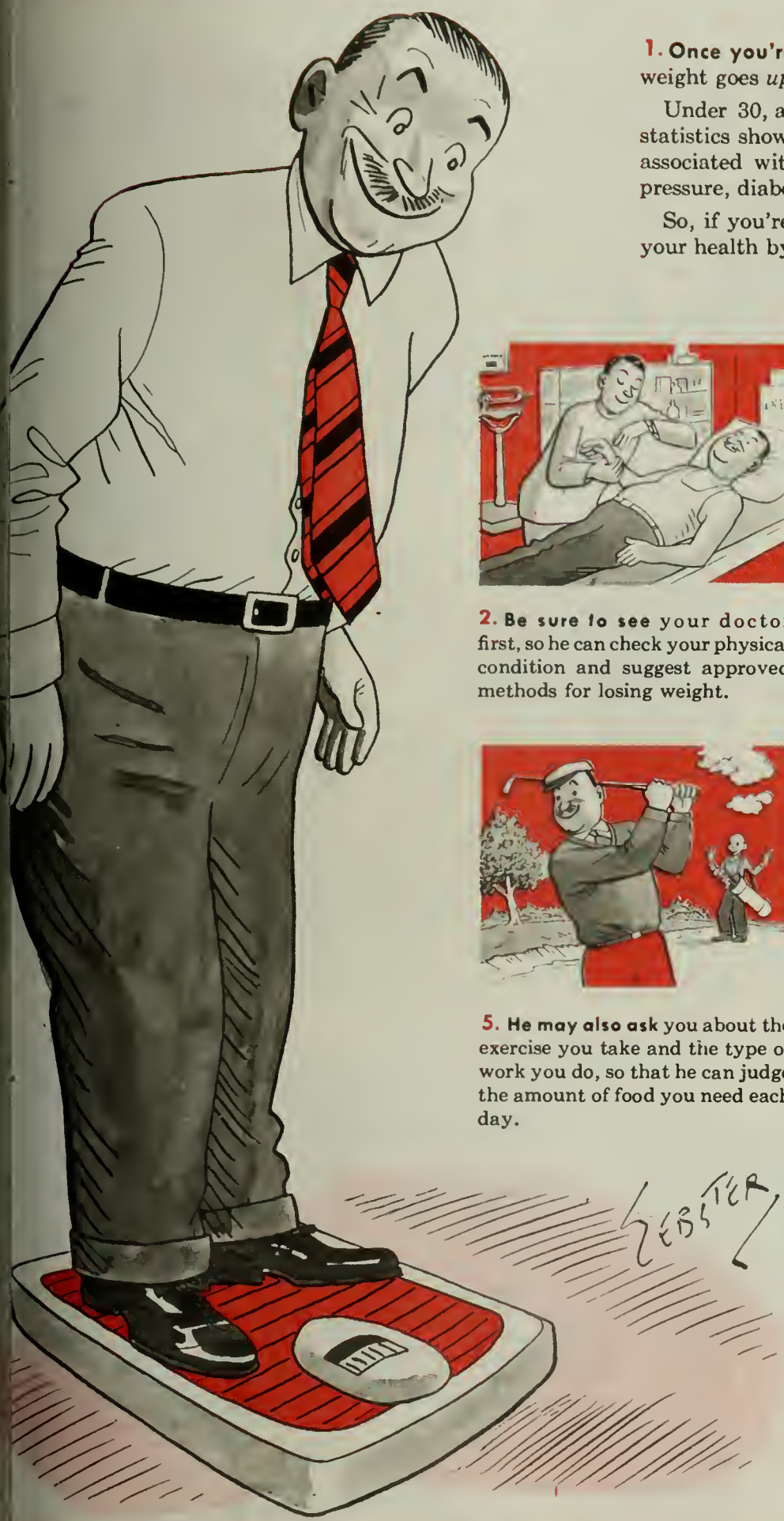
WATCH YOUR WEIGHT

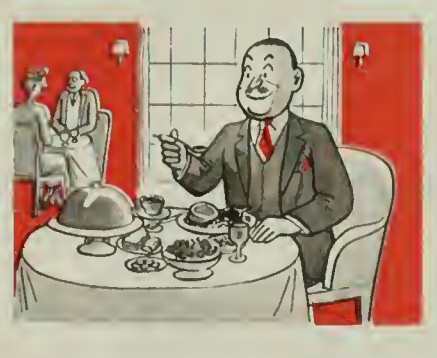


1. Once you're over 30, it pays to *watch your weight,* for as weight goes *up,* the level of your health may go *down.*

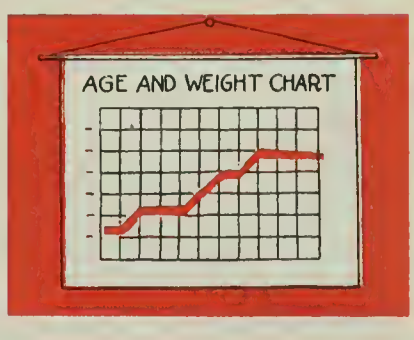
Under 30, a little overweight may be an advantage. But statistics show that when you are older, overweight is often associated with heart disease, kidney ailments, high blood pressure, diabetes, and other diseases.

So, if you're overweight, give some thought to protecting your health by bringing your weight down.

2. Be sure to see your doctor first, so he can check your physical condition and suggest approved methods for losing weight.



3. He'll probably explain that most overweight comes simply from eating more food than your body needs or can use up in the form of energy.



4. Taking your age and build into consideration, your doctor can determine about *how much* you should lose, and about *how fast* you should lose it.

5. He may also ask you about the exercise you take and the type of work you do, so that he can judge the amount of food you need each day.

6. Thus your doctor will be able to help you work out a tasty, varied diet that will let you lose weight without endangering health or strength.

7. It's wise not to use reducing drugs, or to try special diets unless your own doctor recommends them. They may do *you* more harm than good.

8. The best reducing medicine is still the *will power* to follow faithfully your doctor's advice, and to say "NO" to second helpings or fattening foods.

9. Once your weight is down to normal, try to keep it there. Remember that one step toward a longer, healthier life is *watching your weight.*

To bring you other helpful information about your weight, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet called "Overweight and Underweight." It includes lists of the caloric values of almost 300 foods, suggested low-calorie menus, and reducing exercises. Just mail the coupon for your free copy of this booklet, 58-C.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

FLASH IN THE POOL

BY BILL FAY

THE German soldier had a wife in Munich. The wife needed a pair of ice skates. So the soldier confiscated the skates of a little Dutch girl named Nell Van Vliet. That's the way things were in Hilversum in 1942. The Germans took what they wanted.

Nell couldn't find another pair of skates, so she started to swim. Eleven months later—on her seventeenth birthday—she won the 100-meter breast-stroke championship of Holland. She didn't train. She had no coach. She didn't particularly like swimming. Yet she developed into the world's swiftest breast-stroker, on a wartime diet of beans, potatoes and bacon.

Unlike many enthusiastic American champions, who would rather swim than eat, in tightly rationed Holland, Nell infinitely preferred eating. She was the oldest of eleven children and it was her job to bring home the bacon, beans and potatoes. Each week she pedaled 130 kilometers into the country and pedaled back again with 200 pounds of food loaded fore and aft on her bike.

"Going was not difficult," Nell relates. "I would start at five thirty in the morning and reach the farm of our relatives by midnight. Coming back took three days. I did more pushing than riding. It was very good for my legs."

American swimmers learned the discouraging truth about Nell's powerful legs at the National A.A.U. meet in Chicago last summer. Nell thrashed to victory in the 200 meters in 2:58.6. Later, Nell did 2:49.2 at Rotterdam. Admittedly, breast-stroking is not fast transportation, but Nell's speed is almost supersonic compared with rivals, past and present. Her Rotterdam pace was 18 seconds faster than Patty Sinclair's American record, and 6.8 seconds faster than the world record set by Maria Lenk of Brazil in 1939.

Nell has returned to Chicago to work for an importing firm. She intends to become an American citizen, unfortunately not soon enough to help the American team in the forthcoming Olympics. Nell will swim for Holland at London in July. Aside from powerful legs, there are two other excellent reasons why Nell has never lost a swimming race—her arms never get tired.

"For six years before the war," Nell recalls, "I studied ballet. Our teacher made us dance with our arms raised over our heads for hours and hours. Some days I thought my arms would fall off. Compared with ballet, swimming is not fatiguing."

"What American food do you like best?" we asked.

Nell looked puzzled. We turned to Walter Schlueter, swimming coach of the Town Club of Chicago (Nell's American affiliate). "Has she been eating American breakfast foods?"

"By the ton," Schlueter replied.

Despite lack of familiarity with the American language, Nell spends American money fluently. She knows all about charge accounts. During one swoop through a department store basement, she bought complete outfits for her ten brothers and sisters in Hilversum.

Nell herself still wears the thin brown coat her family gave her before she came to America. It cost them $95 and the entire family's clothing ration for the year, but they wanted Nell to have a nice coat to wear to America.

Nell had a hard time acclimating herself to warm American pools. The Hilversum pool was not heated and she usually swam in water of about forty degrees.

Schlueter has carefully refrained from attempting to teach Nell anything. She swims when she feels like it. Layoffs from two weeks to two years have absolutely no effect on her performance. In 1944, when two brothers joined the Dutch underground to escape conscription in Nazi work battalions, Nell went with them. She hid on a farm and didn't swim for 23 months. When she returned to competition, her time was two seconds faster for 100 meters.

. Diet is another training item Nell ignores. She recently topped off a box of breakfast food with a huge green salad (she puts sugar on her salad instead of dressing) and a quart of orange juice.

"I wondered where she put it all," Schlueter recalls wonderingly, "because she is only about five four and she doesn't weigh more than 120 pounds. Half an hour later she did a practice 200 meters in 2:56. That's about 10 seconds faster than any American girl can do it. Nell's just a natural-born swimming miracle and anybody who'd try to change her style is crazy. She's going to make some coach look like a genius and it might as well be me."

● A twenty-seven-year-old Los Angeles usher named H. Warner Buck decided on Christmas Eve, 1946, that he wanted to be a promoter. Looking around for something to promote, Buck discovered that Los Angeles did not have an annual sports show. It does now—the largest display of sporting goods equipment in the world—and Buck is the promoter. Buck also holds an undisputed decision over Petrillo and the musicians' union.

Buck wanted to hire a small band. The union wanted him to hire a large band. Buck said he couldn't afford a big band. He asked the Marines (who were building a recruiting booth at the show) whether they'd like to bring their band along.

The union protested. "Sorry," the Marines told Buck, "we can't play off the post."

The refusal gave Buck an idea. "Why not make Gilmore Stadium (the show site) a temporary Marine post? You can set up a typical detachment—show the people how Marines live in the field."

The Marines thought it was a great idea. Gilmore Stadium was designated a temporary Marine post, Marine sentries patrolled the area (eliminating park police from Buck's budget) while the band played on.

The union lawyer phoned Buck. "That Marine band will have to stop playing. We'll tell Petrillo."

Buck had a better suggestion. "Why not tell it to the Marines?"

The third annual Los Angeles show (April 8-18) will attract 500,000 sportsmen, which means the conservation clubs of California will be approximately $45,000 richer. "The sportsmen who belong to conservation clubs support our show," Buck explains, "so we give 10 per cent of the gate receipts —gross, not net—to the clubs. The money improves hunting and fishing conditions . . . more people hunt and fish . . . they buy more equipment . . . manufacturers buy more exhibit space . . . we have bigger shows . . . it's perpetual motion; everybody benefits."

Certainly Buck and his partner, Mel Morrison, have benefited. They recently turned down an offer of $300,000 for the promotion they started three years ago with $3,000. Under the circumstances, ex-usher Buck can be pardoned for believing there's no business like sport-show business.

● Hugh Casey says there's a lot of luck in relief pitching. "I stopped the Yankees a couple of times in the World Series last fall and I was a hero," Hugh points out, "but I pitched just as well—maybe better—against the Yanks in the 1941 series and lost two games. Yet I could have won two games with a few breaks."

The Dodgers trailed the Yanks, 3 to 2, in the first game of the '41 series. They had runners on first and second with none out in the seventh inning when Jimmy Wasdell batted for Casey. Wasdell hit into a double play.

"Jimmy missed the bunt sign," Casey recalls. "If the sacrifice had gone through, we probably would have scored twice and I could have been the winning pitcher."

Joe DiMaggio bounced a single into right field in the eighth inning of the third game to beat Casey again. The ball eluded Pete Coscarart, substituting for injured Billy Herman.

"It was my fault, though," Casey admits. "Coscarart was out of position because I didn't work out any signs with him the way I always did with Herman. DiMag hit the three-and-two pitch. Herman would have gotten my sign and would have played DiMaggio more toward first base. Billy would have thrown Joe out."

The two Dodger defeats that Casey attributes to bad breaks really resulted from missed signals. That brings up a question: Why do baseball players rely entirely on hand-and-arm signals anyway? Why not call numerical signals à la football?

Luke Johnsos, the assistant coach of the Chicago Bears who once played shortstop well enough to earn a tryout with the Cincinnati Reds, argues: "Football teams switch offensive and defensive assignments in a split second with numerical signals. Baseball teams could do the same thing. Football teams operate under just as much —or more—speed and tension than baseball teams, and the crowd noise problem is about equal. Another thing: Football signals are burglar-proof."

Well, why not? At least, football signals would speed up baseball games by eliminating all the tiresome and time-consuming signals that flash on and off between pitches.

● The New Look has come to ladies' sport garments. Instead of offering bulky protective pads for the hips, feminine baseball and softball player manufacturers are pushing a dainty number called—sliding step-ins. ★

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

news about nylon

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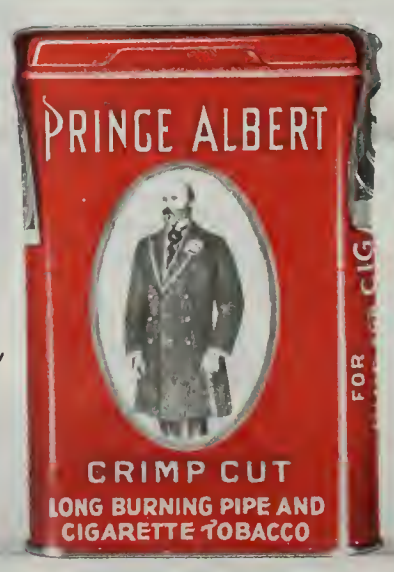
means Prince Albert

● When you put Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco in your pipe, you've got a rich-tasting smoke that's mild — and easy on the tongue. P.A.'s choice crimp cut tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Try P.A.—and you'll understand why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

"PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT MAKES IT EASY TO ROLL NEAT, FULL-PACKED CIGARETTES!"

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



GEORGE DE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The Royal Enclosure at Ascot, England's fashionable race track, becomes one of the world's most exclusive spots during the four-day June meet, owing to the many restrictions that govern admittance. Therefore, while all British society wants to be seen there, several thousand important persons are barred annually, including, for instance, those who have been divorced.

Many an American having money in a bank that failed has not bothered to inquire about his balance, being unaware that, in such cases, a part if not all of each account can usually be collected. In New York City, for example, the Bank of the United States closed nearly 18 years ago, but some 211,800 former depositors have not yet claimed the $1,535,255 being held for them by the New York State Banking Department.

Contrary to common belief, a photograph can be made, without faking or retouching, to misrepresent grossly its subject. For the special benefit of criminal-jury members, an expert has disclosed several ways in which it can be done, with posed photographs of his own. In one of a woman's face, a long red scar is completely obliterated by the use of a particular type of film and filter. In another, a man standing beside a curb is made to appear in the middle of the street by a certain angle of the camera. In a third set of exposures, taken a little behind and to the right of a youth who is facing a friend ten feet away, the distance between them seems to be at least 20 feet in a picture made with a wide-angle lens, but barely four feet in another picture made with a telephoto lens.

A New York hotel has in its walls an ingenious system of mirrors which has been kept a secret since its invention and installation several years ago. Through a master mirror and control handles in the office of the chief house detective, the system enables him to see successively the corridors on 12 floors—and any suspicious activity that may be taking place.

Few naval vessels have had stra histories than Japan's Yamato Musashi, which were the wo largest battleships when complete 1942. Their construction and lau ing were shrouded in such secrecy the U. S. Naval Intelligence lea practically nothing about these giants until after the war; and the known photograph of either v taken by a Japanese was one of Yamato found recently on a civi Within three years after being c missioned, both ships had been s the Musashi in its first battle and Yamato in its second battle American carrier aircraft. Nei had ever scored a hit on an Allied or coastal base.

The only case of a mammal gi birth to young through the activa of its ovum by artificial means ins of fertilization by male sperm resu from an experiment on a rabbit n in 1939 by Dr. Gregory G. Pincu Clark University in Worcester, M chusetts. Chilling the Fallopian t for 20 minutes started the deve ment of the ovum which then normally. At term, the rabbit a healthy daughter that, when mat had offspring of her own.

The Kentucky Derby has been three times by each of three jocke Isaac Murphy, a Negro, in 1884, and 1891; Earl Sande in 1923, and 1930; and Eddie Arcaro in 1 1941 and 1945.

Among the 100-odd "of the mo clubs in this country today, the m bers of one always know exactly they will get—a four-pound koshe lami; while the members of ano never know what gadget they wil ceive, a recent example being a flashlight that turns itself on v picked up and off when set dow

By Max Alth, Yonkers, N. Y.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fac cepted for this column. Contributions be accompanied by their source of inf tion. Address Keep Up With the W Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted an items may be reproduced without perm

"Do *all* husbands change after marriage?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *do all husbands change after marriage?*" demanded Elmer, the bull.

"I just mean," explained Elsie, the Borden Cow, "that once a husband becomes a husband, he sort of loses his spirit nture. Wants to sit in his air, before his own fire, ter night. He just isn't as eful as he once was."

urceful she says!" an- Elmer. "What's so dog- esourceful about wives?"

-ll," considered Elsie, se I give you an example ly resourcefulness: A wife has a simple family planned, when, at the last minute, hubby calls

KIES THAT TAKE NO EGGS OR BUTTER—*one of y easy recipes in Borden's Eagle Brand Book of ic Recipes. Send Elsie a post card, Dept. C58, . Box 175, New York 8, N. Y. for a FREE copy.*

e's bringing the boss . . . If she's resourceful, the wife fancies-up her simple supper with one of those marvelous-tasting desserts that can be whipped up in jig-time with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*"

"Borden's rides again!" jeered Elmer. "Hi-ho, Elsie!"

"Now, dear," blushed Elsie, n tease. I'm only telling you what a really grand g help a wife has in Borden's Eagle Brand nsed Milk. It's a creamy-smooth blend of pure, delicious milk and wholesome sugar—the easy, magic way to luscious foods. All ready to use in making the most delicious ice cream, candies, cookies, pie fillings, icing and sauces you ever tasted."

"I'm not interested in tasting pie fillings and sauces," snapped Elmer. "I want you to give me just one for-instance how I've changed since marriage. Do I look older? Am I losing my hair? Am I —?"

"Now, now, Mr. Worry Wart!" soothed Elsie. "You *look* just as handsome to me as you ever did. But sometimes you *act* different from the Elmer I married."

"How, *how?*" urged Elmer.

"You *used* to be fascinated by every word I uttered," teased Elsie. "Now, you only half-listen even when I tell you about something as exciting and wonderful as our new and truly great *Borden's Instant Coffee.*"

BRIGHT WAY TO START THE DAY—*with a cup of rich, delicious Borden's Instant Coffee. It's really great coffee—all coffee. Nothing added. Ready in the time it takes you to pour hot water into your cup.*

"There's no pleasing wives!" sighed Elmer. "I don't suppose a nice movie would convince you I'm the same guy you promised to obey?"

"Why, darling!" beamed Elsie. "I'll get my hat just as soon as I tell you what rich, full flavor Borden's Instant Coffee has. It's 100% pure coffee. And no pot to wash, no mess. Just measure Borden's Instant into a cup, add hot water, and *instantly* get the grandest coffee that ever set your heart to singing."

"You're making *my* heart weep," groaned Elmer, "with all this Borden talk. I may have changed, but marriage has taught me one thing—how to stop you dead. I say: *If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

"Wonderful!" applauded Elsie. "You're really learning!"

© The Borden Company

Simoniz "Builds-Up" Your New Car's Beauty!

Everyone agrees—the time to start Simonizing your car is when it's brand new. Simoniz stops the rapid deterioration of the finish—keeps colors from fading. Each application builds up greater resistance to grit and grime, corrosive airborne chemicals and ultra violet rays. Then, too, only a dry cloth is needed to maintain the sparkling "brighter-than-new" beauty of your car for months! First—go over the finish with *liquid* Simoniz Kleener (even a new car is more beautiful and lustrous after cleaning). After that, apply famous Simoniz to build up that glamorous finish and make it last *far* longer!

You Can Now Simoniz Your Car In 1/2 The Time!

CERTIFIED SIMONIZ STATION

If you want your car Simonized for you, go to a Certified Simoniz Service Station. You are then assured of genuine Simoniz products and factory approved methods. THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

GIVES CARS LASTING BEAUTY

MIKE PEARLMAN

Russ Davis

THE WEEK'S WORK

Andrew

TO THE Inside Story of How Great Stories Were Written, we respectfully submit the history of Louis Kamp's Yes, Sir! on p. 74. Last fall Mr. Kamp roughed it out along with three others, and since it didn't seem to come off, stuck it away in a file. Months later, he fished out the file, reread it, tore everything up, and threw it away in disgust. Next day, while moping for an idea, Mrs. Kamp reminded him of Yes, Sir! and what a nice story she'd thought it was.

"Was I happy!" chortles Kamp. "That is, until I started looking for it. The more I looked the nuttier I got, until Irene made me sit down and think calmly. Oh, no, no, she wailed, when it finally came to me. Now rubbish in Hampton Bays, Long Island, is taken to a wooded, isolated area. We jumped in the car, sped to the place and located our rubbish because of the waterproof bags our housekeeper uses. Yes, Sir! came to light with the rest under four grapefruit rinds and some coffee grounds. Once home, the sorting and piecing was something. Eventually we did it with Scotch tape and the rest is history."

Mr. Kamp assures us he rewrote Yes, Sir! without the grapefruit and coffee grounds and that all the food described in the story is fresh.

THE brief treatise on hydroponics in Magic in the Garden (p. 40), which should be good green news for all semipro farmers, was written by Carl Molitor, who left a happy home in Lansing, Michigan, to attend West Point with such notable warriors as Al Wedemeyer, Nate Twining and Tony McAuliffe. "Whom I can name with such familiarity," he says, "because as a second lieutenant I was senior to all of them."

The Kamps: Jonathan (on top), Louis, Irene

In the late war, to avoid having such long shadows fall across him, Mr. Molitor joined the Navy.

After sailing back home to Miami, Mr. Molitor learned of the amazing developments in hydroponics, a prewar enthusiasm of his, and also that the ordinary citizen could find nothing simply written telling him how to go ahead and start a soilless garden. So he got up a little book, and right now is in correspondence with hydroponiacs the world over. "There aren't many," he admits, "but the number is growing."

ON AN exploration cruise in '34 to the South Seas, Andy Geer ran into an Aussie seaman at a Sydney bar, and heard about the simple ex- Bounty mutineers of Norfolk Is The Aussie planned to sell th batch of dollar watches next picking up a few extra shilling sounded explorable, so Geer lo up the island, and found that descendants of the Bounty mutu lived there than on Pitcairn.

A series of penal colonies wa tablished on Norfolk (at one more than 1,000 convicts cram the five-by-three-mile bit of land its history ran to mutinies, mass cutions and horrible cruelties. 1856, two hundred children grandchildren of the Bounty neers were moved from Pitcair Norfolk. As of 1940, the Norfolk sus shows 13 Adams families Christian, 34 Quintal and 11 Eva population about 1,000. More more Australians and New Zeal ers are retiring to the island.

"So, some 13 years after me the Aussie, when I got to writing Best-Laid Plans (p. 30)," says "I turned the time back to sailing days and no radio communicat and let my conniver board the i via a shipwreck."

TAKING you trout fisher school with the Fisherman's on p. 18 is Russ Davis, 37, from G Bay and a graduat the U. of Wisco He's written news sports for the G Bay Post-Gazette the Philadelphia ord, and has been lance, editor and p cist. He's married, two kids and a Scotty named Gus, lives in Springfield, aware County, Pen vania.

It was while fi for article ideas in news that Mr. Davi across an item abou trout-fishing cours Penn State. He an on the campus ju George Harvey, the catorial Professor, lining the class up u the elms for casting practice.

"I will say to George Har credit as a great teacher that no o his students got his lines snagged overhead branch or in my pants wandered about mid the swish says Russ.

This week's cover: The Perfect gleress. The fly-covered lady w beauty sends one reeling was Jo Smith, and the photographer, I Barbier of Hollywood. Now her is Jo Ann Barbier: The two ma about five months after the shot made. Mrs. Barbier is from the Fernando Valley, is twenty, and to team on assignments with her band. . . . TED SHA

Basic Improvements

Now, AC introduces, for automotive service, insulators made of the *patented* wide Heat Range aluminum oxide material, which was used exclusively in aircraft plugs for American planes during World War II. AC has consistently been *first* in basic spark plug improvements—pioneering such revolutionary advancements as the one-piece plug—the welded side electrode—the unglazed insulator tip—the complete Heat Range of plugs in every thread size—and *now* the patented aluminum oxide insulator.

That's why AC Spark Plugs are tops in performance—why you should choose them for utmost reliability.

ST SERVICE, TOO
dealer will be glad our spark plugs o see that they are ht type and ge for today's fuels ng conditions.

SPARK PLUG DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Top Performance

demands top condition

It's time to see your Texaco Dealer for a Spring check-up ✓

✓ He will check your spark plugs, battery, tires. Drain and flush your radiator. Make complete under-car inspection.

✓ He will lubricate chassis with long-lasting MARFAK, the tough lubricant that gives you "cushiony" driving. He'll protect gears with proper Spring grade of Texaco transmission and differential lubricants.

✓ For more gas-miles, power, economy, he'll fill the crankcase with HAVOLINE, the *modern* motor oil. CLEANS as it lubricates.

✓ For power-to-spare, get Texaco SKY CHIEF gasoline...or FIRE-CHIEF the motor fuel for utmost power at regular gasoline prices . . . sold by your Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN... TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night featuring Gordon MacRae, Alan Young, Evelyn Knight. See newspaper for time and station.

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH

AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

h exciting inside story of hefirst big network. Here's o it began, its early strug- le with sponsors, and its vntual growth into a huge colorful business outfit

I

NE day in 1926 Owen D. Young telephoned my office. The industrialist-statesman e casually, using my nickname. c," he said, "I want you to come immediately."

e chairman of the board of the ral Electric Company and of the Corporation of America did mplify. But in less than a quar- f an hour, I knew that this was ost important day of all of my years.

hen I entered his office, Young ed me cordially. Near him sat ral James G. Harbord, one of military commanders of World I and then president of RCA, and ral Guy E. Tripp, chairman of oard of the Westinghouse Elec- nd Manufacturing Company.

eac," he said, "our companies bought Station WEAF of New from A. T. & T. for one million rs. As you know, we already the Westinghouse stations and WJZ, the RCA outlet in New . We intend to build a radio dcasting network, with RCA as parent organization. We'd like o take charge as the president."

as about to interrupt, but he went

he salary will be $50,000 a year."

ut I don't know a thing about ," I protested. "I haven't even receiver."

ung laughed. "We'll send you omorrow."

still don't understand why you me," I remarked.

ook, Deac," Young spoke pa- y. "As managing director of the nal Electric Light Association, e visited practically every com- ty of more than 10,000 in this try. So you know people. That's ind of man we must have for this As a network, we must give ers what they want. Otherwise 's novelty will soon wear off. e got to make it a great public ce. Then, eventually, it will pay."

enerals Harbord and Tripp joined iscussion. A few minutes later, ked out of that office as the presi- of America's first national net- . I shall always remember ng's parting words on that ember day in 1926:

ylesworth, never forget this: The r follows the service."

he next few days were cyclonic Conference followed confer- with General Harbord and with d Sarnoff, who was then vice- dent and general manager of . The excitement of our venture t over us; we were engaged in printing something new—a pio- ing enterprise to capture the ination of the nation.

the midst of the feverish activity, oved to Station WEAF, in

Symbolic of the power and prestige of modern radio are the buildings in New York's Rockefeller Center

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

One of the most popular of the early radio shows was the Collier's Hour, which had its première in 1927. A large group of actors, announcers, commentat musicians was required to present the various interviews, dramatizations and entertainment features which made up the program. New Yorkers flocked to

downtown New York. And there, I realized with a shock that our organization had no name.

There was a small corporation in New Jersey operating a one-lung station calling itself the American Broadcasting Company. I had tried to buy that name but Young had balked at the demand for $40,000.

A few days later, I phoned him. "We're going to be a nation-wide network. Why not call ourselves the National Broadcasting Company?"

Young laughed. "Can you get that?"

"Yes," I told him. "The only thing we have to worry about is that NBC is generally identified with the National Biscuit Company. But I may be able to sell them some programs. Then they'll be able to advertise that they're broadcasting over NBC and we'll get double value."

The National Broadcasting Company was organized for business on November 1, 1926. The General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the Radio Corporation of America held the stock, each owning "less than 51 per cent."

Nothing Like Radio City

While preparing for our formal opening, I became familiar with WEAF's plant and its personnel. Wandering through the impressive quarters of NBC in Rockefeller Center today, I laugh when I recall the cramped offices and studios we had in 1926.

The programs went on the air from three small rooms with low ceilings. There was just enough space in each to accommodate comfortably a piano, a soloist and an announcer. Occasionally, however, we worked a miracle by crowding in a tiny orchestra. The carbon microphones then in use would blast at the slightest swelling in the volume of sound. Studio audiences were nonexistent.

Even so, the activities at WEAF were the zenith of formality compared with those of the other studios. Broadcasting was in its pioneer era. There were no formal program schedules; scripts were a rarity and no holds were barred in commercials.

WHN, one of the country's most popular independent stations, atop Loew's State Theater Building on Broadway, offered a perfect picture of radio in that lusty period. Practically all of the talent worked without pay. So if they didn't feel like showing up for a scheduled program they often didn't bother.

As a result, the most surprised and surprising assortment of persons sometimes found themselves before the microphone. Newspapermen, actors, hangers-on and ordinary listeners who happened to drop into the studio would be accosted by the announcer and greeted cordially. "Can you sing?" or "Know any funny stories?" he would ask. If the unfortunate victim said yes, he would be hustled to the mike and given the freedom of the air, without a rehearsal of any kind!

The informality that prevailed on that and other stations was illustrated by antics of two WHN pioneers—Nils T. Granlund (N.T.G.) and Perry Charles. The former, who later became a famous night-club impresario, entertained night after night by reciting Kipling's "Boots" whenever there was a gap in the program schedules. Charles, who eventually found a less hectic existence as a movie press agent, held forth on WHN for years. From the early morning hours until midnight he would play records, accompanying them with whistling solos, stage ad-lib comic skits, announce prize fights, interview talent, send out press releases and occasionally—and this is no gag—sweep the studio floors!

It was on such a scene and at such a time that NBC made its bow. With corporate prestige, an eye for talent and a desire for public service, it brought a new dignity to radio.

On my first day at WEAF, David Sarnoff introduced me to our executive vice-president, the late George McClelland, who had come to us from the telephone company. A legendary figure in radio, it was he, in turn, who introduced me to a young man, another phone company alumnus named Mark Woods, and announced that he should be our treasurer. Mark Woods, as head of the American Broadcasting Company, is now a network president himself.

Pioneers of the Air Waves

Others of my staff I met that morning included O. B. Hanson, an engineer who later became vice-president and chief engineer of NBC; Graham McNamee, announcer and singer; Phillips Carlin, announcer, and now vice-president of the Mutual Broadcasting System; G. W. (Johnny) Johnstone, who tripled as publicity man, control engineer and "hot" piano player, and Matilda Harding, the studio pianist.

I remember that one of my first official acts at WEAF was to give a helping hand to a budding romance. I appointed Donald Withycomb, my secretary, who had been with me at NELA, as a time salesman, because he wanted to earn enough money to enable him to marry Matilda Harding.

Chain broadcasting, in a limited sense, had been in existence for some time. It had been developed by A. T. & T. as a result of its research in the transmission of programs by wire from station to station.

At the time WEAF became the key NBC outlet, it was already "hook up" with twelve stations. WJZ a had its own network.

However, sponsored chain bro casting as we know it today did exist. In the early days, for exam a company wishing to make nouncements over the air paid A. & T. $40 for an hour's time. On other hand, if the phone compa originated a sustaining program in New York studio, the out-of-to stations paid it $40 an hour for privilege of carrying the broadcast

This cursory linking of stations already brought fame to a number microphone personalities. Grah McNamee, Milton Cross, Billy Jo and Ernie Hare, Vaughn de Lea Wendell Hall and Jessica Dragone were known to millions.

But there was still something la ing. And that was an amply financ expertly managed, closely knit orga zation devoted solely to making best in radio available to every m woman and child in the land.

Although A. T. & T. recognized need, its recognition was accomplish with a sense of irritation. For great corporate enterprise, whose p mary business was communicati found itself involved with acto singers, musicians and announcers. even had on its hands a hefty bat with H. V. Kaltenborn, now the de of American commentators. H. sponsored by the phone company, aroused its ire because of one of hard-hitting commentaries.

In time, A. T. & T., groggy fr its encounters with such tempe mental folk, was glad to accept million-dollar offer for WEAF. decision was prompted by busin acumen, too; for NBC had agreed use the A. T. & T. wires for the tra mission of its programs coast to co

Our *première* NBC broadcast w on the air on the night of Novem

INTERNATIONAL

rst network broadcast included Weber and Fields, ns. Fields is at left above; Aylesworth in center

Even before the existence of NBC, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare had made their reputation as the Happiness Boys

Will Rogers was an immediate hit in radio. His mimicry of Cal Coolidge fooled some listeners

926, carried by 24 stations. An r entertainment, it was tuned in ore than 10,000,000 persons.

white-tie and ermine audience of l, political and industrial lights bled in the dignified grand ball- of the old Waldorf-Astoria l, on the present site of the Em- State Building.

xed with the expectancy of this night gathering there was con- able cynicism; for a goodly er still regarded radio as no than a flamboyant toy.

Truly Epoch-Making Show

actly at 8:05 P.M. a fanfare ed the air. Then, as president of , I welcomed the guests and the ers. The preliminaries over, the went on. It included:

. Walter Damrosch conducting New York Symphony Orchestra; New York Oratorio Society; Tito o, Metropolitan Opera star; ld Bauer, renowned concert st; the legendary Mary Garden, d up from Chicago; the great Rogers, facing a microphone in ressing room of an Independence, as, theater; an operatic sextet led Cesare Sodero; Edwin Franko lman's Band; Weber and Fields; ge Olsen and his orchestra, by te control, from the Hotel sylvania, New York; Ben Bernie band from the Roosevelt Grill, York: Ben A. Rolfe and orches- rom the Palais d'Or, New York, Vincent Lopez and his band from Casa Lopez, New York.

e signed the memorable program he air at exactly 12:35 A.M. The ause of the visible audience was tening. Everyone had been im- ed by the feat of bringing in the es of Mary Garden and Will ers from such distant points.

e all-star show had cost us practically nothing, for the performers were eager to participate in a history-making event. Typical of them was Will Rogers, who had volunteered his services because of his admiration for Owen D. Young.

Speaking of Rogers, he created a sensation that night with his mimicry of President Calvin Coolidge. His imitation of Cal's nasal twang was so accurate that thousands believed they were actually hearing the man in the White House.

My nephew in Colorado, to whom I had sent a receiving set, was one of these. He had tuned in on the program while Rogers was in the midst of his monologue. The next day, he wrote to me that although, in his opinion, Coolidge was an exceptionally able President, he simply could not understand why he had "come out for the Dodge car!"

The impact of our *première* was astounding. Overnight, millions realized that for the mere price of a radio set, they might have at their command the finest in entertainment.

Therefore, it was up to NBC to turn this realization into the purchase of radios. There were still great areas of the country untouched by broadcasting. Elihu Root, the retired statesman, had this in mind during a meeting of the NBC Policy Committee, a few days after our opening.

"Aylesworth," he said, "the people of the United States are still eye-minded. What we have got to do is to make them ear-minded."

There was only one way to do that. Give the people something worth hearing. But that costs money—a great deal of it. Only a large group of sponsors could provide the essential wherewithal.

WEAF, under A. T. & T. ownership, already had a number of time buyers. A. & P., Goodrich Tires,

(Continued on page 65)

CULVER SERVICE

B. A. Rolfe led the band; G. W. Hill called the tunes; the public danced

Jessica Dragonette was another radio luminary whose star continued to rise from the start

Possibly the forerunners of today's All-Girl Orchestra, these New Look cuties entertained listeners back in 1927. Music carried better than talking on early broadcasts

HUNSECKER FIGHTS THE WORLD

The job paid handsomely. All I had to do was keep on saying, "Yes." But with Hunsecker it wasn't easy

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The girl slapped some money down on her check and got up. "Wait a minute, honey," Harvey said. "We haven't been introduced," she said, looking at me

THE campus was lousy with ivy and Gothic architecture and June flies, and the two hundred girls sitting there on all sides of me listening to Harvey Hunsecker's commencement-day address were depressing, too.

College degrees in hand, they still didn't know any better than to hang on his every word as though he were an oracle with a private pipe line to God, the White House, the Kremlin and Louis B. Mayer.

They were right in there with the other forty million sheep who worshiped him at the altar of their household radios and who moved their lips every day while soaking up his syndicated column.

He was coming to the end now, wrapping it up with a string of aphorisms that were nothing more than clichés spelled backward. The strident voice, loud with authority, rose incongruously from his undersized body and rang out over the hushed audience.

". . . And Reno will have to fold its roulette tables and steal away into the night, if each one of you will remember this—" He paused dramatically. "Home . . . is where you hang . . . your heart."

His arms fell to his sides and the silence exploded into shattering applause as he stood there nodding and smiling for several minutes, unwilling to move, to end the ovation, his perspiring face suffused with self-gratification as he allowed the waves of enthusiasm to wash over him again and again.

Then the girls were falling into the arms of their damp-eyed relatives and up on the platform the big wheels among the faculty and alumnae started clawing at one another to shake Hunsecker's hand, so I drifted over to the buffet spread to join the flies.

I stood there swilling pale punch and watched Harvey autographing engraved programs for everyone who came to him with the magic words: "I always read your column, Mr. Hunsecker."

When I picked up his trail again, after I had examined the sandwich platters, he was standing under an elm tree holding an animated monologue with a pretty girl in cap and gown. I figured that that must be his sister, Susan, so I ambled over.

He punched my arm lightly. "Well,

w did you like it, Sidney? I even d the pigeons on the rooftops listen- . I may use it for a Tuesday col- n, cut down, of course. I think it something for women everywhere, just these chicks. Don't you agree, y? Too bad the local station didn't e a network tie-up. Damned fools ld have had Hunsecker for noth- . Ha. I'd like to have seen Joseph- 's face. (Josephson signs the checks my sponsor, honey.) Talking out- rs does strange things with my tim- . It must be the echoes. Did you ice, Sidney? Take that first se. . . ."

He droned on, the girl staring intently at him in the strained, self-conscious way people affect as their only defense against the embarrassment of not having been introduced to a newly arrived stranger.

". . . May insist on having a studio audience. I find it stimulating to see their faces. To hell with CBC policy on commentators. Which carries more weight—a lousy fifty-grand-a-year vice-president or a twenty-eight-point-six rating? Hunsecker makes Hooper jump through a hoop, doesn't he? Say, not bad . . . Hooper through a hoop. Send that to me, will you, baby?"

I took out my notebook and jotted it down. The girl didn't know where to look, and her face was beginning to flush.

"Look," I said, "you must be Susan. My name is Sidney Lasker."

She nodded gratefully, but Hunsecker stepped between us.

"Sidney's a tall one, isn't he? And he's not bad looking when he isn't grouchy, but right now he's got that look on his face. He doesn't like the heat—*do* you, tootsie? You're itching to get back to New York."

"That's the general idea," I said evenly.

"All right, baby." He took my arm with one hand and Susan's with the other and steered us across the campus. "Sidney must be obliged because when Sidney isn't obliged he gets tiresome, and life is difficult enough as it is without a tiresome Sidney." When we reached the station wagon that was waiting in front of the administration building to take us to the train, Hunsecker turned to his sister. "Give Ma a hug for me when you get home, will you, honey?"

"Of course." A shadow seemed to pass over her features. "But it would do her so much good—if *only* you could fly out to see her—even a day."

"But, baby doll . . ." Harvey extended his pudgy hands imploringly. "You *know* how I want to. But I'm up to *here*. Why, even this trip—"

"Oh, I'm ever so grateful for today, Harv," she broke in. "Your accepting the invitation and coming up here. It meant so much to Dr. Cardigan and the school and I know how busy—"

"For you, anything, honey," he said, looking past her and waving to the people who stood huddled in small groups staring at him the way people always did when the voice and the byline appeared before them in the flesh. With a final wave, he clambered into the car and then, as I began to follow him in, he turned and called out: "Honey, you'll have to forgive Sidney. He doesn't mean to be rude. Sidney, say congratulations to Susan."

I turned and congratulated her, and her eyes were filled with wordless apologies. She murmured, "Have a pleasant trip, Mr. Lasker."

"I will," I lied, and stepped into the car.

"Isn't she a doll?" Harvey said, as we pulled away. "But so naïve."

THE first ten minutes were bad. Then I began to feel my nervous system getting in rhythm with the rocking and clacking of the train wheels. It was always that way when I started out on a train trip with Harvey Hunsecker, whether it was an overnight trip or a jaunt to Hollywood. I would start worrying that something terrible was going to go wrong and that Hunsecker and his power would be forever lost to me and my clients, and though nothing had ever gone wrong, it always took at least ten minutes for the inner tension to dissolve.

I sat next to the window of the drawing-room compartment, staring vacantly at the glittering sheen of the river in the red sunlight of late afternoon. Hunsecker was curled up on the seat opposite me, leafing through Trend to the accompaniment of small, deprecatory grunts. He had never forgiven the magazine for describing him as a "porcine-faced, gimlet-eyed half-pint."

Suddenly I was aware that he had scrambled to a sitting position and I turned to see him slap the magazine hard across this thigh.

"Oh, no!" he moaned.

I turned back to gaze out of the window.

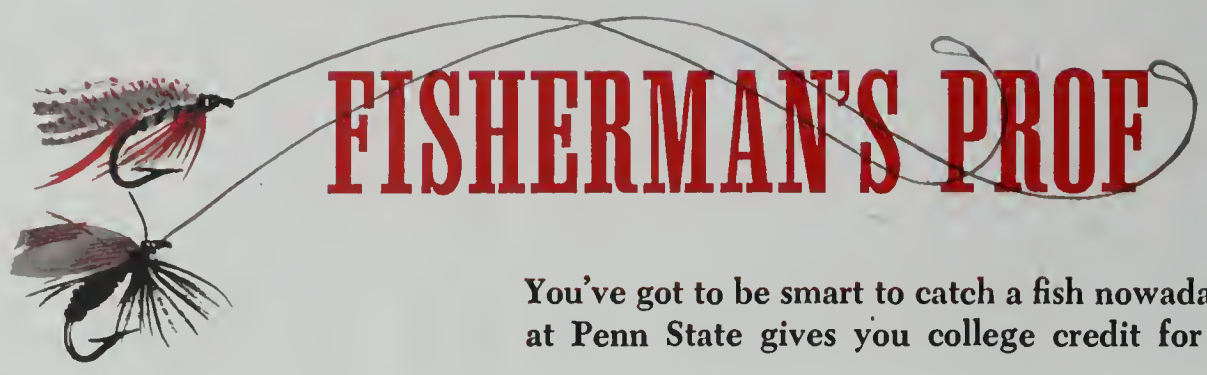
"No, no, no!"

The river was an unending bore but still it was speechless and undemanding—something you could put an end to merely by closing your eyes.

"Go ahead, Harvey," I said to the window. "I'm listening."

"You know what I did?" he cried. "I forgot to kiss Susan goodby. I'm all that means anything to her in the whole world and I didn't even kiss her goodby. Why didn't you remind me? You had nothing else to do. You were just standing there. If you weren't so busy worrying about the heat and getting back to New York—"

(Continued on page 69)



FISHERMAN'S PROF

BY RUSS DAVIS

You've got to be smart to catch a fish nowadays. In fact the prof at Penn State gives you college credit for outwitting a trout

GEORGE HARVEY, who occupies the chair of trout fishing at Pennsylvania State College, is an exponent of higher education for anglers. "It takes brains to match brains," he says. "And give the fish credit, they have more intelligence than you think."

Harvey teaches one of the first college courses of its kind, one in the science of trout fishing for full credit toward graduation. In it, he imparts the techniques of fishing he has picked up through personal experience over the past two decades.

The idea for the class was that of Dean Carl P. Schott, of the School of Physical Education.

"A student won't play much football or baseball after he leaves college unless he is a professional," Dr. Schott declares. "It seems to me our job is to give instruction in sports our graduates will enjoy long after they have retired from more strenuous activity."

His plan visions inclusion of hunting and horseback-riding instruction among other participation sports, in addition to trout fishing.

Harvey's course was taught for the first time as part of the college curriculum last spring. It will be repeated each second semester and at summer-school sessions. In addition, Harvey teaches nights at various Pennsylvania cities under sponsorship of the college extension program. In the school calendar it is known as: Physical Education 109. Principles and Techniques of Angling.

One-hour lectures and two-hour practice periods are held during each of the sixteen weeks. In the first seven weeks, students learn how to tie flies and the techniques of fishing with wet and dry flies, nymphs, bucktails and streamers, midge and spiders, and other methods not so frequently used. Proper selection and care of tackle occupy the next four weeks. Fly casting, a lecture on stream tactics, and actual fishing complete the last five weeks.

Penn State had planned a modest start for the fishing course, with 40 students. But 160 applied, and 84, all juniors and seniors, were accepted. Lowerclassmen were told to come around later.

"Nobody takes it as a snap course," George Harvey says. "There are very few absences, and though classes officially end at 4 o'clock, the students are so enthusiastic they always keep me around for at least another hour."

The first year's students came from both city and rural areas. Some were from the School of Agriculture and the School of Liberal Arts, others were specializing in chemistry and physics, engineering, the mineral industries and physical education. A third were women.

George Harvey has taught more than 3,000 persons how to tie flies and fish and has some pronounced ideas on the technique of trout fishing. Most important to him is the knowledge of stream strategy, or fishing sense.

"If you don't have fishing sense you'll never be a good fisherman," he says positively. "A man can be the best caster in the world, but he won't catch as many fish as a mediocre caster if he doesn't know the fundamentals of fishing."

A Lecture on Stream Strategy

George Harvey explains what he means by that.

"Stream strategy is the ability to look at a piece of water and know where to find fish and the proper approach for taking them. That's what makes fishing fascinating, because one piece of water won't present the same pattern twice. The average man walks along the bank and sees a fish rise. He gets excited and doesn't take time to study, but whips out his tackle and starts to cast all over the place. As a result he puts down more trout than he raises."

What he should do first, particularly when fishing unfamiliar waters, is to take the temperature of the water. The maximum tolerance for brook trout is 75 degrees. For brown trout and rainbow it is around 80 to 84 degrees. If the water warms up beyond those limits, the trout will move into smaller and cooler streams.

After he has taken the temperature, George Harvey still isn't ready to fish. His next step is to study the general situation.

"Every square foot of water has different rates of flow and I want to estimate that flow before I cast. Some cross currents will pull a fly while others will make it float naturally. If the fly, and particularly a dry fly, isn't floating naturally the trout will ignore it because trout are suspicious fish. The fly must float at the same rate of speed as the water. I like to compare it with a cork floating naturally downstream. Sometimes you can get only a foot of natural float on a cast. On other occasions you get from two and three feet up to 15 or 20, because as the speed of the water decreases the longer is the period of natural float."

He believes that nine of ten fishermen let their line drag or else pull the fly across a current when fishing with dry flies.

"You can't do that and expect to get fish," he says. "If the fly isn't behaving naturally the fish usually won't strike."

After studying the stream flow, George Harvey is ready to fish, but he still has more experimenting to do. He wants to make more certain of the proper presentation of the fly.

"There are a dozen methods of fishing each fly," he says. "You have to keep switching to eliminate the methods that aren't working. There are various manipulations to retrieve the fly and make it float naturally. And depth is important. The trout may be feeding on the surface, just under the surface or on the bottom. That determines the type of fly to be used and the amount of weight with it."

Students usually think he is clowning when he tells about the feeding habits of trout.

"Sure, I know fish don't feed at the same depth all the time," one student said last year, "but how can I tell whether they are feeding near the bottom or just under the surface?"

George Harvey's answer is in the form of an original theory he has developed over the past twenty years as a fisherman. It first began to form in his mind when he was on the staff of the Penn State School of Forestry at Mont Alto, where he studied migration and the rate of growth in brook trout and made food studies by analyzing the stomach content of fish. He calls it the "limestone-freestone theory."

"There are two types of trout waters," he says. "I call them limestone and freestone. An angler, by being able to differentiate, can double his chances for a successful day by selecting the correct lure and presenting it properly."

He explains that a limestone stream flows for the major portion of its length over limestone formations. They are usually valley streams, because soft and soluble limestone is worn away to form lowlands.

Freestone streams differ. They are found in mountain and plateau areas and flow over formations other than limestone. Usually filled with boulders, cobbles and pebbles, they are stony and are the streams that become very low and sometimes nearly disappear during dry summers and autumns. As compared with limestone streams, the freestone produces about a third or less aquatic plant, animal and insect life.

What does this mean to fishermen?

"Fish feed where food is most plentiful and easiest to obtain," Harvey says. "In limestone streams this food is under the surface. The bulk of trout food in limestone streams is made up of crustaceans, nymphs of aquatic insects, water bugs, larvae, worms which live among aquatic plants, stones or boulders, and among debris on the stream bottom. It's logical an angler will be more successful if he uses nymphs, wet flies, or any lure that resembles the natural food in that type of stream.

"In freestone streams, from late spring through summer, the bulk of food for trout is terrestrial in nature—grasshoppers, crickets, tent caterpillars, green tree worms, beetles and hatches of aquatic insects. Here the dry-fly fisherman has the advantage because he is fishing his lures on the surface where the trout are watching and waiting for natural food.

"Of course, there are always exceptions," he admits. "High-water periods may make the water murky, and some freestone streams are discolored for the greater part of the year. The theory doesn't hold then because unless the stream is clear enough for the trout to see what is on the surface of the water, the dry fly will not be successful.

"Another exception occurs when there are specialized hatches of insects on limestone streams which may make the dry fly best for a short period. A few small trout can also be induced to take a dry fly on most any limestone stream, particularly in the shallow runs and riffles, but they could be taken more easily with nymphs or wet flies."

Just to Keep in Practice

It's not unusual for Harvey to slip out for an hour or so and catch 25 trout. He does it to keep his hand in, using a barbless hook, and then returning the catch over the limit. On opening day, 1946, he used a barbless hook and took 80. Last spring he had a slump on the first day of the season, reeling in only 35.

For his classes and other beginners, Harvey advises an eight-foot rod that weighs approximately four ounces. That isn't too long and is light enough in weight to prevent overtiredness.

"The grip is one of the most important parts of fishing," he says. "And the fisherman should try to use the most relaxed grip."

That most relaxed grip can be attained by grasping the handle with the flat of the hand, extending from the heel across to the base of the index finger. The back of the hand should be on top, and flat, with the fingers relaxed, and the line running off between the second and third fingers. Maximum freedom of the wrist is obtained with that grip.

When the grip is mastered, George Harvey advises trying the back cast. "A good forward cast is impossible without a high backcast," he says.

The line should be cast high and the fisherman should be sure to stop the backward motion of the rod at approximately one o'clock on an imaginary clock. Just before the line straightens out on the backcast the rod starts its forward movement with

(Continued on page 42)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

e is how to flunk any college course in angling. Lorraine Davies and Bob ene are strictly nonscholastic fishers. First, Lorraine casts and Bob ducks

The fish don't strike at the first spot, so they decide to move. "Why bother starting up a balky motor?" Lorraine says. She has a good sturdy rod for pushing

w Bob takes over with the rod and reel and to his amazement manages to hook ne fish. They fail the lesson, however, because Lorraine insists on helping him

Lorraine gets excited at Bob's success and decides to take her turn. She gets no fish, but the fish get Bob as Lorraine gives him a husky push with her rod

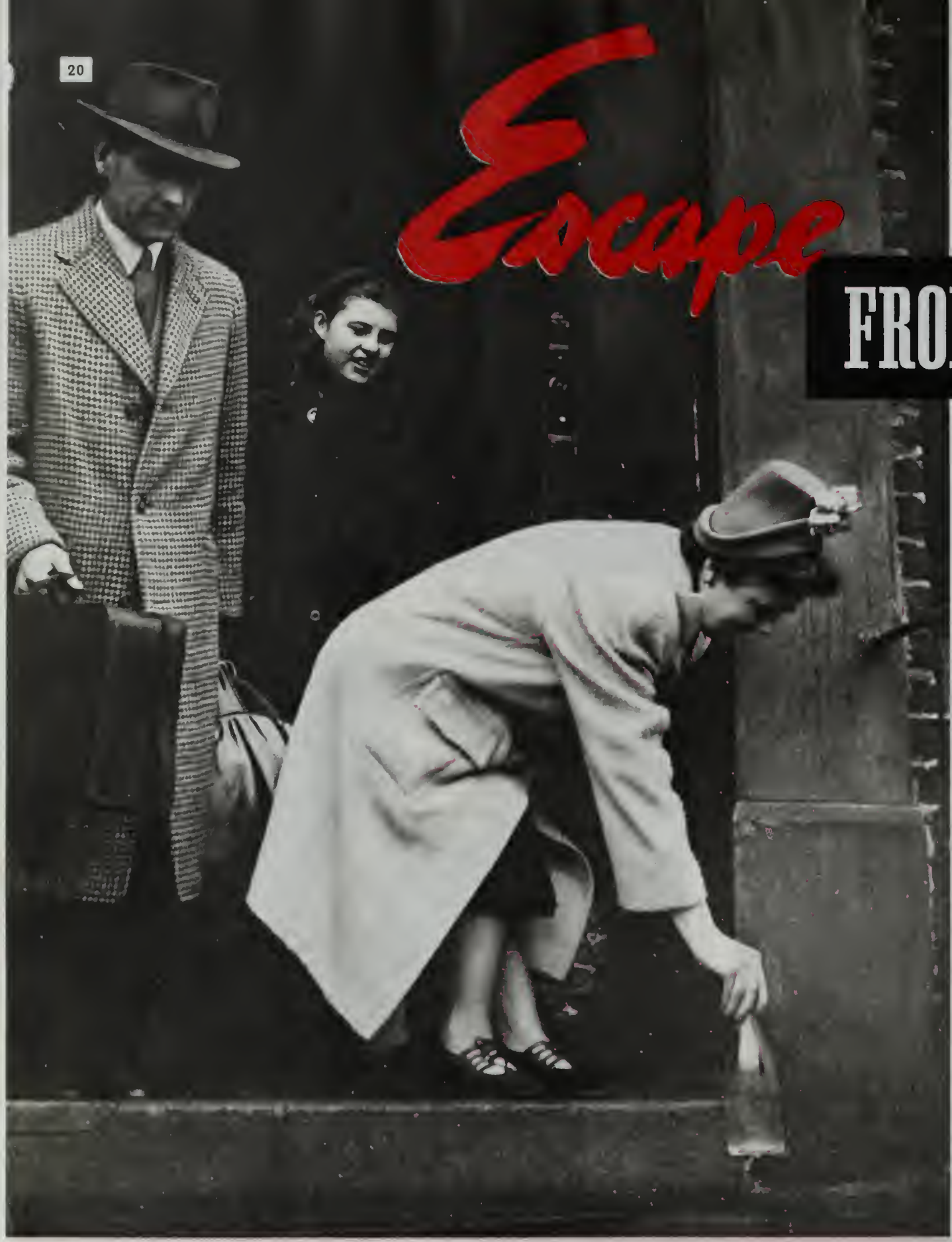
b goes nicely into the drink, but there's nothing to worry about. The water's rm, Bob's a good swimmer, and the helpful Lorraine is on the spot to save him

As dusk comes, the exhausted couple have their fish—they claim they caught them themselves. They can enroll again next year? "Yeah, maybe," grunts Bob. "Maybe"

Escape FROM AUSTERITY

Rationing, queues and monotony ha turned thoughts of many Britishers Australia, Canada and other parts the Empire. The dominions, eager increase their population, welco and even compete for new arriv

BY COLLIE SMALL



Above, Mrs. Telfer puts out the final milk bottle as the family leave their crowded tenement home in Finsbury Park, North London, to take up a new life in Australia. Below, the first of 7,000 emigrants to Canada are dispatched by J. S. P. Armstrong, Agent General for the Province of Ontario

FOX PHOTOS, LTD

THE day the Ormonde sailed from the E lish port of Tilbury, bound for Melbou the Telfers knew it was true. They w really going.

Their application for emigration to Australia been accepted months before, but this was the r ment. The furniture was sold; the tickets were the table; the five copies of Robert Burns w safely stowed away in a handbag for conveni reference during the long voyage; and Jean, twelve, had started to hiccup from the exciteme The last remaining tie with England was the n on the mantel, with ten shillings beside it, remi ing the Telfers to pay the milk bill before leavi

At the station, Neil Telfer had to bite his lip o or twice to contain the dew that was threatening spill out of the corners of his eyes while he tall to Andrew Gallacher, his brother-in-law, who come down to see them off. Bridget was less s cessful, emotionally speaking. When she s goodby to her sister, Helen Gallacher and her h band, Andrew, the tears trickled out and drop onto the lapels of her faded blue coat.

Then the boat train started moving. Outside, the platform, Helen ran alongside in a desper effort to postpone, for just a second more, the fi parting. Then, as the train rushed forward into sunlight, Helen was whisked back into the gloo station with shocking suddenness, back into monotonously well-regulated world of queues rationing and unending austerity. Looking out train window, Neil and Bridget were silent. T were leaving all this.

The Telfers sailed three hours later for Austr with a thousand other emigrants, jammed eight-a-cabin in R.M.S. Ormonde. The question of c fort, however, was unimportant. To the Telf the whole thing was a rescue operation. Ormonde was simply a lifeboat which had put providentially, to take them off a weary island which they somehow had become marooned. one disturbing thought was that, for every emigr aboard the Ormonde, there were a thousand still the shore, waiting to follow, if not to Austra then to Canada, South Africa, Southern Rhode New Zealand or even the United States.

An Estimated Five Million Emigrants

The number of persons currently lined up on beach is estimated at nearly 1,000,000, a rather st gering figure which alternately distresses His jesty's government and delights the dominions, want to increase their populations. Moreover, addition to those who are actually waiting, anot 4,000,000 are presumed to be on the verge of ap ing for emigration when the conditions are righ

England, with over 45,000,000 people, is har in danger of being denuded by this impend stampede to the dominions, but how many peo will ultimately be leaving the island is neverthele serious problem. So far, with the shortage of s ping, the lack of a definite government policy other difficulties, it appears to be a problem wh eventually will be solved only by some sort of c promise between the celestial wisdom of cabi ministers and the economics of migration. B forces are at work now.

t is, despite the obstacles, some persons have already left Eng- ince the end of the war to take v lives in Australia. More than 0 people have entered Canada Great Britain during the past years. There are 20,000 emi- registered to go to New Zea- Over 10,000 went to Southern sia in 1947. Settlers are leaving uth Africa at the rate of 2,000 ix weeks.

are they going? The Telfers plain it.

of it is the dream of a new land, ght and shining and bursting reat new opportunities. Neil saw the dream mirrored in a yer's trowel which, no matter wiftly or how deftly it moved, bring him only $24 a week in nd, hardly enough for a family e. Bridget, a housewife, saw it g in a silver cloud over the rooftops and chimney pots out- e one tiny window of their two- walk-up in a row of crowded ents in Finsbury Park, North n.

saw it in a child's rainbow. emigrant sees it somewhere.

mplaints Got Father Down

was fed up listening to Bridget ain about queues and high Jean, a strapping girl whose stomach has not yet shrunk to int where it is attuned to short- as permanently hungry. Bridget ted the lack of "civility" in the where "they tell you to take it e it and you're lucky to get it." Telfers were sick of the strug- k of being the "backbone of the ," sick of newspapers shouting, s!" Worst of all, they had the fortable feeling that perhaps nd was too tired to get up this

tralia may shed a tear for er England, but she will wel- the Telfers just the same. Good -stock Englishmen are in high nd in all the corners of the Em-

don's Rainbow Corner, for ex- , which American G.I.s remem- s a Red Cross center just off illy Circus, is now in the service Canadian province of Ontario. ags are out and the billboards in- assers-by to EMIGRATE BY TO ONTARIO—NOW. In the ws of Southern Rhodesia e, there are twin cardboard es erected to the health and edu- of the African people. The s of the other dominions are rly festooned with colorful s depicting the joys of life d.

tralia, particularly, is pressing migrants on a scale suggesting ration. Mr. Arthur Calwell, alian Minister for Immigration, through England recently like man whirlwind, ready to com- eer anything that floats or flies e people to Australia. He con- d airplanes; he toyed with the f using aircraft carriers; and he an acquisitive eye on virtually ship in the Clyde.

it turned out, Calwell had little n getting ships and the problem nsport is still a formidable one. , however, undismayed. When ton Churchill suggested that peo- ould stay in England and fight it Calwell hotly disputed the point redoubled his efforts to attract grants. His program is "popu- r perish," and the ultimate goal is an Australia of at least 20,000,000 people, compared to the present population of some 7,000,000 in a country roughly the size of the United States.

Unless immigration is stepped up, Mr. Calwell gloomily foresees extinction for the Australian people. Without new blood, the population will be only 8,000,000 in 1965, at the present rate of reproduction, after which time it will begin to decline rapidly.

Australian authorities estimate that there are 200,000 jobs waiting for immigrants. That Neil Telfer is a bricklayer was an important factor in his acceptance by Australia as an immigrant. Australia also has accepted new responsibilities for her own defense, as well as that of the southwest Pacific, and she needs a much greater population to garrison the sparsely settled continent. The recent war, when the Japanese drove across the Owen-Stanley Mountains into Papua and raided Darwin and the northwest coast, was proof enough of that.

To lure immigrants to Australia, the commonwealth has set up an assistant-passage scheme under which British emigrants pay only the equivalent of $40 for their passage, the rest of the expense being shared equally by the Australian and British governments. Ex-servicemen and their dependents are given free passage to Australia.

Furthermore, the commonwealth has assured sensitive Englishmen that it is doing everything possible to deter native Australians from referring to them as "Pommies" (rosy-apple-cheeked, from the French word for apple, *pomme*), a term of nonendearment. This is not so whimsical as it sounds; some emigrants have gone back to England because of it. The government of New Zealand, encountering the same problem, solemnly advised newly arrived Englishmen to retaliate by calling New Zealanders "pig-islanders."

San Francisco Calling

To date, Australia is the only country that has had the temerity to offer assisted passages to emigrants from the United States. When the scheme was first announced last year, Mr. Calwell picked up his telephone in Australia and was startled to hear an American voice say, "This is James A. Craig calling from San Francisco. Is this assisted-passage business a square deal?"

Mr. Calwell vouched for it.

"In that case," said Mr. Craig, "you have an American immigrant."

Since then, some 10,000 Americans have applied for emigration to Australia under the official plan. Unfortunately, there is only one passenger ship in service between the United States and Australia—the Marine Phoenix—but Australia can still claim more than 4,000 American settlers to date, including a number who took their service discharges there. The commonwealth, however, though it is too polite to say so, still prefers British stock.

For all their enthusiasm in recruiting new settlers, the dominions naturally have been obliged to impose certain restrictions. Australia, for example, demands that immigrants entering under the official plan be medically fit, that they fall within certain age groups, that they come under preferred occupational categories, that they be nominated by friends, relatives, or employers for permanent living quarters, et cetera. The other

(Continued on page 58)

Above, no matter how swiftly or deftly Neil Telfer worked as a bricklayer in England he couldn't earn more than $24 a week. In Australia he hopes to top this

Above, at the station in London the Telfers bid a sad farewell to the Gallachers. Below, R.M.S. Ormonde sails from Tilbury with a thousand hopeful new settlers

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KONIG

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said, "this young lady is Mr. Duff's secretary, Miss Edmonds." Dr. Fisher gave Martin a conspirator's glance. "How do you do, Miss Edmonds," he said

I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

BY EDWIN LANHAM

CONTINUING THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT YOUNG MAN IN THE WICKED CITY

Story:

TIN VINCENT, naïve young instruc- 1 Porthaven, a private school for , is sent to New York by Headmas- AMES G. FISHER to give a speech be- the pet organization of wealthy nus BARTON DUFF. The purpose of isit is to persuade Duff to give Por- n a quarter of a million dollars.

t Martin has his troubles. Unable d a room, he is forced to pay a bell- for the use of a suite belonging to a named BARNEY DRISCOLL, who is rarily on the West Coast. And he s five dollars to a strange blond girl a French accent who cannot pay ar bill. Martin notices a blue-eyed watching him as he gives the girl ey but cannot learn who the man is. at evening the girl arrives at his to pay back the money just as Mar- on his way to make the speech. He her a drink, then has to rush off, ng her to finish it alone.

is speech renews Duff's interest in chool, and the two men start up to suite for further discussion when tin is delayed by the bellboy who ured the rooms. Sending Duff on d with the key, Martin learns from ellboy that Barney Driscoll will ar- from the Coast in a few minutes.

artin follows Duff upstairs, and as eaves the elevator, the blue-eyed rushes into it, clutching a camera. n he arrives at the suite, he discov- hat the stranger has taken a picture arton Duff—and of the blond girl, is standing in the room clad in a l. Duff immediately suspects Mar- f blackmail, and turns on him in a . But just then Barney Driscoll s into the room.

II

THE situation was overwhelming to a man easily caught off balance. Madeleine Petit van- d into the bedroom with a flick of bath towel, but there was no con- ent exit for Martin. He was ped.

Mr. Vincent," said Barton Duff, you mean to say this isn't your m?"

It's my room," the man in the rway said. "I'm Barney Driscoll. at goes on?"

arton Duff faced the door. "Bar- Driscoll, did you say? I know . Driscoll."

I don't know you," Driscoll said. brown eyes moved thoughtfully Barton Duff to Martin and back in to Mr. Duff.

I'm Barton Duff," said Mr. Duff, h the confidence of a man who had de his name important. "You may ember our correspondence. I te you about the very serious his- cal errors you made in your last ture. Any student of history knows t . . ."

I remember," said Barney Driscoll. "Another time, Mr. Duff." He turned to Martin. "What *is* all this? Did you bring these people up to my room?"

"It was a mistake, Mr. Driscoll," Martin said. "I mean, it's some kind of mix-up. I can explain it."

"Just who are you?"

"My name is Martin Vincent. I'm an instructor at the Porthaven School for Boys. Mr. Duff can identify me."

"That's who he *says* he is," said Barton Duff, with a shrug of his massive shoulders and a cold glance at Martin.

BARNEY DRISCOLL dropped into a chair and lighted a cigarette, without taking his eyes off Martin. "Okay, who's the babe?"

Martin swallowed. There was an ominous hush in the room, and Barton Duff's bald head reflected an angry beam of light from a lamp.

"I don't understand what's happened," Martin said. "I ran into her down in the bar this afternoon. She had forgotten her pocketbook and I lent her five dollars. To tell you the truth, she thought I was you, Mr. Driscoll."

"What gave her that idea?"

"You see," Martin explained, "I told her to return the money to me here, and since it was your room I told her to put your name on the envelope. But she brought it up in person, and when I went down to make my speech I left her here. She was having a cocktail then. She wasn't taking a bath."

"Okay," Driscoll said. "But how did *you* get in my room?"

Martin glanced toward the door; Charlie Savage had disappeared. He spread his hands and said miserably, "I couldn't get a room in the hotel, and a bellhop put me in here. He charged me ten bucks for the night. He said he did it all the time, and just to walk up and ask for the key. That's what I did."

"You mean a bellhop's been renting out my suite?" Barney Driscoll demanded. "Why, the chiseler! Who is he?"

For no good reason except that he was collecting trouble, not spreading it around, Martin protected Charlie Savage. "I don't know. Just one of the bellhops."

"Never mind all that," Barton Duff broke in impatiently. "I want to know who took that photograph. Mr. Vincent, you said you knew who he was."

"I saw a man with a camera running along the hall," Martin said. "A little guy in a shabby suit. You'd know him by his eyes. Bright blue. You see, Mr. Duff, this afternoon he was following me. He was at the desk when I got the key to this room, and every time I turned around he popped up."

"Why should he follow you?" Mr. Duff demanded. "Who is he?"

"I don't know who he is."

Barton Duff snorted, but Driscoll settled back in his chair. There was a faint smile on his lips, and he turned his head and called, "Hey, you!" He waited an instant, called again, "Come on out here. You've had time to get dressed."

The bedroom door opened slowly and Madeleine Petit appeared, her eyes downcast. Driscoll said, "All right, give out."

"Give out?" said Madeleine. "What does this mean, give out?"

"It means explain what you're up to."

"It is I who should have the explanation," Madeleine said, and lifted her chin. "All this I do not understand. This man tells me he is Mr. Driscoll and invites me to his room." She looked reproachfully at Martin. "Why do you do such a thing? I have been most embarrassed."

"What do you expect, running around in a bath towel?" Driscoll said. "What's the idea? Do you generally take a bath when you go visiting?"

Madeleine spread her hands, and her wide smile returned. "I have had so many cocktails. I feel, what you call, giddy, and I take a bath," she explained. "I am just out from the tub when this old man walks in. I do not understand it."

"A peculiar time you pick to take a bath," Martin said. "And a peculiar place."

"A bathroom is a peculiar place to take a bath?" Madeleine looked at him and laughed.

"This is beside the point," Mr. Duff said brusquely. "Young woman, who was the man with the camera? Why was he taking photographs?"

Her eyes were round. "But I don't know. Suddenly it goes pouf, pouf, and is very bright, and a man runs out from the door, then everybody is making a big noise."

Martin said, "You know a little man with blue eyes?"

She looked at him in surprise. "But of course. Who does not know a man with blue eyes? Ba-bee, your eyes are blue."

Barton Duff said crisply, "I've heard enough of this." He jerked his head toward Barney Driscoll. "The whole thing has been expertly rehearsed. It shows the hand of a first-class director, Mr. Driscoll, and now I'm going home."

Driscoll said mildly, "All right, Mr. Duff."

Barton Duff started for the door, and Martin called, "Just a moment, Mr. Duff. Please." But Barton Duff strode on out the door without a backward glance.

Martin fumbled for a cigarette. The damage was done now. Whatever impression he had made on Mr. Duff had been dissipated altogether. His mission was a failure, and Martin felt relieved that the tension was ended. But he was puzzled. What had happened in this hotel room made no sense at all.

"Mr. Driscoll, this is all beyond me," he said. "I don't get it."

"I think I get it," said Driscoll. "The little lady hasn't told us all she knows. Such as who hired her, for instance."

"Hired me?" said Madeleine. "What do you mean?"

"You didn't run out of money in the bar just by chance," Driscoll said. "You thought this guy was me, and you figured out a way to get acquainted, didn't you?"

Madeleine flushed, then smiled and spread her hands. "You have found my secret. It is true. You see, I am Franch. An actress. I have just come to this countree, and I wish to know you. I think perhaps you can give me a chance. Get me into peectures. So I make the inquiry, and I find you live here in room 1207. I am by the desk, and I hear this gentleman ask for your key, so I think he is you, and I make a plan to meet him. I pretend I am in the bar without no money. That is true. Is it so bad?"

"I didn't see you by the desk when I asked for the key," Martin said.

"But I saw you," said Madeleine.

She had talked glibly, but Martin thought her gray eyes seemed wary. Barney Driscoll stretched out his legs and crossed his feet. He asked lazily, "Where did you play in Paris?"

"Paris?" said Madeleine. "Did I say Paris? Well, I speak frank. I am in one leetle bit peecture. I show you some stills I have down in my room."

Driscoll said, "So you're staying in the hotel?"

"Yes. Room 1110." Madeleine picked up her handbag. "I think I go now."

"Go ahead," said Barney Driscoll, and looked at Martin. "But I want *you* to stick around. I want to talk to you."

AFTER the door had closed behind Madeleine, Driscoll wandered over to the bar. He asked, over his shoulder, "Have a drink?"

Martin shook his head. "I've had too much already."

Driscoll selected Cointreau, filled a liqueur glass, and returned to his chair. He stretched out his legs and said softly, "You know, you did me a big favor. That dame doesn't want to get in pictures. She just wanted to frame me. That's how it looks to me. It was a frame, for sure, but you stepped in and they thought you were me and they tried to put the frame on you, instead."

"Why should they want to frame you?"

"I got a wife," Driscoll said, "and I got dough." He sipped the Cointreau. "I beat one divorce suit, but I've been expecting her to try again. We got a separation agreement, but she's not satisfied. She wants a divorce and a

(Continued on page 76)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAN PACHNER

A CREE COULD SAY GOODBY

BY JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

Not to understand the white men's rules was unfortunate—not to obey was a mortal sin

M'SIEU, in what I tell I do not present myself as of men the most brave. But it is not demanded that an interpreter be brave—only that he be smart. And I am smart enough to be alive still, which cannot be said for all who met this Indian. For that I thank the good Lord that my mother was a Cree. Thus I knew how Almighty Voice felt toward *akuyasew*, the white man.

Remark, please, the name: *Kichemanitowayo*, Almighty Voice. My mother's people have the talent most distinguished for names, and this, you can perceive, would be a proud name to bear. Also, I ask you to believe that the heart of Almighty Voice was good toward the white man. There was no hatred in it; but there were honor and fullness of pride, which are things the white man has not understood.

The words honor and pride have in Cree the same root, *kista*. My friend Almighty Voice had these; otherwise he was poor, like all of my mother's people. He even did chores around the Northwest Mounted Police post; and there, M'sieu, I think he made the big mistake: The whites classed him as a servant, a "good" Indian and of little account. But they liked him and wished him well when he married and settled on a little farm on the reserve.

Late in the first autumn of their marriage, midway in the Falling Leaves Moon, his young wife fell ill.

Her name was Bright Day, and that, too, was a good name, for her heart was light and her face was full of joy. But she was small and slim and straight like the young poplar and none asked for her in marriage for fear she could not work. She was *pisinatisew*—playful—like many of the young women; they have less to do than anyone else in camp. But in ornamenting the garments none matched her skill with the beadwork; her fingers were of the utmost deftness and surety.

When young men crept to her lodge at night she ignored them, and she never slept unbound; yet none really courted her until Almighty Voice came upon her one day alone on the prairie and told of his love. She ran away with him. They were very hap but it was as had been feared: H laughter and teasing stopped and lay for long hours silent in their h Almighty Voice was very much afra

No medicine, M'sieu, can reach hidden seat of an illness and expel evil force unless the sufferer has m in quantity. Almighty Voice had meat, but of cows he had a couple. least they were on his farm, tho there was some strange decree of white man which said they were o loaned to him. That was very con ing because he owned the milk t produced and their calves, when th were any. Incomprehensible, too, cause the Indian gives in gener spirit but rarely loans.

The third night of the siege, the reinforcements came with two cannon. Gunfire had been coming rarely from the trees and we thought Almighty Voice was running out of ammunition

Nevertheless it had been said that could not kill a cow without talk- to the agent about it. So my friend ght me out to interpret for him, together we went to see the offi-

"He says he will have to kill a cow," d this man and explained why— t his wife was sick and must have at.

The agent said no.

To Almighty Voice I said *kituhu-kao,* it is forbidden. Over and over id it.

"Doubtless," my friend replied to in his own tongue, "there is some er decree of the white man which scribes a form for this interesting emony of the cows, which demands t the agent shall say no. Like some our own ceremonies, so very old, it s not make sense. But that is unimportant. I have done what was required of me."

I could do nothing with him. He did kill the cow, and Bright Day ate meat. The medicine man came, and family and friends. They ate and prayed for Bright Day and thus gave her strength they took from the nourishing *uskeweyas.*

HAD Bright Day alone eaten the meat, she could not have drawn enough strength from it to heal her; the need of all the others had entered into her body. There was, you see, the body of Bright Day, and there was the body of the band; and she was only a part of the band as this finger is a part of my hand. Had she died, all would have died a little; to give her strength to live, all must eat.

But the medicine man saved the most important portions for the offering to Manito, and he served morsels of beef heart to Bright Day so the burdened organ in her own breast might become big and firm like that of the animal. He had brought the drum, and since she complained of a heaviness, he sang the flying song.

"I am flying," he sang—identifying himself with his patient. "The wind lifts my body; I am flying around the blue sky. The sun is warm upon the body of Bright Day, and the wind lifts it."

As he sang, he struck the drum. It was small and flat, with a single head of scraped buckskin which bore a picture the most sacred. First there was a light touch upon it—what you call a beat without the accent—then an accented beat, then a rest; a brush with the finger tips, a thump with the knuckles or stick, a pause. It is, M'sieu, the rhythm of the human heart. . . . He sang and drummed long after the others had withdrawn.

And when at last he too had left, Bright Day confided to her husband that she felt much better. Her heart was beating strongly again.

But the police had watched. The next day a sergeant rode out to the farm and arrested Almighty Voice for killing that abominable cow. I had to go along, to tell my friend what was happening.

(Continued on page 93)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

TANDY ARRIVES ON A STREETCAR

BY AMY PORTER

Miss Jessica Tandy, late of London, always knew she'd be a star. But Hollywood was indifferent till A Streetcar Named Desire brought it around

JESSICA TANDY, an English girl, knew from childhood up what it takes to become a movie star in America. She had read all about it. First you get to be a leading lady on the stage. The London stage will do nicely if you happen to be in London, although the Broadway stage is perhaps better, being 2,000 miles closer to the goal. Then you go to Hollywood and there you sit, preferably on a stool, preferably in a drugstore on Sunset Boulevard.

And there you sit and sit and sit until one of two things happens: Either a director comes along and says, "Little girl, how would you like to be a movie star?" or else he doesn't. The only question being: How long should you sit before you change drugstores?

Miss Tandy followed this formula with fair exactness up to a point. First she became a leading lady in London, and this took a few years and a lot of washing and ironing and sewing along the way. Then she became a leading lady on Broadway, where she discovered with some disappointment that all was not beer and skittles, or at least these items were not dispensed with the lavishness she had been led to expect. Then Hollywood offered her a contract, and she accepted—and there, perhaps, is where she made her mistake, she now thinks.

She imagined that since she already was an accomplished actress, she could forget her childish notion of how-to-succeed-in-Hollywood, so instead of sitting in a drugstore without a contract, she sat at home with her husband and daughter, with a contract. And with plenty of beer and skittles. But somehow this must have been the wrong procedure. She who had played Ophelia at the New Theatre in London, she who had been acclaimed as the star of the British version of Mädchen in Uniform, she—an actress of great repute—couldn't get any kind of movie lead.

Fed Up with Five Years of Minor Roles

While she waited with up and down feelings for a real movie break, she accepted supporting roles, and got very tired of playing somebody's maid—she was a maid for the third time in Forever Amber. Five years had elapsed since first she came to Hollywood, and by now she and her husband, Hume Cronyn, had two children, a boy named Chris, and a girl named Tandy. But in her movie career, Miss Tandy got nothing but frustration.

"Maybe," she said to her husband, "I'd better give up the whole idea. Maybe I just imagine I'm an actress."

But Mr. Cronyn, who is a director as well as an actor, didn't think she imagined it, and urged her on.

It was he who finally broke the jinx for her—and put her in the way of her present, spectacular Broadway success, the leading role in Tennessee Williams' new play, A Streetcar Named Desire. Which now has caused the movie people to say, "Oh, Miss Tandy, please come back to us." But she'll stay with Streetcar, she says. It's the most satisfying thing she's ever done.

Her husband had long been interested in Playwright Williams' work, and he directed a Williams one-acter for an Actors' Lab little-theater performance, with his wife in the lead. Williams saw her in that performance, liked her, and when the time came to find somebody to play the difficult role of Blanche in Streetcar, he remembered. Director Elia Kazan looked up Miss Tandy and chose her over a number of more prominent actresses who wanted the part.

What makes this part so difficult is that Blanche is a bad girl whom the audience is supposed to—and does—take to its bosom. Any reasonably skilled actress can play a bad girl and make the audience hate her, or a good girl and make the audience love her, but it takes a very skilled actress to play it both ways simultaneously—a bad girl whom you are forced to love.

Blanche, in the play, is a gently reared Southern girl who has become corrupt. She has been fired from her schoolteaching job for immorality, and now seeks refuge in the home of her sister and brother-in-law. There she continues her disastrous course. She flirts with the roughneck brother-in-law, whom she despises as socially beneath her; she tries to trick a well-intentioned young man into marrying her; she can't even resist making a pass at a youngster who comes to the door. She seasons her sins with alcohol and poetic falsifications about her past and her future. Her behavior is thoroughly bad-girl.

Yet slowly, slowly, she wins the audience to sympathy. For it becomes so clear that all of her errors—drinking, sex and the tinseled deceptions with which she surrounds herself—all are ways of trying to escape from a reality she cannot bear. It almost seems that she has no choice, that, ill equipped as she is to meet the problems of actual living, she is forced to flee to a gentler, more romantic world of her own invention. And as she moves toward her tragic end, the audience is with her, and for her, no longer condemning, but understanding . . . a lost little girl.

In this part, Director Kazan says, the actress' own basic qualities of character are as important as her stagecraft. "Blanche, to be believable, has to be played by somebody you respect instinctively," Kazan says, "and Miss Tandy is such a person. She is a womanly woman, fragile and with a quality of helplessness, but underlying the feminine pliability, you sense her essential integrity. It is this attribute of hers that makes you feel, when Blanche disintegrates, that here is a person of real stature, a potentially fine young woman, going down."

The life that helped to mold Miss Tandy's character to such heroic stellar proportions was fairly rough fairly early. After her father's death, she and her two brothers and her mother lived in the slum section of London on the mother's meager schoolteaching pay. They learned about work, all kinds of work, and especially schoolwork, for Mrs. Tandy was determined that her three bright children should climb out of the slums and onward and upward.

The mother shifted to a more difficult teaching job in a feeble-minded institution in order to earn an extra £10 a year, and later, when Jessica wanted to go to dramatic school, her mother took on another job, as secretary in a night school, to earn the £40 tuition. And always she lived frugally and laboriously and urged the children on to greater and greater effort. They would not move to a larger apartment—that money must be saved for schooling.

"Maybe that's why I have so wanted to give my children a feeling of peace and permanence and reasonable plenty," Miss Tandy says, "because I didn't have any of that as a child. I never had a room of my own then, nor even a bed of my own."

Just When She Had the House All Fixed

Her only regret about moving East is giving up the California house. "It seems to me that all of my life, I've been fixing up places to live, and then, just when the last ash tray was in place, I've had to leave them. Of course, one shouldn't get attached to possessions . . ."

Jessica had tuberculosis as a child, but after her recovery she became as sturdy a worker as her mother. She made every stitch she wore, and all her mother's clothes, too, and all her costumes for her first acting jobs. She didn't have to make her brothers' shirts, but she did have to iron them, "and if I scorched one, Mother didn't like it."

While she attended dramatic school and got off to a slow start with small acting jobs, the boys both earned scholarships, first to preparatory school, then to Oxford. One brother, Michael, is now with the British embassy in Paris. The other, Tully, is recovering from an illness he contracted as a war prisoner of the Japanese, and no doubt will soon be on his determined Tandy way again.

Miss Tandy soon was an established actress in England, but her first try at Broadway in 1938 was no great success. The play, The White Steed, ran only five months—with good notices for Jessica, but no follow-up contracts.

Back in England, war and a divorce from her first husband combined to disrupt her life, and in 1940, she returned to America with her daughter, Susan, and no money. She had to let friends care for the child until she could begin to make a living again.

It took two years of typical Tandy striving to bring her fair security as an actress—but not as a star. And about then she married Cronyn and went to Hollywood.

The other three ambitious Tandys are happy at Jessica's new fame. But for her mother, Streetcar still isn't quite the right thing for a daughter of hers.

"I don't like you playing a woman of loose morals, Jessica," she wrote her from England, "and I hope someday you'll find something more suitable for your talents." ★★★

Blanche's (Jessica Tandy) lies about her age catch up with her: Mitch (Karl Malden) tears a paper lantern off a light bulb. "What did you do that for?" she gasps. "So I can take a look at you, good and plain," he says, turning her into the naked light

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

Dell did the ten rour
without once taking
eyes off Thumbs' da
down in the front r

IN THIS CORNER—MARY ANN!

BY ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

She stopped his streak of busted hearts—and left him with a busted beezer

BUST him in the beezer!" yelled Mr. Gimmick. "In the schnozzola. The schnozz, the schnozz."

Whereupon, and to wit, following this beezerous advice Gimmick's fighter tapped his sparring partner on the smeller stack and danced dangerously out of the retaliatory area.

That's the way it always went. To Jack Dell a fight was a tap dance. One, two on the opponent's puss and away. Until he became known as the Dancing Master and the Elusive Profile. But what he didn't know was his traitorous manager's advice was not for him but against him. If there was anything Gimmick wanted more than his hand in your pocket it was to have Dell's classical nose busted.

"You can have them pretty boys like Fiermonte and Benjamin," said Gimmick. "Give me a mug who ain't afraid to parry a poke with his schnozz. I ain't got no use for them pretty boys who make their rep boxing at long range like a turnip on the roof with a telescope."

The only thing Gimmick liked astronomical was the take at the box office and you couldn't get that kind of plunder with a Fancy Dan. What the public wants is a slugger who can also take it. A thug with a wide, flat expression. A wild man with nose akimbo who blows his top and goes berserkling until either the other guy or him hears noises in the woodwork.

But none of those intimate riots for Jocko Dell. And that's why all his sparring partners were briefed by Gimmick before taxiing out to the flight deck. "Bust his beezer," he begged, "and there's an extra sawbuck in it for you." The twenty was raised to fifty, a yard and finally five yards. But never was the hand of man deposited in anger on the exquisite profile that was an outline of hysteria for the lady fans at the Garden.

"There ain't nothing wrong with that guy that a busted nose won't cure," Gimmick said to me. "Give me one of those twisted hooks like Kid Gobbins who is so polite he sneezes behind his own ear. You can have them rose-petal champs who look just as pretty falling as any other way."

Gimmick knew what he was beefing about. He tooled Ace O'Dowd along to the title back in the Twitching Twenties when the Ace led with his chin. It wasn't until the Ace's fighting days were over that Gimmick let him light himself to bed with a wax nose. It was Gimmick who jockeyed Jimmy Johns to another title. Jimmy's face never launched a thousand ships. I wouldn't even want to be in the same rowboat with it. But when Jit stuck it in the way of a right c there was nothing to lose. And fi his opponents wore themselves winning and James was the cham

Gimmick made up his mind li bed and slept in it himself. You r knew what was going on behind larcenous pan. But I knew that I nose was going to be broken by h crook or good red herring. Ne wind, rain nor storm could stay G mick on his outdoor rounds whe wanted in.

Gimmick was a pretty fair co fighter himself until he was knc chilly by one of the Twin Sull further back than you'd care tc taxes on. He then broke the alt record for hanging up his glove went in for managing. He had di ered that when you are close en

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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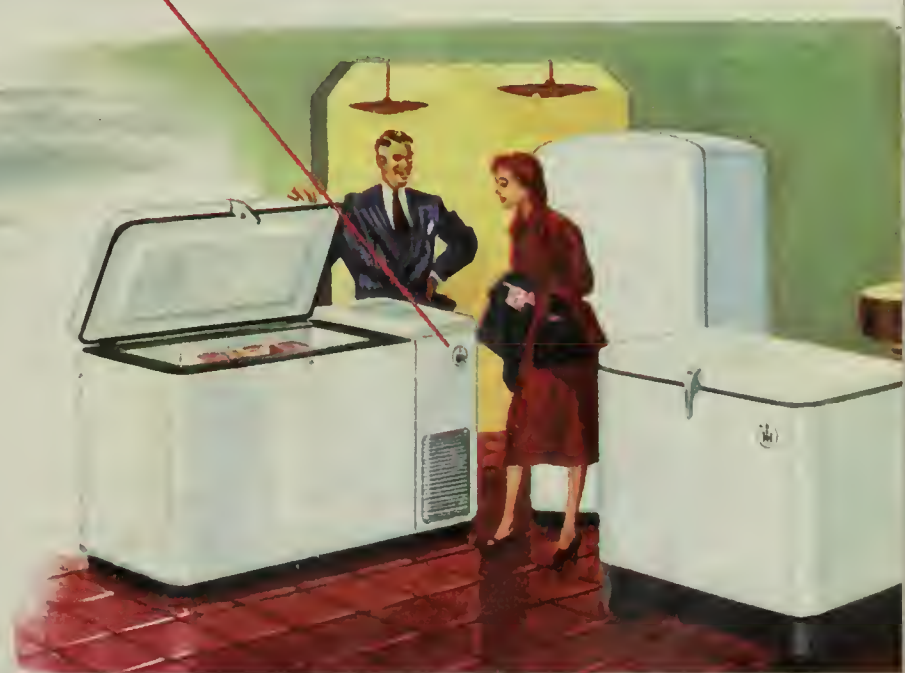

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THE BEST-LAID PLANS

BY ANDREW GEER

When he came to, he saw a girl looking down at him. He tried to rise, but the effort brought such pain he lay still. "Where am I?" he asked

The romance of a man who didn't deserve what happened to him—until it happened

PAT NEALLY awakened with the knowledge that he must shake the city of Sydney. He had lived too long by his instincts to argue the matter; he accepted the feeling as a hunted fox accepts human spoor on a forest trail. Dressing hurriedly, ignoring his extra suit of clothes and his unpaid rent, he slipped through the open window and made for the cobbled street at the head of the alley.

"*Mister* Neally!"

Pat jerked around. "Yes, Mrs. Grimshaw—"

"Mister Neally, you pay up today or I'll lock the door on you—and the window too. D'you hear?"

"Yeah, Mrs. Grimshaw, I hear you." Pat groaned. By this time every grifter in King's Cross would know he was stony, and there was nothing quite so sorry as a stony bookmaker.

Pat turned his back on the shabby landlady standing in the doorway of the shabby boardinghouse, and once around the corner he put a jaunty swing to his step. Ignoring the horsecars, he made his way through back streets and alleys, keeping eyes alert for police, until he came to High Street. He whistled when he saw the weather flags alongside the observatory time ball; it was good sailing weather. But where should he go? America? China? He'd always had an itch in his instep for China—it was said that Korean pony racing in Shanghai was something!

A pound note and fast talk to the mate of the Sea Drone got him workaway passage on the old barkentine to China. Knowing the trip would be a long, thirsty one, Pat skittered across High Street to the Crown and Anchor. He slipped into the darkened back room, ordered a shandygaff and seated himself in a corner. He was halfway through a second shandygaff when Squinch Durkan weaseled into the dim room and took a chair beside him.

"Spider Webbe's babblin' like a brook. He swears you didn't have cover money when you took his bet. The lockup boys just missed you at Miz Grimshaw's. She lodged a charge, too."

"Thanks, Squinch." That was the crimper. He didn't have enough to pay the Spider, and the landlady's complaint was proof he was broke when he took the bet. The law on welshing was plain and brutal—two years in the hemp mill at Darlinghurst! Leaving by the back door, Pat sidled through the alley into the cellar room of the Horn Toad where he spent the day in hiding. . . .

The Sea Drone sailed with the tide at midnight. Outside the Heads she picked up a stout southwester and boiled along with the fume gurgling under her cutwater. The lights from North Head winked goodby and the wind freshened as the old ship slid from under the shade of the land.

Four hundred miles east of Brisbane, the trades swung around and came at them from the northwest. In no time at all the gale grew into a full-fledged Australian burster. The Sea Drone turned and ran before it with just enough canvas showing to tie her bow to her rudder. She lost her mizzen and two men; then her foremast went and the sea anchor parted. In a pitiful state the Sea Drone ran before the storm until she hit a reef that tore her apart and dumped her cargo and humans overboard.

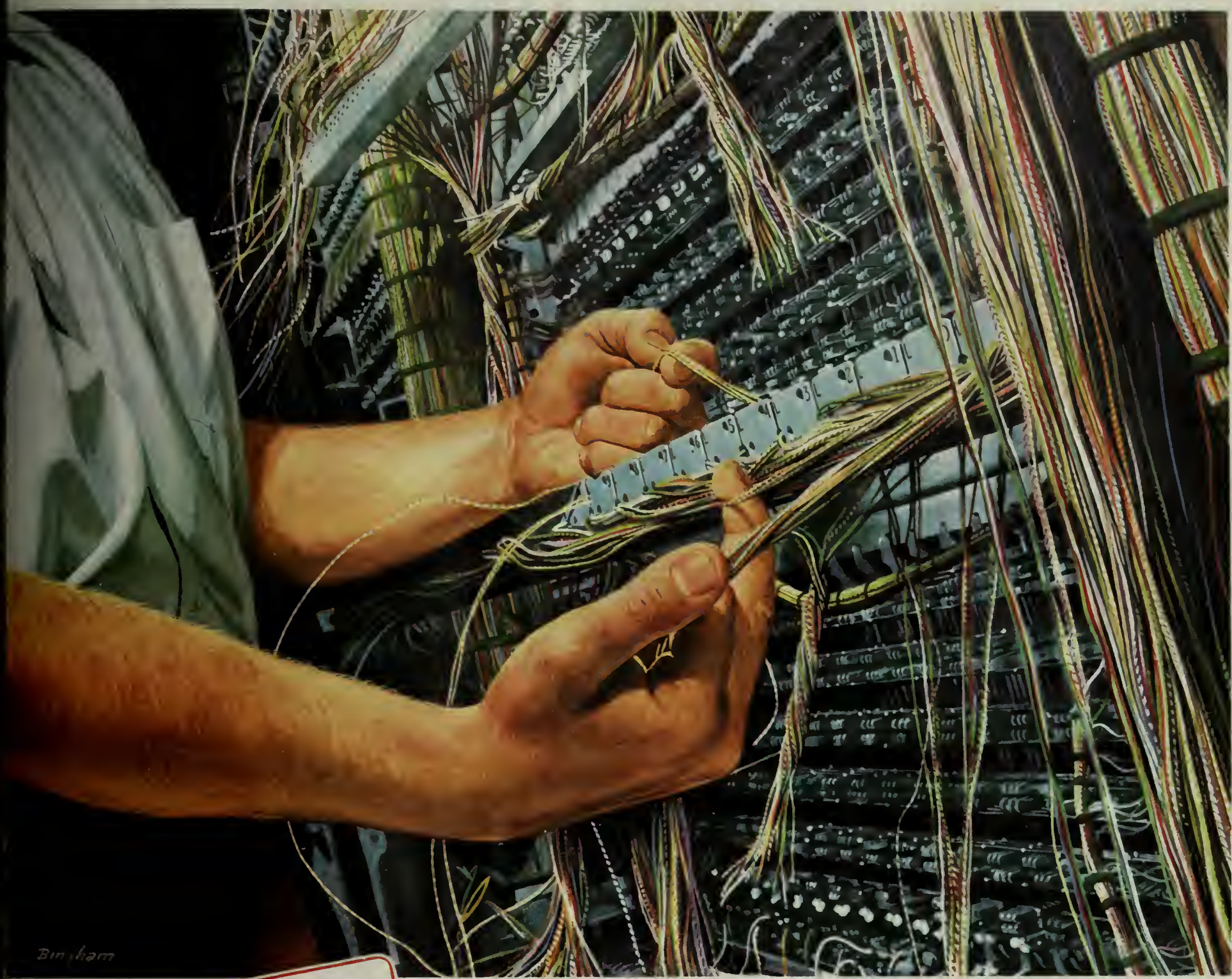
Pat hit the water and went under. He came up fighting and clawing, desperately retching for air. He went under again and as he came up he hit a stunning blow on the shou and side of the head. Clawing a thing that struck him, he found it a hatch cover. He pulled himsel on it, and clung to it with all strength, all the while being bru whipped and beaten by wind and ter. As darkness settled on the ing sea, the cover struck the b with a force that tore him from it threw him into foaming surf. His touched for an instant before he drawn out and under by the viciou tide. Again and again he was thr onto the beach where, for a mon his feet and hands could feel the s but each time he was drawn bacl

Blinded and sick, ready to give he was lifted on another roller hurled shoreward. With feet and churning desperately to gather sp he hit and rolled over and over. G ing and beaten, he crawled from water across a strip of sand, and he felt moss and grass under his h he collapsed, shuddering with sh

When he came to, he saw a girl l ing down at him. He tried to rise the effort brought such pain he

(Continued on page 47)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK



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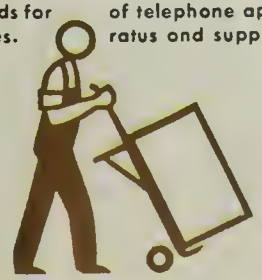

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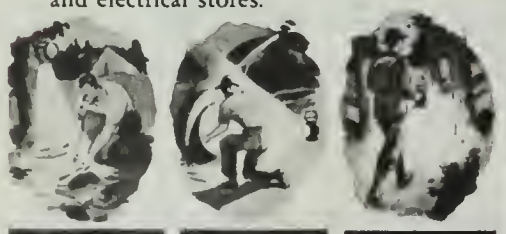

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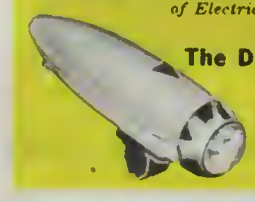

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IT'S HARD TO BE YOUR AGE

BY HANNAH LEES

Becoming an adult is a painful process. No one gets to be entirely mature. But parents who teach their children to grow up well should try to be grown up too

DO YOU ever say, "When I was a boy, I never behaved like that," and believe it? Have you ever said, "If you leave that bike in my way again I'll break it into pieces," and thought you meant it? Do you ever worry what the neighbors will think when Sonny and Sis have a very vocal argument over whose turn it is at the funnies? Have you ever threatened to go home to Mother?

If you know immediately the one word that describes all of those reactions, and especially if you can admit you may have had one or two of them sometime or other, you are in on the important shift that is taking place today in parental attitudes. The word is *childish.*

When most of us were small the all but universal approach to children was: *Father is older and wiser than you, Mother knows best, grownups are—grown up, that's all.*

If Father, after demanding obedience because he was grown up, should have stomped off to town breakfastless when the muffins came in burnt, or if Mother, who knew best too because she was grown up, should have refused to speak to Mrs. Jones for a week after the Joneses' dog had ruined her pet petunia, the children weren't supposed to notice, and the last thing they dared do was call such behavior childish. Father and Mother were grownups, a state of perfection which, if Sonny and Sis did exactly what they were told for a specified number of years, they might hope to attain at say twenty-one, or anyway thirty.

Adults Lack Full Maturity

It doesn't look quite so simple these days. "Scratch an adult and find a child," says Dr. Leon Saul in his recent very readable book, Emotional Maturity, and this expresses one idea, perhaps the only idea, all modern psychologists, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts are agreed on. Nobody is entirely mature; nobody is mature all the time. We may spend our lives working toward maturity, which is not a bad way to spend a life, but we will never quite get there. And the first place our immaturity is likely to show, and the last place we're likely to acknowledge it, is in our relations with our children.

Everybody, no matter how precocious he is, is born completely helpless, and because he's helpless he's completely dependent on the people around him. Growing up is the process of learning not to be dependent and to enjoy independence; to get pleasure out of using our abilities, and being useful and having other people dependent on us. But it's a slow, painful process, and in every one of us there is still some hidden yearning for the good old days of infantile helplessness when we were cuddled and fed and protected.

A great many of us, either because we weren't allowed to enjoy being a baby enough when we were babies and still hunger for it, or because we were allowed to enjoy it too long and hate to give it up, still have a very big yearning for that happy state of helpless dependence. We try to cover it up, but it's there all the same. And why not? Being an adult is hard, even frightening work, especially today when we no longer have Queen Victoria or Franklin Roosevelt to tell us what to do, and when each new scientific discovery makes God seem to be increasingly abstract.

Do you think you recognize childish dependence when you run into it? It's not easy. A woman I know of who is working with a psychoanalyst on this business of becoming mature came to his office in a bad state one day. Psychoanalysis, incidentally, when you strip it down to the buff, is merely a way of learning to be grown up and enjoy it, learning to understand one's childishness and to use it where it will do good instead of harm.

Her son was hopelessly irresponsible, the woman moaned. She had made a dentist appointment for him and planned to drive him to the eight thirty-seven train to keep it. At eight twenty-five he had come around and waked her and told her he was ready. He ought to have allowed her more time and she had told him so—she had told him plenty. What was worse, after she had hurried and got dressed, planning to take him to the next train which wouldn't have made him so very late, she couldn't find him. He was off playing with the boys. What could you do in a case like that?

Well, you could admit that you had been just a bit irresponsible too, she granted after talking it over. But not to your child. Children couldn't grow up thinking their parents hadn't any more sense than they had, could they?

You bet they can, and they do, a lot more often than parents have any idea. This woman finally went home and told her son she thought perhaps they'd both been irresponsible and might both try to do better—a milestone on the way to maturity. Smart parents always know when they act like children, and admit it judiciously. But there can be pitfalls in this business of confessing your failures. It's very tempting to wallow in guilt.

Once, after I'd been particularly stupid, I was embracing my nine-year-old and murmuring how sorry I was that I wasn't a better mother.

"You know, Mommy," my d ter said, pulling back a little, you talk like this," and she m my crocodile tears, the brat, "it me all squirmy."

Smart girl. Mommy wasn't ho admitting a mistake, Momm asking to be comforted and pro against her own sense of failure a baby.

It isn't popular to think of conscience—that quality which posed to set man apart from th animals—in terms of childish de ence, but let's do it anyway minute. A small child's consci a hundred per cent dependent. are right or wrong only in te whether Father and Mother wi or frown. That makes sense.

Whose Standards of Condu

Junior is only going to learn pull the dog's tail, not to come with other kids' toys, and to t truth, by means of our appro disapproval. But a time ought to when he decides what's righ what's wrong, not by someone standards but by his own. An ing number of people over twen never come to that.

I know a very intelligent w of forty who is also very restless has three children and a big hou they don't use up quite all her e She keeps wanting a job. Re she was offered one and tur down, not because it would tal away from the children at times they needed her, which would been a reasonable decision, b cause of what her mother thou

"I'd have liked to take it," sh "but *Mother* didn't think I ou She says I'm a bad enough keeper as it is." By solving the lem on that basis this forty-ye was at once leaning on and sti to feel rebellious against Moth she had decided it on its own she'd have had no one to pa buck to. She would have had content with whatever course s cided on. That may be one why maturity and contentment often spoken of in the same bre

It's hard for any child to gr with much independence if his r doesn't smoke or doesn't let hi bubble gum just because *her* r thinks it isn't nice, or if his is in a dither to get to the off time because he is scared of th rather than because he has work Yet, of course, we all have re like that and have them often.

The radio makes the most though, I suspect, unconsciousl ten to Dagwood and Blondie.

Enchanting...

These Twin Triumphs in Tone Yours Only in Zenith

The Amazing Cobra Tone Arm–

Invented by Zenith, perfected by Zenith, and found in no other radio at *any* price! Entirely different, the Cobra reproduces records on a Radionic Wave. Brings out tone beauty unheard before... Erases *all* annoying scratch, vibration... Keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays, by actual test... So superior that over 700 AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records! And Zenith's Silent-Speed Record Changer gently, swiftly changes 10 and 12 inch records *intermixed.*

Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM–

gives glorious new fidelity... freedom from static... and sharp non-fade tuning, not possible with imitation FM. And this improved *kind* of FM is yours on *both* FM bands—to protect you against any future changes in FM wave lengths. What's more, the FM aerial is built-in... just plug in and play! You also enjoy the famous Radiorgan Tone Control and many other "exclusives" for Zenith tone perfection in *every* kind of radio program.

COPR. 1948, ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION

New Zenith "Regent," shown closed above, open at right. Walnut finish radio-phonograph. Cobra Tone Arm. Intermix record changer. FM on *both* bands. Standard Broadcast. Radiorgan Tone Control. Wavemagnet. Big Concert Grand Speaker. **$275***

** West Coast prices slightly higher.*
All prices subject to change without further notice.

ZENITH RADIO

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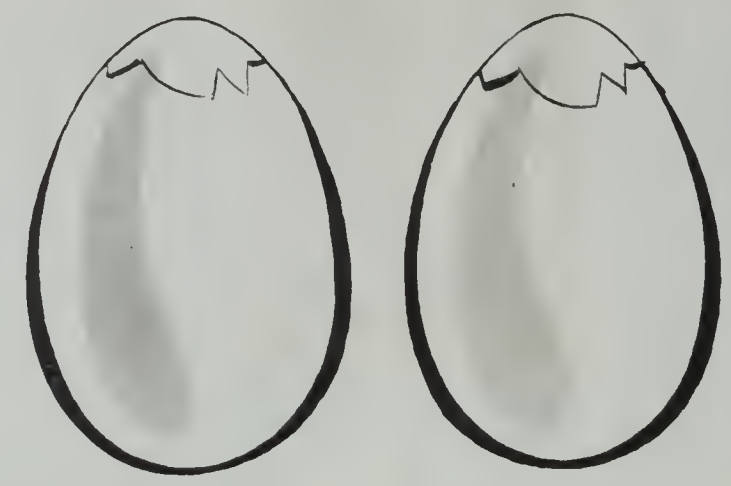
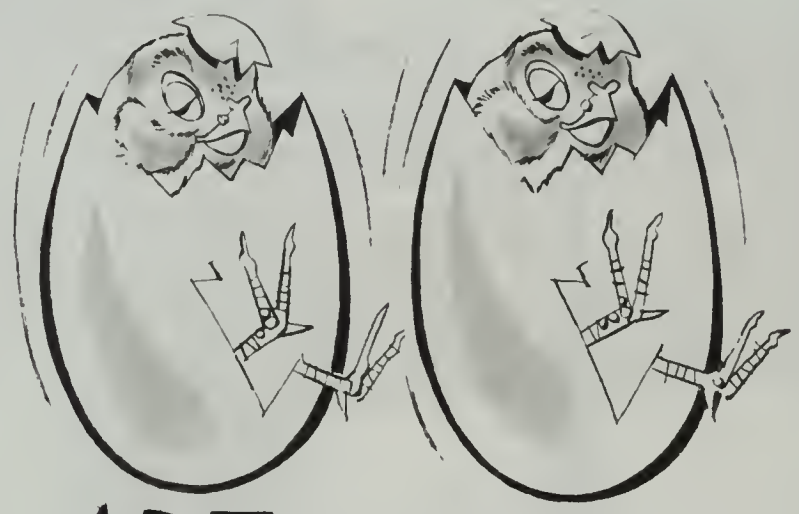
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

Zenith Challenges Comparison!
Your radio dealer invites you to compare tone, performance, beauty, durability—before you buy *any* radio. See and hear the features exclusive with Zenith, and you'll agree—*no other compares with a Zenith!* 43 models, from $26.95 to $675.*

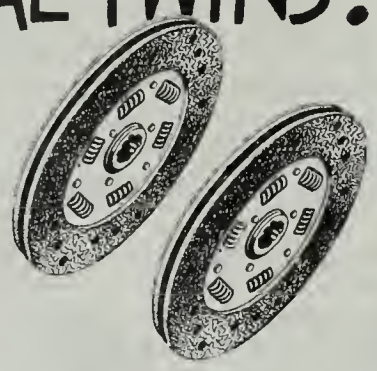


They **LOOK** alike...



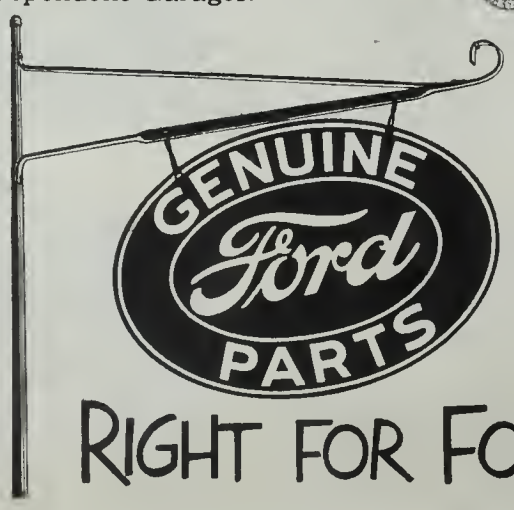
They **ARE** alike...

They're **IDENTICAL TWINS!**



• When your Ford needs a new part, be sure it's a Genuine Ford Part. Then you'll know it's an identical twin of the part built into your Ford at the factory. Genuine Ford Parts are made right to fit right and last longer. That saves you time and money and adds to your Ford's life. Look for the Genuine Ford Parts sign at all Ford Dealers and selected Independent Garages.

Look for this Sign



RIGHT FOR FORDS

wood is motivated from start to finish by fear of his boss and fear of Blondie. He is younger, emotionally, than I would like my ten-year-old to be. That's why millions love him. Laughing at him, they are really laughing at the Dagwood in themselves, and when they go to work on Monday morning they are a little less afraid of the boss because of it.

Another baby trick our consciences play on us is to set impossible goals for ourselves. When we are small we are never going to lose our tempers, we are never going to tell a lie, we are going to be perfect so Mother will always smile at us. This is not possible, of course. As we get older, perfection doesn't look quite so practical, but we often keep on setting impossible goals, partly, psychologists say, so we won't have to live up to them.

When Mr. Wilson swears, on New Year's Eve, that he won't be cross to the little woman once all the coming year, then the first time he loses his temper he can say, "Well, I've failed," and abandon the project. But if he had just resolved to be nicer, an entirely possible project, he would have had to work at it all year. When Mrs. Wilson, having trouble zipping her dinner dress, resolves not to touch bread or potatoes or dessert till she has lost ten pounds, that's because if she just cut out one of those delicacies she might have to stick to it.

When Discouragement Results

It works the same way when we set goals for our children that are too high. If we expect Willy to be top boy in his class and he really isn't equal to being top boy, he may just stop working. Then we tell him he's being childish and irresponsible not even to try. But we are the childish ones for setting standards we know he can't live up to.

This ties right in with another aspect of maturity—seeing things the way they really are. Growing up is almost bound to be a long series of disappointments from a child's point of view. The world doesn't turn out to be the way we want it. Nothing, including ourselves, is as wonderful as we would like it to be. Nobody, not even Mother, can think we are as wonderful as we want to be thought. When little children don't like the way life is they can escape into a world of make-believe. Grownups can't, at least not for long.

Parents who don't see things pret much as they are can make life very co fusing for their groping children. M Smith is almost certain, now and then, remind her children they aren't the o people in the world. We all have to t our children that. Yet if she meets M Brown at market and Mrs. Brow doesn't speak to her she may be unhapp all day.

Mrs. Smith wants to be important Mrs. Brown so badly that she assum she must be. Being the center of her ow small world, Mrs. Smith automatical assumes she is also the center of M Brown's.

So if Mrs. Brown didn't speak, M Brown must have been deliberately rud It couldn't have been that she was t worried about the price of beef to not anyone, even Mrs. Smith.

So Mrs. Smith tells her husband about the slight at dinner, and the liste ing children, if they are smart, begin wonder how reliable Mother's reactio are. If they are not so smart they beg to see the world as a place where anyo may deliberately be mean to you at a minute.

To children things are either black white, good or bad. When you are the sweetest mother and the most wo derful father in the world, you are t meanest person they know. Growing ought to include the not too painful d covery that most things are partly go and partly bad, that life is seldom *either/or* proposition. But we oft aren't much help to our kids when comes to getting them to see that.

A mother who has known a number heels in her early days may tell h daughter that no man is to be truste Well, some men aren't to be trusted, b if Mother says this often enough b daughter may never let herself find o that a lot of men *are* good. A man w once had a dishonest partner, or wh own father was untrustworthy, m teach his son never to trust anyone a turn him into a defensive, suspicio adolescent.

Sometimes, giving lip service to m turity, we decide not to say *all* and ma it *most*—most men are heels, most pe ple aren't to be trusted—but this does let us out, if at heart we are childis still separating the sheep from the go and thinking in terms of *all*. How oft when you think you are trying to bri your children up with the right set

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLD

COLLIER'S

"Th' man had another—a much larger diamond—but he said it has an evil curse on it"

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Behind the locked doors of Burroughs' physical, chemical and testing laboratories some very significant research is going on.

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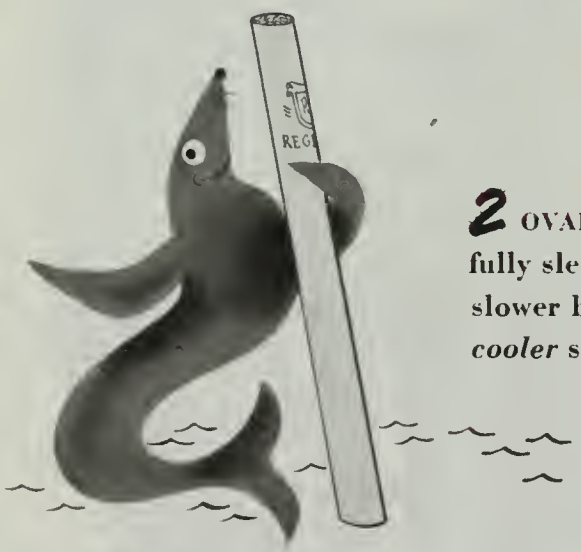
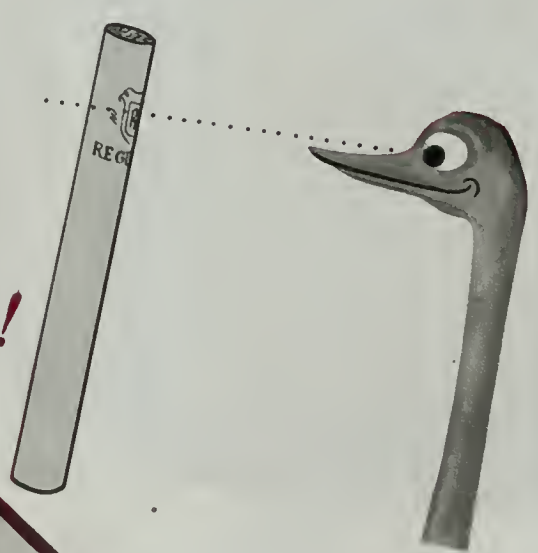
that's extra!

AT NO EXTRA COST

1 CRUSH-PROOF BOX . . . to keep your Regents fresh, firm and fit from one through twenty— *that's extra!*



2 OVAL SHAPED . . . to make it gracefully slender and to give you a slower burning, *cooler* smoke . . . *that's extra!*



3 20% LONGER . . . King Size to give you one-fifth *more* smoothly pleasant smoking enjoyment— *that's extra!*

4 MULTIPLE-BLENDED . . . an exclusive process which brings you the world's choicest tobacco in perfect flavor balance— *that's extra!*

REGENT

Popular Price . . . they cost no more than ordinary cigarettes.

values, are you really just filling them with your own childish *either/or* prejudices?

A common reaction among parents is the feeling that children must follow the same patterns of thinking and behavior *we* always have. This is kid stuff again. In the first place, when the children branch off into the ways of their own they are criticizing our way of living. They are saying in effect, "I don't like the way you did it, Pop," and that hurts our childish pride. In the second place they are stirring up our childish insecurity. What we have tried and know about, however badly it has worked, is apt to seem safe to us. Anything we don't know, whether it's a job in South America or just a new social philosophy, may, we feel, get Sonny or Sis into terrible trouble, we feel.

Childishly we are trying to hold them back where we can see them—just as we used to cling to Mother to keep her from going out the nursery door. It takes a lot of maturity in parents to let their children grow up to be independent individuals.

It takes an appreciation of long-term values, too. Psychiatrists talk a good deal about long-term and short-term values when they discuss emotional maturity. When a three-year-old wants to eat all his lollipops at once, that's a short-term value. When he decides, at maybe seven or eight, that he will eat one a day until they are gone he's working toward long-term values. When a glamor girl gets married she's giving up the short-term fun of dating a different man every night for the long-term satisfaction of a responsible life with one person.

When a man wants the mature pleasure of getting a certain job done he's apt to have to give up a lot of poker parties and golf matches while he's working at it. Grownups are apt automatically to assume they live that way. But mothers often sacrifice the long-term satisfaction of seeing their children grow up to take responsibility when they give in to the short-term satisfaction of letting them have whatever they yell for. Fathers often sacrifice the long-term satisfaction of their children's companionship and affection when they say, "I'm tired, I can't be bothered."

Grownups' Infantilism Is Normal

None of this is by way of saying that grownups should try never to be childish. We all have to reckon with the baby in us and even pamper him a good deal if we don't want him to yell and kick when we least expect it. We all have to be childish. That's why the comics are such a success, and the movies, and chewing gum, and baseball. And certainly liquor. None of those things could be called entirely mature pleasure. Even Shakespeare and a Beethoven symphony may be escapes from the reality of adult responsibilities.

The whole point of recreation, from softball to community singing, is that it can let us express our childish longings and needs in ways that are constructive or at least not destructive. It's a good idea to get to know the baby in us—he's there even in a six-foot, sixty-year-old college president—and not let that baby hit out at our kids.

Or if we do let it happen, as we are bound to now and then, we must recognize and admit that the baby took over for a while.

A very successful businessman I met at a party last week said casually, "Did I get hell on Sunday. I was kind of hungover at breakfast and I didn't laugh in the right place and my son said, 'Look, Dad, every night all week you come home tired from the factory. Okay, you've worked hard all day. We can take it if you're nasty then. But do you have to be a stinker on Sunday too?' "

When I asked the man what he said to that he laughed: "What could I say? probably be a stinker again, but I not to."

Now that's progress. Not that father is a stinker, but that he recognize his son's right to judge and tell him about it. All he had that Sunday morning was childish ar knew it.

How about you? How often do snarl at your kids just because you tired? What do you call it when snarl at you?

Do you ever cut short a wail by sa "All right, all right, you can have other piece of candy?" Why do suppose you do?

Have you ever said, "When I w boy I never left my clothes around told a lie, or was rude to my moth Could *that* possibly be childish dreaming?

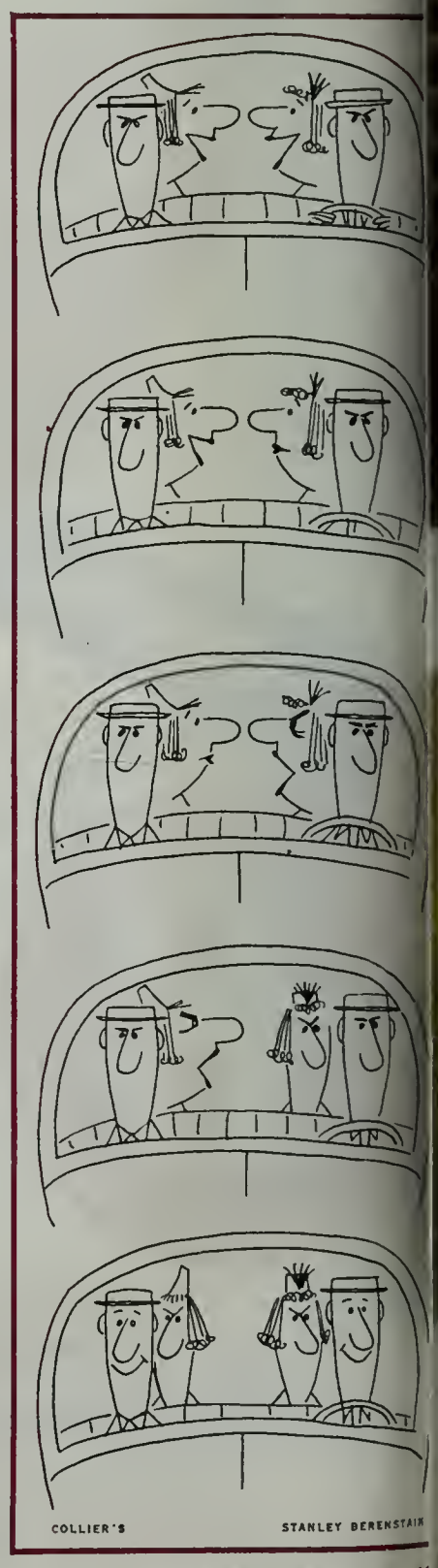
Have you ever said, "If you leave bike in my way again (or that trai those galoshes) I'll chuck them in trash?" And if you have, what made talk that way?

Do you ever worry about what neighbors will think when Sonny an argue loudly over whose turn it is at funnies? What makes you worry?

Have you ever threatened to go h to Mother where perhaps once more could be petted and sheltered like a b

And if you find this whole subject tremely annoying, what do you sup makes you feel that way?

THE END



"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS

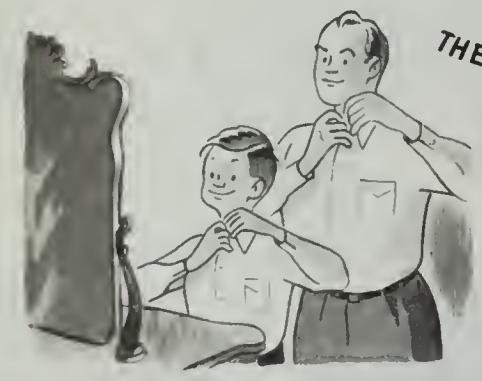
"ESSIE"

"It was June . . . there was music, moonlight . . . I wore 'Moment Supreme'—and he wore an Essley Shirt!"

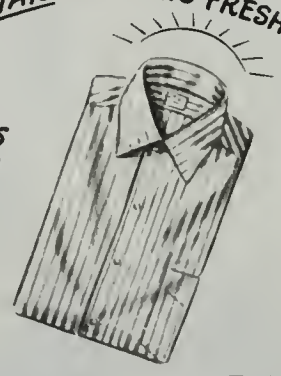
AH! MOMENT SUPREME! The moment you don an Essley shirt! And, ah!—The TruBenized* collar that *can't* crumple, *won't* wilt—keeps crisp without starch!

ROMANTIC EVENINGS, let Essley do your serenading! Let its full, free cut make the most of your shoulders and chest—and the *least* of your waist!

THE COLLAR THAT STAYS MORNING-FRESH!



It's ESSLEY'S TruBenized Collar!



JUST LIKE DAD'S! Essley "Bruxton Prep" shirts, specifically styled for boys, are man-tailored right up to the TruBenized collars. From **$2.25.**

BRING OUT THE best in you—wear Essley shirts! Exclusive patterns, new colors and collar styles. Sanforized. Most men's models **$3.25, $3.50, $3.95, $4.95.**

ESSLEY SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR PAJAMAS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

©Essley Shirt Co., Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y. C. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ANTI-SEMANTICISM

MY DEAR TED SHANE: You old semanticist, you!: Depositing my pygarg in the ssstenо's chair (she's out for lunch) I take my calligraph in hand to express my delighted admiration for the $64 word you used (The Week's Work) in describing a certain aspect of the posteriorly posturing pulchritude displayed (—and how—) on your Feb. 7th cover. Please excuse typographical error above. My other finger ssometimes ssseemsss to ssstutter on the esssess.

RETLAW DRAC, La Crosse, Wis.

BRING BACK THE CCC

DEAR SIRS: Two articles in the Feb. 21st issue, Desert Empire by Jim Marshall and Corey Ford's "Brownfield's Still Here" both serve to present a case for the late Civilian Conservation Corps that was so gleefully decimated by our negationist congressmen. The CCC acting as a trained corps of fire fighters, and their splendid work in building fire trails and removing fire hazards did much to prevent such disaster as came to Brownfield and Bar Harbor, Maine. Their outstanding work in Death Valley and the desert region in general is well known to anyone living here.

It is regrettable that this splendid service was destroyed, when it gave so many youngsters an opportunity to get out of the poolrooms. F. M. COTTLE, Westend, Cal.

HE'D REUTHER BE RIGHT—

DEAR EDITOR: I am not entirely certain whether Walter Reuther (How to Beat the Communists, Feb. 28th) leans toward democracy, Communism or autocracy. From the article one could surmise that he is playing both ends against the middle.

Of course, it could be that Mr. Reuther is just plain kicking his political football into line, and doesn't really care which goal posts his pigskin goes between so long as it pays dividends in the end.

DAN S. DEAVER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Now that you have had Reuther tell how to combat Communism, see if you can get him to write one telling how to combat Socialism? Wanner bet?

LEON V. ALMIRALL, Denver, Colo.

. . . Reuther's article could have been more appropriately titled How to Become President of a Union. One gains the impression that he is more interested in the value of Communist techniques than in combating Communist ideology.

RAY MARS SIMPSON, Evanston, Ill.

MAYHEM ON ICE

DEAR SIR: Hannibal Coons' Hot-Sun Hockey (Feb. 28th) gives the impression the New Westminster team is composed of wild hillbillies. Actually they are representative of city and farm boys of average scholastic standing. If he meant we play hockey rough in Canada, it's true. We don't play it parlor pink. He should see a New Westminster *lacrosse* team beating it out on a Saturday night at the Arena over a fighting Vancouver team.

RANDALL INGELBY,
New Westminster, B. C., Canada

COLLIER'S CATCH

DEAR COLLIER'S: I think you will be pleased to know that there have been good results from our article Yankee Fish Famine (Dec. 7, '46). First, the fishing fleet in New England was enjoined from destroying fish and limiting catches; this had a good effect on the price of fish. Second, I have been invited by the State Department to assist in the preparation of the suggested treaty for the conservation of the fisheries. If it goes through, this will be a pretty monument for Collier's at which posterity may gaze with gratitude.

EDMUND GILLIGAN, Bearsville, N. Y.

GIFT OF GRAB

GENTLEMEN: I take sharp issue with y editorial of March 6th, In Internati Common Sense, on how to deal w Russia. Russia understands or cares nothing but superior power and mil strength.

They have long ago set their course, anybody who is fool enough to think the Bolsheviks do not intend to keep purpose and pledge to Bolshevize the wo will have a ruder awakening than we ready have had.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WILL
Baltimore,

. . . Why not send Wallace to Russia w authority to make a treaty with S whereby trade can be carried on wi changing either nation's political ph phy? At least Wallace would have a ch to prove he is big enough to be dent of these United States.

E. L. M., Rock Island,

WHAT'S IN A NIM$?

SIRRAH: That Jason Hazard (Jason ard's Swim, by Walter Havighurst, 28th) certainly is a reckless, fly-by-n spendthrift. He went aboard the Walk the-Water after loading his raft fu wood, and left the raft adrift in Lake E Then he ordered a new broadcloth suit a checkered vest in Buffalo and didn't there long enough for it to be deliv And sprang aboard the steamer for th turn trip without paying his hotel bill. wait till the National Hotel Associa catches up with him! He'll have to m to the Thousand Islands, and keep mo from one to the other.

ABRACADABRA NIMS, 1st Vice-Presi in Charge of Disa & Data, Nims N Nims Nim$ & Nims, Evanston,

Collier's begs leave to list the remai Nimses, Human Interest Hucksters: Whiz Nims, 3d Vice-President in Char Soap Operas; Whims O. Nims, 5th President in Charge of Ad-Libbing; Nutz Nims, 7th Vice-President in Ch of a Keeper; C. Harry Nims, Execu Vice-President in Charge of Everything

TIME SLIDES ON

GENTLEMEN: Your February 28th co shows a girl sliding down a baluster "s saddle" fashion—and after all these yea learn that I used to go down the wrong w

PETER WITECK, Milwaukee,

. . . You mean that girls go down sidesad —and that we men were sissies? . . .

BILL WEINBERGER, New York, N.

. . . Could you tell me where I can fin balustrade to ride when I grow nosta for my youth?

HARRIET WILLIS, Washington, D

Take a good look at *TODAY'S* Kodak Folding Camera

Kodak Vigilant *f*/6.3 Camera makes brilliant pictures in daylight, exciting "flash" shots at night... both in black-and-white and in full color. (For "flash" you hitch on a Kodak Flasholder, as illustrated.)

Handy camera to carry, simple to operate. Gives you big pictures. Kodak Anastigmat *f*/6.3 Lens, precise shutter. $36.50 *plus tax.* Kodak Flasholder, $9.50 *plus tax* ...at your dealer's. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodacolor snapshots, 2¼ x 4³⁄₁₆

Black-and-white snapshots, 2¼ x 3¼

(Sizes apply to both cameras shown on this page)

Also see

Kodak Vigilant Junior Camera. $17.50 *plus tax.* Easy to use. Dependable fixed-focus lens, accurate shutter. Makes black-and-white and full-color snapshots. For "flash" you use the new Kodak Photo Flasher (shown beside camera). $1.25 *plus tax.*

The supply situation . . . Though Kodak is making more cameras and film than ever before, the demand is greater too. Keep in touch with your Kodak dealer.

(Prices subject to change without notice)

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Kodak

MAGIC IN THE GARDEN

BY CARL MOLITOR

The most beautiful vegetables in the world can be conjured up in a hydroponic garden by a few flourishes with a sprinkling can

THE old-style magician, with his pulling live rabbits and silk handkerchiefs out of his big top hat, has nothing on the hydroponic gardener. This new performer, frequently costumed in a house dress, requires more time but uses simpler props—an old wooden box and a shovelful of gravel.

The new routine is simple. The box is placed within reach of the sun. Seeds are sown in the clean gravel, and the grower sprinkles the surface with a solution of quite commonplace chemical salts in plain water. Growth is usually a third faster in this solution than it is in soil. The plants can be spaced many times closer and will bear with supreme luxuriance.

It isn't just a parlor trick. The same methods are used to create complete back-yard gardens and commercial truck gardens of all sizes. The U.S. Army's tremendous "tank farms" in Japan, which are supplying fresh vegetables every day to thousands of G.I.s, are hydroponic farms.

Hydroponics, which means approximately "water at work," is simply a variation of Nature's oldest magic. It isn't really very new. Soil-grown plants require watering, as everyone knows. The real purpose of the water, whether it is in the form of rain or coming from the watering can, is the dissolving out of the soil of the mineral salts on which all plants feed. Nourishment is taken from the solution through the roots. Plants are strictly soup-eaters and cannot absorb food in any other form.

More than a hundred years ago a French scientist figured this out and proved it in his laboratory. He made plants grow in clear water in which soil had been previously soaked. From this achievement it was only a few logical steps to today's technique.

Take an empty cigar box, punch one or more holes in the bottom for drainage, fill it with clean, rather fine gravel, and you have your garden bed. Seed it with whatever you wish, give it a southern exposure and begin feeding operations. It is really best to have just one drain hole so that a container can be placed under it to catch the plant-food solution as it runs out, for this can be used over indefinitely.

Formulas for mixing chemical plant food can be obtained from the agricultural departments of many states, and the ingredients are available through wholesale drug firms. Or you can buy complete, ready-mixed plant food in packages. In any case, the mixture is in powder form, ready to be dissolved in ordinary water. A little goes a long way.

Keep the gravel moist until the seeds sprout. After that, sprinkle twice a day. Soon you will have to thin out the seedlings. If you or your neighbors have soil gardens, that box will provide a large supply of the healthiest, sturdiest, most easily transplantable little vegetable, fruit or flower plants you could possibly obtain.

Unless you are very hard up for space, the chances are you will soon lay plans for a larger garden. D. J. Clinton of Miami, Florida, a gardener of no experience whatever, set up two boxes, each 30 by 54 inches, at a convenient no-stooping height, and planted a variety of seeds in the five inches of clean gravel they held. This gave him a garden nine feet long and two and a half feet wide. A pound of powdered chemical salts mixed in a gallon jug of water formed his "stock" plant food solution, measured out as needed at the rate of one ounce to a gallon of water in a sprinkling can.

"Five weeks after the planting," Clinton reports, "we were picking string beans so tender we hardly took the trouble to cook them. The first cucumbers were ripe on the vines in 36 days; the first tomatoes, which started as seedlings, were fat, red, and ready in 64 days. They were the most delicious tomatoes ever eaten."

Whether you have a green thumb or not, results like this are the usual thing in soilless growing, and a little analysis will show why. To begin with, the food solution contains all the ingredients needed for ideal growth. Most soil lacks some of these, which have to be added in the form of fertilizer. Your scientific soup is far better in digestive and nutritional qualities than Mother Nature's home brew, and it is fed to the plants on a regular schedule instead of by Nature's catch-as-catch-can tactics that sometimes produce long droughts or violent rainstorms.

The feeding consists merely of flooding the beds with the solution and then immediately draining them. Since the plants grow in loose gravel rather than close-packed soil the liquid sucks air behind it down to the roots where it is most needed. This eliminates the cultivating with fork or trowel that makes old-fashioned gardening both a chore and a bore. The vital job of aerating is done much more throughly this way, and climate is not an essential factor.

It took many years to get this garden magic into the home. The reason is that a complete plant food contains a pretty imposing list of chemicals—nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, potassium, calcium, iron, magnesium, boron, manganese, copper, zinc and a few others. The early scientific viewpoint was that each species of plant needed a different combination of chemicals and this led to a limitless number of prescriptions that kept soilless growing in the laboratory for many decades.

The lid came off more or less by accident during World War II, when the U.S. Army's Biltmore Hospital near Miami, Florida, built a hydroponic garden as a recreation project for convalescents in 1943. Lacking both the scientific knowledge and supplies, hospital gardeners tried growing all kinds of plants together in the same bed, fed with the same chemical solution. Everything grew so well that the Army presently established large farms to provide fresh vegetables on soilless rock piles like Ascension Island and Iwo Jima.

As soon as materials became available after the war Floridians who had marveled at the Biltmore project took up soilless truck farming for profit. Today there are dozens of tank farms in southern Florida, some of them right in the middle of large cities.

At least $2,000,000 has been invested in these installations, which consist of a series of concrete beds poured on the ground, rather like sidewalks with rims around them. Each bed is usually about 100 feet long, 2 to 4 feet wide and 6 to 8 inches deep. A central storage tank holds enough solution to flood all the beds, with which it is connected by a series of flumes. A single valve controls flow of the liquid to the beds, and an electric pump transfers it back to the tank. This whole process takes less than half an hour at most farms.

Commercial farms vary from half a dozen beds, beside the owner's house, to huge developments. One, which already represents an investment of nearly $300,000, is still growing and has an ultimate goal of 150,000 lineal feet of beds. Most of the growers specialize in tomatoes and cucumbers, with strawberries a fast-coming third. Superiority in appearance and flavor brings premium prices. As a business, commercial hydroponic growing is still too new to have become clearly defined as to its possibilities. Some people have hit the jack pot with it, and their number is steadily increasing. Others have not been so lucky.

But there is no gamble in household hydroponics, and its spread has been fast and wide.

Where the new magic may lead is beyond anybody's calculation. Every household with a yard, roof, window sill or fire escape can have a garden. The whole may add up to a new food supply that would be enormous enough to change entire price structures. Perhaps in another generation we shall see a new and better people, marked with the sturdy virtues of the soil tiller but unmarked by horny hands and grimy fingernails. ★★★

DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS

To the 141,000 men whose birthday is tomorrow . . .

Happy Birthday and HAPPY SHAVING

Give him a **REMINGTON**
It's the thoughtful gift. Every man likes a clean shave that's easy on his face.

ES LUCKY MEN—many of them, will own Remington Electric Shaver tomorrow. Those , will then know what "Happy Shaving" neans!

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"Ever see such a man?"

"Such a *wonderful* man!

"Of course, it annoys me the way he gulps his coffee on the run, and zooms out of here almost every morning like a rocket in high . . . and there are lots of chores around the house that he never seems to get done.

"But I must admit he doesn't let the important things slide. Take our financial security for example. Just last night he told me that he had arranged things so I could always count on a regular monthly income, even if something happened to him.

"Seems he learned about Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service, that makes it easy to provide family protection without ruining our budget. Best of all, Bill says 'Insured Income' means a comfortable retirement for both of us some day.

"Do you wonder I'm proud of him?"

* * *

Husbands who haven't made their "first million" prefer Mutual Life's "Insured Income" Service because it builds intelligently on the assets you already have . . . your Social Security benefits and present life insurance.

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SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—Find out now how much Social Security may benefit you. If you reside in the United States, mail coupon for explanation of Social Security. You'll also receive a handy file to keep official records you, or your wife, may need later to collect benefits without costly delay.

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HOME ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION.....

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR "G. I." LIFE INSURANCE!

FISHERMAN'S PROF

Continued from page 18

most of the power exerted at about eleven on the mythical clock. The follow-through should have the rod tip pointing to the spot where the fly is expected to drop.

It's well, Harvey says, to aim the cast a foot or two above the spot so the fly will not slap the water, but will, instead, settle lightly to the surface.

At thirty-five George Harvey is as enthusiastic about fishing as he was when he caught his first trout at the age of six. During the past twelve years he has been astream literally most of each open season. He spouts facts and figures about fishing without hesitation, and not in a cut and dried classroom lecture tone.

"There are twenty million fishermen in the country today," he says with enthusiasm. "It's the greatest participation sport in the United States." He pulls figures out of the air. "Why, in 1940 alone, four billion dollars was spent for sports and athletics, and fishing led them all with one billion, two hundred million. And that wasn't spent just by men, either, because women are equally interested. In fact, it's easier to teach women how to cast because they are relaxed. Men always want to put more power into their casts."

Sue Follows in Dad's Footsteps

His prize woman student is his daughter Sue, who, at six, has been tying flies for three and a half years.

"She puts on quite a show and can tie a common hackle fly in about three minutes," George says, with a grin. "And she's started to cast. She does pretty well, too."

George Harvey began to tie trout flies himself when he was ten. During his undergraduate days he kept himself in spending money tying flies, averaging about $150 a year. It was during that time he organized an extracurricular class in fly tying and believes it w first one of its kind in the world. H an enrollment of 35, including pr sors, instructors and townspeople State College.

He still ties flies in the winter averages about 100 dozen a year he has sold for from five to nine d a dozen.

Lately, however, he has been so with his classes he hardly finds t tie all he needs for himself. Several ago he set a personal record w dozen. He ties from eight to a doze flies an hour or about two doze flies during that same length of t

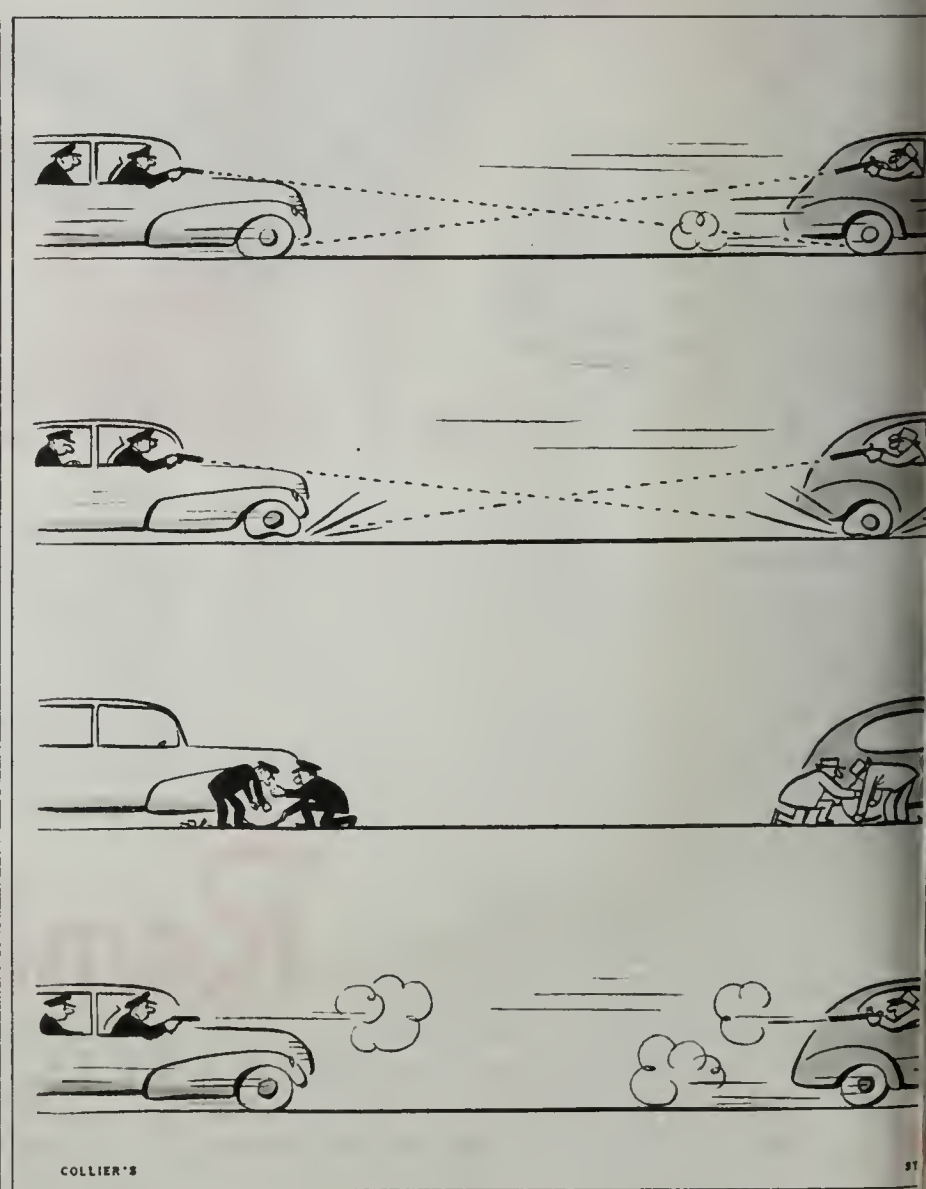
The dry fly, because it is to fl top of the water, has two or three hackles that stand out. With the w the hackle is tied back so it will a water which will weight it enou drag it under the surface.

George Harvey is himself a gra of Penn State, where he captained track and cross-country teams in his freshman and senior years, w three letters in cross-country and t track. He ran the half mile, mile, mile, and five mile and lost only races in dual competition in those years. After spending seven years o Forestry School staff, he returne Penn State in 1942 as a member o physical education staff. For three during the war he coached track cross-country. But fishing was his g est form of recreation and he wa lighted at the chance to teach the c for credit.

Because of the classes, he missed days in the streams during the first of the 1947 season than he did dur of 1946.

"That's the only thing that bothe about teaching the classes," he says a wry smile. "It cuts into my f time."

THE END



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NEW CHEVROLET 4-SPEED SYNCHRO-MESH TRUCK TRANSMISSIONS

ompletely new, Chevrolet-developed ynchro-Mesh transmission in heavy-duty odels assures truck users of unparalleled w ease and efficiency in truck operation!

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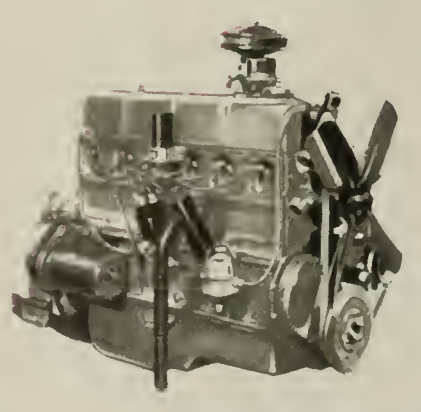
Unrivaled new convenience and ease of operation in Advance-Design models with 3-speed transmission. Gearshift is mounted on the steering column to provide new efficiency on every hauling job!

NEW FOOT-OPERATED PARKING BRAKE

Here's a revolutionary new feature of Advance-Design models with 3-speed transmission. The new Chevrolet foot-operated parking brake provides safer, more efficient braking, plus new, clear, floor area!



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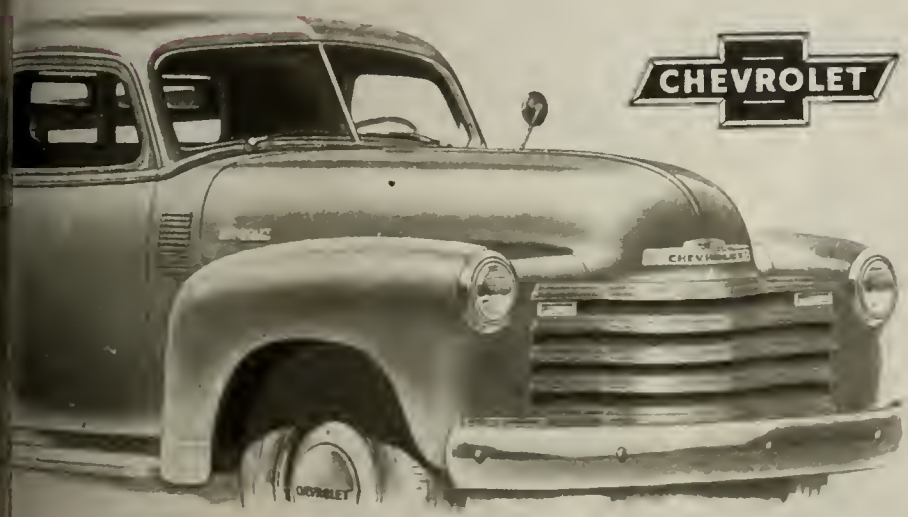
The world's most economical engine for its size—Chevrolet's power-packed valve-in-head engine is now even *finer*, with vital new features that assure greater durability and operating efficiency!



NEW MULTIPLE-FEATURE DEVELOPMENTS

Chevrolet Advance-Design provides new splined rear-axle shaft attachment to wheel hubs for greater strength and durability in heavy-duty models . . . New heavier, more durable springs . . . New propeller shaft bearing-seal design.

PLUS • The Cab that "Breathes"* • Flexi-Mounted cab • Uniweld, all-steel cab construction • Large, durable, fully adjustable seat • All-round visibility with rear-corner windows* • Super-strength frames • Full-floating hypoid rear axles • Specially designed hydraulic truck brakes • Thorough cab sealing, insulation • Standard cab-to-axle dimensions, permitting interchange of bodies . . . and MANY other fine features.

**Fresh air heating and ventilating system and rear corner windows optional at extra cost.*

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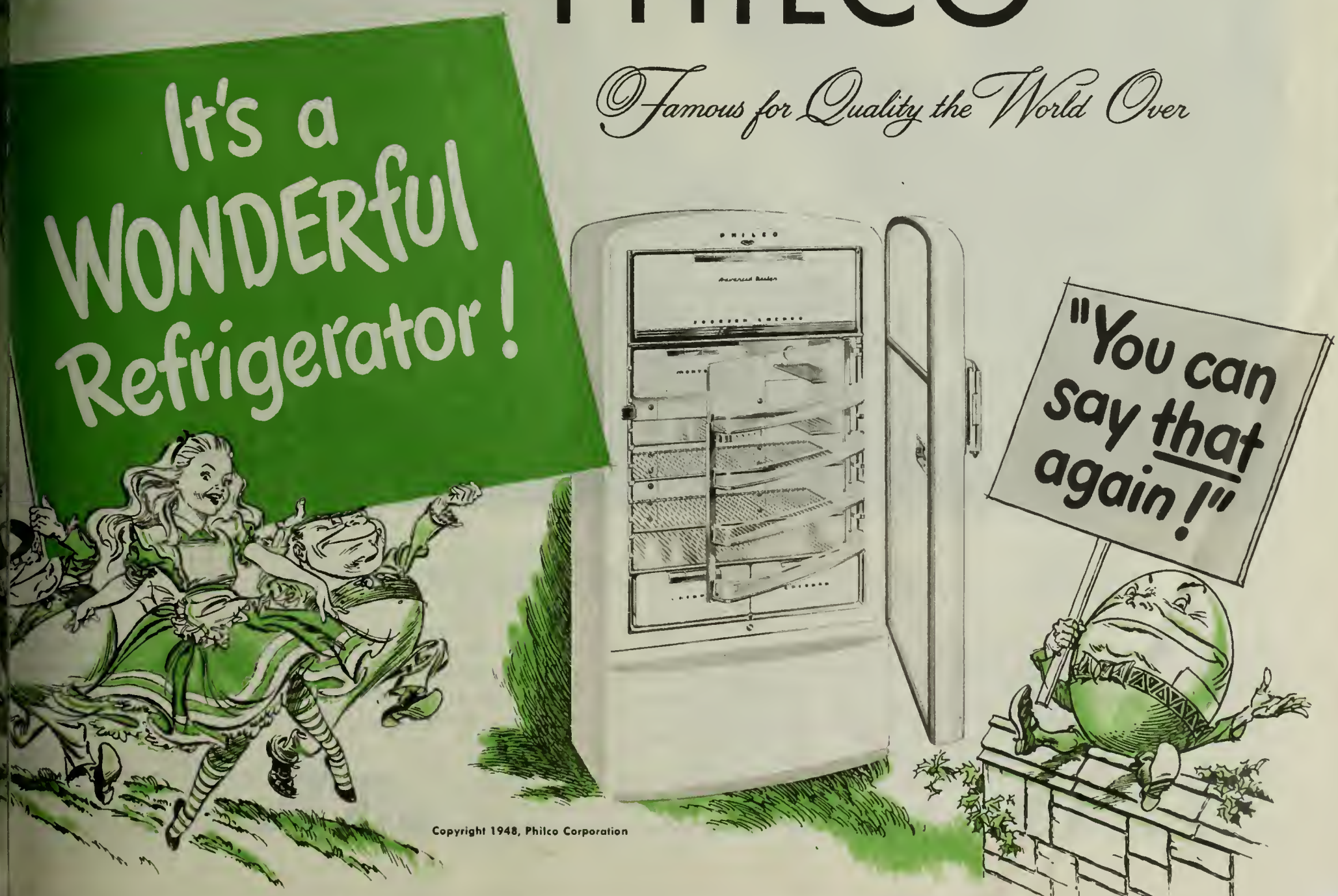

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HAS THE DURAPOWER MAINSPRING*

MADE OF "ELGILOY" METAL

Eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures!

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL ON THE D

*Pate pend

The one you love will be happier with an ELGIN

The powerhouse of a watch—the part that makes it *go*—is the mainspring. And, right there in that vital part, Elgin offers a tremendous advantage.

Elgin's DuraPower Mainspring, *completely* overcomes rust—the commonest cause of mainspring breakage. *Retains* its "springiness" indefinitely for greater accuracy through the years. *Actually eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures!*

No other watch in the world has the DuraPower Mainspring. And it's in all new Elgins at no extra cost.

You probably know of Elgin's famed timed-to-the-stars accuracy. You can *see* Elgin's brilliantly original styling. And you can appreciate the importance of having a watch that's made in America, adjusted here to temperatures and positions.

Now the "dp" symbol of DuraPower on the dial is a final assurance that you or the one you love will be happier with an Elgin.

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $ .00 $5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to 65.00 Other Elgins can be bought for as little a 29.75 All of these prices include the Federal Exc Ta

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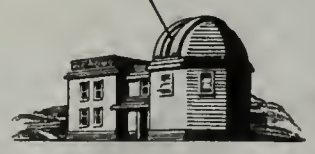

Now to Elgin's famous star-timed a racy DuraPower Mainspring adds a per nency timekeeping performance never before able any watch. Elgin observatory time is time of United Air Lines.

THE BEST-LAID PLANS

Continued from page 30

"Where am I?" he asked and his was grating.
orfolk Island—"
was shipwrecked," he said.
e storm was severe."
looked more closely at the girl. ad spoken in a low, soft voice and is gaze openly, with eyes as deep as the polished koa wood bowl rs. Grimshaw's parlor. Her hair e same color and it hung long and over her shoulders.
ow far's Norfolk from Sydney?" ed.
thousand miles, 'tis said."
wet his cracked lips; he pulled his nder him and got up, swaying for ent while black and white shadows d violently across his eyes. The girl is weakness, and with a quick ment was at his side and her arm bout him.
eed water," he croaked.
stone catch basin be there." She d and the loose sleeve fell away an arm that was slim and rounded e color of fresh cedar shavings in n. "Art thou stout enough?"
talked a queer sort, Pat thought. y she helped him to the small reser- f rain water. Pat drank his fill. He d his face, roughed the salt from ir and combed it with his fingers. t better. Sitting on the rim of the one tank, he looked around.
at's your name?" His voice was ng right again.
nday Christian." Her full red lips in the suggestion of a smile. "And "
trick James Neally." For the span eart tick he was sorry he'd given l name.
ill take thee home, Patrick," she mply.
w far?"
rce twenty poles from the shelf. land is but five by three miles in Again she put her arm around him, efore they reached the tableland island proper he was badly winded. down, staring at the massed bat- of trees.

"What kind of pines are these?" he asked, playing for time to rest.

"Loblolly . . . they were planted many years ago when Norfolk was a penal colony. The government thought to use them for masts to warships."

"How long've you lived here?"

"Always."

"Your people too?"

"Come." She diverted the talk hastily. "Thursday will be fretful with me away so long."

THEY came on a red dirt road with rock drainage ditches at the sides. The roadway led to a ridge, and the girl pointed to a gentle valley in the center of the island.

"There is my fale, the nighest one to us. Fletcher Quintal is to our north. St. Barnabas' Church and the school hall are to the south."

Pat studied the land. On each plot was a thatch-roofed house and scattered outbuildings.

"Thursday is at the gate. Come!" the girl said.

She led the way to an elderly, white-bearded man standing at the tecoma hedge opening.

"Father, this is Patrick James Neally. Patrick, this is my father, Thursday October Christian."

The old man extended a hard, work-worn hand. "Strangers of good intent be welcome to Norfolk."

"Patrick was shipwrecked—"

The old man waggled an overhanging eyebrow. "Where away?"

"The storm hit us east of Brisbane. I don't know where we broke up nor how long I floated or what happened to the others. It must've been early last evening when I landed here."

"Sunday, get Patrick food."

Leading Pat to the front of the house and into a side room, the old man handed him a shirt and trousers of homespun.

"Put these on; thine are well-nigh done."

When Pat had eaten his fill and smoked a bowl of his host's tobacco he felt better. Thursday Christian waited

DON TOBIN

SPORTING ODDS

Last July, at the Vashon Golf Course (Vashon Island, Washington), Bill Ackley and Stan Anderson, playing the par-3 eighth hole, found their tee shots had ended in the rough on opposite sides of the elevated green. Out of sight of each other, they played their second shots simultaneously, both pitching high and strong. The balls collided directly above the flagstick. No, it wasn't a birdie deuce for either, but the balls dropped so close to the hole that each had an easy putt for a par.

—Donald Bowman, Burton, Washington

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"THE PRIZED POSSESSIONS," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 15 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

e knocked the ash from the bowl excusing himself.
ust work my fields and it's to bed e."
gladly accepted. Spreading the om his money belt out to dry, he d into bed and slept the day and hrough. The next morning, as the low turned to his fields, Pat asked uld help.
." Thursday accepted as though cted the offer.
went to work mulching the soil erry guava grove and Pat discov- s muscles were sluggish with loaf- his shoulder was full of misery. mned the blisters rising on his and the girl was a welcome sight across the field with midday nd water.

AS with gasping effort that he re- d work. The old man did not lift to shoulder until the sun was dip- to the sea beyond Anson Bay. Pat ed along behind, moaning softly tigue.
e table Thursday prayed a long ouching on everything that had ring the day. He gave thanks for 's deliverance from the sea, the the guavas and sweet potatoes, goodness of his daughter. When ed his eyes he met Sunday's chal- gaze; he knew that if he made the t sign of laughing at the old man, ld have her to deal with.
r the three of them sat on the toop, watching the darkness set- e stars came out and the moon ver Mount Pitt, and the night lked in the trees, and the big pines red against the beat of the surf w.
ny strangers settle here?" Pat put to a thought that had been build- ough the day.
Council must vote on't," Thurs- d him.
you suppose I could get permis-

re is little work here for a sailor, must work."
not a sailor," Pat said carefully. on a business trip to China."
w thee were not handy with hoe e soil." Thursday's pipe glowed ng pulls.
e it here. Do you suppose they'll e?"
the *matai*, the elder member; I uch for thee."
all, dim light began to burn in the f Pat's head. These clods were r a plucking. "Perhaps, I could bit of land?"
re be none for sale. When Norfolk was settled in '56 'twas marked off into fifty-acre lots and drawn for. It be held in East Greenwich freehold at the pleasure of Queen Vic and passes down in the family. Mayhap, the Mission would give thee a leasehold, but thou must not build air castles until the Council rules."

"When will the next meeting be held?"

"Saturday last we met. The next meeting be eight weeks from that day. There be less than four hundred people on Norfolk, and too much government be bothersome. We work hard, rest easy and live with God. Each male eighteen or over must work fourteen days socage a year on the roads. There be no taxes. The Council makes laws, but on each a vote is taken. Every person, male and female, of age, has a vote. There be none amongst us who pays childnit nor frendwite, for there be no bastard children nor be there men outside the law."

Pat digested the information slowly, fumbling over the strange words. "If I must leave, how could I get away?"

"The Sydney boat Dunedin will take thee. It puts in twice a year—the trip next in five months."

"Could I work with you until that time?" Pat looked at Sunday as he asked.

"My fale be thine, but the field work be over for the time. Tomorrow we go whaling."

"Whaling?"

"Each year, the Lord sends us sperm whale. For seventeen days they blow outside the Heads. The sperm oil is shipped to Sydney and the moneys divided, share and share. Thou may have a place in my boat for the hunt."

"How much does the sperm oil come to?"

"Last season it returned nigh to a thousand pounds."

"Do you ship out other things too?"

"Much. Passion fruit, guava jelly, potatoes and lemons, and other products of the soil."

Pat grinned in the darkness. It was like falling into an open vault of the Bank of England.

PAT bent to his task of working the soil around the sweet potatoes. As the blade slashed between the tender roots his thoughts were on the Council meeting in Kingston. Today he would know if he could remain on Norfolk. Once permission was gained, he would begin his scheme that would send him away from Norfolk with thousands.

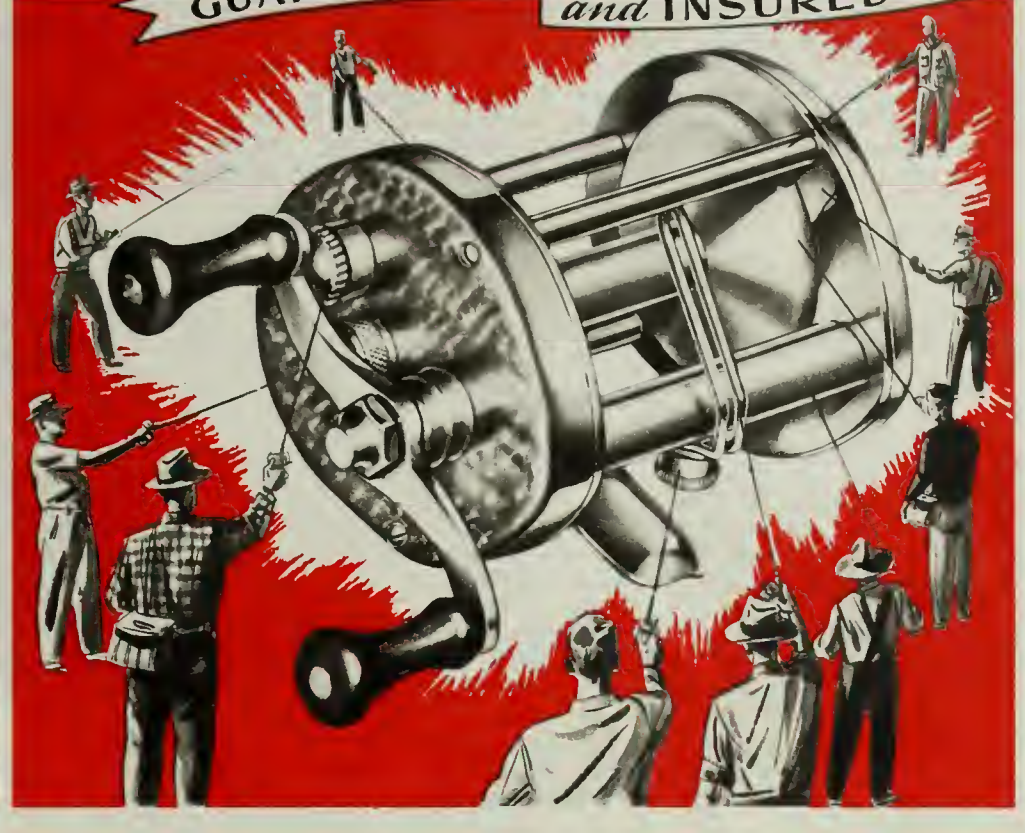
At Thursday's suggestion, he had stayed behind while the vote was taken. With great care he went over the Council's membership. The one dissenter

SHORE FLEET by GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"rly start, my eye! We've been living here for the past three months!"

The Reels the Fishermen asked for

GUARANTEED and INSURED



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Smooth, positive backlash prevention. Streamlined chrome, $10.50.

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Dependable and handsome in anodized aluminum and chrome. $6.00.

by Ranger INC.
ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN

DEALERS — Ask your jobber. PRIZEWINNER Reels are backed by telling, selling publication and point-of-sale advertising.

might be George Adams, whose son kept the road worn between Kingston and the Christian place to court Sunday. He would like to smash young Adams on the mug. He thought of the hours he had spent with the girl and he wondered why he had tantalized himself this long with her. In the late afternoons, when young Adams wasn't around, they had searched out every cranny and nook on the island. They had cast for fish from Collins' Head and climbed Mount Pitt and gone wading at Cascade Landing.

He had only to close his eyes to see every contour and shadow of her face, her dark eyes and wind-blown curling hair and every lithe movement of her slender body.

FAR down the roadway he heard a faint call come over the fields to him. Then he saw Sunday running, hair streaming back with the speed she was making. Dropping his hoe, he rushed to meet her.

"Patrick," she called without pausing. "Patrick, good news for thee!"

Pat was to her now and her hands were in his. "Am I to stay?"

"There was none to vote thee nay."

Pat put his arms around her and drew her close. Her face lifted eagerly and he crushed his lips to hers. It was minutes before his brain cautioned his heart and he stepped back.

"Come," he said softly. He led the way past the gate and onto the point overlooking Anson's Bay. "Sit down."

He settled in the grass at her feet and, taking her hands in his, looked up at her. Now was the time to manufacture a tale that would turn to his account when the time came.

"I shouldn't have kissed you, Sunday."

"Why?"

"You don't know much about me. I might be a criminal running away."

The girl leaned forward and put her hand on his cheek and her slim fingers pulsed cool comfort. "Thy head is filled with needless worry. My grandfather was a mutineer; he would have been hanged if caught."

"You're funning," Pat accused.

"We are all descended from pirates." She waved a hand to take in the whole island. "Our men stole the Bounty from Captain Bligh. My grandfather was Fletcher Christian, the leader of those men."

"I didn't know that."

"We are not shamed, but we do not talk of it. Our people came here from Pitcairn many years ago. Some returned, but most stayed. I was born here. Mayhap you marked our way of talking for we have many words of our grandparents who were from Tahiti."

"I want to live here, but I must go back to Australia first." He hid his eyes by turning them to the sea. "I must settle my business."

"Somehow, I cannot think of thee as a man of business."

"What do you mean by that?" Pat asked sharply.

"Should I mean something by it other than what the words say?"

"Of course not." He was glad to drop the whole thing.

"You will come back, Patrick?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he promised, "and while I'm waiting, I'll take a leasehold from the Mission and build a house." The few pounds he would spend on a holding and a house would be the guaranty necessary to convince the islanders he would return. He drew Sunday to him. "I'll build the house for you." If she was suspicious, the house would quiet her.

She kissed him and whispered, "One day our fale will be happy with the laughter of sons and daughters." . . .

In the three months before the arrival of the Dunedin, it was simple to plant the seed. One evening when talking with Thursday, he dropped it on fertile soil. "It seems to me you people are losing considerable money on the goods you ship out."

"How be that?"

"How much stuff did you ship last year?"

"Nigh on to five thousand pounds," Thursday said.

Pat felt the skin twitch on the back of his neck. "How much did you have shipped in from Sydney?"

"Three thousand-odd."

Rapidly Pat calculated. "That's eight hundred pounds you people lost, maybe more. You ship to a commission merchant in Sydney; he charges you ten per cent to sell for you—then he charges ten per cent to buy the stuff you people want shipped back."

The old man puffed on his pipe. "That be so," he agreed.

"It would pay to have someone ride the cargo to Sydney and sell it on the market, and have the same person buy without commission what is wanted here." Pat stirred uneasily under the searching eyes of Sunday. Was she suspicious?

"I will talk to the Council on't."

Pat made it a point not to refer to the subject again. He secured a leasehold and was assigned a plot overlooking Duncombe Bay, scarce a double furlong from the Christian place. Willing hands helped him in raising the house, and he and Sunday set out lemon and orange trees and planted a tecoma hedge, and ground was broken for the fields of guava and sweet potatoes. He worked until he was gaunt and weary and through the long hours Sunday was at his side.

Sometimes the hoe in his hand would hang in mid-air and he would look about him in wonderment. There was no need for all this work, he told himself. Everyone believed he would return to marry Sunday and live out his life here . . . everyone but young Adams that is.

One evening Thursday told him, "The Council would like thee to see to our selling, if it be not too troublesome."

"I'll do it," he said after a calculated interval. He ran his hands along his thighs. It was over five thousand pounds they were handing him. What a swath he would cut in Sydney! He'd buy a gaudy boa for Widow Grimshaw and pay her double, and he'd settle up with Spider Webbe. With the five thousand he could buy passage to Frisco and be Mr. Somebody in a silk vest, and be far, far away before the Dunedin returned with the bad news.

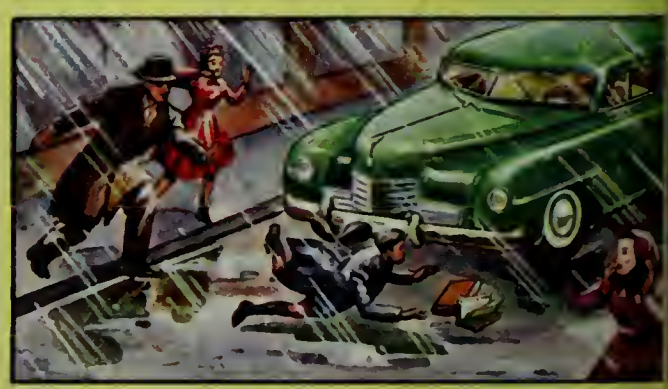
ONE day Pat saw the Dunedin standing in, her skysail a handkerchief on the rim of blue. Before the mainsail was above the horizon, Sunday was at his side.

"'Tis here," she whispered, holding tight to his hand and turning her head that he might not see her tears. "When you return, I'll be waiting for thee."

Pat turned on his heel, and, nearly running, hurried down the road toward Kingston; he knew Sunday was standing where he had left her with a worried crinkle between her eyes. He beat his hands together—what a lout he was to let such silliness crop up now! He couldn't have both Sunday and the money—and put five thousand pounds in his pocket and he could forget any girl who lived.

Nearly everyone on the island was down for the sailing. As Pat went about, hand-pumping goodbys, he asked Thursday for the tenth time where Sunday could be and what was keeping her. The old fellow shrugged his shoulders and muttered that young girls be skittish and impulsive.

Pat got a jolt that made his stomach do a flip-flap when he realized young Adams wasn't in the crowd either. So! They couldn't wait until he was out of sight. Still he loitered. He said goodby to everyone, even to the kids, and was on his second time around when the mate bel-



SUPER-SAFETY—Exclusive Firestone Skid-Resi
tread and larger area of contact with the road
greatest protection against skidding ever built i
Revolutionary new construction principles ass
running and greater protection against blowouts.

THE NEW FIREST

Firestone

ORIGINATOR OF THE BALLOON TIRE

NOW BRINGS YOU *The NEW*

SUPER-BALLOON

THE TIRE THAT *Gives You*
SUPER-SAFETY, SUPER-COMFORT SUPER-ECONOMY AND SUPER-STYLE

HERE'S the newest in tires to match the newest in cars! The new Firestone Super-Balloon is a revolutionary new KIND of tire that gives you a revolutionary new KIND of ride. Yet, the idea back of it was conceived by Firestone a quarter of a century ago.

Back in 1922, Firestone developed the FIRST balloon tire, which set completely new and different standards of safety, comfort and long mileage. Now, Firestone gives the car owners of America a new sensation in riding and driving luxury with the new Firestone Super-Balloon.

PROVED QUALITY and PERFORMANCE

Exhaustive tests prove that you can drive more miles at higher speeds with less fatigue. You can stop more safely on any road in any weather because of the scientifically-designed Skid-Resistors in the tread and more tread area in contact with the road. This remarkable new tire, which holds more air at lower pressure and which incorporates completely new principles of tread design and body construction, absorbs the shock of hitting rocks, bumps and other objects instead of transmitting the shock to you and your car. It provides amazingly greater stability and enables your car to hug the road on curves. It keeps your car young, too . . . you save money on car maintenance because there are fewer trips to the repair shop to get rid of squeaks and rattles.

MORE RIDING COMFORT and SAFETY

The new Firestone Super-Balloon is truly the tire of tomorrow, a wholly new sensation in restful riding, in non-skid safety, in blowout protection and in longer, more comfortable mileage. Many of the most famous automobile manufacturers will feature it on their 1948 models. And soon you will be able to put new Firestone Super-Balloons on your present car. Watch for them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC

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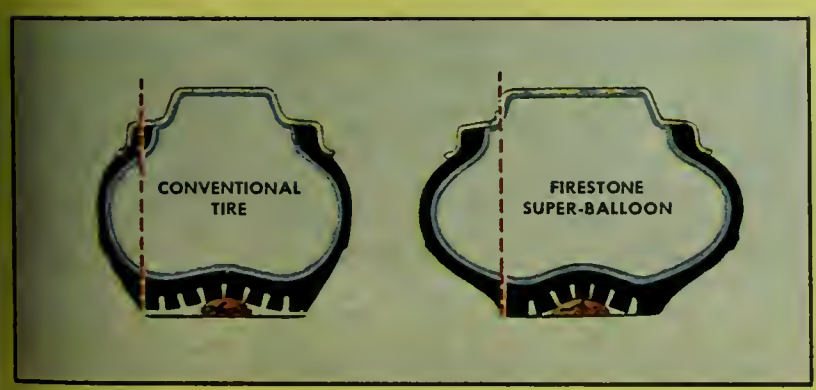
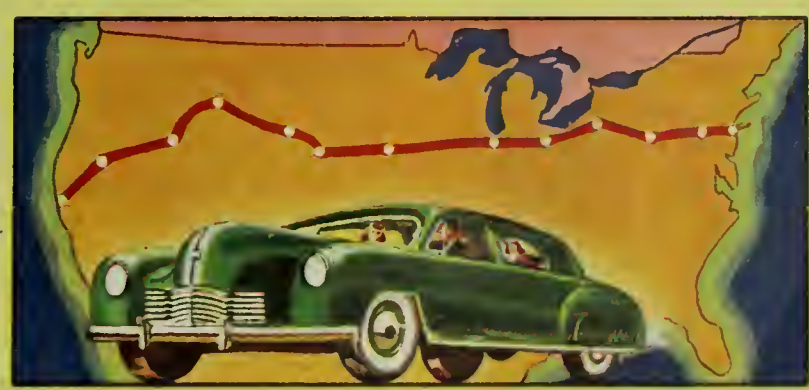


SUPER-COMFORT—Cross-sections show how greater air volume and lower pressure permit greater flexing action when Firestone Super-Balloons go over bumps and rough roads. The tire takes the punishment instead of you or your car. You can drive farther, faster and longer with less fatigue.



SUPER-ECONOMY—In addition to giving you long mileage, this tire saves you money on maintenance. Fewer jolts and jars reach your car, so there are fewer trips to the shop for repairs to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles. This tire keeps your car young; reduces wear and tear on parts.

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1 EXTRA YEAR OF BEAUTY

Makes your house keep that *"New Look"*—longer!

Best buy in home protection for over 80 years . . . that's Sherwin-Williams SWP House Paint! America's favorite, SWP now brings you a great big extra bonus—*beauty that lasts a full year longer than before!*

In its whiter, brighter whites—or in its cleaner, more beautiful colors—SWP House Paint now gives your home a new, "freshly-painted" look that stays on and on!

The superb quality of SWP has made millions of satisfied users. Today, more than ever, SWP means the most for your house paint money!

Check these 6 great additional advantages:

1 ***HONEST-FILM-THICKNESS!*** No deep brush marks . . . no weak spots in the film!

2 ***QUICKER-DRYING!*** This new SWP dries before heavy dust can collect!

3 ***SMOOTHER SURFACE!*** SWP's smoother, glossier surface doesn't grip dirt!

4 ***SELF-CLEANSING!*** Rains keep SWP bright and clean!

5 ***WHITER! BRIGHTER!*** Whiter whites . . . brighter, more beautiful colors!

6 ***SAVES MORE MONEY!*** SWP does not require repainting for years!

Available at all dealers who display the "Cover-the-Earth" emblem.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

lowed through a megaphone for him to come aboard if he was coming.

On shipboard he walked to the farthest reach of the fantail where he could look ashore. Dimly he heard the anchor chain rattle in the hawsehole as the sweating crew walked the capstan. With a rattle of blocks and a hauling of ropes the canvas rose and filled and the ship headed westward.

The crowd was breaking up ashore until one lone figure was on the landing . . . old Thursday, occasionally lifting his stringy arm in a wave. Pat paced the fantail. What did it matter that Sunday had given him the go-by? The five thousand was—as good as in his money belt now.

Searing hot, a thought came to Pat and he shuddered under the impact. He sat down on a bitthead and wiped a fine mist of perspiration from his face. Since the arrival of the Dunedin, Sunday had known he would not return, and all she had done about it was to spend most of her time at Aunt Emily Christian's next door to the Adams place.

IN SYDNEY, Pat made a hurried tour of the water front, checking prices. There was no time to waste. He must sell and settle up with Spider Webbe before the police learned of his return. Satisfied that he knew the current market, he handed out manifests to produce merchants and asked for bids on the lot.

He found great joy in haggling with the greedy, sweating filchers. Loftily he dismissed first offers and threatened to rent a stall and sell direct. By midafternoon he had sold the lot to Simms & Croaker for five thousand eight hundred. Pat grinned as he pocketed the roll of notes. Taking a horse cab downtown, he went into a tailor shop where he bought a colorful hand-me-down suit, a flowered vest of silk and a high hat. With a gold chain across his front, and cane in hand, he strolled into Spider Webbe's tavern.

"I believe I owe you sixty quid," he said precisely. With exaggerated care he hauled out the heavy roll and tossed thirteen five-pound notes on the bar. "That's interest for waiting. Good day," he said to the jaw-sprung Webbe.

If possible, Mrs. Grimshaw was more surprised than Webbe had been, and tears gushed to her eyes when he handed her the brilliant boa he had picked up on the way out to King's Cross.

"I won't be sailing for some months, Mrs. Grimshaw, and the taverns in town are noisy. If your parlor room's vacant, I'd like to live here."

"It's open, Patrick," she said moistly.

"Good! Here's three mont vance." From the bottom step h his cane in a jerky circle. "You b about painting the house; I'll st cost." . . .

Pat found it great fun playing t He bought more clothes and o bank account, and the little book dog-eared from thumbing it. He up Squinch Durkan and bough suit of clothes and took him to At the races he found it impos lose for winning. By the end of he was more than two hundred with the bookmakers looking cr at him.

One day The Globe carried a drawing of him. "Prosperous Im Races," it said. He wished Sund see that! She never had believed was in business; he never had quit the suspicion in her eyes. Hot ment flooded him. He'd show like he had shown a lot of pe was no common grifter. Ask Mr shaw! She thought the sun rose just for him; ask Spider Webb turned his place upside down ev he went into The Lion.

The excitement of the races b pall and there were weeks at when Pat didn't go near them or bet. He spent more and more tim water front, where he turned a fe pounds into his pocket by bidding goes coming in from New Zeala China. He inquired about passag Francisco and found there were every six weeks, tide and wind There was plenty time, he told . . . it would be four months be Dunedin sailed again for Norfolk then he'd be on the Frisco Gold

Then he took to dreaming ni Sunday—but in his dreams young was always about. Morning afte ing he awakened haggard and ti cursing Adams. It got so he s going to bed. One night, as Durkan prowled the water front, told him of visiting Holly Thorn linghurst. It seemed the governme mills in the prison were shut d want of hemp. The information a slot and came out as a plan.

Pat hired a fishing boat and off. Near Middle Head he boar Spanish trader Belle Hermine i from Manila with a cargo of When the Belle dropped anchor ney Cove, Pat had an option cargo. . . .

Pat was entranced with the larg and red sign over his High Stree A dozen times the first day he pa

"Gee! He must have had to paint that one quick!"

cars have **TIRES** but in the lowest-priced field only **PLYMOUTH**
SUPER-CUSHION TIRES on **SAFETY-RIM WHEELS**

Bigger, softer-riding Super-Cushion Tires are standard equipment with Plymouth. They reduce chances of tire failure but if trouble occurs you have the added protection of Plymouth's new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels.

All cars have **SPRINGS** but in the lowest-priced field only **PLYMOUTH** has **AMOLA STEEL SPRINGS**

You draw extra dividends of continuing comfort with Plymouth's famous high-tensile Amola Steel Springs. They're tough for long life . . . soft-acting always for front and rear riding ease on all types of roads.

's easy to tell where the Value is!

sy to tell that low-priced Plymouth leads eld in reduction of tire-failure hazards d ncrease of riding ease.

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You can make your own comparison and see for yourself that neither of the other leading low-priced cars has *half* as many of these features. Yes, it's easy to tell where the Value is in the lowest-priced field.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

• Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

If it's VALUE you want—
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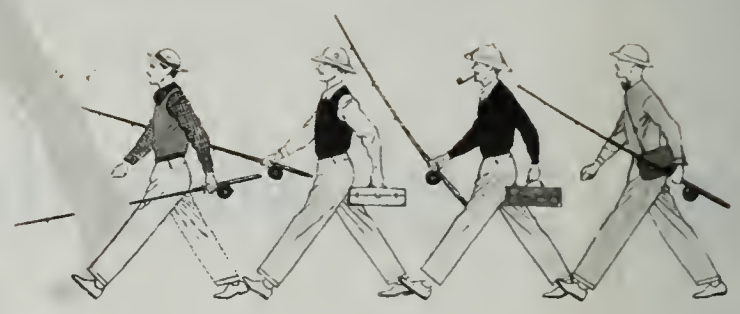

The day's prize catch

FROM THE RIVER SPEY TO BIMINI

Favoured by salmon fishermen is Scotland's foaming River Spey. And favoured the world over is Johnnie Walker. It's Scotch of such unsurpassed richness and mellowness that *only* Scotland's cool mists, bred-in-the-bone distilling skill and clear spring waters can produce it.

Few thrills surpass hooking that big one at Bimini. Except, of c the thrill of afterwards...with Scotch joyously unsurpassed for bo mellowness and distinctive flavour, all yours to be savoured sip Name? Why, Johnnie Walker, of course!

ASK FOR SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof

BORN 1820
...still going stron

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

pp ite side of the street just to look at . I celebration he took Mrs. Grimshaw o a music hall and afterward they had hm. The next day he put Squinch on ala and sent him prowling for gossip d information. Despite his success d ie tonic a worried Mrs. Grimshaw rcl on him, he was haunted by wak- g id sleeping dreams of Sunday. His l elease was sailing the Heads in all ea er to meet incoming traders, and ttig for cargo and making money. ared at the growing figures in the g ired bankbook in unbelief.

T day he followed the supplies for lk up the gangplank of the Dune- e told himself he was returning for urpose only—to show Sunday she d een wrong. He would go ashore c of his London-cut suits and pay full, with cargo and balance. He give young Adams and Sunday asehold as a wedding present, let- g ne and all know he hadn't expected wait, and cared not a snap that she . The trip wouldn't be a dead Pat told himself. He would pur- the entire lot the islands had to ack, and when he returned to Syd- is time he would be Patrick James , Importer, without a smear to his

RNLY lecturing himself against the easy feeling in his stomach, Pat d against the bulwark as the Dune- d into anchorage off Kingston. On ach he could see old Thursday in refront of the throng, but there o sign of Sunday—nor Adams. white-gloved hands grasping a eaded cane, he went over the side e small boat and was rowed ashore. rsday met him at the landing and d his hand firmly. "How be thee, k?"

he, Thursday, just fine." Pat d the jostling crowd eagerly, and urish as he opened his wallet was arted. He had wanted Sunday to s.

e cargo came to five thousand, undred. Your supplies, three thou- the balance, two thousand, eight ed." He handed the sheaf of notes rsday. Why had everything sud- gone so flat? After shaking hands sly, he asked Thursday, casually, e is Sunday?"

the leasehold."

haps I should go up there and see ings are." Swinging his cane and swaggering a bit, he strode up the trail to the tableland. Before he reached the top he was warm and perspiring and his new shoes were pinching.

Angrily he loosened his high-winged collar and cravat. The summer sun of February and a half mile more of country road made him shed his coat and growl at the red dust covering his shoes and trouser bottoms. At a bend in the road he paused. There was his house, with curtains at the window, and the land about it as spic as Queen Vic's park. Pat swallowed noisily as he saw Sunday waiting.

Hurriedly he put on his coat, adjusted his collar and cravat, and, wiping the dust from his shoes, strolled slowly toward the girl. He didn't feel nearly so elegant and nonchalant as he had wanted to feel. Why couldn't she have been at the landing?

Breathing heavily, Pat stopped an arm's length from her. "Well," he said gruffly. "I came back."

"Yes, Patrick."

"It didn't matter much to you, did it? You didn't see me away—you didn't see me return." Pat felt all his months of resentment come to a boil. "Why weren't you down to say goodby?" Taking her by the shoulders, he shook her. "Why?" he shouted.

"I didn't want to sway thee," she told him gently. "If you wanted to come back, I wanted thee—if you didn't, I would live alone."

"Then, you didn't marry young Adams?"

"Marry Jonathan Adams?" She smiled through a puzzled frown. "We be cousins. Even if we wanted, we couldn't marry."

"Why not?" Pat asked. "You're all cousins here!"

"But not of the first household." Sunday tossed her head back and laughed. "Oh, Patrick! Patrick! Did thee fret over that?"

"Some—" Pat admitted grudgingly. Nothing had gone as he had planned, but there was still time to assert himself. "I have a business in Sydney," he said stiffly. "If you marry me, we must live there."

Sunday stood back from him, smiling happily. Turning, she walked slowly down the pathway. She paused and looked back.

"Thursday and the others are waiting at the church—we must hurry, Patrick."

THE END

FRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

"Just your driver's license and the fact that I've known you from infancy will be sufficient identification, Alfred"

FOR WOMEN

What do you want in a stocking? Long wear, full sizes, a wardrobe of stockings for every occasion in weights from practical to precious, and Run-R-Less for run protection. Beauty, too: color, texture, proportioned fit, and fine seams. All of these are yours in PHOENIX hosiery; for when you ask for PHOENIX, you ask for quality at its finest. Starting at $1.50 the pair.

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FOR MEN

The best of everything is incorporated in every pair of Phoenix Socks . . . quality, comfort, style, wear. Featuring non-shrink wool processed by Kroy, fine lisles, cottons, mixtures. Plain colors and patterns of every smart description. Regular or self-supporting Ev-R-Up lengths. Starting at 65 cents the pair.

HOSIERY

PHOENIX knits socks that have both child and mother appeal . . . in patterns, colors and styles that girls and boys *want* to wear . . . in sturdy cottons that give the kind of wear, and the healthful fit that makes mothers appreciate and demand PHOENIX quality. Starting at 39 cents the pair.

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Now

COOK with GAS Wherever You Go!

Folds up, carries like a suitcase . . . packs away easily.

Lights instantly—one match and you're cooking.

Cooks like city gas—space for big meals.

• "Take my word for it—try cooking with *gas* on your outing trips, with a Coleman Folding Camp Stove," says Mr. Burlingame, noted hunter and fisherman, writer and managing director of "Salt Water Sportsman." "Include a Coleman Floodlight Lantern, too—for lighting up camp, and plenty of light on the trail after dark and before daylight. It's wonderful—nothing like this fine Coleman Outing Kit, believe me!"

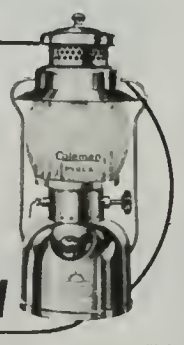
GOOD FOOD . . . In a Hurry

It's just like city-gas cooking—the Coleman Folding Camp Stove! Makes and burns its own gas from clean, unleaded gasoline—bakes, boils, roasts, fries, broils, toasts! Big windproof burners light instantly, regulate instantly . . . heavy sheet steel construction for long use and hard wear! Used and endorsed by sportsmen everywhere. Ask your hardware or sporting goods dealer for a demonstration!

FISH and HUNT *Later*

Stretch out your good times afield—let a Coleman Floodlight Lantern bring you longer hunting and fishing days, more luck! Floodlights a 100-ft. area—storm-proof, safe. Ask your dealer to demonstrate.

Take Along a Coleman *Floodlight LANTERN*



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The Coleman Company, Inc., Dept. 246-C, Wichita 1, Kansas

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, FREE folders on Camp Stove and Lantern.

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Help Prevent Forest Fires—Cook Safely!

Noel Wein, the first bush pilot in central Alaska. Working out of Fair[illegible] a few years ago, he had no competition from other bushers. Now he has [illegible]

BEATING THE ARCTIC BUS[illegible]

Alaska's "bush pilots" will carry you by air taxi to an[illegible] place, anywhere, at any time. Their exploits are th[illegible] pride of a sector where if you don't fly you don't rat[illegible]

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGE[illegible]

IT WAS such a night that not even *Tekope Waugh-waugh*, the white owl, would fly. Yet one of the airfield roustabouts, part Tlingit, part French, had heard with grim face that a man intended to fly. The half-breed had been ordered to take the fabric engine cover off the little single-motored yellow Norseman sheltered in the lee of one of the American Army's ponderous C-47s.

When *Tekope Waugh-waugh* refused to leave his spruce branches, should a man fly? For three days the weather had been deathly still, the temperature at 60° below. Antifreeze stiffened in the can and grease turned aside a chisel. Then a wind from off the peaks of the Saint Elias, a wind brewed nearly four miles high, had chased the cold and filled the air with snowflakes. It howled across the runways at Whitehorse and Big Delta like *loup-garou*, the werewolf, and the rakish B-17s, bound for the Aleutians, seemed content to burrow in their canvas hoods and cling to the g[illegible]

But 200 miles away, up the [illegible] streak of the Alcan Highway. [illegible] geant of the 18th Engineers [illegible] appendix which at any momen[illegible] burst and end his life. Two [illegible] from the Station Hospital at [illegible] horse had volunteered to un[illegible] the jolting journey over the unf[illegible] road—but the regiment wa[illegible] rooned by heaving ice and per[illegible] which had turned miles of ro[illegible] saber-toothed barricades no [illegible] could pass.

A plane was the only ho[illegible] already a medical corpsman [illegible] wilderness bivouac of the 18th [illegible] dioed that the sergeant's fev[illegible] 103°, abdominal pain increasi[illegible]

American fliers at the airpor[illegible] their heads. So did the b[illegible] formed pilots of Canada's R[illegible] A Russian aviator, waiting to [illegible] P-38 on across Alaska and c[illegible] Bering Strait, said not in [illegible] where men flew like hawks,

a busher feels in the mood for wolf-killing, he takes off in his plane, a wolf and shoots it from the air. It's grand sport—for crack shots!

go aloft on such a night. And would it come down? There t even an emergency strip on to land. Could an airplane d to earth on a man's out- ed hand?

of the hangar into the blizzard, ard which chilled teeth and aces with sharp talons, came a man in grease-stained over- e put on a caribou parka as he . He looked at the two doc- anding with instrument satch- anesthetic equipment. "Let's said.

chunky man turned to the rep- tives of three of the world's air forces and issued orders. the 18th," he said. "Tell them every truck they've got down e Donjek River and put on the hts full blast. We'll land on . Tell them we'll be there in ours or we won't be there at

ay, Les," replied an American

dy, gents?" Les asked the two . They gulped and clambered e little Norseman. It took off e maw of the storm while the n the airfield watched in si- Perhaps three lives would be to save one.

and a half hours later, the an rested on the Donjek River e ski crumpled where it had loe the size of a sofa. In a dal tent the doctors were cut- incision in the sergeant, who live to run a bulldozer another itations to award the doctors diers Medal were on the way Pentagon Building from Gen- mes A. (Patsy) O'Connor's n headquarters, and Les Cook ning against a cupboard in the ent of the 18th Engineers, ng a cheese sandwich and sip- ping coffee he said was so strong "it'd float a screw driver."

He wondered how soon he could repair the broken ski and get back to Whitehorse and his tall, dark wife. To Les it was all routine, for Les was a bush pilot. It was just another fare. He had saved a man's life at the risk of his own, but this was normal procedure to a bush pilot. The American Army would pay him his fee based on time and mileage. He wouldn't charge extra because of the year's fiercest storm in the upper Yukon Basin. Does a cabdriver hike his meter when city streets are wet or slick?

The bush pilot is the taxicab man of the North Country. From Cape Prince of Wales along the Bering Sea, on across Alaska and the Canadian Arctic for 3,000 miles to Hudson Bay, he provides standard transportation. You either travel with him or you crawl along laboriously by snowshoe, dog sled and canoe. River packets, cutting wood for fuel as they churn along, operate on the Yukon and Mackenzie, but only during the few months of open water from May until the last of September.

No metropolitan fleet of taxis has a greater variety of customers than does the average Alaskan bush pilot. In the morning he may fly a hopeful prospector to diggings so promising that the pilot must swear on a dog-eared Old Testament never to reveal where he has been. That afternoon the bush pilot may rush the pregnant wife of a trapper over in the next valley to a Fairbanks hospital just in time. The following day he may rescue half a dozen beleaguered U.S. Army fliers, as did William Munz and Frank Whaley a few months ago on the bleak tundra north of Nome.

Nothing feezes a bush pilot—not

(Continued on page 89)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. C. SWEET

See your dealer for Montague Rods and Ocean City Reels for *every* kind of fishing.

OCEAN CITY REELS

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WORLD LEADERS IN RODS AND REELS

Write to Dept. 30, Ocean City, Phila. 34, Pa. for colorful, new 32-page Tackle Guide. It's *free!*

F.B.I. RADIO DIRECTOR REPORTS:

"EDGEWORTH IS GREAT TOBACCO"

6331 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, California

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Gentlemen:

As a pipe smoker who has enjoyed Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed tobacco for many years, it seems high time that I showed my appreciation for all the pleasure and contentment your good product has brought me.

Directing and producing the official radio program of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (THIS IS YOUR F.B.I.) is pretty nerve-wracking business—and I find that a pipeful of fragrant Edgeworth, before and after the broadcast, is just what I need to give me a feeling of perfect relaxation.

Thanks for a wonderful tobacco. I'd like to express the opinion that men who smoke pipes usually think straight. And from my experience with criminal case histories, straight-thinkers don't often commit crimes.

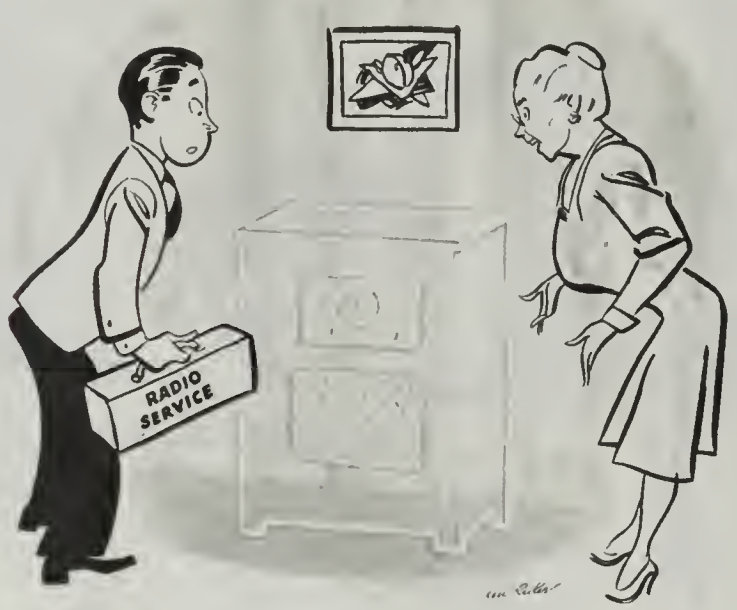
Very sincerely yours,
JERRY DEVINE

What is it about Edgeworth that would prompt a busy producer of a top-rating radio show to sit down and write a letter praising its quality. Smoke a pipeful today—and you, too, may learn the secret.

EDGEWORTH IS SOLD IN A SEAL-PAK POUCH
No pocket bulge!
No cut fingers!
No wasted tobacco!

America's Finest Pipe Tobacco **Edgeworth**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

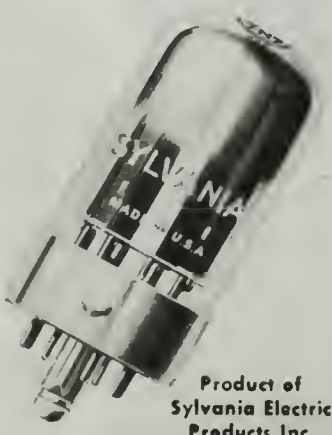


"I'm glad you got here before it faded out completely!"

Do you feel you've tuned in a disappearing act when you turn on your radio? Do favorite programs sound weaker and weaker each time you listen? If so, call the serviceman displaying the Sylvania sign. This friendly expert can put your set to rights in no time. He has Sylvania radio tubes and Sylvania testing equipment to help him do top jobs at moderate cost. It's true your old radio will sound good as new when it's handled with care at the sign of dependable service.

RADIO SERVICE
SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES Authorized Dealer

SIGN OF DEPENDABLE RADIO SERVICE



Product of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

ESCAPE FROM AUSTERITY

Continued from page 21

dominions have similar restrictions, though they vary considerably. In all the dominions, housing is the great problem.

Canada has no assisted-passage scheme, but it does offer free passage to the wives and dependents of Canadian servicemen. Neither does Canada have an official target for the population of the future, although the figure of 50,000,000 is mentioned frequently in comparison with the present population of some 12,500,000. There are virtually no restrictions put on British subjects; any person of good character and good health and with reasonable funds can emigrate to Canada.

The Union of South Africa is more difficult. Although South Africa urgently needs immigrants to exploit its untapped natural resources and to bolster the white population, which is lagging far behind the native population, there is no assisted-passage scheme and would-be immigrants must fit perfectly into whatever job classifications are open.

Help—With Strings Tied to It

New Zealand, on the other hand, does have an assisted-passage arrangement, but assistance is available "only to persons who are suitable for and willing to engage in certain selected occupations, and considered suitable for settlement in New Zealand." Moreover, successful applicants are required to agree to stay continuously for at least two years in the occupations for which they have been selected. Immigrants who bolt their jobs are forced to repay the New Zealand government the full amount of their steamship fare.

From an American point of view, one of the mysteries of British emigration is the comparative trickle going to the United States. The flow of emigrants from England to America is barely half the total quota available, according to the Immigration Department of the American embassy in London.

Part of it, of course, is due to the stiff entry conditions imposed by the United States, particularly those requiring immigrants either to prearrange jobs or prove that they can maintain themselves for as long as it takes to become established in America. For the average Englishman, this is likely to be a large order. Moreover, many Britons are not geared for the hectic pace in America; they are r they can make the grade against th petition there.

Just before the Telfers left fo tralia, Neil confessed that he ha entertained a fleeting notion of g America. "I started thinking al though," he said, "and I decide was probably a lot more poverty States than they were advertising said to myself, 'They won't get me they didn't. We're going to Au

The Telfers, of course, went t tralia the regulation way. They and waited, and waited some mo finally their patience was rewar number of other emigrants, h have not been so patient and have gone to extreme lengths to leave E without waiting for the red tape to raveled.

New Zealand, for example, ha ing problem in British crews wh ship there. The penalty is a m jail, after which time they are free in New Zealand because, as Brit jects, they cannot be deported. the past year, more than 400 Brit men deserted their ships in New ports via this particular loophe they are still there.

Other emigrants have gone to extremes. They are deadly seric ple who, in desperation, have risk lives to emigrate—now. Som driven across the deserts and thro jungles of Africa in their famil mobiles.

So-called "slum ships" sail fre from England with 15 or 20 herded into a single cabin for th voyage. The owners of these illici have made fortunes charging mo fares; one elderly woman of trying to get to South Africa. wa on a tramp steamer as a blacksn was charged $1,600 compared regular steamship fare of $480.

The owners of an ex-naval laun Dansant, advertised a sailing t Africa and received 14,000 replie eral weeks later. The Dansant, nightmare voyage with little fo epidemiclike sickness aboard, its cargo of emigrants on the Gold Coast, unable to go fart yacht with 28 women aboard wa almost wrecked on an uninhabite 200 miles from Aden. Anoth

"You'd better get down now. Uncle's leg is going to sleep"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL

In the *1830's* while Audubon painted his famous "Birds of America"...

Col. James Crow was immortalizing another American "bird"

Neither bright plumage nor bright song distinguish the bird that has become the symbol for James Crow's whiskey. But for more than a hundred years, Old Crow has served to brighten many a gathering and has caused men to sing out the praises of this grand old brand. Today, its famous symbol is recognized throughout the world as the mark of superb whiskey from Kentucky!

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled·in·Bond

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Give Your Car That Springtime Smartness

Here's sparkling new springtime beauty for your car! Dress it up with gorgeous new Rankin Seat Covers . . . America's Finest. They're the last word in smartness . . . custom-fitted in rich Lumite woven plastics . . . candy stripes, pastels, exquisite colors and shades . . . added refinements in beautiful tailoring. There's nothing else like them. See them at your dealer's now.

RANKIN MFG. CO. • CEDAR FALLS, IOWA

Got the COLD miseries?

See how Minit-Rub can help you!

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. In a minute, Minit-Rub begins to stimulate circulation, begins to bring a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. In a minute, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. In a minute, Minit-Rub's *active menthol vapors* begin to ease that nasal stuffiness feeling.

MINIT-RUB also helps soothe pains resulting from neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism and lumbago. Try it!

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens.

Get a tube of Minit-Rub today!

The Modern Chest Rub

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

carrying emigrants drifted helplessly in an Atlantic gale and was stranded at Las Palmas.

Of the dozens of pitifully equipped overland caravans attempting to negotiate the African deserts and jungles, some have made it and some have not, depending on their luck. The Ward family, of Nottingham, beset by howling sandstorms and a dwindling water supply, turned back after driving a thousand miles across the Sahara, their children driven hysterical by the swirling sand and merciless sun. In the desert, they came across the Mitchell family, of London, who had found too late that they couldn't make it and were turning back. In Algiers, the Wards met a British woman and her son who had paid a man $720 to drive them to the Cape and had then been left stranded without a penny when their benefactor disappeared.

Must Pay Rescue Fee in Advance

The desert and the jungles can be negotiated by elaborately equipped caravans, but few immigrants can afford the necessary equipment. As a result, the British government and various automobile clubs have issued repeated warnings against attempting the 10,000-mile trip without complete preparation. In addition, the various governments through whose territories the caravans must pass are now requiring stiff deposits to cover the cost of sending out planes to search for stranded parties or to meet the expense of providing convoys through particularly difficult terrain. Both the French colonial and Nigerian authorities, for example, now ask a deposit of $280 per person.

Still it goes on, some legal, some illegal. There is always the hope of a better life outside England, and the British emigrant is nothing if he is not determined. The Telfers were positive that Australia was the answer to their problems. "Why, in Melbourne," Bridget said, "we'll be living only tuppence from the beach!" and she said it as though that was all that mattered after Finsbury Park, North London.

All emigrants, of course, do not find what they are looking for, and a certain percentage invariably return to En a contingency, incidentally, wh provided for in the immutable law erning migration. In every mig movement, there is a countermov of dissatisfied returnees.

There is a steady stream of sioned emigrants returning to E from New Zealand, for example, encountered unlooked-for high pr housing shortage, and a not-too-fr reception from native New Zeala The New Zealand government, other hand, points out that many emigrants went to New Zealand pendently in the first place, despite warnings, and that they got exactl was coming to them for not stricter attention.

The other dominions are havin ilar experiences on a somewhat r scale. Homesickness takes its toll where. In Australia, the principa plaints concern the housing, trade and the inevitable nickname, "Po Actually, however, only one per the British immigrants in Australi returned to England, and the ubi Mr. Calwell has said he will be s if only 90 per cent stay. South has an even better record: Only cent have turned out to be misf Canada, the main difficulty conf the British immigrant seems to be ting adjusted to the freewheelin of the Canadians.

The attitude of His Majesty's ment toward emigration from En difficult to pin down, but it appea something akin to sympathetic ne This is a rather difficult and, at painful position to maintain, bu are no laws limiting emigration government has said repeatedly encourages the growth of the dor with British stock. Lord Addison ing in the House of Lords not lo for the government, reiterated th but noted also that "we cannot t backs or blind ourselves to our o mediate necessities."

Thus, the final answer is still found. Meanwhile, Englishmen thousands are off in pursuit of th derful dream.

THE END

"This is Howard, but his father owns an awful lot of oil wells"

COLLIER'S MICHAE

FAMILY RIFT

There's a rift in many a family.

There are flaws between husbands and wives.

There are brawls among the youngsters. Grandparents are often involved.

What's the reason? Dodge is the reason, and the feuds concern "who gets the car."

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"

Lowest Priced Car with Fluid Drive

IN THIS CORNER—MARY ANN!

Continued from page 28

to slug the other guy he is close enough to slug you. But his ring experience gave him the prestige to box with Dell under the pretext of teaching him Kid McCoy's famous feint, the Jeffries shift and the Corbett jab. All Gimmick wanted to do was to carom a knuckle-plated fist off Dell's nose with the laudable purpose of flattening it out. But his supposedly educational swings got no closer than a bum's buttons. Dell had reduced the manly art of selfish-defense to the point where it was neither mutual nor boffit-sharing.

ANY manager who has had two world champs wants a third. And Gimmick knew he wasn't going anywhere with a Mr. America who did most of his road work in telephone booths. So he whipped up a hundred schemes to scramble Dell's complexion. Doors were spun and stopped suddenly, a handbag full of doorknobs was swung at him by a drunken dame in a night club, heavy suitcases fell off the racks on sharp curves and there was a taxicab smashup staged in Central Park. But the revolving door cracked Gimmick in back of the hat and knocked him scrambled, the imitation souse was a bad judge of distance and scalloped Gimmick, the suitcases all fell on him, and Dell walked out of the taxi collision as fresh as flapping fish.

"Fighting is business," moaned Gimmick, "in which you got to look like a businessman." So he matched Dell with a sucker in Altoona who was named Kid Moon for this one go. His actual moniker was Thumbs Zabosky, a spoiler from the West Coast who had shellacked the middleweight champ Pete Diggs in gym workouts on the picture lots. Thumbs had instructions to give Dell a working over just short of a stretcher case. But when Dell slapped Thumbs like he was a jammed chewing-gum machine, Gimmick knew he had the makings of a champ. Especially when Dell did the ten-round job without once taking his eyes off Thumbs' dame in the front row of seats. She was yelling, "Moida tha' bum!" for three rounds in a cultivated voice that sounded like she was grating horseradish on her back teeth. After that, she was Dell's for better or for worse and a more than even chance she would get both. And she did. But not before she busted Dell's nose. . . .

She got into the ring with him in Madison Square Garden and beat him to a pulp in front of the biggest crowd in indoor fight history. Dell was sure astonished to see her there after he had dropped her in New Orleans. He had gone there with Gimmick to fight the champ's policeman Enzo Martinez for a chance to meet Diggs later in the year. Dell got by Enzo and was hotter than a baker's shovel. In the ninth round he is smiling over Enzo's shoulder at Enzo's sweet stuff. In the tenth and the decider he is smiling over both their shoulders at the promoter's wife, who meets him in New York thirty days later like a promissory note signed with a wink.

The New Orleans promoter didn't mind so much, because he was stuck on Enzo's girl. But it takes plenty of nerve to buzz some of those mob molls, and Gimmick realized Dell had it, nose or no nose. That mug got so slick in the ring he could have balanced an aquarium on his head, and the goldfish would never have known it was in a fight. . . .

While Dell is going better than hot coffee in a lumber camp, Thumbs is back on the Coast working at his trade as a spoiler. He's got a good rep too, for nobody knows he has been smacked around in Altoona under the name of Moon. It was just a little job he tried to do for Gimmick for a price and naturally Gimmick isn't spilling. But nobody sees Thumbs with his girl any more and even his best friends forget her name which was Mary Ann something. But Thumbs never gets another girl so I guess he must have been leveling with her. . . .

The public gets to like Dell's style which is more suds than soap. The slick way he picks off punches, foots it around the ring, smiles over his opponent's shoulder, never has his hair mussed and finishes every round in his own corner, catches on. But the smart operators get hepped and either leave their girls home or have their ringsides switched back ten rows or so.

Gimmick packs Dell around the country picking up ten grand here, eleven there, fifteen there and it's almost as soft as printing your own money. Dell stays in shape by fighting every week or so. Of course, that time in Cincinnati is off the record. They go out there to knock off an apple for a guarantee of seventy-five hundred. It's a sweeter touch than a license to steal. But the mug works on Dell's ribs and has him down for a couple of counts in the third and eleventh.

The way that happened was they are driving from the depot around three in the afternoon when Dell says to stop the taxi because he wants to buy a toothbrush in that drugstore on the corner.

Gimmick says okay because it is a perfectly innocent-looking drugstore and he knows Dell has never been in Cincinnati in all his life. After about five minutes Dell don't show so Gimmick goes in to hustle him up. No Dell. The drug clerk said nobody comes in for a toothbrush but a good-looking fellow comes in to telephone. So Gimmick ganders the six booths and they are empty as dented hats. Gimmick insists Dell hasn't come out of the store until the clerk points the other way and there is an exit on the other street. It is one of those stores shaped like an L.

"Now, what I don't hep," said Gimmick, "is how Straight Nose knew it. I know he has never been in Cincinnati in his life. He doesn't show up until an hour before the fight and you know what almost happened. Sure. He phoned a dame."

Gimmick explains that one away easy to the boxing writers, and Dell is so terrific in his next Garden go they forget it. That fight is with the Swedish mauler Sven Arndt who is middleweight duke of Europe and a real tough cookie. Sven comes over to fight Diggs but the champ is making a picture again. He says for Sven to fight Martinez and get a rep but the Garden has had enough of the champ's policeman. So Gimmick works in and nails the match for Dell. Now, with Sven out of the way Dell is sitting as pretty as a nurse's cap. But in all his fights there is something lacking. He never lets the thing go to where both guys are fighting at the same time. When the other guy wants to go Dell is on the clutch. When the other guy gets tired Dell smacks him to a point. It is as scientific as a Rochester instrument factory but it just misses the boat.

I catch Gimmick eying Dell's beak every so often like he was wishing it wasn't so even and his hair wasn't parted exactly down the middle like he was getting ready to walk a tight rope. But the guy is a gold mine the way he is so why wreck it with improvements?

You know how a year or two goes by in the fight racket. By this time the champ knows if he ever climbs into the ring with Gimmick's man Dell he will get himself a bad case of leather rash. So he stalls like a sixteen-mule stable because he is making plenty of money with the title just being champ. One thing Gimmick can do and that is telephone the boxing writers until they are foaming at the mouthpiece. They don't want anymore of that policeman stuff and finally Diggs weighs in with a proposition. There is a guy named Thumbs Zabosky who is licking everybody on the West Coast. If Dell meets him in an elimination tournament, then the champ will put the title on the line.

"Well," says Gimmick, "we will take that guy like Grant took Richmond. I never saw so many handles on a loving cup before. We have already knocked off Thumbs in Altoona under the moniker of Kid Moon. I know the champ isn't wise to that, and Thumbs isn't cracking. It's a scutch on his blotter and he's keeping mum." He grabbed Dell and me and we did an Indian war dance.

"The title is in the sack," he whooped, "and all we need is the check for the bag. It's like Jonah kicking the whale from the inside. We can't miss."

That's the way it looked from the dollar seats when the match was made for the Garden. Thumbs comes on to train at Madame Bey's while Dell goes to Lake Corum in The Blades. There's the usual press-agent stuff from both camps with most of the interest on Thumbs because he's fresh stuff. Nobody knows about Kid Moon of Altoona.

Thumbs shapes up fine in training. He's a run-of-the-mill fighter. Only thing unusual about him is he fights all t time in a jersey with long sleeves dow to his wrists. Well, it s chilly at Madan Bey's so that's as natural as humming the opera.

The night of the fight they climb in the ring in fancy bathrobes. The refer is Honest John Garry who counts money in front of a mirror because doesn't trust himself. He features hi self on the microphone giving instru tions that belonged on a package breakfast food. The fighters went their corners and looked each oth over while their handlers pulled off t bathrobes. Dell was sure a handso hunk of man and you could hear t women gasp. He had slapped Thum around once before and he is as cor dent as a magician with a rabbit by t ears.

Thumbs sheds his robe at the gong a moves out every bit as well built as D except his face went through the wrin with his laundry.

They touch leather, and . . . wap Thumbs clips Dell and he's down. gets up at nine while the crowd g nuts. That first round was longer th soda-water straws in the giraffe count We have plenty to do on Dell during t minute rest. It is the first time he ever been really whammed with a ri to the whiskers.

In the second round the guy D whipped at Altoona is not acting lik stop on a milk route. He is chasing D around the ring swinging that rig When they get into a clinch in our c ner I see there is a girl's picture tatto on the inside of Thumbs' right arm. must have been done by a corking ar for I can see it is the dame Dell st from Thumbs in Altoona. And just case of a tie, it says Mary Ann under

AND that's how Mary Ann got into Garden ring with Dell. Every ti that right hand rises and falls she is th all right even though she took the pipe in New Orleans after Dell ditc her for a couple of other dames.

Dell seems mesmerized by Mary A And she kissed him plenty for fift rounds. No, he doesn't get knocked But he absorbs a beating that wo soften up trunk leather.

Wallop! Zamm! Bopp! Mary A swings in a murderous arc that lands t out of three. Dell's schnozzola is spr over his puss like it was massage cre During each intermission Baldy B stock fixes him up for the next thr minute hamburgering. And nine seco before the end of the fight Mary A lands one that knocks Dell colder t an oyster bed.

That's why Dell wasn't counted That's how the most famous punch fight history became known as M Ann.

Everything about Dell recovers fr that beating except his nose. Instead Greek it is now Roman. It's roamin' over his face. And here's the snapper the business. Do you think that Thur got the fight with the champ? No Diggs remembers what Thumbs did him in the rehearsals of his famous ture, Gloves Aglow.

So he fights Dell instead, figuring Profile is still as fancy as your grandm Sunday shawl. Instead, Gimmick right. With his nose busted Dell comes a slugger and knocks the cha loose from his appetite in three round

That makes Dell middleweight cha And where is Mary Ann's revenge?

Well, the champ can't hold a da The straight-nosed preliminary p steal all of them from the guy with busted beezer.

THE END

"I'm going to throw Van Horn out of my office this afternoon. Better get a stunt man. . . . Wouldn't want to hurt a valuable man like Van Horn"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Get better pictures this week!

It's easy to improve your pictures!

One important way is to buy the film experts use . . . *wide-latitude* Ansco Film.

"Latitude" is a word experts use to describe the ability of a film to yield *good* pictures even when the exposure isn't exactly right.

And when we say Ansco Film has *wide latitude,* we mean that it has a *superior* ability to give you good pictures from questionable exposures.

This week, load up with Ansco Film, steady your camera . . . and just see what happens! Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

Ansco Reflex — America's Finest Twin-Lens Camera

ASK FOR Ansco FILM & CAMERAS

A DIVISION OF GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS
TO GOOD TASTE

He gave Nature 100,000 New Ideas

Most of the fruits, flowers, grains, vegetables and nuts that come to your table today are superior to those that grew before Luther Burbank's time. Most people know of his fame, but few know that his genius in cross-breeding plants produced more than a hundred thousand new varieties. His California home was a mecca for Nature lovers and each mail brought him letters and rare specimens of plants and flowers from admirers the world over.

But before Burbank, Anheuser-Busch in 1876 had made a great contribution to the American table—the distinctive taste of Budweiser. It quickly won national and then international fame as a complement to fine food and a compliment to good company.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · · · SAINT LO

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

Continued from page 15

Kent, the Smith Brothers, and oothpaste were among its out- bank-rollers. But we needed nsors—many more.

did we lose sight of this. Indeed, d we? For during our first year, ound $800,000. We carried on $3,000,000 General Electric and ouse had put up to tide us over. nder there was exuberant re- hen I succeeded in selling time ties Service Company. Its pro- t on the air February 18, 1927, ll running, the oldest sponsored show in radio.

derline the importance of the we staged the *première* in Hall before a full-dress audi- e attraction was a 60-piece con- d conducted by Dr. Edwin Goldman, whose summer musi- he Mall in Central Park are still e joys of New York.

pening night, incidentally, gave f the most uncomfortable eve- my life. There was a *faux pas* our sponsor, Henry L. Doherty, of Cities Service. He was in Hospital, Philadelphia, at the had sent him a receiving set on tune in his first program.

nouncer Pulls a Boner

tandably enough, one of Mr. s most ardent dislikes was Ed- Doheny, who had been on the es in connection with the Teapot ndal. Much to Doherty's cha- ple were constantly confusing es. And it did not help matters announcer, Ralph Wentworth, listeners that this broadcast was them through "the courtesy of . Doheny!"

very moment, I saw W. Alton Cities Service official, now its leave his seat and tiptoe from rium. With spots dancing be- yes, I also left and rushed back- instructed Wentworth to insert ad-lib announcements into the as he could. "And be sure to e in each one of them the name *L. Doherty!*" I ordered.

not until five years later that I rom my friend Jones that he had mediately to a telephone and oherty.

God's sake, what's happening?" had demanded. "Why did they ny is presenting this program?"

Quick-witted Jones had a ready answer.

"Doggone it!" he laughed. "I just knew that Deac Aylesworth had sent you a no-good set! Boss, that announcer didn't say Doheny. He said Doherty."

The old man, not at all convinced, agreed to listen further. At the conclusion of the broadcast, Jones phoned his chief again. This time, there was a smile in Doherty's voice.

"Jones," he chuckled, "Deac's set didn't work very well at the beginning of the program; but it certainly improved later on. Yes, sir, it was Doherty, all right—not Doheny!"

Another outstanding program we brought to listeners during this period was one sponsored by Collier's. Tom Beck, head of the Crowell-Collier Company, which publishes Collier's, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion, was the first publisher in the country to see the possibilities of radio as a medium of exploitation.

The Collier's Hour had its *première* in 1927. It was known as the National Weekly Radio Review, with John B. Kennedy as master of ceremonies. Kennedy was then managing editor of Collier's; he later became a well-known news commentator. The program featured interviews, dramatizations of stories, comedy and music by Ernest La-Prade's orchestra. Staged at the New Amsterdam Roof, it proved so popular that we were forced to issue tickets to those who wanted to witness performances. At that time our engineers feared the effect of a visible audience with its applause and laughter, so a huge sound-proof glass curtain was installed. Today such an audience is encouraged to make its reactions audible.

Sharing musical honors with Cities Service on our wave lengths was the Atwater Kent Hour. It featured stars of the opera and gave opportunities to many promising singers through its annual radio auditions. These competitions created tremendous interest among the youngsters of the land. A goodly number of them, unfamiliar as yet with the mysteries of radio, at one time actually believed that in order to tune in these programs one had to have an Atwater Kent set. Naturally enough, the manufacturer did nothing to disprove this legend.

Atwater Kent, a pioneer of the radio industry, was one of the colorful figures of that day. For some time, he and

"While I'm in town I think I'll try that $12 dinner you always put on your expense account" THURSTON GENTRY

Here's Big Heating News....

NEW *Beauty* FOR YOUR HOME

NEW *Comfort* FOR YOUR FAMILY

with TRANE *Convector-radiators*

Here is a new kind of heating that makes it possible for you to decorate your home exactly as you like! No bulky radiators to clutter your room or dictate your furniture arrangement. Now, sleek, compact units hide almost unseen in your walls.

Trane In-the-Wall Heating Fills Your Home with June-Like Comfort

Now you can revel in the wonderful, live feeling of a June day no matter how cold it is outside. This nearly invisible system combines gently heated currents of convected air with just enough radiant heat to keep you feeling fresh, sparkling, alive!

This new kind of heating costs less to install than any other steam or hot water system. Fuel costs are less, too. Write today for a natural color booklet showing Trane installations in striking new interiors.

TRANE

HEATING and AIR CONDITIONING Systems

the world's most complete line

SEND FOR THIS NEW *FREE* BOOKLET

THE TRANE COMPANY
La Crosse, Wisconsin
—or Trane Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto (C2)

Please send me your free booklet, "How to Live in June All Winter".

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone....State.....

Let's go shopping with STYRON

DOW'S FAMOUS PLASTIC

Take a trip through your favorite department store. Wherever you look, you'll find new designs for modern living in products made of Styron (Dow Polystyrene). Colorful, smooth, amazingly durable despite its light weight, Styron is the *right* plastic in a host of housewares that will add ease to your daily tasks . . . beauty to your home. Dow has instituted this "Shopping Service" to help you identify these important new products that are made *right* . . . "made of Styron."

Tossed salads look deliciously inviting in this Styron salad bowl. In a choice of beautiful colors with matching fork and spoon. By Columbia Protektosite Co., Inc.

For that single cup of coffee, try this "Olde Thompson" Little Drip Coffee Maker with colorful Styron cup and cover. By B. W. Molded Plastics for The George S. Thompson Corporation.

Gay accent for any table is this Hostesset. Sugar bowl, creamer and salt and pepper shakers on matching tray are smooth Styron. By Federal Tool Corp.

The egg and you get along perfectly when these Styron egg trays are used for safe egg storage. By Columbus Plastic Products, Inc.

PLASTICS DIVISION, DEPT. HW-7

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

David Sarnoff battled over royalties owed on RCA patents. Under these Kent had been licensed to manufacture receiving sets, but the two men could never agree on the amount due. In 1931, however, Sarnoff summoned Kent to his office and warned, "If you're going to continue making radios, you've simply got to pay us!"

To this Kent remarked casually. "Oh, I've laid aside the proper amount."

"I have it all figured out, down to the last penny," Dave said. "It's not a cent more or less than $10,000,000."

Kent was not bothered at all. "Is that so?" he said.

Thereupon, he nonchalantly reached into his pocket and handed Sarnoff an already-signed check for exactly—$10,000,000. They both burst into laughter.

Among our early sponsors was the late George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company. After NBC moved to its second home, at 711 Fifth Avenue in June, 1927, Mr. Hill actually caused me to dance for my supper.

By that time I had become deeply concerned with that most difficult of all the radio sciences—the snaring of sponsors.

The capture of the Lucky Strike account involved me in some of the most fantastic episodes I have ever experienced. It also gave me almost daily contact with that fabulous figure of the American business world—George Washington Hill.

More stories, some of them true, some utterly fictitious, have been circulated about this tobacco tycoon than about any other sponsor since the beginning of radio. Some of my dealings with him were turbulent and, to indulge in an understatement, at times unusual; but for the most part, I found him to be pleasant, and certainly always interesting.

Sponsors Shunned Saturday Night

Since taking charge at NBC in November, 1926, I had been trying futilely to sell Saturday-night hours to sponsors. Most of them refused to succumb to my blandishments, on the ground that the majority of listeners were undoubtedly away from their homes on that evening.

However, at last I got a break. One day, Hill phoned and announced that he wanted to broadcast a dance music program every Saturday night at ten.

"I'm going to direct the music toward the youngsters and the country-club set," he explained. "Sure, I know there are many people who don't go to country clubs. Well, they can dance to my music in their living rooms."

We not only sold him this Saturday night hour, but later persuaded Hill to increase the number of his broadcasts to three a week. Each featured a 65-piece orchestra directed by a nearly 300-pound trumpet soloist, Ben A. Rolfe.

Financially, Lucky Strike was our most important account at the time. It was so important, in fact, that for years I thought of NBC as a happy giant prospering contentedly behind a beautiful veil of fragrant cigarette smoke.

Hill's welcome program had been on the air but a brief time when into my life came the Lucky Strike Billboard Girl. One of the most publicized glamor maidens of her day, she was the product of G.W.'s flair for the unconventional in advertising and exploitation. Until he had plastered her fair countenance on thousands of roadsides, cigarette manufacturers had not dared to use a woman's picture on an outdoor sign. To encourage female indulgence in the weed was regarded as against public policy.

The Lady of the Billboards appeared at the NBC headquarters one day—and existence became infinitely more complicated from that moment on. If she had come alone, I probably should have welcomed her merely as a charming visitor. But, as she entered my office, George Washington Hill was be

"Deac," he announced ginger paying you people a lot of mone our listeners good dance music what do I mean by 'good dance It's music that people can dance

Naturally, I agreed that this w fect definition.

"Very well, then," Hill co "How can anyone tell whether music is really danceable? Only ing to it. That's why I'm here, D

Then and there, Hill demand place at his disposal a private r which would be piped the n Rolfe's orchestra, which at that was rehearsing in a studio on below.

"Your board room has a go speaker," he added enthusi "That would be just the place!"

I agreed heartily that it woul was about to lead Hill and the B Girl to the sedate paneled chamb our august board of directors he he touched my arm.

"Of course, you'll join us," he

I started to mention the many

CARTE DU JOUR, YOUNGER SET

East, west,
North, south,
Everything goes
In Baby's mouth.
Teething rings,
Fingers, feet,
Bonnet strings,
Rubber sheet,
Ball, bib,
Mother's veil,
Paint off its crib,
The kitten's tail
Are chewed with glee.
If not nutritious,
They seem e-
Qually delicious!

—Ethel Jacobs

tant documents on my desk awa presidential signature, when G. another inspiration.

"You can't dance alone, Dea for Bertha Brainard."

So I summoned Bertha, an ex ally talented girl and an able e who was in charge of our progra the board room we marched, the us; I switched on the loud-spea the dignified chamber rocked loud, staccato music of the Rolfe tra. There, with the door locked all intruders, the millionaire magnate, the gorgeous Billboa the charming lady of the prog partment and the president o danced round and round the boa Minute after minute, for more hour we pranced, trotted and sw B.A.'s sharp rhythms and r melodies.

At the end of the session, beaming like a boy scout who succeeded for the first time in fire without matches. He liked i announced, "We'll be back nex day."

And they were, for many week time Bertha and I joined them, like mad around that glistenin Sometimes I was in no mood frenzied exercise. But that Luck account could not be jeop George Washington Hill wanted and, as he was paying the pipe all there was to it.

Much to my sorrow, howeve terpsichorean sessions did not run as smoothly as I desired. C while we were circling the boar

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KATHARINE HEPBURN
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Angela LANSBURY Adolphe MENJOU Lewis STONE
in FRANK CAPRA'S
STATE OF THE UNION

Based on the Play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
Associate Producer Anthony Veiller
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

COLLIER'S "Well, tell him he's one horse who can dry dishes" CHARLES PEARSON

during a rehearsal session, Hill suddenly broke away from his partner.

"I'm going to fire Rolfe," he announced indignantly. "He hasn't enough bass and his tempo is bad."

I tried to conciliate him, but G.W. thundered: "Send for Rolfe!"

I did. Then I eased myself into the corridor to warn the likable and ponderous orchestra leader as he stepped from the elevator. I took his arm and, as soothingly as possible, explained that Hill was a bit dissatisfied.

B. A., who at that time was making a great deal of money, seemed to be far more disgusted than worried. For some weeks he had been increasingly irked by the arduous routine of leading his band through three long rehearsals in addition to three performances every seven days.

"I'm through," he sputtered.

"Now, B.A., don't take it this way," I said. "After all, remember that Mr. Hill is a genius. Be a good fellow, listen to him and call him 'Chief.' "

Needling a Dance-Band Maestro

We entered the board room and Hill, who by now had calmed down, greeted Rolfe in a friendly manner and in a matter-of-fact way told him what he did not like about his music.

Rolfe listened respectfully, saying nothing. At last, he uttered a mere "Okay, Chief!"

I accompanied him to the elevator, with B.A. repeating again and again, "I resign!"

"You can't do that!" I told him. "This is a crisis. I'll tell you what to do: Just go down to your studio and play that number again, just as you did before."

That's exactly what Rolfe did. He played it without the minutest change, as the four of us danced around the table. At its conclusion, Hill turned to me triumphantly and said, "See what I mean? Deac, this fellow is a great musician!"

One night after I had taken some guests to the Lucky Strike broadcast, a page boy led me to a studio telephone. Hill was on the line. As usual, he had been listening to his program at home.

"Deac," he ordered, "I want you to fire immediately Graham McNamee or whoever it was who coughed right after the announcement, 'Luckies are kind to your throat.' "

Fortunately, I was ready for G.W.

"The man who coughed," I told him, "was your vice-president."

Hill changed the subject, and I heard no more about that.

In the days that followed, just as before, the Hill-Rolfe relations continued in their uncertain, feverish state. Cataclysmic commotions were succeeded by calm moments of reconciliation. The two men might have gone on in this manner for many more years if one fateful night Mrs. Rolfe had not intruded into the fantastic scenario.

Hill, one of those early-hour addicts, was roused from his slumber shortly after midnight one night by the ringing of his bedside telephone. He was in no mood for conversation. But that did not matter to Mrs. Rolfe.

"You are ruining my husband's life!" she shouted loudly enough to be heard without Mr. Bell's invention. "He can't sleep any more! I would rather have him quit than go through this torture!"

Hill listened patiently for a minute. Then he ended the conversation with one sentence: "I pay Mr. Rolfe—not you; and he is fired!"

The news hit me the next morning like one of those "thunderbolts" I've read about. Regardless of what had happened, NBC could not afford to lose the Lucky Strike account. But the exit of Rolfe meant that I should have to produce immediately a satisfactory leader for this essential program.

That afternoon, the problem still unsolved, I was in the elevator on my way to the office, when I noticed two young men standing beside me. One of them, wearing slacks and tennis shoes, I recognized as Andy Sanella, a steel-guitar player of great prominence, who was a member of the Lucky Strike Orchestra.

Indicating his companion, he said to me, "Chief, I want you to meet my pilot. Anytime you want it, I'll put my plane at your disposal."

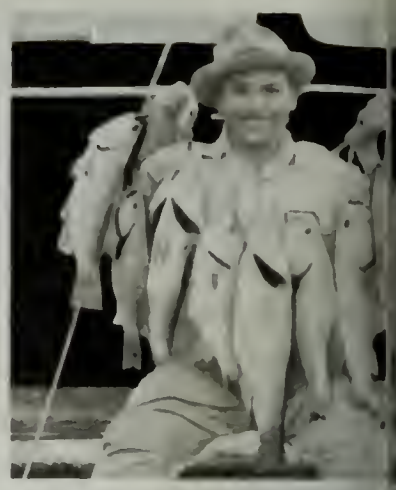
Just as I was about to acknowledge this display of generosity, he broke in: "I'm making $3,000 a week now. You're just president of NBC; so I know you don't get that kind of dough. Anyway, I think a man like you is entitled to fly."

I shook hands with the pilot and thanked Sanella. Then suddenly, I said: "Andy, how would you like to lead the Lucky Strike Orchestra?"

He stared at me incredulously. "I—I'd like it," he said.

And that is how a guitar player became the conductor for George Washington Hill of one of the most famous, and, certainly, one of the most hectic commercial hours of radio.

(Next week Mr. Aylesworth discusses Amos 'n' Andy, Herbert Hoover, Leopold Stokowski and the unpromising start of Radio City.)



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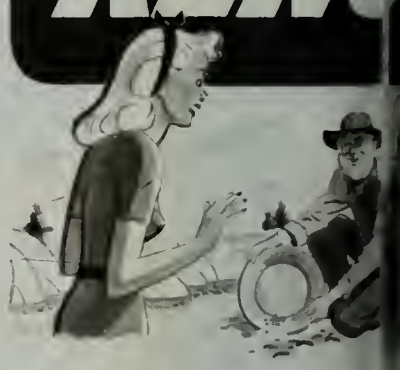

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HUNSECKER FIGHTS THE WORLD

Continued from page 17

w York is even hotter," I said to er quietly.

u *know* how much I count on you tle things like that!" Hunsecker's rose to a scream. "You were just ng there like a damned tree. The ou could've done—"

sure she didn't mind," I said. "I'm he didn't even notice it."

not *worried* about that!" he cried the throb of the wheels. "But all people on the campus standing d watching me—what will they "

rned from the window to say, will think that you are an ego- boor," but all I said was, "I'm Harvey."

on't ask much of you, Sidney."

, I had never emptied my veins n.

on't ask you to—"

rvey, I'm sorry!" I held on tightly edge of my nerves.

u're sorry," he muttered, picking e magazine again and slapping h its pages.

terribly sorry, I said wordlessly to ur of telephone poles and the moving trees. I failed to remind y Hunsecker to kiss his sister on a d campus so that a handful of his illion readers might get the im- n that he is thoughtful and good family man with decent affection neone other than himself.

situation called for a burnt offer- You feel like some gin rummy, ?"

GRUNTED approval, and the soft tulance around his mouth tight- to firmness, so I knew it was all ring for the porter and order a of decks of cards. When they , I moved over to Harvey's side down next to him. "The usual? feeling I'm going to beat your out."

ut the magazine down with a self- nt sneer. "You mean you'd like

layed cards the way he did every- lse, as though something person- nificant hinged on the outcome, ing beyond mere money. His figure seemed to expand menac- nd he concentrated on the deck as though his will could turn the cards to his bidding. But this time, as usual, the cards had a will of their own and I had to break up three kings several times to get him started on a triple Schneider and even by throwing him aces and deuces when he needed them most, I could lose only fifty-seven dollars on the first round.

But it was enough to start the blood flowing in his veins again and I could let myself relax under the slow hypnosis of the clacking train wheels and the insistent monotone of his ego, and tell myself that everything was going to be all right.

". . . Eating out of my hand. The trouble with radio, you can't see them eating out of your hand and it's such a beautiful sight. Go ahead, it's your pick. Maybe you think Eisenhower or Baruch could have tossed off a better speech to those fillies? The hell they could! I suppose I should give you credit for having a hand in the writing. . . ."

"Thanks," I said.

". . . But the trouble with ever saying a nice word to a press agent is that he twists it around so that it sounds as though he's being taken advantage of, isn't that right, Sidney? I just said thanks, baby, so go ahead now and hit me. You don't need that ten. You're romancing, you son of a sneak. I wonder if the other girls were jealous of Susan? Guess being Hunsecker's sister makes her something of a special case wherever she is. And not everyone likes Hunsecker, do they, Sidney? Ha. He gets under their skin. But about the speech today—I think I'll cut the lead and use the tag up front. It'll make a nice pious column for Tuesday and you press agents will call me filthy names because you won't find any of your crumby clients in it. Boy, what a wolf pack! Four any good? What would they do if I dropped dead or gave up the column? Morgan Wright. Ha. Or maybe Oscar Peck. Parasites, gnawing their way into newsprint. . . . Sidney, you're not listening!"

"Twenty-eight," I said. "Deal."

"And don't think I couldn't give up the column any time I wanted. Cassidy would leave the door open and I could pick it up where I left off like *that*. I'd like to see Casto's face when I walked out on the floor of the Senate. The gutter rat, eh? Only now the gutter rat

"Trust the Van Smythes to have to do it right!" JEFF KEATE

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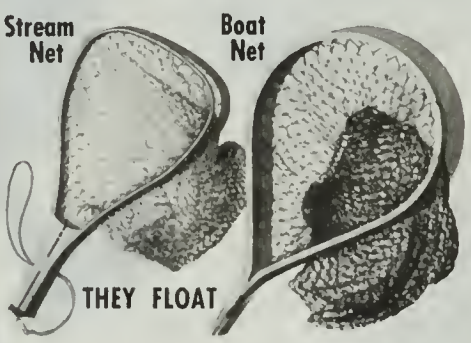

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MY DEALER IS

HIS ADDRESS

would be Senator Hunsecker. I don't want the eight. Go ahead. I'd have Congressional immunity and then I'd tell that slob what no one has ever dared to tell him. What's the matter, baby? You don't think I could get the nomination? You heard me up there today. First time on an open-air platform. That's why I went —to give it a try. I'd make a hell of a campaigner. What's wrong, baby?"

My hands must have been trembling. It was the first time I had ever heard him talk of going into politics. Hunsecker, of the people, for the people, by the people. I picked up a jack I didn't need.

". . . The senator from New York. Ha. The Commies would love that, wouldn't they? Washington is hot in summer but what's left for me after the Pulitzer prize? More income tax, that's all. Just let Hunsecker try to pull any of that capital gains stuff like your pal, Grannick, out there in Hollywood. It's no wonder I'm tired. No wonder I get sick. Hunsecker fights the world. What was that you just picked? Have Molly check with the station that carried the speech today to see if they made a recording of it. There's always room for improvement. Said Morgan Wright to himself as he tried to make his column sound more and more like Hunsecker's. Is gin any good? And give me an accounting. I don't like those hieroglyphics of yours. . . ."

THE hour slipped by fast. When I was down over a hundred dollars I started pulling in the reins a little, and by the time he was ready for dinner I had lost only seventy-eight, which was par for the course.

I walked ahead of him to the dining car like a Geiger counter, and when I informed the steward who the little man was in back of me, I knew from the quick arch of brows and the gleaming eyes that I was in the presence of one of the forty million. He by-passed me with an obsequious bow.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Hunsecker, and how are you this evening? Just one moment, Mr. Hunsecker, and I'll have a table for you."

Harvey wasn't even listening to him. He must have seen the girl the same moment I had. His nostrils were pulsating faintly and his small eyes had narrowed astigmatically as he stared at her. She was sitting alone facing us at a table for four, and if ever there was such a thing as melancholy beauty, she had it.

I said to the steward, "Mr. Hunsecker prefers a table for two. We'll wait until you have one."

But Harvey stepped in front of me and nodded in the direction of the girl's table. "That one'll do."

"Yes, Mr. Hunsecker."

"And keep the fourth seat empty," Harvey muttered, folding a bill into the man's palm as he strutted to the table past staring eyes. "You have no imagination, baby," he said to me.

He took the seat opposite the girl, next to the window, and motioned for me to sit on the aisle, next to him. She was already into her entree and merely glanced briefly at us. Harvey's eyes flickered over her finely molded features and her well-tailored suit.

"A New Yorker," he said to me loudly. "Nowhere else on earth do women achieve that . . . what shall I say?"

"I think I'll have the sweetbreads," I said to the menu. The girl hadn't looked up but a slight flush was creeping into her pale cheeks. "How about you, Harvey?"

"Sleek . . . chic . . . and a kind of handsome sublimity. That's it." He rapped on the table. "Sidney, get the boss man."

I waved for the steward. He came running.

Hunsecker turned his pale eyes on him. "Luigi, if I order a steak rare, will I get it rare?"

The steward's face took on a sickly pallor. "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Hunsecker, but we don't have any steak at all."

"No steak?" Harvey surveyed the man's anxious face for a moment and then suddenly he barked, "What's your name?"

"I'm awfully sorry we—"

"What's your name?"

"Edwin Cambrio, Mr. Hunsecker. I—"

"How do you do, Mr. Cambrio? My junior partner here and I will have the lobster." He chuckled at the man's ashen face. He felt a lot better now because out of the corner of his eye he had caught the sudden upward glance of the girl at the mention of his name. He turned to her as she stared down at her plate again, and he said, "I didn't want steak anyway. I think steak is an unimaginative dish, don't you? Most people like steak because it's an expensive item, but give me pheasant under glass any time. Ha. You're from New York, aren't you? Tell me, honey, who's your favorite Broadway columnist?"

She looked up at him coolly. "Walter Lippmann.. Who's yours?"

He gave a nasty, mirthless cackle. "You I like," he said. "You I like even better than tootsie here." He jerked his head in my direction. "When I ask tootsie who his favorite columnist is, the answer is always the same. It's like death and taxes and night following day. It never fails. Watch." He turned to me. "Sidney, tell the lady who your favorite columnist is."

I broke a roll in half.

"Come on, Sidney."

The girl said quickly, "I heard your broadcast last week, Mr. Hunsecker."

"Sidney's a big boy. He can take care of himself." His eyes narrowed as he turned to her. "He's a rag doll. All press agents are rag dolls. Press them and they say Harvey Hunsecker instead of mama. Sidney, say mama for the lady. What's your name, honey?" He buttered a piece of bread as he talked.

She glanced at me with embarrassment and I saw that it was the dark, deep-set eyes that gave her beauty its quality of sadness.

"Lorna Hale," she said, still looking at me.

"Stage? Radio? Movies? . . ." Hunsecker stuffed the bread into his mouth.

"I hope to do some modeling."

"Of course, you shall. Take down the name, Sidney."

She looked at him sharply. "What for?"

"The column, honey. Because I like you. People pay Sidney good money to get their names in my column. They have to pay. They're not beautiful. Take down the name, tootsie."

"I'd rather you didn't," she addressed it to me quietly.

HARVEY glanced at me and when he saw that I hadn't taken out my notebook he looked back at the girl. "Why not?"

"I'd just rather you didn't," she replied, meeting his gaze.

He stared at her and chuckled, his face straining to hold its smile. "You and I are going to have a wonderful time in New York. I'm getting a little tired of press agents, like Sidney here. Sometimes they don't hear well. But you I like. Sidney, say something to the lady. Say mama. Say Westbrook Pegler. Say—"

"Your dinner is getting cold," I said.

Several times I looked up to find the girl's eyes on me and each time I looked away quickly. My food stuck in my throat.

When she had finished her coffee, she lighted a cigarette.

Hunsecker wiped his full lips with his napkin. "Sidney, you eat too slowly. You eat the way you play cards. Do you play gin, honey? You are sitting diagonally opposite the most unfortunate gin player in America. He was caught with Hunsecker on a slow train to New York. Tell the lady who won seventy-eight dollars from whom, tootsie. But he can af-

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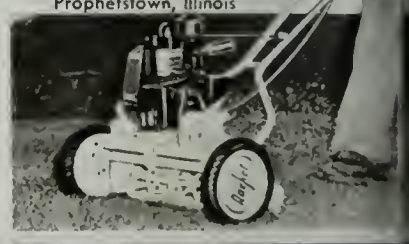
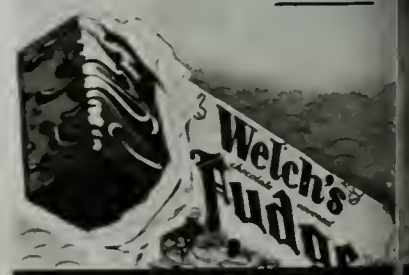


HAND AND POWER MO

MY GOODNESS · ·

SUCH GOODN



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ford it. Look at that suit—and that tie. He must know the right people. It's spelled with an H. Right, Sidney? Give me a cigarette." He held out his hand without looking at me and when he had placed the cigarette between his lips he waited for me to get out my lighter and bring the flame to the tip. "Doesn't he do that nicely?"

The girl slapped some money down on her check and got up. She was taller than I had expected, almost as tall as I was.

"Wait a minute, honey," Harvey said.

She was looking over at me. "We haven't been introduced."

"Lasker," I said quickly. "Sidney Lasker."

She nodded. "It's going to be a long night. I could go for some gin rummy myself—"

"Swell," Harvey said. "Why don't—"

"—So if you get a chance, Mr. Lasker, I'm in the sixth car, compartment C."

And she was walking away before I could say anything.

I shot a glance at Harvey. He wasn't smiling now and he was staring after her with narrowing eyes as she left the car. "Her I like," he muttered in a hard voice. Then he turned to me. "Take her name down, Sidney."

I returned his gaze without making a move, watching the faint dilation of his nostrils.

"Take her name down."

My hands slowly took out the pad and wrote Lorna Hale in it. Harvey ground his cigarette into an empty coffee cup, paid the check and got up. I followed.

The steward asked for it. "Everything all right, Mr. Hunsecker?"

Harvey didn't even look at him. "Mr. Cambrio, your dinner stank."

By the time we reached our compartment, I knew that I wasn't going to go in. "I'm going to walk it off, Harvey," I said.

He went inside without answering me. I headed for the lounge car, because that wasn't where I wanted to go, and when I saw that it was crowded, I turned around and walked forward to the sixth car and stood in front of compartment C for at least a minute before I decided to knock.

She was sitting by the window, and in the dim light she was all the lovely women I had ever seen in passing cabs or at distant tables in night clubs.

"I didn't think you'd come, Mr. Lasker."

"Suckers can't wait." I flashed a smile. "But I never play cards with women who call me Mister."

"Sit down, won't you?"

I sat. "The lamb is ready for the slaughter."

I STARTED to examine everything else in the compartment because I wanted to look only at her.

"What is it?" she asked uncertainly. "Something you want?"

"The cards," I said.

"Oh, the cards." She looked away. "I suppose I should have told you. I don't have any."

I got up. "Think nothing of it. I've got a couple of decks in our compartment."

"Why not ring for the porter?"

I said, "But we're only a car away."

She didn't answer right away. "You might not come back."

"Why?" I began to laugh, and then stopped. "You mean he might not let me? He might not give me permission?" I tried to laugh again but it wouldn't come.

"It does sound funny, doesn't it—now that you put it into words?"

"You just wait here." I started for the door.

"I guess there's something else I ought to tell you," she said quickly. "I don't know how to play gin rummy."

I turned sharply. "Then why did you—?" Her face was to the window.

"I had to do it, that's all," she said in a muffled voice. "I had to slap his face—any way I could. I had no idea you'd come."

"I see." I held on to the door handle as the train took a curve and there was a bitter, empty taste in my mouth. "Then if it's all right with you, can I go now?"

"No, please don't." She looked up at me. "I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean . . . I—well, we *can* talk, can't we?"

I just stood there for a moment, and

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shrugged and sat down. "Go
d
't be angry."
ry?" I ground my heel into the
"Hadn't you heard? I never get
y
ghted a cigarette and stared at me
ile in silence. "Sidney, tell me—
ways that way?"
ed to say I didn't know what she
-but she was still looking at me.

you?"
looking at the tips of my forty-
oes. I needed a shine.
goes Marie Antoinette one bet-
said, "doesn't he? Let them eat
he exhaled a stream of smoke.
ork is full of men and women
nk it's worth it. Tell me, Sidney,
ogrammed shirts worth it?"
up. "Look, maybe I better go."
remind me of someone I know,"
on. "Her name is Lorna Hale."
't say anything—but I didn't go.
five years I stayed married to a
lidn't love, because he gave me
nd luxury and more money than
use." I glanced at her hand.
ok her head. "No. No ring. I
down the well at Reno three
o. It wasn't worth it. Nothing
rth that. The trouble is, you
nd out except for yourself, and
lly too late." She turned her face to the window, to the darkness beyond, and suddenly her voice seemed tired. "I wish I had found out sooner. I wish all of us could. And I wish we could go on feeling sure that we're right."

My mouth was dry and I stood there wanting to say something but not knowing what it was that I wanted to say, and I had an idea it was something simple, like, "Thank you," and then all at once I was on the seat beside her and holding her hand in mine and saying, "Look, we *can* talk. We've *got* to talk. I want to hear all about it. Will you tell me?"

She turned to me. "Of course, I will."

I stood up. Somewhere inside of me doors were opening, dams were bursting. "I'll be right back. I'm going to get the cards."

"But—"

"It's—it's something I want to do," I explained hastily. "And maybe I can teach you how to play gin rummy before we reach New York. Perhaps we can both learn something from each other."

She smiled. "Perhaps."

"And if not by the time we reach New York . . ."

"Yes," she said. That was all. I left.

HUNSECKER was sulking at the window, his soft chin cupped in his hand. He didn't even glance at me as I came in. I went to the mirror and straightened my tie with cold, fumbling hands.

"Well," he snapped, "what did she say about me?"

"Nothing significant," I said.

He grunted. "I'll *bet* not."

I started to gather up the cards that were strewn on the seat beside him, and his face brightened as he looked up. "Oh, you feel like some more—?"

"I'm taking these back with me," I said evenly. "She doesn't have any cards."

"Did it ever occur to you that it might get to be boring sitting here by myself?"

"I hadn't thought of it," I answered, as I sorted the cards.

For a moment there was only the sound of the throbbing wheels and then he said, "You know, I've got a hell of a gimmick for a new twist on the Friday roundup column. I think we'll toss some ideas back and forth while it's still hot."

"Not tonight."

"I think maybe we better, tootsie."

"No, not tonight," I said thickly, putting the decks in my pocket.

He ran his tongue over his lips. "Why don't you ask her to come in here? We could make it three-handed."

"I don't think she'd care for that."

He mimicked my voice. "You don't think she'd care for that. Why not?"

I turned to meet his gaze. "I don't think she likes you, Harvey."

His lips were bloodless and his left cheek began to twitch. "She doesn't like Hunsecker," he cackled. "Ha. That's good. Send that to me, will you, baby? I can use that for a lead. Hunsecker fights the world. Don't let me forget that, tootsie. Call Molly and tell her to remind me. The little tramp with the dark hair doesn't like Hunsecker. Ha. She collects rag dolls. Wonderful. Well?" His voice rose to a shout. "What are you standing there for?"

"You're sitting on the score pad," I said quietly.

The train had hit top speed now. Up front the whistle was shrieking its warning and the wheels were pounding beneath my feet as I hurried through the lurching corridor to the next car. I knew it wasn't just to another compartment in another car, to a lovely girl with deep, dark eyes that I was hurrying. It was the direction that was important, a new direction from which there could be no turning back. And I was hurrying desperately because I was afraid I was too late—a couple of years too late—and I didn't want it to be too late, for either of us.

THE END

YES, SIR!

BY LOUIS KAMP

It was supposed to be a little joke. But Margaret ran for the kitchen, her cap flying off behind

AT FORTY, George Hazlitt Hillsbury was an important American scientist, so important that his eccentric, irascible personality was readily accepted by all who knew him. And it amused him to indulge and even exaggerate these characteristics, though actually he was a very softhearted man.

To most people he seemed austere and aloof. But there were times when he permitted a great roar to shake his voice, a ferocious frown to entangle his bushy eyebrows. However, such times were all part of a great fake. His wife Ellen had known this. But she had been dead for two years. It occurred to him now, as he stood horrified, listening to Margaret's sobs, that somehow he had expected her to know this, too.

George Hillsbury couldn't stand the sight or sound of a woman crying. Standing at the kitchen door, watching Margaret, listening to her, he was bewildered and unhappy. The last thing in the world he had intended was to make her cry.

Margaret was his own age, perhaps a year younger. But beneath the neat gray dress and the starched white apron with its ruffles like angel's wings, was the lithe figure of a young woman. Watching her straight, slender shoulders now, George could remember the day Margaret had applied for the job of cook and general housekeeper. He had made Ellen follow him into the next room and he had shut the door.

"She's the one we want," he had told Ellen in a subdued roar, "she looks like Amelia Earhart. I like women with freckles."

"But, George—" Ellen had said.

"Amelia Earhart was a great woman," he had insisted stubbornly, "and that's good enough for me."

"It's rather an odd way to determine the qualifications of a cook," Ellen had said in her placid way, "but if you want Margaret that badly, we'll certainly have to have her, George."

So Margaret, who was a Scot and who did look quite a bit like Amelia Earhart, had come to work for George and Ellen. She proved to be a real wonder, and she ran the house as conscientiously as though it were her own.

After Ellen died and George awoke from the stunned loneliness into which he had plunged at her death, he came to realize more than ever how fortunate he was to have Margaret. She took care of him in her quiet, efficient way and seemed to know his habits and accept them as Ellen had. Margaret and his house became almost synonymous to George. And the day he realized that, he began to worry about losing Margaret. She might marry and leave him.

"How do you spend your days off, Margaret?" he had begun.

"I don't take days off, sir."

"Dammit," George had shouted, "Ellen always gave you Thursdays and Sundays off. Don't talk nonsense."

"That was true then, sir," Margaret had said gravely, "but now—it's different. You can't cook, you know, and someone has to stay and look after you every day."

GEORGE had stared at her, really appalled at the way he had taken her daily presence so much for granted. "I can eat in a restaurant, can't I?" he had roared.

"No, sir," Margaret had said, a smile twitching at the corners of her firm, sweet mouth, "you've always said that restaurants are so noisy they upset your digestion . . ."

"That's not *your* worry!" George had said. "And from now on, I absolutely forbid you . . ."

"Please, sir," Margaret had said quietly, "there's no one I care to see outside of . . ." She'd stopped and then gone on, "I mean, I haven't any place I want to go. I don't care for movies much. I'd rather stay home and read. You have a very fine library, sir."

"Dammit," George had roared, "why didn't you tell me you were trying to read that heavy stuff? I'll get you a charge account at Brentano's . . ."

"But I *like* your books," Margaret had insisted. "I'm reading the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire now. It's very interesting."

"Is it now?" George had burst out laughing. "*I've* never been able to read it without falling asleep. Margaret, you absolutely amaze me."

And so, life in his house had continued to be rich and good, and Margaret had continued to work as much as she seemed to want to, and nothing had come up to disturb their placid life until this morning.

It was the letter that did it. The letter telling him that the foundation was approving the million-dollar appropriation for George's department. It had been too good to hold inside of himself. He had to roar about it. He took a great gulp of Margaret's really delicious coffee.

"Margaret," he'd roared.

"Yes, sir," she answered from the kitchen. She came running in like a schoolgirl, anxiety in her pleasant voice, on her pretty, freckled face. Now her gray eyes which matched the gray dress were troubled and her nervous hand trembled against the tiny cap on her light, curly hair.

"Yes, sir," she said again.

She was so attractive that he wanted to smile at her, but it would have spoiled his fun.

"This stuff!" he'd gone on roaring, motioning toward the coffee. "This stuff you brewed may be fit for an ordinary man, but it's not fit for me, my girl. I want it black, black, do you hear? Take it away and don't bring it back until you can float a silver dollar in it, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Margaret said breathlessly, "except it's the same coffee I've made every morning for . . ."

"But I'm not the same man!" George yelled. "I've got a million dollars. It just came in the mail. I want my coffee thick enough for a Turkish pasha, and I want you to sit down here with me and help me drink it."

That was supposed to be his little joke. Only Margaret broke and ran before his voice, her cap flying off behind her, and it seemed to the startled George that he heard a sob.

He got up and picked up the neat little cap and went to the kitchen door and that was when he saw Margaret leaning against the refrigerator, her eyes tight shut, her shoulders shaking. She was crying.

George crossed the kitchen to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Stop it!" he said gruffly. "Stop it! Do you hear me, Margaret?"

"Yes, sir," Margaret said, but she went right on crying.

"You ought to know I was only joking, Margaret. Your coffee is always wonderful. I love your coffee . . . dammit!"

But Margaret's shoulders continued to tremble under his hand.

"It was that letter," he said, embarrassed, "the letter came this m ing. My appropriation has okayed. It was just my way of t you that I got a million dollars."

"Yes, I know, sir," Margaret She took a wisp of white handker out of her pocket and blew her gently. "I am very happy for y

"Then what the devil are you ing for?"

"Because you yelled at me . .

"I've *always* yelled at you!"

"No, sir," Margaret said qu "you only began yelling at me a a year ago. Before that, you raised your voice a little."

"Good God!" George had lowed, then lowered his voice mean, I wouldn't yell at you u I liked you, Margaret." The smiled suddenly. "Why, you re ber, I used to yell at my wife a time and I loved my wife. Wo have yelled at her if . . ." Ge voice faltered and he stared at garet, a strange, startled look i eyes, "if . . . I hadn't loved . . .

"No, sir," Margaret said. She staring at George now, her low caught between her teeth. She se to be holding her breath.

THEY stood like that, fixed, George's scientific mind race dizzy course of reason. The pulled Margaret to him and kisse Then he held her away and star her.

"My God," he said with awe, been a great fool."

"Yes, sir," Margaret said.

"Dammit," George said lo "you've been in love with me whole year and you knew I was in with you too, didn't you?"

Margaret's eyes were sparkling more than tears.

"Yes, sir," she said, "ever sinc started yelling at me."

"But you knew that was w yelled at you. You knew it *this* ing . . ."

"Yes, sir."

"Then why the devil did you

"Because *you* didn't know it," garet said simply, "and I th you'd *never* find out, sir."

"Sir?" bellowed George. "My are you going to keep on callin sir, after we're married?"

"No, sir," Margaret said in a voice, "I'm going to call you Geo Then she burst into tears again.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSEL

Continued from page 23

big settlement, and let me tell you, the little woman gets what she goes after. It was a pretty smart frame."

"Pretty obvious, I'd say," said Martin. "It would be easy to prove it was a frame."

"Would it? I don't think so. That gag about the girl in your room was only taking a bath is stale. It's been used too often, and if my wife went to court with pictures of me and the little French girl, just in from Paris, I wouldn't have a prayer. And if I try to bring pressure on the girl, she can play innocent as hell. That's why I didn't call the house dick in. She can claim that she had too much to drink and *was* taking a bath. And the guy with the camera—I suppose he's a private eye—he can claim he was hired to tail me and saw the girl go in my room and sneaked in and took a picture, and that's all he knows about it. Yeah, you saved my neck this time. I suppose they were watching for me to get my room key, knowing I was coming in from the Coast, and when you stepped up and asked for the key they thought you were me." He inspected Martin. "We got the same build. Yeah, you know, we look alike, except I part my hair in the middle."

"And we dress differently," Martin said.

"Yeah," said Driscoll. "I never wore a tie like that."

"What's wrong with this tie?" Martin fingered the knot of the plain gray tie.

"Well, you know, it's too timid. I like a tie with confidence. Something that will catch the eye."

"Still, we do look something alike," Martin said. "Are you in the movies?"

"I'm a producer," Driscoll said stiffly.

"I wouldn't mind looking like a movie star," Martin said thoughtfully. "I don't know about a producer."

DRISCOLL grinned. "You're okay," he said. "But what have you got against the movies?"

"Nothing," Martin said. "I'm a teacher in a boys' school, and I don't get out of Porthaven much."

"Porthaven? Do I know that school?"

"America's Harrow," Martin said.

"What's a harrow?"

"It's an English school."

"Like Eton?"

"That's right."

"Your kids wear funny hats and suits?"

"No."

"Could do a picture on a boys' school," Barney Driscoll said. "Hasn't been done lately. I might use that idea." He turned his head indolently. "Tell you what, maybe I can get you out there as technical adviser. What's the name of that school again?"

"Porthaven."

"Getting back to that girl," Driscoll said. "You suppose she's really got a room downstairs?"

"She told me this afternoon she was staying in the hotel."

"I'm wondering," Driscoll said thoughtfully. "Maybe she's on the level. Maybe we ought to find out."

He picked up the telephone and asked for room 1110. After a brief conversation he hung up with a shrug and said, "So it was a frame. She was registered, all right. Miss Madeleine Petit, from Paris, France. But she's checked out."

"Checked out?" Martin said, and his eyes brightened. "Maybe I can get her room!"

He telephoned the room clerk, and the room was his. He arranged for a bellboy to be sent up to 1207 for his suitcase, while he went down to register, and as he left the room he picked up from a table the manuscript he had prepared for the Historical Verification A tion, which he had left behind w went down to make the speech. Driscoll slapped his shoulder at t and said, "You did me a favor I preciate it. Come and see me son

"You bet," Martin said.

"On the Coast," said Barney I "Be glad to see you any time."

In room 1110, Martin put the script in the drawer of the small table, opened the suitcase and r his pajamas, and somewhat un prepared for bed. With his b suit hanging in the closet, the L structor's Malacca stick and the and gloves laid carefully atop the he was stripped of the false per they had given him for a little ti sat on the edge of the bed, in jamas, and he was himself again— ous, shy, young schoolmaster co out of his element and in a state ness that was certainly no exa youth. But at least he had fo around him. He had a room of and his name was officially insc the hotel records. The thought g a comforting sense of identity. himself again, not a man in a b suit in a borrowed room. He let fall to the pillow and he was rel the first time that day.

THE telephone rang the next in room 1110, and Martin st uneasy sleep. At the second rin turned to the complexities of co ness. He sat upright and bli morning sunlight at the telepho reached for the instrument, not awake.

"Vincent," a crisp voice said, you?"

"Yes. Who's calling?"

"Dr. Fisher."

Martin clutched the receiver. was wide awake, and it all cam He was not prepared for a chat headmaster of the school.

"Hello, hello," the voice sai impatiently. "Vincent, are y there?"

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Marti numbly.

"Good heavens, man, are awake yet?"

"Yes, I'm awake."

"Then on your toes, Vincen did things go? You made your didn't you?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"How did it go over?"

"All right," Martin said.

"All right?" said Dr. Fisher. suppose all right is the best I c pect. I want to talk it over w Vincent. Suppose I come right u

"Up?" said Martin.

"Yes. Room 1110, isn't it?"

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said "aren't you in Porthaven?"

"I'm downstairs," the headmas "I flew in from Porthaven this I'll be right up, Vincent."

Martin let the receiver fall cradle and pushed himself to He felt panicky. It was too earl morning to face this issue. He into the bathroom, and he was st ing when Dr. Fisher knocked door. The headmaster bustled slammed the door vigorously him.

"Let's hear about it," he said. a full report, Vincent." The head eyes were bright and probing, down on the edge of a chair a at Martin.

Martin said, "I thought you Porthaven, Dr. Fisher."

"I had unexpected business York, Vincent, and I thought it

ea if I came up and stood by," Fisher said. "Maybe I can take a of the load off your shoulders."

es ir," Martin said hollowly.

let's hear the story. Did Mr. the speech?"

had been often enough on the the headmaster's office at Port- t the look in Dr. Fisher's pro- eyes on those occasions had en so disturbing as the eager Martin saw there now. Martin urgent thinking. He could not headmaster all that had hap- had to stall for time. After all, ht, Mr. Duff *had* liked the Martin had made a good im- on Mr. Duff and had been off g start before the mix-up in riscoll's room. If he could find y to appease Mr. Duff, and if meanwhile keep the headmaster mmunicating with Mr. Duff, a chance, an outside chance.

isher," he said firmly, "the nt over better than I expected."

?" There was a greedy shine sher's eyes. "Did you work in ial I sent over to you?"

yes, I had it in my speech," id.

s thoroughly researched," said r. "I thought it might appeal n. Did you have a talk with cent?"

Martin said hesitantly, "not

admaster gave his head a shake. ped you'd follow up that speech incent, while the iron was hot."

ere interrupted, Dr. Fisher," id, and remembered the ap- t he had made with Mr. Duff. e having a talk today."

Where?"

house," Martin said.

ked you to his house, did he? at augurs well, wouldn't you?"

dn't say, Dr. Fisher."

admaster slapped his palm on of the chair. "By George, I'm call up Oliver Pratt. He's the of the Porthaven trustees, you m going to ask him to lunch, and let him know what we're es, sir, I'll call him up."

said nervously, "Don't you t would be premature, Dr.

matters to discuss with Oliver, said the headmaster. "What your appointment with Mr.

o'clock."

Dr. Fisher glanced at his watch. "Heavens, man, it's ten thirty now. You'll have to hurry. Look, you've only shaved one side of your face!"

Martin returned to the bathroom, and the headmaster followed him to the door. "You know, Vincent, I'm wondering if I should go with you this morning."

Martin swung about. "Oh, no!"

"You think not!"

"I think it would look like too much pressure," Martin said. "After all, Mr. Duff laughed when he got your letter offering me as a speaker."

Dr. Fisher winced. "He laughed?"

"Yes. His secretary told me he had no doubts why you had sent me up here."

"So he laughed," Dr. Fisher said, then turned sudden irritation on Martin. "You picked a damned poor morning to sleep late. Now get on your toes. Mr. Duff has strong views about punctuality."

"Yes, I know," Martin said.

"You have to watch your step with Barton Duff," the headmaster said. "I know the man well. We were First Boys at Porthaven, as you know, and I can assure you that if you once get on his bad side . . ." Dr. Fisher's voice trailed off.

MARTIN parted his hair on the side, brushed it, and hurriedly put on his shirt. Dr. Fisher followed him from bureau to closet and back again as Martin dressed.

"I couldn't get accommodations," he said. "If you don't mind, Vincent, I'll make my headquarters here in your room for the day."

"Of course," Martin said.

"I'll expect a call as soon as you have news," Dr. Fisher said. "I'll be waiting here."

Martin nodded unhappily, and picked up his gloves and stick. The headmaster said, "And one more thing, Vincent. I'm leaving it to you to handle this, but if things go well, shoot high." He slapped Martin's shoulder hard. "Shoot for a million!"

Martin escaped along the corridor. It was depressing to start out before breakfast on such a mission, and as he went down in the elevator his hunger reminded him that he had passed up dinner the night before. He found a cab at the hack stand in front of the hotel and gave the address of the Duff home on Fifth Avenue.

It was an austere limestone mansion, facing Central Park. The lower windows were barred, and he remembered un-

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comfortably that the bars had been installed as a safeguard against reporters and cameramen, particularly cameramen. He went up the steps and pushed a brass bell button. The door was opened by a butler, and Martin's nervousness increased. He said, "I want to see Mr. Duff."

"Do you have an appointment, sir?"

"I think so," Martin said. "I'm Mr. Vincent."

"You're expected," the butler said. "This way, please." He led Martin to a door to the left of the entrance and opened it. "Wait in there."

It was a small office, with a window overlooking the park. Martin dropped into a leather chair next to a desk, and lighted a cigarette.

HE HAD smoked it to a butt before the door was opened again and Mary Edmonds entered. He rose and smiled, but received no answering smile from her. She went around behind the desk, laid her palms on top of it, and looked at him coldly.

"What's the price?" she said.

"What's what price?"

"Please don't fence with me, Mr. Vincent, or whoever you are. Suppose you tell me what you want out of this?"

"I came up here to explain the whole thing," he said. "I think I can make Mr. Duff see that it was all an innocent error, if he'll only see me. He left last night before the facts were known."

"All that interests Mr. Duff is that photograph," Miss Edmonds said. "And the negative, of course. He wants that photograph."

"*I* don't have the photograph," Martin began, but the telephone on Miss Edmonds' desk interrupted. She reached for it and he dropped again into his chair.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I'm ready for the Porthaven call." She looked thoughtfully at Martin as she waited, the receiver at her ear. "Hello, Dr. Fisher? . . . No, I don't want the acting headmaster. I want Dr. Fisher. . . . Oh, he's out of town. This is Miss Edmonds, secretary to Barton Duff . . . Yes, I wanted to ask Dr. Fisher about Mr. Vincent . . . Oh, yes, he showed up, all right. Will you describe him, please." She listened, and Martin could follow the description as her eyes followed his anatomy, point by point. "Yes," she said, "it seems to fit. Thank you." She hung up, and said to Martin, "So you *are* Mr. Vincent."

"If you let me talk to Mr. Duff," he said, "I can clear this up."

"If Mr. Duff wants to talk to you, he'll let me know," Miss Edmonds said crisply. "Then I'll let *you* know."

Martin drew in a long breath, c
his fists. He said angrily, "You'r
hearted woman, Miss Edmonds
"That's my job."
"Do you arrange your perso
suit your job?" He shook h
"I don't think so. I think you en
think you like to make the most
secondhand power. You get so
of satisfaction out of it."
"Oh, my God!" said Mary Ed
"Well, look," Martin said. "W
you give me a chance to explain?
isn't my fault. I didn't ask for thi
ment. See here, I'm just a teac
I want is to be let alone so th
finish up a book I'm working on.
want to come up here to see Mr. I
somebody had to come, becau
something is done for Portha
school will fold up. They picke
cause I know something about hi
they dressed me up and sent me
York."
"They dressed you up?" A
interest came into the calm blue
"I never went in for clothes,"
"I mean I usually wear tweeds a
a pipe, and I parted my hair in th
until yesterday."
"Is that bad—parting your h
middle?"
"I have a cowlick," he explai
doesn't show when it's parted on
And I never wore a starched
carried a stick until yesterday,
said I had to be sober and indust
neat, so I did the best I could."
"Did you say sober?" Mary E
smiled.
"I know I had a couple too m
said, and shrugged. "I told
make a mess of it, and I di
shouldn't be held against Port
think it's only fair to give me a c
explain the facts to Mr. Duff."
"That's a fine, straightforwa
ment," said Mary Edmonds. T
irony in her tone, but she av
eyes. She gazed out the win
tapped a pencil against her tee
"Oh, the hell with it!" Sh
suddenly. "All right, I'll see w
do. I don't like being called flin
I don't like that at all." She ro
feet. "Come on. We'll try to c
before the show starts. It's alre
for the morning movie."
He followed her out the door
walked side by side up a wide
stairs. Miss Edmonds used a
fume and she had a casual, grac
of walking. Perhaps, he though
ever cracked through that exte
would find an unexpected sor
As Mary put her hand on t
knob at the head of the stairs.

COLLIER'S "If you catch anything, got any idea what it'll be?" DAVI

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called from the floor above, "Have you settled it, Mary?"

Martin looked up, saw Barton Duff coming heavy-footed down the stairs. The broad planes of his face were set in a scowl. Martin said, "Mr. Duff, I can explain all this to you."

"Never mind your explanations," Barton Duff said forcefully. "Just hand over that photograph."

"I don't have it, Mr. Duff," Martin said. "I don't know who does. But I can explain how it happened. It was a plot by Mr. Driscoll's wife to frame him for a divorce. That's why the girl was in the room, taking a bath, and that's why the man was there with a camera. He was a private detective. They mistook me for Mr. Driscoll, because we look something alike."

"And who are *you?*" said Barton Duff.

MARY EDMONDS said softly, "He really is Mr. Vincent of the Porthaven School. I got my call through."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Duff. "Well, I must say I'm sorry to see a Porthaven boy mixed up in it."

"Mixed up in what, Mr. Duff?" Martin said helplessly.

"I think I know the price of that photograph," said Mr. Duff. "The idea is to close up the Historical Verification Association, isn't it? That's the price of the photograph, isn't it?" He gave Martin a keen glance. "Well, you can go back and tell Mr. Driscoll and all the rest of the cabal that it won't work. The H.V.A. will continue." He glared at Martin. "It's a clever plan. I concede that. Discredit Barton Duff and you discredit the H.V.A. Which newspaper is going to run that photograph, young man?"

"Why, Mr. Duff," Martin said. "No newspaper would print that photograph."

"They refused, did they?"

"I mean they just wouldn't print it," Martin said. "The newspapers don't do that kind of thing."

"The papers are always trying to steal my photograph," said Mr. Duff. "Some papers would pay well for that picture." His eyes were half closed. "As a matter of fact, I'll pay a reasonable price myself, if that's what you're after."

"Mr. Duff, believe me, I never saw Barney Driscoll until last night," Martin said. "I never even heard of him. I got into his room by mistake. It's no plot."

Mr. Duff held up his hand. "Young man, I find it somewhat coincidental that you obtained access to Mr. Driscoll's room, that you found an excuse to send me up there alone, that a young girl was waiting in a state of undress, that a man with a camera was hiding there and that Driscoll himself walked in to climax the scene." He shrugged his shoulders. "Possibly I'm unduly suspicious. I don't know. But I would not be surprised to see the motion-picture industry go all out to stop me, and I think this is an attempt. I will continue to think so until I have that photograph, and the negative, in my hand. If you have anything further to say to me, bring me that photograph and I'll listen."

The butler opened the door behind Martin and said, "I am ready with the film, Mr. Duff."

"Good," said Barton Duff. "When the picture is over, I want you to get all the afternoon papers. Tell the newsstand to deliver all editions as they come up." He passed through the doorway and slammed the door hard.

Mary Edmonds said softly, "I told you there was no use talking to him."

"Does he really think it's a plot by the motion-picture industry to discredit him? That's absurd."

"The movies have done crazier things," she said, and smiled. "And Mr. Duff sees a lot of movies. And see here, if this alleged private detective was shadowing Mr. Driscoll, why did he take a photograph of Barton Duff? Do *they* look alike, too?"

"No," Martin said glumly.

"So," said Mary Edmonds, "the *was* taken, and whether Barney I has it or not, it's dynamite so far Duff is concerned. Several new would be delighted to print it. know, Mr. Duff never allows his graph to be taken. Not since he hair. Once we caught a camerar the roof next door, waiting to get of Mr. Duff in his shorts, jumping

"Jumping rope?" Martin said.

She flushed. "For exercise, of That time the butler broke the camera."

"Whatever the facts may be," said, "I suppose I'll never get an with Barton Duff, will I?"

"What do you think, Mr. Vinc

"Or with you," Martin said.

She had started down the sta quickly turned. "What do you m that?" Her tone was chilly.

"I mean I'll never get you on You're still against me, aren't yo

"I never take sides, Mr. Vince said quietly, and moved on do stairs.

Martin followed, but at the foo stairs she turned toward her offi out a backward glance, saying, "Y let yourself out, can't you?" He the door close behind her, then out to the sunlight of Fifth Aven

He crossed at the corner and onto a bench set against the sto enclosing Central Park. He reac his pipe, and sighed as he reme once more that he had left it i haven. He took out a cigare lighted it. As he put out the m noticed the book of matches in h contained an advertisement for t Pigalle—no cover charge, two nightly. The thing for him to thought, was to get pleasantly that evening, take in a night club town. After all, it would be chance for some time. He was pra out of a job.

He thought of Dr. James G. waiting for his call in the Hote brook, and decided that he wa hurry to return to the hotel. Dr could wait. He would put off the ing as long as possible, but event would have to tell the whole st admit that he had withheld p facts from the headmaster. He wa sure how Dr. Fisher would react.

MARTIN threw his cigarette ground and stamped on it. been doing his work, minding h ness. It was unfair to send him mission. It was unfair to blame his failure, but he was sure that h be blamed. Dr. Fisher would hav grounds for dismissing him, and he were lucky enough to find post he would not find it easy to recommendation from the heac He'd have to let his book on ed go, for the time being. He'd have some sort of job.

A low voice said, "What are yo to accomplish sitting on a park Mr. Vincent?"

He looked up into Mary Ed mocking blue eyes. He got to "What is there to accomplish?"

"You don't mean you've give Her eyes shone. "Is this the tru haven spirit?"

Martin shrugged. "You said it was hopeless."

"Still, aren't you giving up easily?"

There was color in her cheeks, enigmatic smile was there agai pressed at the corners of her li suppressing impish laughter. frowned and said, "You seem to of fun out of needling me. Wh I possibly do?"

"I'd say get that photograph. what Mr. Duff wants."

"I haven't the least idea where

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get it," Martin said. "And even I haven't time."

haven't you time? You don't be doing anything but taking it a park bench."

n felt a prickle of irritation. She smiling, and he did not like that hey were standing close together, each other's eyes, and his impulse catch her by the shoulders and er—to grab her and kiss that irritating smile off her face. The disturbed him and he sat down the bench.

t one hand contritely on his arm. ow, I came out here because you o downcast, all alone on the But don't you think it's all pretty You came here to make a big on on Mr. Duff, all slicked up r hair parted on the side, and you did make an impression, then gled yourself up in the most mess. Don't you see the funny t at all?"

he said. "I'll tell you why. Dr. in town. He's waiting now in l room for news from me. The haven't time is that Dr. Fisher out the whole story before I ssibly get the photograph, and be the finish of me."

oesn't know?"

Martin said. "He doesn't

won't he understand, if you ex- ll to him?

wouldn't try to understand," aid. "To tell you the truth, Miss s, he's looking for an excuse to f me. He's not satisfied with my it is."

't you a good teacher?"

shrugged. "I think I'm a good but Dr. Fisher thinks I'm too lax. He believes in discipline, and he'll blame the whole situation on what he calls my laxness."

"I wonder," Mary Edmonds said softly, looking down at Martin. "Is he jealous of you?"

"Jealous? Why should he be?"

"I'll bet you're a good teacher," Mary said. "You're so serious, and, I gather from our conversation yesterday, you're a little bit of an idealist. And I'll bet the kids like you, too."

"Yes, I get on with the kids, all right."

"I bet he's jealous, all right," Mary said. "From the way Mr. Duff speaks of him, he's the kind of man who wouldn't like an ambitious young teacher under him writing a book."

"He's strict, at least," Martin said. "My contract won't be renewed after this. I'm sure of that."

"You know what I do when I feel the way you look? I take a walk in the park and watch the kids sail their boats."

"What can I accomplish," Martin said shortly, "taking a walk in the park?"

"Come on. It will do you good."

HE GOT up and walked with her toward the park entrance a block away. His hands were deep in the pockets of his coat and he moved slowly, kicking at a stone on the walk. From time to time she glanced at his face, and at last she said, "Is your job so important to you?"

"It's not just my job."

"Oh, I see. It's your book."

"It's not just the book, either."

"Then my goodness, what is it?"

"Well, I'm interested in education," Martin said. "That's my career. I like it. But this mess is going to make it hard for me. I'll never get a decent recommendation out of Dr. Fisher. This story will spread, and Dr. Fisher will give it a little extra push. It will spread how this quiet young teacher in a boys' school went to New York and was caught with an undressed French girl in his room. It will just about finish me in education."

They were on a gently curving walk, above the boat pond. Her fingers gently pressed his arm and she said, "Then why don't you do something?"

"I told you why. There isn't time."

"Look, Mr. Duff is seeing the morning movie. He won't be disturbed until it's over at a quarter to one. I can see to it that no calls come through for him after that, so how can Dr. Fisher find out? That will give you time."

Martin stopped short and looked down at her. "Miss Edmonds, I can't quite figure you out."

"No?" Her voice sharpened. "Is it necessary to figure me out?"

"I mean sometimes I think you want to give me a break, and sometimes I think you like to pull the wings off butterflies."

"I'm simply a flinthearted secretary," said Mary. "But I'm not inhuman. How about it? You've got time. You shouldn't waste it."

"I won't," Martin said, and squared his shoulders. "I think my best chance is to ask Barney Driscoll to get the name of that detective from his wife. That's the one lead I have. The girl disappeared. She checked out of her room last night. As a matter of fact, it's my room now."

Mary Edmonds grinned and said, "Better keep the door locked."

"Yes," he said sourly.

"Incidentally," she said, "what happened to your gloves and stick?"

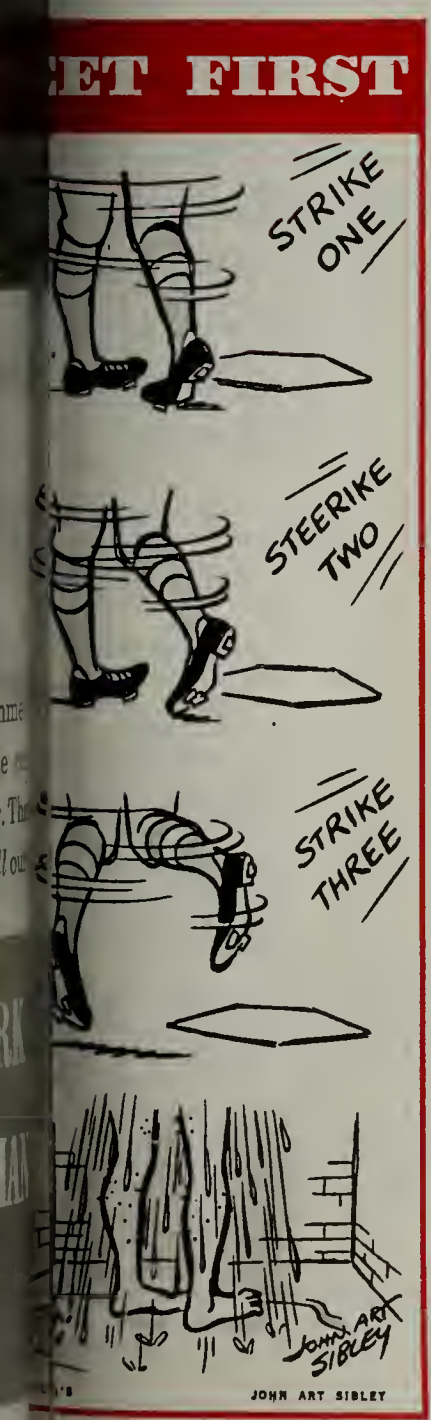
He looked down at his hands. "I must have left them in your office. I'll need that stick. I borrowed it from the Latin instructor at Porthaven."

"You look better without it," she said. "A little more believable."

"I borrowed this suit, too."

She looked at his earnest face and suddenly began to laugh. He frowned. "What's so funny?"

"You should have worn your nice old tweeds," she said. "And smoked your



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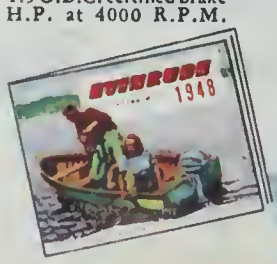

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pipe. And left your hair parted in the middle, cowlick and all. That would have made a better impression on Mr. Duff."

"It seems I did everything wrong," he said gloomily. "Not that it will surprise anybody."

"Are you getting back into that mood again?" She gestured impatiently.

"No," Martin said. He hailed a cruising cab. As he turned to say goodby, she said, "I'm wondering if I ought to go along. As the representative of Mr. Duff, I mean."

Martin frowned, "I see. Mr. Duff sent you out here to talk to me, didn't he?"

"No, he didn't. But he wants that photograph, and I think it's my duty to go along and lend a hand. Don't you?"

"And to check up," Martin said.

She grinned. "That's right. To check up."

Martin liked her smile a little better. He said, "Let's go," and opened the door.

AS THE cab moved away, he murmured, "I'm glad you're coming. You know, Miss Edmonds, you're good for my morale." That, he thought, was true: she was exceedingly good for his morale. He told the driver to go to the Hotel Westbrook, and brought out cigarettes. As he held a light for her, she noticed the oversize book of paper matches, and her eyebrows went up.

"The Club Pigalle?" she said. "Only in town since yesterday, but you've been around, haven't you?"

"I've never been there," he said. "I suppose they came with the cigarettes." He shook his head. "Except I bought the cigarettes in Porthaven. I haven't bought any in New York." He dropped the matches back into his pocket, nodded. "I remember. I picked them up last night in Driscoll's room."

The taxi was moving south on Madison Avenue. Mary said softly, "You know, you're a strange guy."

"Why?"

"Well, you sit there smoking cigarettes, but you don't like cigarettes, do you?"

"I prefer my pipe."

"Then why don't you smoke a pipe?"

"I left my pipe in Porthaven," he said. "You see, I . . ."

"You wanted to make an impression," she broke in. The irritating smile was in evidence again.

"Not exactly. You see, the fellow who owns this suit didn't want me packing a pipe around in it."

"You intend to have it cleaned and pressed before you return it, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then for God's sake, Mr. Vincent, buy yourself a pipe!" She leaned forward. "Driver, stop somewhere so the man can buy a pipe." She sank back again beside Martin. "Do you always do precisely what's expected of you?"

Martin shrugged. "I never gave it much thought."

"You gave plenty of thought to *not* having a pipe."

The cab drew up to the curb and the driver said, "Here you are, sir."

"Go ahead," said Mary. "Buy one."

Martin bought pipe and tobacco pouch. He filled the pipe and lighted it, and returned to the cab, carrying the pouch in his hand. As the taxicab moved on, Mary said, "Go on, stick it in your pocket."

He looked at the tobacco pouch, grinned, and put it away. Sucking in the sharp tobacco from the new pipe, he felt much better. He felt that he could think more clearly, and the problems which had seemed so sprawling and fuzzy a short time ago were in a little better focus.

"On second thought," he said as the cab stopped at the Hotel Westbrook, "I'd better go up and see Driscoll alone. I think you'd better not come up."

"In that case," she said. "I just came along for the ride."

"For a drink," Martin said. went into the hotel and Mary slowly, her lips pursed in th "Maybe for lunch," he said. "It's noon. Will you have lunch with n

She hesitated only an instant. right." She gave him an angled "So you don't want me to see Dri

Martin was offended. "If you' suspicious, come ahead."

"Oh, all right," said Mary. "Y Driscoll. I'll wait here in the lob

As Martin was steering her to a a voice called his name. He From the direction of the cigar c the squat, paunchy figure of Dr. was bearing down on them. The a smile on his face, and he actuall out his hand as he approached.

"Well, well, how did it go?"

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said, "this lady is Mr. Duff's secretary. M monds—Dr. Fisher."

"Oh, I see," the headmaster said. Martin a conspirator's glance. "H you do, Miss Edmonds." His ha veloped hers, and he came near w at Martin over her head.

"If you'll excuse us," Marti hastily, "Miss Edmonds and I are lunch together."

"Oh, but you have an errand," said. "Why don't I stay here ar with Dr. Fisher? That is, if he has

"All the time in the world," the master said. "But if you'll exc Miss Edmonds, I'd like a word w Vincent."

He drew Martin aside, whisper it settled, Vincent?"

Martin pulled away from Dr. F eager hand on his elbow. "Give m Nothing is settled yet."

Dr. Fisher glanced over his shou Mary. "A very sound procedure. k the young lady out to lunch. Very Vincent. Keep plugging away."

"Yes," Martin said and tried to on, but the headmaster's hand d him.

"I'm waiting for Oliver Pratt," I "He's on his way, Martin."

"You called him up?"

"That's right. We're having lun at the hotel."

Martin escaped to the elevat Dr. Fisher walked back to join Martin was thankful that Ma chosen to keep the headmaster oc but he wondered if her motive was to check thoroughly on him. Un present circumstances, he was co that Dr. Fisher would give a good

MARTIN got off at the twelfth and knocked on the door o 1207. A voice called, "Who is it?"

"Martin Vincent."

"Who?"

"Don't you remember me, Mr. D coll? Last night."

"Sure," said Barney Driscol opened the door. "Come in. I talk to you." He waved to a chai down. A drink?"

"No, thanks," Martin said.

Driscoll went to the mirror to knotting a necktie that was fa timid. He said over his shoulde you what I want. I want an ou that story idea of yours."

"What idea?"

"The boys'-school idea you we ing about last night. Work me up line. A couple of paragraphs."

Martin blinked. "Mr. Drisco was *your* idea. It wasn't mine. now I want to get the name of tha tive your wife hired."

"How should I know who he i

"Your wife could tell you."

Driscoll grinned. "What you w to do, call her up and say, 'Swe give me the name of that private got trying to frame me?'"

"I guess not," Martin said. "Bu if I talked to her I could get th Where can I get in touch with her

"u could call the Coast," Barney oll said. "That is, if you knew e to call."

Martin groaned. "She's out in Cali-rn?"

"at's right. She's there somewhere. ot know just where. Santa Monica, heard."

Martin hesitated an instant. Some-w Barney Driscoll's attitudes and es seemed a little overdone, not believable. He said, "Maybe you that detective yourself, Mr. Dris-."

? Huh? What do you mean?"

ad a talk this morning with Barton Martin said. "He thinks maybe red the guy to take pictures. He you're part of a plot to discredit nd break up the Historical Verifi- Association."

ey Driscoll's mouth opened wide, ttled into a grin. "Is he nuts?"

ouldn't say so," Martin said. "Did it, Mr. Driscoll?"

r God's sake," Driscoll said. *"I'm* ts. I wouldn't want to buck Barton That guy's too big. He could *me;* I couldn't break him. I tell d like to have him working with against us. I got nothing against V.A. Matter of fact, it's not a bad What the industry ought to do is over. That's the way pictures got they are, by absorbing their "

en you don't have that photo-"

ll, no. Look here, I don't want Duff thinking I'm laying for him. ell him if I can help in any way, me. Maybe I'd better call him."

ybe not," Martin said. "Not un- get that picture."

e. Can't you find that dame was st night?"

on't know how," Martin said. He slowly toward the door, turned s hand on the knob. "By the way, s a good place to take a girl for I'm a stranger in town."

u like French food? Try the sse, on Fiftieth Street. Matter of m having lunch there myself."

ay," Martin said. "Thanks."

ng down in the elevator, Martin t that it was very nearly impossi- ind Madeleine Petit, but the prob- d not have his full attention. He t instead of luncheon at the sse with Mary Edmonds. Defi- that girl was good for his morale. k out his pipe and filled it, and the bowl was glowing when he stepped out of the elevator into the lobby.

Mary and Dr. Fisher were not where he had left them. He circled the lobby, then tried the bar. They were at a table near the windows, and with them was a heavy man with yellowish skin and loose, full lips. Dr. Fisher got to his feet as Martin approached, and was ready with a hearty handshake. The loose-lipped man gave him a keen glance of appraisal.

"My boy, I want you to meet Oliver Pratt, the chairman of the trustees," said Dr. Fisher. "Oliver, this is the young teacher we've been talking about."

MR. PRATT gave Martin's hand a firm shake, then withdrew his own hand immediately and transferred it to a Manhattan. "I've heard a good report of you, Mr. Vincent," he said. "I was already informed as to your record at the school. Sit down. The cocktails are on the board of trustees today. What will it be?"

"I'll have a Manhattan, too," Martin said, and sat down.

"Vincent, Miss Edmonds has been telling us that you made a very fine speech last night," said Dr. Fisher. "Mr. Duff had some nice things to say about you, and I believe you have a friend at court." He beamed at Mary. "Am I right, Miss Edmonds?"

"Quite right," Mary said. "I like to see a Porthaven boy make good."

"Oliver," said Dr. Fisher leaning across the small table. "What do you say we call old Pudd'n up?"

"Call who?" said Mr. Pratt.

"Mr. Duff. Pudd'n, we used to call him at Porthaven."

Mary said hastily, "I'm afraid Mr. Duff won't be available, Dr. Fisher. This is a busy day for him."

"And I think you'd better wait," Martin said nervously. "Give me a little more time."

"Mr. Vincent is the man in the field," Oliver Pratt said. "Let's listen to Mr. Vincent."

Martin gulped his Manhattan as soon as the waiter placed the glass in front of him. Mary gave him a meaningful glance and said, "Maybe I'd better make that telephone call now, Mr. Vincent."

"Telephone call?" Martin said blankly.

"The telephone call to end all telephone calls," Mary said, with a significant smile.

Martin understood and said, "You bet."

She went to the telephone booth, and

"Oh, it's quite all right. We'll just have him switched to another room"

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n as she was out of hearing Dr. said expansively, "Our Mr. t has disclosed unsuspected Oliver. Winning over Mr. secretary is a master stroke, I say."

d job," said Oliver Pratt, with a rin. "Now let's hear just how we ith Mr. Duff. You saw him this g, I understand."

," Martin said.

ll," said Dr. Fisher, after a pause. up, Vincent. How did it go?"

Duff was very busy," Martin said. s about to run off a motion pic- nd we didn't have much time to

're seeing him later, aren't you?"

" Martin said, "naturally."

en the picture is over?"

," Martin said.

, Jimmy, we're going to leave all Mr. Vincent," Oliver Pratt said. ver, we will expect immediate om you, young man. Dr. Fisher ill take care of the details, when e comes. Mr. Duff does consider- usiness through my bank, you and I might say that I have a cer- uence with him. When the time I'll be happy to throw my weight what it's worth. We'll await word ou."

re having lunch here at the West- said Dr. Fisher. "You can have d, Vincent."

," Martin said.

ll we have another cocktail?" said Pratt, and looked around for the

Fisher smiled broadly. "Oliver, we ought to find ourselves another I think we're intruding on these ng people."

Pratt was instantly on his feet. He d a hand on Martin's shoulder as started to rise, and pushed him to his chair. "We'll leave you to adework," he said. "And let me ne word with you, Vincent. The will appreciate the work you're believe me. You're the type of man we want at Porthaven. You ect a suitable reward from the , I'm sure."

n't want any reward," Martin said ly.

r Pratt smiled. "Of course you e our lasting gratitude for saving ool, my boy, but I think there be something more tangible. I mind a definite advancement in reer. Suppose we discuss it later."

, Mr. Pratt," Martin said.

ght say, Oliver," said Dr. Fisher, "that it's gratifying the way my plan is working out. That speech of Vincent's was a masterpiece of its kind. I saw to it that it was thoroughly researched. I was sure that our one approach to Mr. Duff was through the H.V.A., and by George, I was right."

Oliver Pratt slapped the headmaster's shoulder. "Old Machiavelli," he said. "You're a sly worker, Jimmy. We had about given up, and you came along with a plan to save the school. Don't worry, Jimmy, the trustees will get a full report."

"Come along, Oliver," Dr. Fisher said. "Old fellows like us should follow up a cocktail with solid food. Vincent, give our compliments to the young lady and ask her to excuse us."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said.

"And remember," the headmaster added, "have us paged."

WHEN Mary returned, Martin was alone at the table, drinking his second Manhattan. He looked up at her and said, "Let's get out of here."

"You're having another. Why can't I?"

Martin called the waiter, and Mary said, "Well, I left word not to connect Dr. Fisher with Mr. Duff, if he calls. So you're all right there." She smiled. "As a matter of fact, if he called up and used that nickname, Pudd'n, Mr. Duff would probably hang up on him."

"Mary," Martin said. "Mrs. Driscoll is out on the Coast and Driscoll doesn't know just where. We're right back where we started, only there are a couple more eight balls in the game."

She studied his face. "So you're all depressed again, is that it?"

He shrugged. "I'm plenty depressed. I've got the chairman of the trustees watching every move I make now."

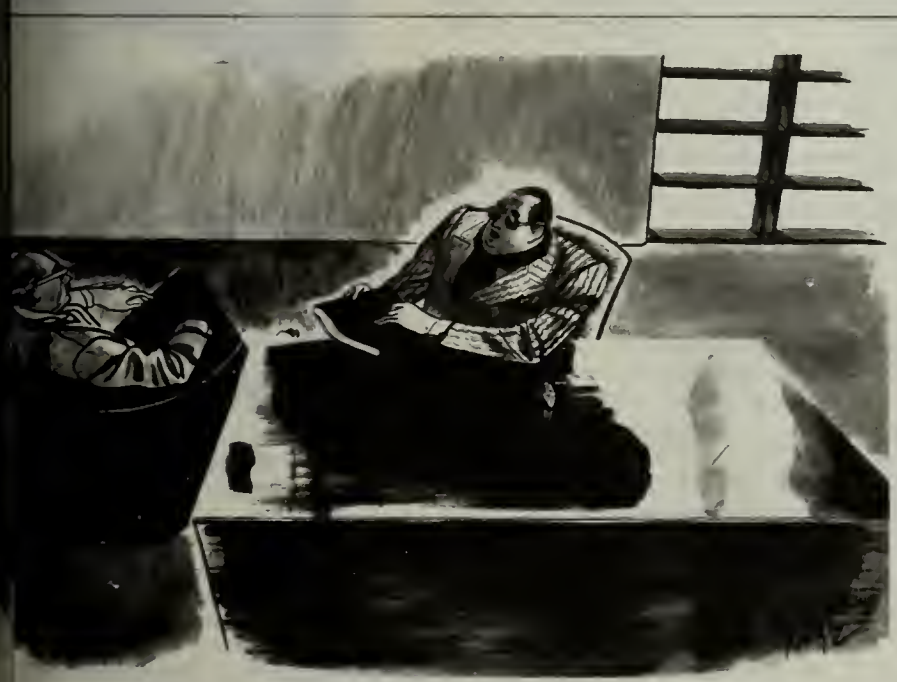
"You know," Mary said, "I was right."

"Right about what?"

"Dr. Fisher is jealous of you. Now don't give me that look. I'm right. I sounded him out. You know how I could tell? It was that patronizing way he spoke of you. A promising young man, and all that sort of thing. In a few years, when you've matured, you may make a place for yourself in education. In a modest way, of course. That was the way it went."

"I can't see why Dr. Fisher would be jealous of me," Martin said. "It's absurd."

"You're always low-rating yourself," Mary said. "That's why you can't see it. For one thing, he's worried about the kudos you're going to get from your book. I brought up the subject of your



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COLLIER'S "I keep forgetting which you put in it—grapefruit juice or ginger ale—so I just compromise" CHARLES SAXON

book after Mr. Pratt had joined us, and Dr. Fisher said he'd seen a couple of chapters. He said it went along all right. Not particularly scholarly, he said, and perhaps a trifle overenthusiastic in the section on Mark Hopkins, but, on the whole, quite interesting. After you have two or three books under your belt, he said, you may make some sort of contribution to scholarship. How do you like that?"

"I don't like it," Martin said. "I've talked to him about the book, but I never showed him any of it."

"You see!" Mary said. "And Mr. Pratt nearly killed him. Mr. Pratt said, 'Someday he may be taking your place as headmaster, Jimmy, when you retire. The trustees have been watching him.' "

"Mr. Pratt said that?" Martin said, his eyes big.

"He certainly did."

Martin groaned. "It will only make it worse for me, when all this comes out. Dr. Fisher won't be bothered by *me* any more."

Her eyes sought his. "Drink your drink," she said. "Smoke your pipe. Cheer up!"

"It's twelve thirty," he said. "Let's get out of here and eat some lunch. I haven't eaten since lunch yesterday."

"Poor man," said Mary. "That unhappy expression isn't all worry, is it?"

"It's just hunger," Martin said. "Barney Driscoll recommended a place called the Écrevisse. Let's try it."

ON THE way to the restaurant in a cab, he tried to forget all that had happened, and tried not to think of what was to come, but Mary steered the conversation back to Mr. Duff.

"He's really a fine man," she said, "and a wonderful employer. He's autocratic and single-minded, but he's fair. If you can just get that photograph, he'll forget what happened, I know. And at least I can persuade him that there's no plot against him."

"*You* can?" Martin said. "Didn't I hear you say that Miss Edmonds did not take sides?"

"Miss Edmonds can be wrong once in a while," she said. "Miss Edmonds isn't a bad guy, you know."

"Miss Edmonds is all right," Martin said.

It was early for the luncheon crowd, yet there was no table immediately available without a reservation at the Écrevisse. There was a small bar to the right of the entrance, and from the high bar stools they could see over the low partition separating the bar from the restaurant. The sight of good French food taunted Martin, and another Manhattan made him even hungrier.

Mary put out her hand. "You don't need those cigarettes any more, now that you have a pipe," she reminded him. "May I have one?"

He took out the pack of cigarettes, gave it to her and struck a match. When the cigarette was lighted she blew out smoke and took the book of matches from his hand.

"The Club Pigalle," she said. "Ever hear of it before?"

"I'm a stranger in New York," Martin said.

"So is Barney Driscoll. Didn't he just get to town, too?"

"Yes. Last night."

"Then how did he get these matches in such a hurry? He go out last night?"

"He was getting ready for bed when I left."

"These are pretty fancy matches," she said. "Not the kind they give away when you buy cigarettes. Not at all. Look here, you say you picked them up in Mr. Driscoll's room. *She* may have left them there."

Martin nodded. "Now that I think of it, I do remember her getting out a pack of cigarettes and some matches, while I was reading my speech to her."

"There's a chance," Mary said eagerly. "Maybe they know who she is at the Club Pigalle."

"It's a pretty long chance," he said.

"We can try, at least."

"I'd rather eat," Martin said. "I'm hungry. It will keep."

He looked longingly toward the headwaiter, and his eye was caught by a striking redheaded girl seating herself at a table. The man pulling out the chair for her glanced up, and across the restaurant Martin met his eyes. He was Barney Driscoll.

Driscoll bent and said something to the girl, then came walking toward the bar. Martin got off his stool to meet him.

"Hello," Driscoll said. "You still looking for that private eye?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Well, I can tell you where to find him."

"Where?"

"Right outside," said Barney Driscoll. "He's tailing me."

(To be continued next week)

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BEATING THE ARCTIC BUSH

Continued from page 57

urgent message that came to ks calling for a plane to hurry to settlement in the Tanana region, way a shapely female of dubious before she disrupted the com- for keeps.

a is as dependent on its bush s Venice is on gondoliers. The y has 2,827 miles of "usable according to the House Com- on Public Lands, and 528 miles ays. These cover Alaska about oughly as a diaper would cover ant. Sweden, less than one third ka's size, has more than 50,000 roads and 10,000 miles of rail- many Alaskan communities men ,000 for automobiles, shipped the world's highest ocean freight hich they can drive only four or es out of town before the road off into muskeg or jack pine.

Echo of the 1898 Gold Rush

laska you fly or you stay put. nts of the airways as Pan Ameri- Northwest link Alaska with con- United States. But when you in Alaska itself, the chances are e will be in the hands of one of chalant men known as "bush The wilderness in the North is wilderness. It is "the bush," a st applied by a band of Aus- who struggled across Chilkoot the great gold rush of 1898. of Alaskans soar out over these s in tiny planes, bringing mail dicines and fresh food to back- outposts, and so they are "bush

o fly in Alaska is the equivalent riding a horse in Wyoming. It with it a social stigma. Unkind are passed behind one's back. Governor Ernest Gruening of and his boss—at that time, Secre- the Interior Harold L. Ickes— gaged in an acrimonious feud, the thing Gruening could think of laskans was that Ickes never went n airplane. This information, true or not, did Ickes no good d where many children have been ore they pass the crawling period. d, more than one robust Alaskan ck on a nativity in the cramped a bush plane. Jim Dodson flew his Stinson through a snow flurry with one hand, and with the other helped a homesteader's wife give birth to a six-pound girl. The pilot became the baby's godfather. The famous bush pilot Joe Crosson, who thrilled the world when he rushed 280,000 units of diphtheria serum to stricken Barrow, landed a woman in labor at Fairbanks less than five minutes before her child was born.

"You should have circled, Joe," a mechanic told him. "You could have collected two fares instead of one."

A young American newspaperwoman from New England, Jean Potter, created a phrase in which Alaska takes pride. "Alaskans are the flyingest people," said she. Statistics prove her point. The boom town of Anchorage, with more than 12,000 inhabitants, is now Alaska's largest city, having overtaken the capital of Juneau since the 1940 census. In one month in 1945, Merrill Field, just outside Anchorage, had 10,000 airplane landings and take-offs. This exceeded the number of civilian operations at La Guardia Field, New York City (pop. 7,000,000).

A preponderance of the flights at Merrill Field were by bush pilots. Appropriately enough, this most intensively used of all airports under the American flag was named in memory of a bush pilot, Russell Merrill. He disappeared over Cook Inlet flying a compressor unit to a Kenai Peninsula gold mine.

The airplane in Alaska nearly occupies the place of the automobile in "the States," and the bush pilot is the man at the stick. In fact, Alaska has 116 times as many planes per capita as the nation proper. George Sundborg, manager of the Alaska Development Board, supplements this with further statistics: "Airplanes in Alaska fly 70 times as many miles as those in the United States for each person, they carry 23 times as many passengers, they fly 18 times as many passenger miles, they carry 1,034 times as much freight and express and 48 times as much first-class mail."

The air over Alaska is full of planes: Fokkers, Bellancas, Norsemen, Lockheeds, Ford Tri-motors, Piper Cubs, Vegas—anything that will hold together in the sky. These seem frail against the cosmic distances they seek to conquer, yet conquer they have. Fred Milligan remembers when he ran the mail from

"Careful, that saucer's clean . . . Mabel didn't use her knife . . . just dust off the bread plate . . ." DON TOBIN

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Nenana down the Kuskokwim behind a team of 14 Huskies. It took him three weeks. Then Fred saw an old Fairchild fly the route in four hours. "I decided then and there," he said, "that Alaska was no country for dogs."

Pioneer miners decided Fairbanks was the "golden heart" of Alaska. Bush pilots call it "the hub." From Fairbanks they fly in every direction of the compass. They take prospectors to the creeks and trappers to the mountain valleys where marten, fox, lynx and ermine are found. The pilot invariably makes an appointment to pick up the trapper on a certain day the following spring. God willing, the pilot will be there. It might mean death for the trapper if the date were broken because the winter's grub supply is sure to be almost gone.

Keeping a Dead Pilot's Promise

With his last choking breath, a bush pilot dying of pneumonia told a nurse about the half-breed trapper up the Koyukuk expecting him within the week. The dead pilot's pal kept the appointment. Oscar Winchell was 10 days late picking up a trapper and his wife at Post Lake "when the ceiling dropped down lower than the doorstep of a one-story cabin." Oscar, formerly an Arizona cowpuncher, felt so remorseful that he dipped into his own funds to bring his anxious customers a planeful of fresh oranges and the best steaks available in Fairbanks.

Nothing surprises a bush pilot. He may be asked to fly a cow to a Matanuska dairy herd, or he may be paid $500 to return a mail-order bride to the steamer dock at Seward because she doesn't turn out to be the winsome bathing beauty whose picture was sent to a lonely trader. He may be commissioned to overtake the Alaska Railroad's pretentious new streamliner AuRoRa on its way to McKinley Park, and he may wing a fabulously valuable cargo of furs off a ship wedged in the ice pack for the next six months.

People crack mentally in the winter darkness of the bush, and bush pilots fly them out. No assignment makes the fliers of the North more nervous, but as Joe Crosson once said, "What about the marshals and Canadian Mounties who used to be six and eight weeks along the trail with those poor people on dog sleds?"

Bush flying has been a marginal business. Two hundred miners in the remote and inaccessible Iditarod region, busting their britches to get to town, may represent fares of $75,000 to divide among a few pilots. But gross income and net income in bush flying are far apart.

Until the Japanese army crouched in the outer Aleutians, and the United States government spent billions to dot Alaska with airfields, the average Alaskan plane suffered two or three crack-ups annually. These were not necessarily the terrifying impacts which leave no survivors, but merely broken landing gear, splintered propellers, a strut or nose smashed by a 20-pound Canadian goose. On two or three occasions Les Cook rigged a makeshift propeller out of sledge boards and moose glue, and it took him home.

Yet such misfortunes idle a plane, and while it is laid up for repairs the exchequer of the pilot increases not.

"When I went into this," said a bush flier in southeastern Alaska, "I figured I'd be a rich man if I could keep the plane in the air half the days of the year. Well, I'm not a rich man. Too many logs in the water to prick pontoons, and too many nicked fenders, I guess."

Alaskans go in and out of the flying business, as businessmen in the United States will take a fling at farming and then perhaps give it up as too fettering a pastime. Jimmy Rodebaugh, freight conductor on the Alaska Railroad, was one of the pioneers of Alaskan aviation. Many ex-fliers are now prosperous mine owners and trading post proprietors. Nick Bez, the burly Yugoslav immigrant who is Alaska's dominant salmon packer and a bosom pal of President Truman, was operating planes over the timbered Inside Passage before he acquired his first cannery.

Today, Alaska has 18 certificated air carriers which fly under authorization of the Civil Aeronautics Board. The scores of bush pilots have no such official sanction. Last year the CAB grounded some of them. The resulting uproar was as loud as a thousand hungry Kadiak bears in mass chorus. Alaskans insisted the bush pilot was absolutely essential. "TERRITORY CANNOT SURVIVE WITHOUT BUSH AIR OPERATIONS," warned a wire from one chamber of commerce.

"To ground the bush pilot in Alaska," said Delegate E. L. (Bob) Bartlett on the floor of Congress, "would be to leave lonely settlements at the mercy of epidemics, to leave the expectant frontier mother to undergo her ordeal alone, to isolate trappers and prospectors in fastnesses they might never quit alive." And C.A.B. Examiner Raymond W. Stough wrote an amen to Bartlett's words by recommending that the bush pilots be exempted from the workings of the certification law because of the unique nature of their operations.

The bush pilots frequently serve as feeders for the authorized air lines, but between the two factions there is considerable jealousy. William Munz, one of the Nome pilots who rescued the six survivors of the crumpled B-29 Clobbered Turkey, runs a comparatively small air undertaking which has a C.A.B. certificate. As a member of the Territorial Senate, Munz sponsored a bill last year setting up an Alaskan Aviation Board on which only "officers of certificated air carriers" would have been eligible to serve. The rank-and-file bush pilots banded together in a powerful opposition lobby and the bill died.

And How the Girls Go for Them!

The bush pilot has a real status in Alaska. Parents are proud to make him godfather of their offspring, and girls consider him a prize catch. This is a real tribute, for Alaskan girls, outnumbered more than 2 to 1 by the male population, can pick and choose as they please. The bush pilot is a glamor boy in any Northern town. In fact, more than one attractive mail-order bride has ended up in the arms of a bush pilot instead of in the possession of the lonely trader or miner who paid her passage north.

Some measure of the standing of bush pilots may be gained from the fact that both the men who rescued the stranded Army fliers above Nome are influential in Alaskan politics. Munz was elected to the Territorial Senate in 1946 when Alaska went Republican for the first time in more than 15 years. Frank Whaley, one of the most spectacular pilots along the Bering Sea coast, served in the Territorial House and Senate as a Democrat, but the G. O. P. slogan "Had Enough?" caught up with him at the last election. In the legislative halls at Juneau the two men looked at bills from an aerial perspective.

While opposing a Soil Conservation Service enabling act, Senator Munz told his colleagues, "I've flown over a whole lot of Alaska and I've seen the country, and if there is any one thing we in Alaska have got plenty of and don't need to conserve, it's soil."

Alaska is close to its flying past. Only 25 years have gone by since Carl Ben Eielson, the first great bush pilot of the North, arrived in Fairbanks from North Dakota to teach school. Men still are flying in Alaska and the Canadian Arctic who gave Eskimo tribes their original

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a now has 91,000 people. This skimpy population, indeed in a re than twice the size of Texas. epresents a 48 per cent increase number of whites since 1940. or Gruening maintains that t aviation, and particularly the al bush aviator who will fly anyit any time, there would be no spect of settling Alaska within ime." Gruening is the only gover to visit every settlement, Ind white, in the Territory, a feat utes to "the resourcefulness and ush pilots." The governor's own nt, is a senior pilot for Alaska Air Lines.

flying in the North got its real from World War I. Men who rned aviation in the American nadian armies bought flimsy uck together with glue and bal, and flew them in the world's ying weather. The bush pilots d routes which were to become ir operations of Pan American nadian Pacific. They demonthat the month's journey from ks to Nome by dog team could ed to seven hours, and that exthough bush fares might be, they e less than the cost of the food r 14 ravenous Malemutes.

urse, the bush fliers took chances. vigated, as one of them from plained, "by guess and by gosh." d no reliable maps, so they folvers and the tenuous thread of ka Railroad. Noel Wien flew e Yukon because a prospector could land on the wide sand ut the sand bars were 10 feet ater at flood stage. Wien came n a tiny baseball diamond at The landing shattered his propeller. The shaken passengers transferred to a stern-wheeled river boat. Wien gloried in the fact that he repaired the Fokker and arrived in Nome ahead of them. The next time they were not so timid.

On another occasion, with smoke from a forest fire billowing across the land, Wien clung to the railroad right of way as a guide. He was afraid to fly high for fear he would lose the track, and this vast realm of mountains and spruce solitudes was strange to him.

Once he nearly rammed a freight train, leaving the engine crew thinking it had seen an apparition.

The Bridge at Dead Man's Slough

In Fairbanks, Wien was asked what he did when he came to the 60-foot overhead bridge which crossed the railroad at Dead Man's Slough. He turned white. "Bridge?" he gasped. "Was there a bridge? I guess I must have flown under it. I know I never saw it!"

World War II has brought about the greatest advance in Alaskan bush flying. The Army is surrounding Fairbanks with "atomic airfields" which have 15,000-foot runways. In Anchorage alone 900 people work for the C.A.B. Man-and-wife weather stations stud the Territory and give some warning of the storms which drop the thermometer to 65° below in the Tanana Valley and drench the "panhandle" with 155 inches of rain a year.

The bush pilots are ubiquitous. They will hedgehop a homesteader across a narrow river full of slush ice, or they will fly a miner 700 miles to catch a boat ready to lift anchor for Seattle. If a trading post needs a generator or an Indian school must have smallpox vaccine, the bush pilot is on his way. In a prodigious domain with only a few roads and but one twisting railway, the flier represents comfort, food, health and even life itself.

No week passes in Alaska without a bush pilot completing some errand of mercy. It may be a radio from the Noa-

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tak Valley that gangrene is killing a trader caught on the trail at 50° below. The flier may see a homesteader frantically waving a blanket, and come down to find a woman in need of surgery. More than once the word HELP, formed of trimmed spruce saplings lying in the snow, has brought succor from the skies.

Bush pilots charge stiff fees for their services. With Alaska in the midst of a great defense boom, the second in less than a decade, many of them report incomes above $10,000. Numerous Alaskans have paid $150 to fly the 500 miles from Fairbanks to Point Barrow, northernmost settlement under the Stars and Stripes. But these tolls the general run of Alaskans do not resent. In the first place, everything is high in Alaska. Even before the war eggs were $1.25 a dozen, milk 28 cents a quart, haircuts at Fairbanks $1.50.

More fundamental than this, however, the people of Alaska realize the bush pilot has no sinecure. Risks are standard to his trade. Sometimes the risks are too great. Ben Eielson crashed in Siberia taking furs off the icebound American motor ship Nanuk. Earl Borland died with him. Les Cook came down in flames in the Yukon Territory. Merrill disappeared over the sea. Most bush pilots are fatalists. Few of them wear parachutes. They do not brood over comrades who will fly no more. But they are conscious of the hazards they run, and fees are assessed accordingly. On his fatal venture, the rangy Eielson was to have received $50,000 to get the Nanuk's furs and passengers to the Alaskan mainland.

A prospector, grizzled and cantankerous, protested to a bush pilot over his $350 ferrying charge. The pilot was indignant, for the journey had been 230 miles through a pelting snowstorm. Now he had to fly another 230 miles back to base.

"Brother," said he, "you walk out of here and then decide what I'm worth."

A Grim Lesson for a Prospector

Four months later, the miner, gaunt, emaciated, but cantankerous no longer, staggered into a trading post on the Yukon. Gunny sacks wrapped his frostbitten feet. He lost four toes in the mission hospital, then said he had decided what the bush pilot was worth.

"He's worth my whole dang' claim," the prospector continued. "He got me there in three hours. It took me six weeks of unmitigated frozen hell to walk out."

Bush pilots often compete for passengers as vociferously as Times Square bootblacks try to drum up a shine. When the miners come in off the boats at Nome or clamber down from the coaches of the streamlined AuRoRa at Fairbanks, bush pilots frequently hawk their wares. Some promise fast service, others more roomy planes, a few even offer cut rates. Occasionally a pilot will grubstake a prospector and get a share of his strike.

Fliers vie to serve a full-blooded Indian trapper known through the bush as "McTavish," who always runs a lush trap line. McTavish invariably fills a plane with a heavy pay load of pelts. He knows no English, and sometimes the pilot must bargain for him with the fur buyers. Many bush pilots understand the Indian lingo and the singsong jargon of the Eskimo tribes.

Fliers at Ladd Field, on the thinly timbered fringes of Fairbanks, noticed that one particular bush pilot was dominating the flights north of town. It took a long time to get onto the secret of his success. At a camp on the shores of a small lake, two girls were dedicating the late summer to sun-bathing. DDT evidently had taken care of the mosquitoes. The men being away all day at the diggings, the bathers resolved not to have the sun tan striped by the marks of swimming suits. The girls paid no attention to the little red monoplane high in the sky, for they did not know of the powerful binoculars the pilot was passing around among his satisfied passengers.

Some Air Corps officers have been known to be offended by the nonchalance and the indifference to protocol of the average Alaskan bush pilot. The "*Mukluk* telegraph," which is Alaskan for red-hot gossip, has it that Munz and Whaley, the bush pilot heroes of the Nome rescue, were permitted by the Army to take off only after many precious days had been lost. Residents of Nome claim all the marooned fliers could have been saved had the bush pilots been allowed to go into action immediately. And C. Dewey Anderson, a Nome member of the Territorial legislature, contends Munz actually was reprimanded by the Army for landing without field clearance when he returned with four survivors!

Munz wanted Sam Mogg, an Eskimo dog musher, to handle rescue work on the ground. Anderson charges that the Army sent its own dog teams, but forgot to take along food for the Huskies!

Feuds Are with Air Corps Brass

Charges of this sort are as thick around Nome as gulls and terns on the Bogoslof Islands. Yet between the average bush pilot and the rank-and-file Army aviator there is a genuine highball-drinking, address-swapping friendship. The feudin' and the fightin' begin only when the bush pilot confronts the top-level Air Corps brass.

If Alaska ever is crisscrossed with roads, the reign of the bush pilot may ebb. Today he is monarch of the North, and with only 2,827 miles of road in a land 586,400 square miles in area, many decades must pass—even if the most feverish highway construction program is begun—before bus and truck can reduce the plane in Alaska to an auxiliary role. The ratio of 116 times the number of planes per capita in Alaska as compared with the United States probably will continue. Perhaps the proportion may increase as Alaska's population expands and the far-flung reaches of the hinterland are settled.

On skis in winter, pontoons in summer and wheels in between, the bush pilot is to be Alaska's taxicab driver for at least a generation to come—and he knows it. Should the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. ever come to blows at the narrow gap of Bering Strait, the bush pilot will be more important than ever, for the North is his realm. Absorbed into the American Army Air Forces, he will be the kind of sky scout that Kit Carson and Jim Bridger were on land with the old blue-coated cavalry a century ago.

Bush pilots are fully aware of their talents and usefulness. One from the lower Yukon made an emergency landing deep in the bush. When he got ready to take off, the sticky slush of late spring would not allow the plane to rise. He tried for three days to fly without success. He ate the last of his sandwiches, finished the final package of cigarettes. Then he tied a rope to the switch, and got behind the plane and pushed.

The plane moved, but twice it nearly went aloft without the pilot. He desperately pulled the switch just in time. The third time the plane started he managed to scramble through the door on his belly before it took to the air.

"It sure gave me a funny feeling to see that ship start to leave the ground without me," he told his cronies when he eventually got back to his home hangar near Bristol Bay. "All of a sudden I realized what it must be like to be in the bush without an airplane. How'd they ever get along in Alaska before we went into business?"

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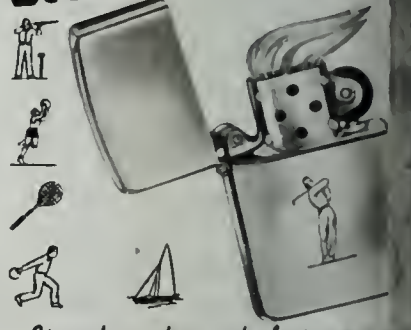

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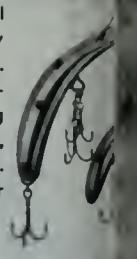

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A CREE COULD SAY GOODBY

Continued from page 25

"Kukapatis!" I spoke to him crossly, for I was apprehensive. "Stupid one, I told you not to do this!"

He smiled at me like a child. "Have we not already told the agent about killing the cow?" he asked. "Of course; so I go with the sergeant and make no trouble. It will all be made right at the post. You will just have to explain all over again about the sickness of my wife. It is tiresome."

We went before the justice of the peace. I talked with my friend and then told the magistrate what he had said. "His wife is recovering. Soon she will be merry as she used to be. His friends the police will be glad Almighty Voice did the right thing."

THE agent had his say, too. Almighty Voice nodded politely, for he did not understand what was said and would not pay attention to me when I told him. He was sentenced to a month in jail. Even then he nodded and smiled; I was enraged, I wished to beat him, my stupid friend.

But when he was led away to the barracks and wearily I went over it all again, explained that he was not to be permitted to return to his wife and guests who still were feasting on his meat—then he was thunderstruck.

"There has been some dreadful mistake!" he cried.

I shrugged—like this. "There is nothing to be done, stupid," I said. You understand, I was angry with my friend. Did you ever try to talk to an Indian who didn't want to listen? *"Akwane keyam,"* I said.

"Let it go? That is speech of a child!" he stormed at me. "One is willing to go along with the white man's ways within reason—but this! *Kontow!* It is nonsense! One is to spend a *pesim*, a whole moon, in a dark jail while one's wife is sick and a man is needed at home?"

And so, while the constable went off to get the key to the jail, Almighty Voice walked out of the barracks square and went back to Bright Day. No, I did not try to stop him. I was interpreter, not jailer; why should I lay hands upon my friend?

Next day the sergeant and I went after him again. The sergeant was vexed, and I—to speak frankly, M'sieu, I was nervous. "Far better," I grumbled, "to forget this whole matter. Almighty Voice is young and foolish; he has not been married long and thinks his woman possessed of importance the most extreme. He is not going to like this. And after all, what is a cow?"

"That's all very well," the sergeant rebuked me, "but the law is the law and must be maintained. That cow bore the brand of Her Majesty the Queen. Probably they will release him in a few days, but an example must be set. Else all the Indians would be killing cows!"

"Nevertheless, I do not like it," I said.

He whom we sought was riding on the prairie and saw us coming. He signaled and we rode up to him. The policeman scolded and I translated: Almighty Voice had to come back and go to jail. A few days only, I added, for the Mountie could not tell what I said. I pleaded; it was no use.

My friend's face clouded and his cheerfulness fell from him. He spoke like one exhausted: "But my wife is sick! I have told of this already, many times." He scowled at me. "You do not speak truly, or the police would understand. I cannot go to jail now. Some other time, perhaps."

He patted the rifle which lay across his saddle. "See—I go hunting. Kill no more cows; too much trouble! But my wife still must have meat."

All this I told the sergeant. "As for his wife," he said, "tell him we'll take good care of her."

I protested, but the white man insisted. So I spoke as commanded.

Almighty Voice was angry. "No!" he shouted. "She is my wife, not the wife of the police! It is for me to bring meat to my wife!"

The sergeant was impatient. "Tell him to come along; there has been enough talk."

"Kuh!" said Almighty Voice. "There has indeed." And he fingered his rifle. Then, M'sieu, I kicked my horse in the ribs and went away from there. I called to the policeman, from a safe distance: as I said, it was not demanded that an interpreter be brave, and it was better that he be not a fool, either. I called to him and said to come away quickly. But he was brave. He thrust out a hand toward the bridle of my friend's horse.

Almighty Voice whipped his mount around, rode off a few paces and leveled his gun. "Go now!" he commanded. He spoke Cree, but I think the brave policeman could understand.

The sergeant tried some soothing

COLLIER'S "I got a lot of requests ahead of yours—" BARNEY TOBEY

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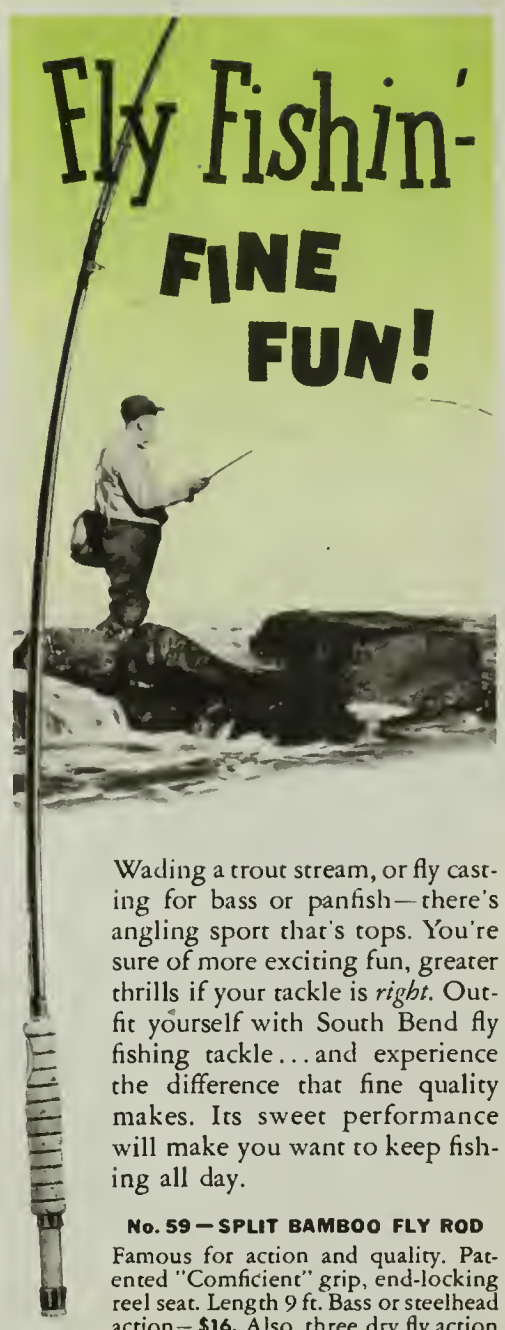

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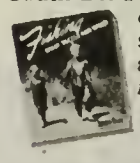

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words; then he slid his hand slowly downward to the pistol holster on his hip and urged his horse into a walk toward my friend. He kept his gaze steadily upon the Indian's face. Wonderful thing to watch, M'sieu; I did admire the man!

Almighty Voice shot him between the eyes.

THE Mounties! In the books they are so wonderful, the redcoats! But for a year and a half they hunted Almighty Voice and could not find him. He was never more than a few miles from his home; he attended the functions of the tribe and visited friends. Often I saw him, even spoke with him.

Then there was an accident.

It was May; the days were lengthening. An Indian horse thief, most unwary, raided the herd of a rancher while there still was light enough for him to be seen. The rancher mounted, gave chase, and caught him; then he set the thief afoot and herded him toward the police post. As they came abreast of a grove of poplars, the Indian ran into the trees. The rancher rode after him—and was suddenly confronted by a figure most menacing. This was a man with rifle held in crooked elbow who rose in a trail entering the copse. It was not the Indian the rancher had been pursuing; it was Almighty Voice.

The rancher recognized him instantly and swung his horse around to flee; but my friend's rifle cracked and a bullet tore into the rider's back. He fell forward on his horse's neck but stayed in the saddle; in a few minutes he was at the police post and the surgeon was dressing his wound.

It was now night, but ten Mounties rode hard to the poplar grove and surrounded it. They sent to my home for me, but I was too late to join them. Frankly again, M'sieu, I was in no hurry. It occurred to me that I owed a visit to my cousin who lived far in the north, but before I could get ready to go, another policeman came and found me.

That night, after the police had surrounded the copse, one who could speak a little Cree commanded Almighty Voice to come out. He did not respond and there was no good reason to believe that he had not already escaped. Had I been there I should have urged that they withdraw. However, the police maintained a vigil all night.

In the morning I arrived, with the police inspector. He told me what to say and I shouted the command. "This is your last chance; they are coming in after you!"

Still there was no response. "Come," I said to the inspector. "Of a certainty he is not there. Let us go home." But he would not assent.

A sergeant and a constable, pistols in their hands, crept into the brush. We watched most uneasily. Soon the men were out of sight, but their movement could be traced in the thicket. The inspector's eyes were fixed upon that; he did not immediately detect the other movement, deeper in the tangled copse. I saw it and cried out, but I was too late. There were two shots. The sergeant, twice wounded, was dragged out by his companion.

Captain Allen, the inspector, was furious. He spurred his horse almost to the edge of the grove.

"You fool!" he shouted. "Throw down your gun and come out!" I picked up the command and screamed it toward the grove.

In answer, a bullet thudded into the inspector's shoulder and knocked him from his horse. Then Almighty Voice stepped calmly from his cover and reached for the officer's pistol to finish him off, but fire from the others drove him back.

Some of us dragged the inspector away and he ordered two more men to enter the grove. They went; the redcoats are not cowards.

There was another spatter o longer this time. The two gered out; both were wounde were dragging the body of thief. Now Almighty Voice w

"Fire the copse!" the captai It was tried; the brush would r

A doctor arrived from the with him, just to see what wa came another civilian like m Mr. Grundy, the postmaster lage.

As sunset approached, Ca called a council. "I have sen forcements," he told us, "but arrive until late tomorrow. We half a dozen able-bodied me enough to be sure of holdi night. We'll have to rush him

Again I pleaded; this was But he would not listen. So th for the attack, among them t Mr. Grundy. I did not join; armed. And why should I g my friend, or be killed by hi

Almighty Voice might hav pecting it, so carefully did h shots. This time there were no but three died—two constable postmaster, the most inqui Grundy. Captain Allen ordere ies removed and told his men t and take the best positions t The siege entered its second ni

Almighty Voice had now men and wounded five more. must remember, M'sieu, he h precious cow of the Queen.

During the night there ca singing from the grove, and challenge which I interpreted tain Allen:

"Brothers, we've had a goo day. But I have worked har hungry. Send me in some fo may be fit to finish the fight t

M'sieu, I urged the police t even offered to take the foo copse myself. After all, they l and my friend must indeed hungry. But the captain on hard at me and turned away.

We were sleepless that nig and taunts came from the gro mighty Voice made no attempt

WITH dawn came his scores of Cree who hac his last stand. They surroundec at a distance, sat down and wai day's fighting to begin. An o drew away from the crowd alone to the top of a knoll o the copse. Swaying back and began to sing.

"Get her out of there!" the commanded me. I went to her returned.

"She is the mother of Almigh I explained. "She sings his d and she will not go from that

"But she's in the line of fir

"She knows. That is no m will not go."

Until reinforcements came lice could only try to hold Voice within the copse. There firing from their ranks and onl sional answering shot from t this, it appeared, was just to le that my friend was still there.

And all day his mother san ever the firing ceased, her chan heard. Once in a while anot younger and sweeter, joined t old woman; it came from o crowd where Bright Day sat head on her breast, among her ily.

But most of the things that told of Almighty Voice were ol things, treasured like the precic in the family medicine bag. So t sang of the childhood of Almig and there was laughter anc together in it. His father had b rior and the boy too had drear umph on the field of battle; b

, she had told her son, was gone. eless he had undergone the long vigil and had won his name by it, all he had learned then he had old. Her son had been good to ly (indeed good, Bright Day cho- The mother had been wrong: The battle was not ended. There was reling with the will of *Kichema-* w her son must die, and die as a brave man, a man of honor.

am! Be it so!" An answering me from the grove. "It is good ravely and it is not difficult. This eath song of *Kichemanitowayo,* name tells that in his vigil he e voice of God—yet the white oked upon him as a common upon whom they might vent their ss, one like themselves without This is the death song of Almighty It is a strong song, well made for ring such a name, and sung to his and his wife Bright Day, most l woman among all the Cree! will this song be forgotten by *vak,* our people!"

the sun was high and the leaves poplars were still, and it was t. The police put aside their he heads of the Indians drooped eir chests. There was no move- ywhere except on the top of the oll, where the old woman rocked back and forth, back and forth. y sound was that of three voices ad become uneven and faint.

white men were nervous and about at one another as if fright- erhaps there, M'sieu, for just an they almost thought as the Indian But you may not comprehend. *ien! Je vais vous dire*—I must or the words. There was some- real about that scene. It was as ment of time had been detached me itself—set aside and framed light, hot and bright. It would ke sense to the white man. He eel that he was only a figure in a landscape, a conceit of some mind, a hallucination. Yet he be rooted there irrevocably, M'sieu; a player struck into stone, doomed to stand forever there in the midst of the chief scene of a drama which would never end.

For this was the time that mattered.... Five had died and five had been hurt, but Time had stopped and the police lay there helpless while an old woman and her son sang of Cree honor and courage!

That night, third of the siege, the reinforcements arrived. Forty or fifty men came, bringing two cannon. Gunfire had been coming rarely from the trees and we surmised that Almighty Voice was running out of ammunition. And so far as was known he had had nothing to eat and no sleep for forty-eight hours.

WHEN the sun rose next morning the old woman resumed her singing and her son's voice came clear in answer from the dark and secret place among the poplars. Bright Day sang only once, and briefly, to let her husband know she was still there. After that she sat with her head on her breast and her hands folded in her lap.

The commanding officer summoned me. "Tell him that the police have two cannon. He will be shelled. Tell him to come out while he can."

I made short work of it. *"Misipaskisikun!"* Cannon!

Now the mother's song soared unbearably, became a keening cry which stabbed the eardrums of the white men. It was caught up first by Bright Day, then by the other Indians; M'sieu, I caught myself singing. It was as if a wild wind had risen suddenly to scream across the prairie, voicing a monstrous, elemental lament for this youth who was about to die. The seated Cree, bodies motionless but heads raised now to the sky, had become a part of the earth upon which they rested, and the dirge they sang was as old as the wind and was of the wind.

"For God's sake, hurry!" the officer roared to the teamsters who were rolling the cannon into position over the rough ground. His voice shook as he gave the order to fire both guns.

There was a thundering sound and the

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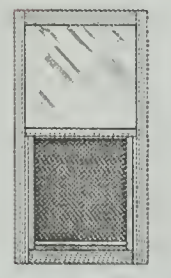

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earth trembled and smoke obscured the officer and the guns; there was a crashing in the trees. The singing ceased instantly. There was a moment of silence complete, then again the sound of splintered trees falling.

Slowly the singing started again, led by the old woman. But now there was no shrill anguish. The song was muted and hoarse; it was a rhythmic, choked sob, like the beat of a muffled drum—the unaccented beat, the accented beat, the rest; the whimpering gasp, the sob, the silence. The white men mopped their brows and cursed. This was worse than the keening, this interminable requiem chant which throbbed in the still air, which kept time with their heartbeat.

Yet it was not, after all, interminable. Gradually it changed, checked, faltered. The beat was caught up again for a few bars, then lost. The rest between beats lengthened and the accents evened off and faded.

From the grove came a single cry, as fierce and strong as the howl of a wolf:

"Whatchea!"

There was a rifle shot, and then there was no sound at all. The singing stopped. The old woman no longer rocked. The police waited; the Indians waited; I waited.

BRIGHT DAY had joined the old woman on top of the knoll. The mother rose, flung her blanket from her shoulders and drew the skinning knife from her sash. Both women wore the *miskotaki,* the snowy white buckskin gowns saved for occasions most special and ceremonious. The mother began to sing, and Bright Day thrust out her hands. The old woman slashed swiftly with her knife and blood gushed from the second joints of two of the girl's fingers, cleanly severed by a single blow. The mother thrust back her sleeves and drew the sharp blade down her left arm, moved it to the other hand and slashed her right arm. The women thrust their arms high above their heads and the blood ran down upon their faces and their bared breasts.

The mother's voice was clear and firm. *"Kichemanitowayo,* my son, is dead. My son is dead by his own hand; he who bore such a name could not permit mutilation of his body by cannon shell. *Asiuspin!* He has gone, my son!"

Bright Day was mute. She stood as if carved from wood, her arms upthrust and her eyes fixed upon the sun, her face streaked with blood from her mangled right hand which would never again fit tiny beads into patterns precise and intricate and ages old.

Forty police rushed the silent grove. This time I went along. In a rifle pit in the center we found my friend Almighty Voice, rifle beside him and a bullet through his head. He had, after all, had something to eat, for near him lay the clean-picked skeleton of a crow.

Akusi, M'sieu. That is almost the end of my story. But there was one more thing— . .

The commanding officer called to me as we walked to our horses to return to the post.

"It seemed to me," he said, "that there toward the end—the last thing Almighty Voice called from the grove—it sounded like 'What cheer!' "

"So it was," I told him. "It is from the English, the men who brought the ships to Hudson Bay. To the Cree it means both hello and goodby; as—how would you say it?—hail and farewell. . . . Until the English came, the Cree had no word to say just that."

"Odd," he said. "Isn't it strange, when one thinks of all the phrases in English, that the Cree should pick up one they took to mean hail and farewell?"

M'sieu, I am not brave. Smart, but not brave. Still, I had of bravery enough for this—I looked at this man and I said:

"What word of your white man's tongue, *mon capitaine,* would you suggest to a good Indian as a better choice?"

THE END

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3 is one way the Democrats can eral Eisenhower as a replacement ry Truman: If Secretary of State ll will ask Eisenhower to run.

rity for this is Milton Eisen- brother of the general. Milton d the information to close friends the East recently looking for a r for himself as head of Kansas llege. Milton is quitting because health.

LD STASSEN will get far less e 23 delegates he's after in the residential primary. G.O.P. in- give the husky Minnesotan not an five to eight delegates in the ustrial centers, where his brand ublicanism is strongest. But, as sees it, that will still be a big for him. According to his reck- even if he gets only a few dele- wins because it will demonstrate strength in Taft's home bailiwick. t, Stassen says, is the real reason nvasion.

melee will be a battle royal. to fight where he didn't expect t will shoot the works. Stassen s a whirlwind drive this week, backed by plenty of money and manager. The latter is Earl Hart, sterminded the successful mayor- d senatorial campaigns of Su- Court Justice Harold Burton. One sen's most enthusiastic boosters strialist Robert A. Weaver, who 400,000 for Wendell Willkie.

H official of the State Depart- ears this story is true. En route White House, he encountered a of the Polish embassy accou- th raincoat and umbrella.

you expecting rain?" asked the

" the Pole replied, "but we just d that it's raining in Moscow."

esident has been told by his eco- dvisers that another major test ation's economy can be expected t will be in the nonagricultural th textiles the detonator. As the ouse experts see it, the price- situation in textiles is very e and a "readjustment" is ines- The big question mark is the textiles price break will ontagious and spread into other al areas. If that happens, the fat in the fire.

reason for inner Washington un- over the possibility of war is raditional solution of dictators estic difficulties is foreign ad- s. And authoritative reports per- t the internal situation in Russia bad.

duplicating air transport systems erged, Army and Navy are qui- kling the next most obvious and erdue unification move. Headed or General Paul R. Hawley, ex- s Administration medical chief, l board is formulating a broad- consolidation of medical facili- services. If the plan is put into should not only save money for payers but should get more for spent.

ANA'S New Deal Democratic Jim Murray will have a stiff fight lection. He knows it, and the ss of the Truman Administration isn't making him any happier. Murray's hope is that the state G.O.P. will become involved in a wrangle and thus take the heat off him.

There is a chance that may happen. Two strong aspirants seeking the Republican nomination are Tom J. Davis, Butte attorney and former president of Rotary International, and Wellington D. Rankin, Helena attorney and brother of former Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin who voted against U.S. entrance in both World Wars. Rankin, who has made one unsuccessful try against Murray, leans toward the isolationist viewpoint. Davis favors the Vandenberg line. Murray, who has backed the Marshall Plan, privately hopes Rankin will win the G.O.P. race.

LIFELONG teetotaler Henry Wallace has abandoned the water wagon. The shaggy-haired Third Partyite now takes an occasional glass of beer at gatherings where drinks are dispensed. Robert Kenny, genial former Attorney General of California and a hearty antiteetotaler, claims credit for Wallace's "conversion." "I did it," Kenny relates, "by convincing him that beer was good for him because it contained the finest farm ingredients. That sold him."

EDWARD V. TERRY, secretary of the late Senator Bilbo, is trying to pump up backing to run for Congress. Terry wants the seat of Representative Thomas G. Abernethy, Okolona, Mississippi. But if Terry runs, it will be without the Northern financial support he has tried to get. One of his emissaries felt out an anti-discrimination organization, that Bilbo used to attack, for a campaign contribution; and the answer was a polite but emphatic "No."

THE Senate has pulled down the shades on data about nepotism—the long-standing gravy-train side line on Capitol Hill. On orders from "higher up," as he puts it, Senate Secretary Carl A. Loeffler will no longer give out the names of wives, children and other relatives on the Congressional pay roll. Always in the past, the list of Congressional employees was public information. Obvious reason for the secrecy is fear of the effect such revelations might have on senatorial re-election chances.

Veteran Congressional hands estimate that in this Congress, 58 per cent of the House and 39 per cent of the Senate have relatives on the Congressional pay roll.

WISCONSIN was the only state carried by the elder La Follette in his 1924 third-party campaign. But although his followers have been long steeped in political insurgency, they are cold-shouldering Henry Wallace with bluntness and finality. Their attitude was forcefully expressed by William T. Evjue, editor of the Capital Times, the Progressives' militant daily. "A lot of what Wallace says on the great issues of the day makes sense," Evjue declared in a state-wide broadcast, "but no true Progressive can support him as long as he does not repudiate the totalitarianism of the left as well as the right."

ASKED how many Democratic Vice-Presidential aspirants were in the field, Gael Sullivan, young National Committee executive director, replied wearily, "At least 27, according to my latest count."

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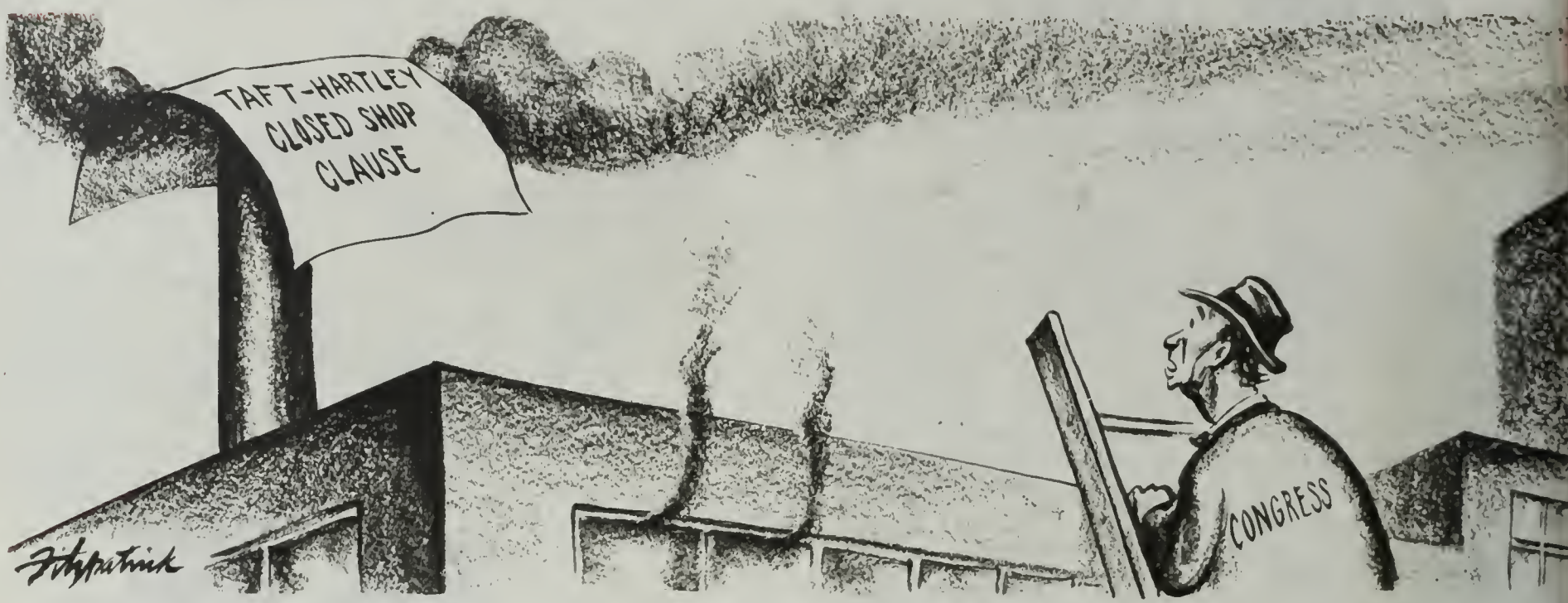

...IN OPENING THE CLOSED-SHOP QUESTION

COAUTHOR of the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, Senator Robert A. Taft (Rep., Ohio), in his recent Collier's article on the new law, debunked much of the irresponsible talk that still flies around about its being a "slave labor act" and so on. It isn't. In our opinion, some 95 per cent of the Taft-Hartley provisions for cutting labor leaders down to size were much needed and long overdue.

However, we grow more and more dubious about the clause forbidding the closed shop. A closed shop is one where nobody may work without belonging to the union(s) organized there. The new labor law dilutes this old American practice by providing that the so-called union shop can be adopted by majority vote of the employees. In a union shop, nonunion people can be hired but must join the union after a specified time.

The anticlosed-shop clause has stirred up a good deal of dissatisfaction, among both workers and employers. It was at the bottom of the Chicago newspaper strike; and one end result of it could conceivably be the destruction of some labor organizations which, like the printers' union, have long and deservedly enjoyed general respect.

It seems to us, with due respect for Senator Taft's views to the contrary, that Congress could do worse than to re-examine this clause in the new labor law with a view to possibly repealing it. There is nothing sacrosanct about the Taft-Hartley Act, and any of its provisions that miss the target or cause unforeseen and needless trouble ought to be modified, promptly.

. . . THAT SLAPSTICK IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU: Far be it from us to try to tell the movie makers how to run their business. We do feel entitled, though, to register a hearty amen to some remarks made recently by that old movie maestro Mack Sennett, the Keystone Comedy wizard who used to roll 'em in the aisles a generation ago with the brilliantly conceived slapstick idiocies of Polly Moran, Louise Fazenda, Wallace Beery, Mabel Normand *et al.*

What Mr. Sennett said was that, though slapstick has faded off the screen in recent years, people always will love it. There is too much emphasis in present-day humorous movies, he thinks, on mere clever lines, and too little on action.

Sennett thinks the best humorous movie would be a combination of good dialogue and belly-laugh didos. So do we. Circus clowns are as popular as ever, and they're the same old slapstick performers they always were. Why not give slapstick a trial revival in Hollywood?

Any time a movie comes along featuring three or four zanies chasing one another through crazy scenery and nut-house antics, dueling with swords that turn out to be made of rubber, and pitching custard pies in all directions, we expect to be among the earliest arrivals at the ticket window—and to have plenty of company all over America.

. . . THAT CENSORSHIP DEFEATS ITSELF: Secretary James V. Forrestal of the new Department of National Defense has set the machinery moving toward a nation-wide civilian defense system, and we think he's wise to do so. Peacetime is the time, as we found to our sorrow after Pearl Harbor, when such a system can best and most efficiently be put together.

Mr. Forrestal's general conception looks good, too—keep the scheme divorced from military control; entrust it to local leaders in all communities; rule out fantastic notions like the one about parking our entire steel industry underground.

To which we would add: How about omitting eurythmic dancers and ordinary screwballs from the picture; how about keeping excitable or officious or professional-patriot characters out of the key jobs; and how about making the civilian defense setup as politics-proof as possible?

And lastly, how about Mr. Forrestal taking his job a trifle less seriously? We can think of no sound reason why a veil of censorship should be thrown in peacetime over the entire Department of Defense—something which Mr. Forrestal at this writing apparently would like to do. While lining up civilians for their own defense in case the continental United States is attacked, how about trusting civilians to be reasonably discreet and prudent for the duration of the "cold war"?

. . . IN MAKING EXPERIENCE PAY: Your correspondent had an interesting visit the other day from a young man he hadn't seen or heard of since the war.

In those days, this gentleman used to ke filled in on all disclosable poison gas and bio warfare developments, he being a public rel officer in the Chemical Warfare Service.

On the basis of that experience, our frien the war got himself a good job in the publi tions office of a big oil company.

The incident pretty much writes its own ed —which is, briefly, that when you belong Army, Navy or Air Force you are serving yo about as much as you are serving the nation. acquire valuable skills, mix around with all ties of men, make contacts and friendships th easily prove important, and in general ge started at the job of making the most of you

Why not look into the question of joining the nearest recruiting office?

. . . THAT GREED AND INFLATION ARE BROTH As the nation-wide discussion of inflation along unchecked by the memory of the big modity market breaks in February, we get mo more bored by the frequent claim that busin general is charging extortionate prices and ing exorbitant profits out of the domestic m for goods.

What bores us is that those who peddle this sation always imply that everybody else i United States—workers, farmers, etc., etc.— ing as unselfish and saintly as was the late Mal Gandhi.

That is the merest bunk, hooey, horsefea The fact is that perhaps 95 per cent of us in po to do so have concentrated on getting ours wh getting is good. Labor leaders have goaded followers into demands for wage hike after hike—and most of the followers have been l to be goaded. Farmers have held back grai livestock for still higher prices. White-collar ers have honed for pay increases, professiona ple have jacked up fees. If business has likewise—and no doubt some concerns ha has had plenty of company in its infamy.

Let's just quit kidding ourselves and lookin scapegoats. The truth is that this inflation is sult of the war, and that the greed of tens o lions of us has helped to stimulate it. Why our thinking by trying to dodge that fact?

Collier's

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April 24, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

AS WE GALLOP TO POLL

MEMO TO COLLIER'S: I understand th a recent question-asking trek, the Ga poll discovered people had no idea of realities as "tariff" or "filibuster" and knew there was to be a political conver this 1948. Many had never heard of sen, and some thought the Marshall was a recent movie star, Herb Mars

This intrigued me. If I could ask a questions of people who read Collier's, well informed would they be? So I b asking questions of people I know; phoned people *they* know; and before I had some Gallup polling all my own.

Know what? Collier's readers were best informed on world events, political ternational, inventions, real stories of people, and worth-while fiction.

I also found a Collier's reader w thinking reader, had a very good "sens humor." They knew who Stassen was, the Marshall Plan. So I had what was to a "lovely day" . . . since I don't play bri

MRS. HAL MANNING, Laguna Beach,

DOING THE CHARLESTON!

DEAR SIR: I want to tell you what a w derfully fine article that was on Charle (The Mermaid In the Bottle, Mar. 1 The author got the spirit of the "Old La remarkably well, and it is also a func information for those, like myself, hope to go there sometime. Let's h some more where this came from, for sure the author could do another swell

H. LEMCKE, New York, N.

Mr. Lagemann is on his way to the G Smokies. Watch for You'll Be Co Round the Mountain, in early May.

. . . Also, how could Mr. Lagemann o mention of The Citadel, "the West P of the South," whose cadets fired the shot on the Star of the West, starting w you Yankees call the Civil War?

Evidently your reporter didn't get arou very much after dark. How did he miss hot spots and Market Street's quaint li protected gambling places?

Thanks for telling the world that we still unreconstructed.

H. L. BALDWIN III, Charleston, S

A Collier's reporter in a bar? Fi donc!

FREE TUITION FOR NURSES

DEAR EDITOR: Re your editorial We N 50,000 Student Nurses (Mar. 6th),

(Continued on page 45)

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PENNANT PIVOT MEN

BY BILL F

COLLIER'S SPORTS

WHEN the Newark baseball club went on the road in 1946, its traveling secretary usually assigned Berra (Yogi) and Brown (Bobby) to the same hotel room for purely alphabetical reasons. Yogi and Bobby had nothing in common except the design and color of their uniforms. Brown was a pre-med student who relaxed after a hard day at shortstop by reading two-ton texts. Berra was an uninhibited catcher who liked nothing better than to curl up with a good comic book. One August evening, after finishing the latest Superman and rereading an exciting Orphan Annie, Yogi yawned and suggested:

"Let's cut the light. I'm dead."

Brown on the 397th page of Comparative Anatomy I demurred, "Just a minute—I'm almost through."

Bobby finally finished Comparative Anatomy I and flicked the light switch. There was a moment of silence. Then Yogi asked curiously, "How'd it come out?"

Squat Yogi from St. Louis, twenty-three years old, almost neckless, and a man of magnificent reflexes, has moved up rapidly in the baseball world without modifying either of his major activities. He's still catching most of the curves that come his way and he's still collecting comic books—for the New York Yankees. He isn't the best catcher since Mickey Cochrane, and he certainly isn't the smartest, but right now he's the keyman in the Yanks' plans for retaining their world championship.

Yogi became the Yanks' keyman at the start of spring training when Aaron Robinson and two rookie pitchers were traded to the Chicago White Sox for Ed Lopat, the most effective left-hander in the American League. Robinson is the veteran catcher who saved the Yankees in the 1947 World Series after Brooklyn base runners stole everything except Berra's comic books in the first four games.

Yet the Dodgers' series uprising was only a sample of the trouble the Yanks can expect from the resurgent Boston Red Sox this summer. If Berra cracks again under pressure, the Robinsonless Yanks will be caught short. So why did Manager Bucky Harris gamble the pennant on Berra? Bucky gave the answer as the Yanks broke spring-training camp in St. Petersburg.

"Berra will hit .300," Bucky predicted. "His catching will improve, too. Our pitchers were partly to blame for his World Series troubles. They were letting Brooklyn runners get a start, and Yogi had to throw quicker and harder than usual. Yogi's throwing will improve."

Of course, the Yankees are not the only team whose pennant fate depends upon a keyman.

The pivotal member of the Boston Braves is a twenty-four-year-old rookie shortstop named Alvin Dark—not Warren Spahn, the National League's top pitcher in earned-run rating. Spahn won 21 games last year, but the Braves finished third. Spahn probably will win more games this year, but the Braves may finish third again, unless Dark corrects the double-play weakness that ruined the Bostonians' defense in 1947.

Here's how the keymen on the 1948 pennant contenders looked in spring training:

At Sarasota, Florida, Vern Stephens hopped into the Boston Red Sox batting cage. Mickey Harris flipped a fast ball. Stephens drove it high into left field and Sam Mele made an easy catch 20 feet inside the 375-feet marker on the fence.

Catcher Birdie Tebbetts chirped: "Home run in Boston."

Stephens is Boston's keyman. Vern slammed 24 homers for St. Louis in 1945, but slumped to 14 in 1946 and 15 last year. The Red Sox spent approximately $200,000 in cash and players to acquire Stephens, figuring his bat—aided and abetted by a friendly left-field fence—would boom at least 25 home runs.

At Bradenton, Florida, Alvin Dark, the Braves' rookie shortstop, grabbed a hopper behind third, fired underhand to Connie Ryan at second. Ryan pivoted and completed the double play.

"That young fellow Dark could make our club," Manager Billy Southworth commented. "Last year we had the best hitting team in either league, although the Giants stole the headlines with their home runs. We were the only team in the majors with two twenty-game winners—Spahn and Sain. We had hitting and pitching but we finished third. You know why? Because we were the poorest team in the majors at making double plays.

"We think Dark can come through for us even though he's had only one year in the minors—he was a sensation at Milwaukee. Learns faster than any player I've ever seen—just a natural athlete. We think he'll be the best shortstop in the majors in two years. Then, too, we were lucky enough to pick up Eddie Stanky from the Dodgers for second base, and Eddie's smartness and steadiness should help Dark over the rough spots. If we can get those double plays this year—well, we'll be satisfied with our pennant chances."

At St. Petersburg, Manager Eddie Dyer of the St. Louis Cardinals was watching lefty Howie Pollet warm up with Joe Garagiola. "Howie looks mighty good," Eddie said. "Wonderful boy, Howie. Won the pennant for us in 1946—pitching out of turn and relieving in the tough spots. But his arm went bad last year and we finished second—mostly because Howie won only nine games.

"An operation removed a tiny chip from Howie's elbow last fall. Now he looks like the 1946 Pollet. If he can come back to team up with Brecheen and Munger, we'll have three tough, experienced starters, and we'll be hard to beat. Mighty hard."

At Ciudad Trujillo, in Santo Domingo, Manager Leo Durocher was sitting on the hotel porch, checking a pitching roster, when a wise old Brooklyn Dodger remarked:

"Leo's looking at the list that'll win the pennant for us. It's strange how people get the wrong idea about our pitching. They say Ralph Branca is our only dependable starter, and maybe that's true, but you don't figure a staff by its starters alone—you rate it on arm power. There was a time last summer when our starters had finished only a third of their games but we were in first place.

"That was because we had strong-armed kids—Behrman and Gregg and Barney and some others—who could go in there day after day, or twice in a double-header if necessary, and throw hard for two or three innings. Then we always had Casey to stop the other guys in the last inning.

"Don't worry about our pitching. Gregg and Behrman have moved along, but Rickey always has plenty of strong-armed kids coming up through the farms. We got about 10 in camp, and Durocher will pick out the best three or four. They work hard and they don't last long, but they serve the purpose and they're cheap."

At Phoenix, Arizona, Monte Kennedy of the New York Giants was left-handing control pitches at Walker Cooper. Cooper was holding his big catcher's glove belt-high and steady, and Kennedy was hitting it dead center about two times out of five. "Nothing wrong with Kennedy that a little better control won't cure," Manager Mel Ott remarked hopefully, but Mel was saying the same thing just as hopefully last summer.

Cooper and Kennedy are the Giants' ifs. Kennedy won 9, lost 12 last year. Most of his defeats could be traced to bases on balls. Cooper slammed 35 home runs—almost equaling his previous major-league total of 38 in seven years. If Kennedy pitches up to his potentialities, and if Cooper holds his 1947 hitting pace, watch out for the Giants.

It could be, of course, that a Berra or a Kennedy will fail and some less hopefully regarded player will come through as an adequate replacement. If Dark falters, Sibby Sisti—injured last summer—might step in and make the double plays the Braves need. But one thing is certain: Each contender has a pressing pennant problem to solve. Based on their spring training showing—and favoring the power clubs—we believe the 1948 pennant races will finish this way:

American League—Boston, New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, land, Washington, Chicago, St

National League—New Y Louis, Boston, Brooklyn, Cin Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadel

And just to move farther ou limb, here are a few more pred

Joe DiMaggio's heel-an miseries are a thing of the past battle with Ted Williams for t jor-league batting title will closer than the pennant fight the Yanks and the Red Sox.

Detroit has not added s strength to challenge the Yan Red Sox, but the Tigers will one of the two most improve ers in the American Leagu Houtteman. The other will Lemon of Cleveland.

Warren Spahn of the Braves the winningest pitcher in the Spahn has an outside chance to games.

Ralph Kiner of the Pirat overshadow Johnny Mize of t ants in this third year of their year battle for home-run supr Present standing, Kiner, 74; M

Harry Walker of the Phil topped National League hitters .363 average last year, will not his title—may even slump belo

● They used to say about Jac mer, "He's got a blistering s and feet to match." The n amateur champion was a tenn derfoot. But Jack hasn't had a since the start of his pro tou Bobby Riggs. Reason: Jack ru feet with vaseline before each r "If I beat Riggs," Jack grins, can say I owe my success to footwork."

● Don't be surprised if the U sity of California at Los Angeles ing crew shows up at Poughke with a female coxswain. Two c blond Mildred Campbell and b Edna Saxton, answered Coach Hillen's spring call for rowing. dred and Edna each weighed pounds. The male candidates for swain weighed 125 pounds and considerable excess baggage to around in a light shell.

There's no reason why the shouldn't be able to do as well a boys in the coxswain departm Most college girls can count u 35 or 40, which is as high as the c per minute ever climbs at Poughk sie. The rest of the job is easy. coxswain sits in the stern, guides boat, and hands out a lot of ad He's really a back-seat driver, show us a woman who isn't.

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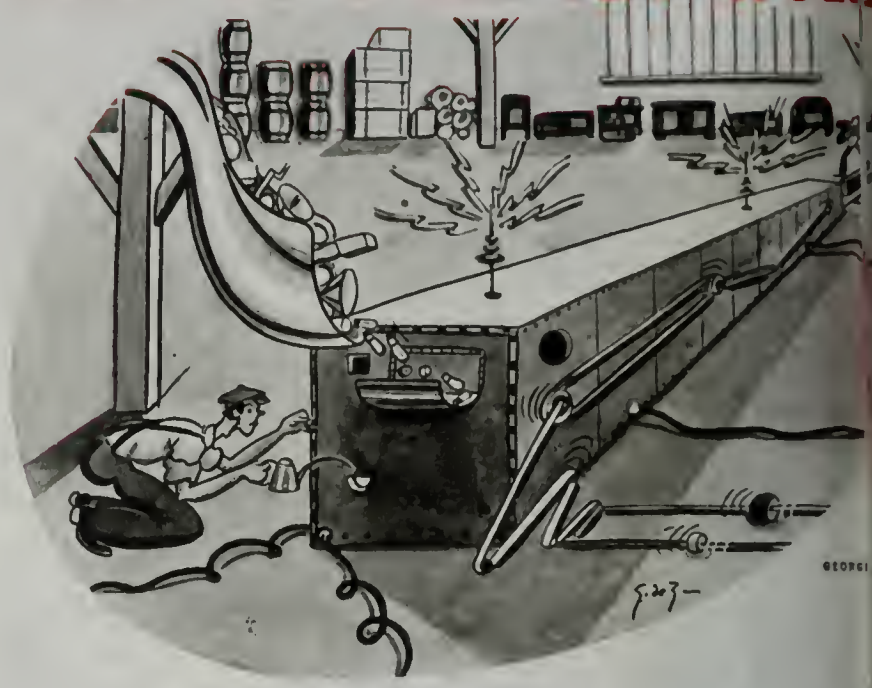
KEEP UP WITH THE WOR



BY FRELING FOSTER

An amazing machine that assembles radio sets without human help was recently perfected and is now in operation in a factory at Walton on Thames, England. The parts are fed into one end of this 70-foot electronically controlled robot, and the completed sets come out the other end—at the rate of one every 20 seconds.

A bank in New York now safeguards its tellers from being held up or shot at with a system that enables them to have their cages on the second floor yet continue to transact business through the windows on the main floor. The teller and patron hear and see each other through a periscopic shaft equipped with mirrors and send their money and papers up and down in an electric "elevator" about the size of a cigar box.

Although automatic voting machines have demonstrated their advantages over paper ballots for 56 years, they have been adopted in only 30,000 of our 125,000 precincts and, therefore, will be available to only 16,000,000 of the 50,000,000 citizens who are expected to vote in the coming Presidential election.

On New York's subways, the fare is a nickel and the passenger may ride as long as he desires over all of the 128 route miles. On London's underground lines, however, the fare is based on distance, five cents being charged for three miles, ten cents for six miles, etc. To make certain that the correct fare is always paid, the system requires the passenger to buy a ticket which specifies his destination and which must be surrendered upon his arrival to a gateman at the station.

No case of its kind has ever paralleled the successful revival of Hebrew as the common language of the Jews, started in Palestine about a generation ago. Except for its retention in religious ceremonies and rituals, this language had been dead for 2,300 years. *By Frank Farrington, South Bend, Ind.*

No laws prohibit the intermarriage of whites and Negroes in 18 states of this country today.

Few attractions have deceive persons than a mummy allege the body of John Wilkes Boo has been exhibited at carnival United States off and on for 4 While Booth was killed 12 da he assassinated Lincoln, this c that of a David E. George wh mitted suicide in Oklahoma i Unclaimed for some time, it w by the undertaker and has sinc owned by a succession of sho Most spectators are convinc mummy is Booth by a sign near offers "$1,000 Reward If Prov Genuine."

A form of energy now being for industrial uses is that produ "silent sound," or supersonic generated at frequencies rangin 100,000,000 cycles a second. waves can, for example, wash c age whisky, kill bacteria in food, pasteurize and homo milk, discover cracks in heav chines and remove soot from ch smoke.

In this country today, divorc not granted for desertion in four or for nonsupport in 20 states. thermore, 23 states refuse a divc a person who seeks it because th or husband is incurably insan will always require institutiona

The world's largest rest organization is J. Lyons & Com Limited, of London, which ow operates three big hotels, five restaurants and 250 tearooms serves 770,000 meals a day. *B ginia S. Graham, Bryn Mawr,*

During its racing season, one York race track and its patro protected against crooks by a p detective service that costs ap mately $15,000 a week.

Merchandise as well as mone as a prize on a radio show is subj income taxes based on its retail

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Through this device, you can, literally, write your own "wake-up"—or *alarm volume.* Say you sleep lightly. Set it to "whisper." Regular sleepers set it at "call." Heavyweight sleepers need the works—and get it when they set this feature at "SHOUT!" You can set this volume control at any of these points—or *anywhere in between!*

No winding—runs electrically.

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Why not start your day with a tune? Simply plug your radio into the back of the new General Electric Tune-A-Larm, turn it to your favorite station, and flick the switches. Come rising time, your RADIO awakens you! Soft and sweet, or loud and commanding—as you wish! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

IKE VERN

THI WEE WOR

Photographer I picks up a st a Carolina quilt

WHILE researching our National Grange story, The Farmer's Best Friend (p. 18), the Messrs. Nichols and Vern learned that while it is not likely to supplant knitting, necking or bundling as an indoor sport, quilting is still a popular pastime wherever farm wives gather. Just as in Grandma's day, quilting bees produce gossip, stiff knuckles and, of course, quilts.

For the electronic-blanket generation: A quilt (also known as a comforter or puff) is any coverlet made like a sandwich, with stuff in the middle. Patterns are traditional: Rose of Sharon and Jerusalem Star being most popular; and you make them tufted, patterned, tufted-patterned, crazy or knobby. Nichols and Vern, having mastered the art in the J. C. Colletts' farm parlor at Trinity Township, North Carolina, are back now, saving each other's old shirts, shorts and ties—also bits of juicy gossip—to make their own. "What kind?" we asked. "Crazy!" they assured us.

THE challenging So You Want to Be President!, by Merriman Smith (p. 13), is from his forthcoming book, A President Is Many Men. Mr. Smith has been White House man for the United Press since mid-1941. He is the correspondent who yells, "Thank you, Mr. President!" to close White House news conferences; and he has traveled over 100,000 miles with the Messrs. F.D.R. and Truman. His wife is called the Widow Smith.

Twice he has been injured in the line of duty: He sustained a busted shoulder while piling out of Mr. Truman's office on VE-Day, and a cracked tailbone while chasing the President in Key West. "Consequently," remarks Mr. Smith, "I'm known professionally as Old Brittle Bones. I'm the man who's made a career out of going on another man's vacations."

Mr. Smith's from Savannah, and when he isn't covering the White House, he's writing books. "Last summer I bought some beautiful golf clubs—and used them twice," he mourns. "When I finished A President Is Many Men, and picked up the clubs, the Widow Smith greeted me with a folder of magazine ideas. 'Start writing, big boy, or go fix the washing machine!'"

COVERING the N. Y. Yankees for the N. Y. Post, Milton Gross feels he's lucky to have captured Joe McCarthy (Who Will Run the Red Sox? p. 70) for a Collier's profile. Milt was hanging around the Hotel Suannee lobby in St. Petersburg a while back, looking for an angle for next day's story. McCarthy, still with the club, happened by, and Gross decided to pick his brains. "I knew you didn't just step up, toss a questi Carthy and catch the re Gross. "You jockey."

So Gross jockeyed, then got around to the format American League. Oddly, couldn't remember the ye formed. Mark Roth, late secretary of the Yankees, ca knew.

"The pair then proceed down the American League day to the present," says M reached 1912 in the A.M., wondering where my death was. I just couldn't wait beyond the year of my bi couldn't remember what I ask Marse Joe. I sincerely boys in Boston do better from the news angle than th New York."

MARGINAL travel n Marshall, who takes Where the West Ends (p. 22) can still pan gold in hundre gon streams. During the d inhabitants of Jacksonville back-yard mines so vigorou of the town are in danger of It was in Williams, near Jac reports Marshall, an early the Civil War was fought. news of the firing on Sumte Williams, Major Clairborne (from South Cahlina) ran up federate flag outside his law

One Peter Friesbie, a Mainer, hearing of this dast fiance, promptly recruited a eight Union men, marched 2 miles to Williams. When To fered to take 'em all on with the damyanks fired their mus Tolliver surrendered. The played at the Friesbie home was lost when flaming arrow house afire. "The Indians western Oregon seem to have ized in flaming arrows," s Marshall. "In pioneer town ings with iron doors are poi as refuges from flaming arr ing Indian raids.

"Most of the doors didn' Oregon until long after the had turned to huckleberry pic fish drying as more profita scalping the whites."

This week's cover: Duke Photographer Toni Frissell, Duke University, was struck photogeniality of Mary An yer, pretty coed. Mary Anne's from Paragould, Arkansas. Prexy of her sorority, membe Duke Chapel Choir, and 194 book Beauty Queen. She's the dean's scholastic list, is in political science and minc languages, with a pretty eye the foreign service. . . . TED S

There's a lot of swell country you can see and roads you can travel—*without* a Nash "600."

You don't absolutely need a car that lets you drive coatless in coldest weather—that's always free of dust—that always gives you fresh air.

But it's fun not to freeze—

You can keep off rugged country trails or bumpy roads—and never need the beautiful balance of four wheel coil springs.

And 25 miles or more on a gallon at average highway speed. That's nice to have, but not really

necessary. Just stop at a few more gas pumps, spend a few more dollars.

You can do without a lot of things—a welded unit frame that's safer and stronger, and can't rattle.

Nor do you need all that extra head-room and seat-room and luggage-room in a Nash "600," or all its power and beauty and easy handling—or all the long-life and ruggedness that is traditionally Nash—

But—have you noticed how happy these new Nash owners are?

Have you listened to them talk?

Why not forget—just for one hour—all your feelings and opinions about automobiles—and check into a new 1948 Nash "600"?

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Nash

Great Cars Since 1902

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

Which is really Betty Hutton?

STARRING IN THE
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTI
"DREAM GI
(See answer below)

Spark plugs also look alike, but

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

are *"Ignition Engineered"*

SINCE most spark plugs look alike, it's hard to tell which is best from outside appearance—just as it's difficult to tell which of the pictures above is really Betty Hutton. To make sure you get the best, ask for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—they're *ignition engineered*. This means they're designed by the same engineers who design the entire electrical life-line for many of America's finest cars—from battery to coil to distributor to spark plug.

Score yourself 100% if you picked the girl at the left as the real Betty Hutton, beautiful and talented actress soon to be seen in Paramount's thrilling new hit "Dream Girl." At right is Miss Chris Holly of East 65th St., New York City, who looks so much like Miss Hutton that crowds often gather when she goes out shopping.

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SO YOU WANT TO BE PRESIDENT!

BY MERRIMAN SMITH

Well, brother, you'll be underpaid and overworked, you'll never be alone, you'll get periodic paralysis of the arm from shaking hands, and a lot more. Here, as part of a book to be published by Harper's, a White House correspondent details the grief of the most powerful job on earth

THERE is no room for argument: The Presidency is a killing job. When the votes are counted and the candidate hears the shouts of victory, he automatically becomes a bum insurance risk. And he can count definitely on living quite a number of years less than he otherwise would.

Starting with George Washington, the average age of our Presidents through Mr. Truman was fifty-four years at the time of inauguration. Up until Mr. Truman, the average time spent in the White House by a President was about five and a half years. Also, the average age of Presidents at death has been 68 years.

According to the census bureau, a man of fifty-four should have an expectancy of at least an additional nineteen years of life. So, by the simple rule of thumb, being elected President cuts at least five years off a man's life.

This isn't to scare people away from running for President. There probably isn't a man in the country who would turn down the Presidency if he knew he would die a year later as a result of the beating the man in the White House has to take.

The high physical price paid for being President still is rather stupid and archaic. In this allegedly scientific civilization of ours, there is no sensible reason why a President should wear himself out shaking hands with so many people that his right arm becomes virtually paralyzed. And what is the real reason he has to subject his stomach night after night to indigestible banquet food? Or endure a workday that any union in the country would denounce as cruel and beneath the standards of the most sadistic employer?

Actually there isn't a farm hand in the country who puts in the hours a President does. There isn't an office worker who would not scream against the time spent at work by a Presidential secretary.

After reading about the President's yacht, his vacations, his retinue of servants, it might be difficult to accept the idea that the job isn't what it's cracked up to be. Sure, he has luxuries too costly for millionaires. But he is a prisoner, never alone. Flunkies, cops, secretaries, politicians, generals and admirals are always around as reminders of his grave responsibility.

Some nut with a gun might kill him any time he ventures beyond the White House grounds.

He can't drop in at a friend's home of a Sunday afternoon and pass the time of day. If he goes to the baseball game, he can't yell, "Robber!" at the umpire, but must sit sedately like a well-mannered little boy with a governess. And if he tries to eat peanuts, everybody in the ball park watches each mouthful.

What is worse, he can't suffer a slight cold without blowing his nose in front of the world. The stock market rises and falls

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

BOB LEAVITT

Top man in the White House secretariat is appointment secretary Matthew J. Connelly. Here, Collier's editor Walter Davenport interviews Mr. Connelly

INTERNATIONAL

Visitors consume much of the President's time. Here, President Calvin Coolidge receives an Indian chief's headdress

The first of the spring salmon is given to Presi

according to the bulletins from his bedside.

Visitors usually appraise his physical condition in hushed tones before they're out of the White House lobby.

"I don't think he looked too well."

"Yes, seemed a little tired."

"Did you notice the lines around his eyes? Heavier than ever."

F.D.R., after a crowded press conference during a period when there were many rumors about his health, watched the reporters file out of his office with a sarcastic expression on his face.

"My God, I feel like I've just been examined by the entire staff of Mayo brothers," he said.

All of this adds up to pressure. And any doctor will testify that a human being under constant tension has a breaking point somewhere if there is no relief.

One of the most graphic accounts of how Presidents sometimes come apart under the grinding pressure comes from H. H. Kohlsaat, the late Chicago newspaper owner who was a confidant of Republican leaders for two decades.

Kohlsaat, in his McKinley to Harding, described a conference he had with President McKinley not long before McKinley was assassinated.

"It seems to me I have not slept over three hours a night for over two weeks," McKinley told the Chicago editor one night at the White House. "Congress is trying to drive us into war with Spain. The Spanish fleet is in Cuban waters, and we haven't enough ammunition on the Atlantic seacoast to fire a salute."

At this point in the conversation, the President, according to Kohlsaat, "broke down and cried like a boy of thirteen."

"I put my hand on his shoulder and remained silent as I thought the tension would be relieved by his tears. As he became calm, I tried to assure him that the country would back him in any course he should pursue."

The President looked up and asked: "Are my eyes very red? Do they look as if I had been crying?"

Kohlsaat had to admit that the President did look rather tearful.

"But I must return to Mrs. McKinley at once," the President said, worrying about his wife, who was in another room with guests.

President Disguises His Grief

Kohlsaat advised him to blow his nose loudly as he entered the room, thus forcing tears into his eyes as if he had a cold or brief coughing spell.

The President squared his shoulders and marched toward the door. He paused for a moment; then, with a loud nasal blast, joined his guests.

These examples lead to the question of why men are willing to sacrifice their health, their family life and their privacy to be President. As we have seen, the answer varies: the prayers of mothers for their sons, the heady prestige and power of the job, the lure of leadership that has led men to sacrifice since history began.

Mrs. Harding sensed the danger of the Presidency for her husband and pleaded with Republican leaders not to ask him to run.

"The office is killing President Wilson as surely as if he had been stabbed at his desk," she told them.

Even Harding would not listen to her pleas, but later confided to friends that the Presidency was "a man killer."

It will kill more men in the future unless something is done to protect the President from the inane tortures we inflict upon him.

Not the least of these tortures is the social season which winter brings to Washington along with sleet and sinus.

Since the earliest days of the Presidency, thousands of people have jammed their way into the White House on winter evenings to shake hands with the President, eat his food, dance to his music and stare at one another.

In the early days of the 19th century, the male guests ran to muddy boots with floor-scarring hobnails, sheath knives that ripped the upholstery, plus drinking and eating habits that played hob with the crockery.

The modern White House guest presents a picture of better behavior, with urbane gentlemen in tails, and beautifully gowned ladies encrusted in diamonds. But often the behavior is largely on the surface. They get drunk occasionally in the shrubbery and they sometimes steal, as they did at a reception given by President Wilson and his wife, who discovered to their dismay after the company left that more than four hundred silver-plated spoons bearing the official engraving President's House were missing.

The annual White House social season, beginning in late November and running until the start of Lent, now includes two diplomatic dinners (the corps is so large that they all can't come at once), a judicial reception, a Cabinet dinner, a diplomatic reception, a dinner for the Chief Justice and the Supreme Court, a reception for officials of the Treasury, Post Office, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor departments and federa cies.

The season closes with a din the President of the Senate, an Navy reception, a dinner f Speaker of the House, and fina Congressional reception.

The dinners begin at 8 P.M., ceptions at nine o'clock. Nea winter affairs at the White Hou call for formal evening gowns f ladies and white ties for the m woman without a corsage lool dressed; without jewels, she see have forgotten her make-up.

No dinner or reception is w its tragedies of costume. One occurred during the visit to Wa ton of Miguel Aleman, the Pre of Mexico, in 1947. Aleman hac entertained at the White House it was then his turn to entertai Truman at the Mexican embas

An Embarrassing Situatio

I was present as a White H correspondent and along wit other hundred or so guests sat i of the freshly gilded chairs ar the lavishly decorated U-shaped ner table. When the time for t came, Mr. Truman stood and posed a toast to his host. The l in their delicate evening dresses the men in dinner jackets start rise.

A harsh ripping sound fille room. The braver men self- sciously looked to the seat of trousers. White-faced women s mutely at one another. Embass tachés stared with horror at Se Connally of Texas, who was stan rather awkwardly because his had risen with him and was firml tached to his ample posterior.

ok but a few seconds to realize ad happened. The caterer evi- had done a last-minute job of the chairs. The night was hot mid. The two factors combined e the chairs as sticky as fly- To the mortification of the y, practically every guest, male male, bore large and irregu- d markings on his or her rear

only happy note was that the residents escaped—they were in chairs covered with velvet. most of us who regard having t-door neighbors in for dinner te a chore, the effort that goes odern White House parties is ring.

ut the time of the first frost year, the White House social f five persons goes into a huddle ong lists, drawing boards and elaborate diagrams. These are ueprints of the social season to

uming that you have received vitation through the normal of events, by all means come party with no misgivings, ex- at your feet will be tired before ening is over.

s not bad taste to reach the House early—say fifteen min- efore the time on your invita- You leave your wraps in the Wing cloakroom—which thousands of tourists see every day—and march to the stairs that lead up to the East Room.

You pass a desk where a White House usher stops you. He consults a large map and he explains where you will sit at dinner. You get a small card which duplicates the big map, and printed at the top is the name of your dinner partner. (Just like at home, husbands and wives do not sit together.)

At the entrance to the East Room, a young Army officer in sparkling dress uniform announces you in a voice that would wake the dead. Your first view of the room probably will be a little jolting. You'll find the other guests standing around in a large circle which looks as if it will explode into a fast session of musical chairs at any moment.

You nod to the few friends you know and take your place in the line, all the while making rather shallow conversation with your wife.

Another young officer appears before you, escorting a dapper man in tails. He is your wife's dinner partner. They meet and the man in tails goes back to his original position in the circle.

Then still another young officer comes over and takes you, the man, politely by the arm and escorts you to meet your dinner partner. My luck has been that she was a lady two feet taller than I am but very pleasant, and she smelled wonderful.

You go back to your wife and compare notes. Then the same young man with the powerful lungs announces the President and his wife, while the Marine band pounds out Hail to the Chief.

The President and his wife stand in the main entrance of the East Room while the circle slowly revolves by them. A military or naval aide introduces each guest and soon the circle stops. The President offers his arm to his dinner partner, the President's wife takes the arm of her escort. Then starts the scramble to pick out your partner introduced a few minutes ago by the smiling young man. When the two of you meet us, you look at your little map and march into the state dining room.

BOB LEAVITT

dent's aides endeavor to relieve him of as much detail as possible. President Truman is his military aide, Major General Harry Vaughan

Truman's press secretary, Charles Ross, reading letters from all country commenting on a nationwide radio address of the President

© HARRIS & EWING

Guests Seated According to Rank

At White House dinners seating is entirely by rank, carefully charted beforehand by rigid protocol lists. These lists are prepared by the White House social bureau in conjunction with the State Department protocol division. Any deviation probably would cause an international incident if members of the diplomatic corps were involved. In no part of modern society—with the possible exception of the Army and Navy—is seniority so jealously guarded.

I was always amazed to notice at White House dinners that children of a President rank lower than newspapermen, who usually rate just above the butler. At one dinner I noticed that Margaret Truman was seated two seats below me, and at the end of the table.

"I have no rank at all," she said with a laugh. "They always put me out near the kitchen."

Receptions pose a highly different social and mechanical problem from the smaller, easier-controlled dinners. Rarely are more than ninety or one hundred persons invited for dinner. But reception guest lists run above two thousand.

The receptions are big, noisy and invariably hot, regardless of the weather outside. Many high-ranking Washingtonians, either bored, tired or trying to be genuinely kind, give their reception invitations to other people. This sometimes results in the discovery of a few ringers whose undoing never would have come about had their enthusiasm for the White House been less vocal.

At one of the late winter receptions in 1947, some of the more dignified guests were startled by a buoyant, if not beautiful young lady in a passable evening dress who confided to anybody who would listen, "Just think of it—me, a waitress, at a White House ball with the President." She confided in a few too many people, including a couple of White House attachés, who gently escorted her to the door.

This sort of ordeal is only a minor part of the physical beating which the President takes.

Will Hays, when he was a member of the Harding Cabinet, said election to the Presidency was like being sentenced to death. And he diagnosed the trouble in this way: "The government is like a corner grocery which a few years ago could be run by one man, and now we try to use the same system in running Marshall Field's."

Today's American President is the world's most powerful head of state, with the exception of Marshal Joseph V. Stalin of Russia. Although he is far more powerful than the King of England, the President still cannot appoint a postmaster in Stone Shack, Montana, without the permission of the Senate. He may ask Congress to pass laws, but he cannot make a law himself. The manner in which his Executive department administers the laws is always subject to review and interpretation by the judicial branch of the government.

Where, then, lies his tremendous power? The answer is simple. A modern President is as powerful as his ability to influence public opinion. The power of our Chief Executives has grown in direct ratio to the development of communications facilities—the modern press, radio, and periodicals always available to him.

Of necessity he leads a sheltered life. He is always in a crowd without being a part of it, much like an actor alone on a stage, standing before a large audience in the blinding glare of a thousand spotlights. The President is on stage twenty-four hours a day.

The President today must keep abreast of a million things. What the cotton market does may be of direct concern to diplomatic negotiations with Argentina. A statement by a Republican state committeeman in Utah may be a tip-off on what the G.O.P. leadership in Congress plans to do about tariff.

The Army reports Russia has developed an amazing new rifle. Someone must get behind American shipbuilders to replace our war-worn cargo and passenger vessels lest the British, French and Scandinavians grab off a lot of our shipping business.

Naturally no one man can assimilate the mountains of raw information gathered by the government every day. This means today's President must surround himself with men competent to analyze new developments and take responsibility for action except in cases involving highest policy.

The first line of defense—or attack—is a competent Cabinet and able agency heads. Theoretically, these officials come to the White House with matters of only utmost importance. But even these mount up to proportions that the President alone cannot handle.

Alert Staff Is Presidential Aid

So, he must have an inner ring of defenses, an inner council of experts who are delicately in tune with his policies and the way he thinks. They put an impending matter through a sifting process as members of the President's White House staff. And when the problem is put on the President's desk, it has been reduced as far as possible to a simple statement of the situation.

Then the Chief Executive can summon the Cabinet member or government officer involved and say with some authority, "This business of merging the REA power systems of the Northwest—I doubt whether the money saved will outweigh the extra cost of power production. My figures don't show that it will."

But no matter how much the President delegates authority, if a subordinate makes a poor decision, the final blame always rests on "the boss."

The President should be an excellent actor, a better-than-average financier, have administrative ability superior to that of a big corporation executive and be quite a fair student of the military sciences. He should know geography as well as a university

(Continued on page 64)

I HAVE A WALLET

BY RODERICK LULL

She built a better man trap, so Fred beat a path to her door—and joined the line

I USED to have a wallet with money in it. Now I have a wallet. The truth is, I have new and empty wallets, in all shapes and sizes and leathers. I must have more wallets than anybody outside of the wallet business.

However, it is the first day of summer, and the sun is streaming down like silk unrolled from a bolt, and I am going outside to revel. I know the calendar says it's winter. I know too that the weatherman says it's raining, and that all the people on the streets and in the buildings say it's raining. But I say it is the first wonderful day of summer.

But to get back to the wallet. The first wallet. The wallet I really needed. And the reason I want to get back to it is that it brings me to Suzanne Frobisher. And then, of course, there is the matter of Jennie McLarnin.

You know Jennie McLarnin. Everyone does. When you were sixteen she was the twelve-year-old sister of your best friend and she was always underfoot. She was plump or she was stringy, she was all legs or she was built with a remarkably low center of gravity; when you were eighteen you had to dance with her at the country-club junior prom though you wanted to dance with the twenty-one-year-old girl from the city who had just graduated from Vassar or was about to graduate from Randolph Macon. You remember.

Anyway, it was Jennie who first brought me into Burg and Hunter's. It was one of those upper-level department stores, small but select, to which my purse was unsuited. Due to a small interruption in my career commonly referred to as World War II, Jennie had preceded me to the big town. She was secretary to Mr. Hunter. And I had solemnly promised my mother that I would call upon Jennie and pay my respects.

"You may sneer at Jennie," my mother said. "But her father holds our mortgage. And the McLarnins are splendid people."

"Yes, Mother," I said brilliantly.

This was Saturday afternoon, and Homebuilders, Incorporated, the firm I worked for, was closed, but Burg and Hunter was open. I had been in the big town two weeks; I had nothing to do, and it seemed a propitious time for discharging a bounden duty. I went to the executive offices on the top floor and asked for Miss McLarnin. Pretty soon she came out. She had been the leggy kind, but now she had filled out fairly well where it counted and somebody had sold her a good suit. I had to admit she was attractive. Not exciting, but nice.

I said, "Hi."

She looked at me, and I noticed that she used polish on her nails. Red polish. It seemed silly until I recalled that she must be all of twenty-two by now, and times change.

"Fred Benson," she said. "Who made you come here?"

"Well," I said, "my mother sort of suggested it. How are you?"

"Fine. It's good to know you're a model son."

"I mean," I said, "she sort of refreshed my mind. Is there somewhere we could sit down and talk?"

SHE took me into an empty office and we talked for fifteen or twenty minutes. It was pleasant to be with someone from home, even if she wasn't exciting. When she said she had to go back to work I asked her to dinner. My mother, who is a thorough woman with a sound knowledge of social responsibilities as well as mortgages, had insisted on that too.

Jennie smiled. "This is Saturday night," she said. "And even girls like me sometimes have dates."

I was relieved. "I'll be going along then. Good to have seen you."

"But as it happens," she went on, "my date of this evening was suddenly struck down with the flu. You may call for me at seven. Here's the address. And I've reached an age where I can no longer be spanked in public. The only reason I'm going out with you is so you can perform your duty like a man and then forget it."

"Well," I said, "thanks, Jennie."

Going downstairs in the elevator I remembered about the wallet. My old one had two weeks' wages in it now, and most of the money my father had given me as a send-off gift, and my terminal leave pay, which I'd saved. But it was worn and torn, and not the kind of wallet a man produces in restaurants in the big town.

The elevator girl told me where the wallets were, and let me off at the proper floor. I walked past The Teen Age Shop and The Blouse Bar and The House of Beauty and finally into the comparative calm of Leather Goods. I was leaning over a counter, looking down into a sea of handsome wallets, deciding whether pigskin or alligator was the most sumptuous, when a soft voice with just a trace of an accent said, "May I help you?"

"I want to buy a wallet," I said.

"What kind of wallet?" she said.

It took me a long time to answer that. I won't say this was love at first sight. I will say that this was what I had been looking for forever, without knowing it. She had black hair and black eyes and the loveliest mouth in the world. She was perhaps a head shorter than I and quite slim, without being slim where a girl should not be slim. She was wearing a black dress, cut quite low, with some lace at the throat, and long sleeves that made her hands and wrists seem marvelously delicate. She was smiling at me, with her eyes and her mouth, seeming to say silently that there was more behind the smile than I could possibly see. Much more.

"Well," I said at last, "that wallet."

She looked down into the showcase, at scores of wallets, all lined up like so many little leather soldiers. "Of course," she said, with that faint, lovely accent. "That wallet. How stupid of me." Then she laughed with a sound that was all the brooks in the world running gently together.

"The brown one," I said. "Any brown one." But I was looking at the way her hair curled down her neck.

She brought a wallet out, and now I was watching her hands move, and there was no ring on the left one. "This is a charming wallet," she said.

"That's it," I said. "Just the one."

She turned around, and I was looking at her back; it was very straight and beautiful, and I thought that I could practically join my hands about her waist. She put the wallet in a box and wrapped it and handed it to me. "I'm sure," she said, "you'll enjoy it."

I turned away slowly, plans beginning to form in my mind. I was starting for the elevator when she said, "There's one more thing."

I swung about like a man stung by a wasp. If she had seen in me what I had seen in her! It was a magnificent prospect. "What?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "but you know how a store is. I must ask you to pay for it." She laughed again, and now it was all the gentle rivers of the world running in on top of the brooks.

I paid, hiding my old wallet as best I could, and then I went away. I couldn't wait to see Jennie McLarnin that evening. Jennie would be what the lifeboat is to the half-drowned sailor, the rescue party to the man caught in the debris of an earthquake. She would know the girl who sold the wallets. She would help me. She would have to help me. After all, I had paddled her before and I could paddle her again, for all of her brave words.

Jennie was all ready when I for her at seven. She had a ni apartment, bright but not too c and there was a shaker of co "You get two," she said. "No After that you buy."

I remembered, just in time, her that she looked well. It wa she had on a green dress, and i nicely with her light brown ha clear skin. But I didn't pay attention to it, because I was w ing how to bring up the business girl with the wallets. After all, are curious, irrational creature must be handled with care. I d to wait until Jennie was outsid good dinner, and filled with a se well-being and gratitude.

We went to a small place she where there was an orchestr played softly and the waiters rubber soles. We had one more tail, and then we ate. We talked home and people we knew an time went by. But all the while seeing the face of the girl wit wallets, and the way her hair cur

"You know," Jennie said, have improved some."

"Thanks."

"I mean you now resemble man being. You used to be an

"You were a brat," I said.

She laughed—a good, hearty l But it made me wish all the mo the wonderful, liquid laugh o girl with the wallets.

I asked her to dance, because was nothing else to do. She w excellent dancer. "Just like th days," she said. "Your mother to make you dance with me then

"Look," I said, "you don't ha go on being a brat."

"All right, ape," she said.

WE DANCED and talked quite a while longer, and she said it was time to go. The dropped us at her door and I h got down to business yet. I cou think of a subtle way to go about just plunged in.

"At Burg and Hunter," I "there is a girl in Leather Goods.

"At Burg and Hunter," she "there are several girls in Lea Goods." But I could tell by her that she knew whom I meant.

"Not like this girl," I said. "S unique. She couldn't even be a tw nature doesn't produce such m cles."

Jennie nodded her head, up down, slowly. "Give, ape," she s

(Continued on page 98)

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

I put the flowers on the table and looked at Jennie. "Pretty," she said. "I may be able to forget your shameful motive in bringing them to me. But Suzanne is the orchid type"

THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND

BY WADE H. NICHOLS AND IKE VERN

By providing rural families with social life, secret ritual and a powerful lobby, the National Grange has made itself felt all over America

Sons and daughters of North Carolina grangers enjoy hayriding in a patron's wagon

AT JUST about every
some 8,000 places
around the U.S. co
there's going to be a squa
within the next few days.
a mind to, you can join in at
of them. You'd be welcome;
are that sort.

We tried it ourselves at o
in North Carolina, a while
lady that you couldn't call
but motherly sashayed us r
the middle of the room.

Then she confided, "You k
preacher just raises up his ey
times at all this dancin'—bu
recallin' how a farmer bo
a-callin' once, twenty-five ye
That boy was lookin' to show
sister how to waltz, but he e
bein' my husband! Cain't see
wrong with dancin' ever sinc

And the husband she got
added, "Folks say farmers ha
havin' good times lately, b
don't mean what I mean. W
farmer has a good time, rigl
where he has it!"

This place where heavy sh
light hearts beat it out in
style swingtime is a local of
tional Grange, Order of Pat
Husbandry. That makes it th
of the hoedown—but it's a lo
too.

The typical Grange Hall is a
of rural opinion and culture;
munity center where farme
gather to achieve social, econo
political integration. It is als
ternal sanctum, full of top-sec
als, and symbolism. And, ab
it's an outpost of the nation'
farm group.

This group, the National
was established in 1867. It n
815,000 patrons and 37,453 ju
(ages 5-14). Unlike most secret
it admits women as wholly
members—and in North Carol
example, a woman was recent
master. The 8,000 locals, calle
ordinate Granges, are dist
through 39 states, with a
Alaska and Canada. Almos
subordinates own their meetin
—valued, with furnishings, at
$30,000,000. Dues range fron
to $4 a year.

Women represent flowers, gra
fruits in Grange initiation

ere as it is about being a sod-
s' brotherhood, the Grange is
heless an all-purpose power
an implement that farmers use
reat effectiveness in cultivating
ongressmen and cash crops.
an uncommon extent, the or-
tion is one whose impact is felt
e time by people who aren't
ers. For the Grange has won
ts of political and social gains
t about every farmer, member
; and this has naturally had a
able effect on consumers as

its own members, though, the
is something you'll never hear
bed just right. They go all to
trying to say it. But they do
you know that down deep in-
here they live—that's where the
e is.
ke cars and radios and tele-
s and all," one granger said,
a farmer's still got to live lone-
a city fellow'd be if he was dyin'
hospital poor ward. But the
e helps—a lot."
ain't just that it's an answer to
eeding of other folks in your
another added. " 'Cepting for
urch, it's most often the *only*
r!"
in any good Grange area, most
rs would agree with the one who
ed it up for us: "There's been
a farmer couldn't have made
y any livin' at all without the
ge—an' without the Grange it
n't have been worth it any-

a matter of fact, the world *did*
rather close to being without the
ge. When the outfit had barely
it achieved a success much like
of the vaudeville acrobat who
to acknowledge applause by say-
"Just a little more encourage-
now—and I'll *destroy* myself!"
the Grange wasn't kidding.

Founded on an Ideal

e original idea of it was hatched
after the Civil War by a handful
dealists in Washington who
ght that a farmers' fraternity
d help reunite the North and
h. They weren't sore at anyone;
just wanted to do good.
that worthy basis the Order of
ns of Husbandry got almost no-
e for several years. Then, sud-
—and not entirely by design—it
e a fighting outfit. Almost any
er's grudge became a "cause."
e ensued a flash flood of new
bers, human nature being what
e always heard it is.
e financial panic of 1873 brought
ore hundreds of thousands of
tened (and angry) farmers. In
mber of that year alone, 1,235
locals were formed.
en everything got out of hand.
ors and lawyers began joining,
t clients; merchants, to win cus-
rs; sharpies of all sorts, to have
at fleecing the brothers. No-
knows how many members
were. Estimates run as high
,000,000—but the bookkeepers
so swamped, and the granting
harters so slipshod, that dues
ents for only 858,050 members
recorded in the peak year of

rmers, to a man, hated the rail-
s. So the Grange got in the fight.
1874 the embattled patrons had
across laws regulating freight
s in 32 states. The Interstate
merce Commission was first pro-
d at the 1875 Grange convention (and established 12 years later at its continued behest).

Local and State Granges went into competition with anyone they disliked. At Waterloo, Iowa, grangers began manufacturing harvesting machines; at Des Moines they organized a company to distribute farm supplies—even pianos. In Minnesota, Granges operated warehouses and grain elevators. Throughout the West flour mills were bought or built; agents were sent East to sell directly to consumers. Hundreds of purchasing and marketing co-ops sprang up. A mail-order company began operating in St. Louis under Grange auspices (its Chicago branch was managed by a youngster named Montgomery Ward, who later started a business of his own).

Many of these enterprises were perhaps dubious. But even if every one of them had been entirely up-and-up, most of the grangers in charge of them were rank amateurs at business.

Members Not Always in Accord

Not everyone went along with the program. F. M. McDowell, one of the seven charter patrons, cautioned, "If all who become patrons were born again when they took the oath I should have some hope, but not at present. There is too much human nature among us."

By late 1875 the fabulous structure began falling apart. In mid-'76 failures of Grange-sponsored co-ops were being reported literally every day. Hangers-on deserted. Political influence waned. Merchants and millers, distributors and railroad men kicked enthusiastically at their fallen antagonist, spreading stories that grangers were lawless mobsters anyway.

But the real finisher was a legality: Many of the companies had been unincorporated, which meant that any creditor could sue any granger for all debts. When the patrons realized how *that* stuck their necks out, they ran screaming for the exits.

Membership fell off to 728,313 in 1876; to 411,244 the next year; and to 124,420 in 1880. In some states the Grange disappeared altogether.

Surveying the wreckage, the stout-hearted few who remained in the Grange discovered that it had been a good deal more glorious in failure than in triumph. For it had proved that farmers acting together do have power.

Its leaders set out to rebuild the Grange. They'd learned a lot, the hard way. They made it a better thing than it had been before.

This time, the fraternal and social appeal of the organization was stressed, and community service was encouraged. An educational lecture was required at every meeting. Commercial ventures were tried with the discretion of the child whose fingers have been burned once. Legislative projects were carefully screened and reduced in number, but those which survived were pushed with concentrated vigor.

So, you may reasonably heckle, what became of it?

In its second incarnation, the Grange became a bulwark of political conservatism. As a government economist commented to us in Washington, "If the Grange can't do a promenade down the middle, you can bet it'll sashay to the right!"

This isn't hard to figure. Grange membership is the largest in New England; its greatest recent growth

(Continued on page 77)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

The Farmers' Co-operative Exchange store at High Point, N. C., is typical of Grange-sponsored purchasing co-ops. This one, with about 5,000 members, grossed almost $400,000 in 1947. At the end of the year, buyers get 4 to 6 per cent rebates

A demonstration of artificial insemination is given for the benefit of a Grange committee. Its findings are also available to nonmembers who may be interested

THE SHEARING AT NELLO

My arms began to ache and my spine felt as if it would snap. I heard Chap's sheep bleating, high and fierce, which meant he was nicking them

The story of Benjie Shackler, a modern nomad who, like David, set out to whip a bigger man

MY DA died when I was thirteen. That was more than four years ago but I can remember him just as clearly as though I'd seen him yesterday. People still talk about Jamie Shackler on the big stations and in the bush country of Queensland and New South Wales. He was a large man, straight as a Gippsland eucalyptus. He didn't talk much, but when he did, people listened. Every stockman in Australia called my Da by his first name. They would have ridden through hell and the back country to lend him a hand. For besides being a fine man he was the best sheep shearer ever to turn a wagon wheel on the Darling Downs.

There were two things my Da wanted to do before he died. One was to train me to be as good a shearer as he was. The other was to best Chap Goron neat and fair in a shearing contest to prove which was the better man. He could have lived to a hundred and not seen me his equal. Never a man like him stood in a woolshed and trimmed the fleece from a Merino ram in sixty seconds to the tick.

As for Chap Goron, he was all belly and bluff. He felt safe enough boasting when our caravan was ten stations away, but times when Da cornered him, like that day in Goondiwindi, he had a pretty small mouth. It was sudden business in Brisbane or a sore tooth in the side of his head when a trial was suggested!

My Da wouldn't say a thing to his excuses, he'd just smile him down till the braggart started to shift his feet and turned his eyes away. But the next day when we were moving on the downs, Chap Goron would be talking higher than ever.

I never knew anything but sheep stations and the downs. Mother died when I was born and there was nothing for Da but to take me with him in the caravan. I grew up by the side of a mulga-stick fire and instead of milk I was raised on hot tea out of the billycan. The first thing I can remember is the sight of Da and his men in a woolshed choking with November dust, the air trembling with the bleat of Merinos. It wasn't long before I was in with the lot of them, stripping my twenty-five fleeces an hour and wishing I could do the job half as neat and half as quick as Da.

It was a way he had with a sheep, not fighting the brute like most shearers, but making it feel easy in his hands. He loved the sight of a flock feeding on the grasslands, moving along steady with a few stockmen behind and a pack of keen kelpies to nip back and drive in the strays. He was proud to be part of the sheep country and he made me feel proud of it too. Sometimes, when it had take caravan of six wagons a week to cross one sta we'd pass paddocks with a half-million sheep. times like that he'd make me see the picture of I can hear him still on the seat beside me, wit wheels creaking soft under us.

"Benjie," he'd say and point his whip at the fl "every fourth person in the world who wears a woolen suit or coat can thank God for the tralian downs. Don't ever forget that, boy, o fact that if it wasn't for these sheep the big like Sydney and Melbourne would waste away this bloody continent itself would drop from rest of the world like a rotten apple from a tre

"Yes, Da," I'd say. His whip would crack l pistol shot and the line of wagons would lurc to dip and crawl over the down country like s boats in the open sea.

Like me, my Da was born to shearing. He d just happen into it like so many new lads with blankets in a swag roll over their shoulders, drift into the bush after they've had a swin everything running; they're the swagmen wh without a bottle of bitter and drop their last qui a broken-winded nag who hasn't a blind sho the race meet. My Da worked sober hard and his brass in the Queensland Bank where it's t

WILCOX

th what I've been able to add to it. Some-
w I'll have that sheep run south of St. George
en eying.
ve never seen a sight to beat it after the
rains. It's carpeted with grass and scrub,
ned with purple sarsaparilla. Down in the
s there are acacia wattles taller than a man's
pilling golden blossoms into the paddocks
ling of something rarer than gold underneath
els of fresh water. My Da would have liked
seen me settled down as a station man even
he himself couldn't live without moving and
't sleep anywhere but on the downs, rolled
er a wagon.
had shearing contracts at stations south of
omba, off Warwick, Goondiwindi and even
ack as Talwood. A sheep man could count
n at the sticky time, when the stock was
l in by the woolshed, the sky was like a blaz-
rnace and the ewes were bleating Bloody
We'd drive in with forty mates in the
n and lift ten thousand fleeces a day. Coo!
I think of them breeched, skirted and folded,
d for the baling! Big, soft Botanys, a million
s a week we'd shear—and off to the next sta-
or it must be done in the season or the whole
a fizzle. My Da was steady as the sun in
nds and for more reason than the brass it
nt him.
A hundred million sheep, Benjie, my boy,"
ay, chirruping to the team; "and none of
worth a damn if it wasn't for us shearers
them to the pelt so the wool could be off
rkshire and the Yank mills in New Eng-

"Yes, Da," I'd grin. "Up the downs! Up the jumbuck sheep! And up the shearers of east Australia!"

Coo! But it made him easy to see me follow in his footsteps.

My Da was no bucko boy but he went off with the Anzacs when the Nips were kicking at the gates of Australia. He walked from Port Moresby over the Owen-Stanleys with the other cobbers and did his bit at Buna. You couldn't keep him from a show like that. He took most of the mates from the caravan with him but he left ten old hands behind with me to take care of the business.

"You're a big tad, Benjie," he said when I saw him off at the Brisbane docks. "You can write and cipher and shear with the best in the back country. The mates will stick with you, mind you keep spirits out of the caravan. You know the bush and can do the job. And don't forget it's the job that's first! War or no war the sheep will breed and the wool will be wanted more than before. So keep the bankbooks safe, write me every fortnight and don't worry about your old Da."

He leaned down from the deck to *Cooeee* at me and I shouted, "Up the Anzacs!" like the others.

"Up the downs!" he called back and I felt like flooding but didn't.

WE MADE out all right just as Da had said. Hands were scarce in the bush during the war and the fleeces had to be lifted. No one wanted for work, least of all the son of Jamie Shackler. But we didn't coast on kindness, either. There weren't as many mates as before, so we couldn't cover the stations like the old days. But we worked harder than ever at the clipping. It was honest work we did and honest wages we drew in the season. My Da would have been proud to see us, but he never did. We were shearing on a station off Talwood the day I got the news he'd gone west at Wewak.

I sat under a gum tree and bawled. After a while I got up and back to the woolshed. My Da was no bloody quitter and he wouldn't have wanted for me to be.

That was the way it had to be, work till I dropped at night to keep from going crazy. The mates were kind and everyone else, for the passing of Jamie Shackler was no light thing in the bush. A cobber is remembered for his way with sheep out back, not for a handle to his name and a heap of brass in the till. But nobody knew how it stunned me when he went and how I had to work things out for myself. I could easily have dropped shearing and become a swagman if it wasn't for remembering the things my Da had told me. When the season was over I didn't drive back to Toowoomba like we used to do. To hell with school, I said. I'm a man now and I'll study the things that made my Da love the downs and the jumbucks that graze them.

I bought a thoroughbred and lived in the bush for months. I really saw it for the first time, because I wasn't standing in clippings up to my knees in a woolshed. I lived out on the land, traveling where I wanted and staying as long as I liked. Most of the time I moved but I worked some—putting up as a stockman at a station when I felt the need of roots, boundary-riding when I wanted to be by myself but not actually alone.

But alone I was most of the time and glad for it. It was wonderful to ride across the downs in the stillness of the bush, lost in the heart of a country. There's nothing out back but space and dun-colored grasses but there's room there for a cobber to breathe and plenty of things to see if he keeps his eyes sharp.

There were paddocks, covered with yellow everlasting, I found after the rains—there was scrub the red of a cock's comb. The smell of the wattle was like wild honey when the flowers bloomed. Sitting at night by a fire with the thoroughbred chomping in the blackness, sniffing the wallaby stew and throwing a handful of tea into the water boiling in the billy was the kind of thing I needed. It was on that trip that I saw the run off St. George. I swore then that someday I'd never pack another tucker bag but buy that place and settle down to raise the best wool in Australia.

The next season the mates and I worked harder than ever. I put a good bit by. It was the same the next year, more work than we could ever hope to do, for the hands were still scarce because of the war. A few more seasons like that and I would have had the St. George run and the prettiest homestead ever built on a station. But when the war ended the old shearers came back and with them came Chap Goron.

During the war the top shearers, like my Da had been and I was now, hadn't made contracts. With hands scarce and times uncertain it was impossible to guarantee anything. The stations I sheared hadn't worried. We showed up and did our work as promised, contract or not. But now contracts were coming back. The station owners wanted to be certain that the wool would be clipped. They'd be in a rare fix if it wasn't. I had trouble getting contracts because station owners—even if Da and I had worked for them for years—began to say I was too young.

That was only the beginning. There were so many caravans out that even Chap Goron found it hard scratching. His stations had been taken over by another caravan while he was away and there were no contracts for Chap there. So he poached in my diggings. Worse than that, he swung over a lot of the mates who used to shear for Da and got them to work for him. Some of the old ones came back with me because of their feeling for Da, but I knew they wouldn't stay if we didn't have enough shearing. I had to find work for the mates, supply the teams, furnish shears and equipment and feed them between stations. It was all I could do to keep going. Benjie Shackler, the lad who was going to buy a run off St. George and set himself up as a breeder!

It was a raw, tiddley business and I told Chap Goron so to his face one day in Warwick where I was buying shearers.

"Hold on, you runt." He laughed and sniggered at me in the roadway. "You're not half a chip off the old one and I could trim him at shearing or fighting any day the sun was up."

"You passed by many a chance for both, you bloody coward," I told him.

"Crop easy there, lad!" he roared. "You're still a shaving, half-grown and cocky. But if there are more words like that in your mouth I'll lay on to your pelt till you're broken."

There was a crowd of cobbers around us both now, waiting to see what would happen. I was a fool, for Chap Goron could pummel me with one hand but my eyes stung with the words he had passed on my Da. I was mad clear through and wanted to smash his big, beery face.

"You heard me, Chap Goron! My Da could beat you any way. If you're for trying, I can do it too!"

I SHOOK myself in the road after he'd walloped me. It felt like I'd been kicked by a kangaroo. I was lucky not to get more of a hiding before the cobbers pulled him away. Chap Goron was ugly, saying he'd kill me while I lay there. I steered fair from him after that.

If he couldn't be beaten with beef, I knew other ways of troubling Chap Goron. The shearing wouldn't start for a month, so I saddled the thoroughbred and rode up through the bush, stopping at the stations my Da and I had always sheared. Goron had contracts with some of them and they couldn't be broken. I ragged as many of the others to sign with me for the sake of old times and the memory of my Da. Most of them were for me. They were just afraid that, with Chap Goron's caravan about, I'd be scared off—and they'd be left high with unshorn stock.

If they didn't contract with me, I saw they didn't promise Goron either. Feeling as they did it was easy to get them to say they'd give the shearing to the first caravan that came after the mustering. Talking to them I could see the pack would swing one way or the other after the first station was sheared. If Goron won the first station, the rest were his. But Benjie Shackler was used to the ways of the back country; Chap Goron would have to change his ways to get the better of me.

I felt fine riding back through the bush. This way I had a chance of scratching.

It's a lot of dust shaking a caravan ready for the season. There's the harness to look to and all the equipment; food and medicine to buy; last-minute details to attend to and then mustering the mates for the start out. Some shearers are rough stones. Getting them weaned from the booze is work. There were few of my mates that bad but there were some. I started on them early. Before we left Toowoomba, I searched the caravan and scragged a dozen bottles of spirits. The mates who brought them took it in good part, even if I was younger. Like all of us they knew that *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

WALT DYKE

Yes, it really is that blue. Millions of tourists have discovered that about Crater Lake, a big Oregon attraction

OUT WHERE THE WEST ENDS

BY JIM MARSHALL

Western Oregon made such a big hit with servicemen during the war that flocks of them have decided to settle there. Despite the crowded conditions, Oregon still welcomes tourists with the best in festivals, scenery and high-speed highways

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—VI

IN 1880 President Rutherford B. Hayes, attended by General William T. Sherman, arrived by stage at Jacksonville, a mining settlement in the Siskiyou Mountains of southern Oregon and put up at the new U.S. Hotel. It was operated by Mme. Marie Holt, a Franco-American lady, and when General Sherman asked for the bill in the morning, Mme. Holt said it would be $50. The general said no, the President didn't want to buy the hotel, and Mme. Holt said yes, the room rent was fifty bucks. The President paid, but never came back, and the general muttered about the incident for years afterward.

Oregon hotel rates have come down considerably since 1880, but the Hayes-Sherman-Holt story has become a legend. During the depression years the rent was always quoted as $50, but during the war it got up to $75, and is now being quoted by Jacksonville boosters as $100. The old-timers deprecate the whole thing as giving the town a bad name.

Much the same sort of battle is going on in scores of western Oregon hamlets and cities. The old-timers want things left as they were; the new crop of citizens wants everything dolled up, modernized and advertised. New settlers, of which the state has acquired around half a million since the war stopped, find the welcome mats are not out everywhere, and many a motorist has heard a sigh of relief when he has assured a native that he's just passing through, not settling down.

In the old days every little dorp boasted about its population and how it was growing; now they give out the figures with a moan, and wonder where and how everyone's going to live.

Chamber of commerce managers like Web Thornberry in Grants Pass, Don Lane in Medford, Jim Howes in Newport, get scores of letters a week from Easterners and Middle Westerners wanting to settle west of the Cascades. During one summer period in 1947 more than 5,000 such inquiries came to Oregon every day.

Hordes of ex-soldiers, sailors, Marines and Wacs who served in the Beaver State during the war headed back afterward. Little hill coves inhabited five years ago by two or three settlers now harbor two or three hundred families.

With a grin, some old-
threatening to set up a pro
test for prospective settlers.
comer would be require
nounce Siuslaw, Yachats,
Willamette, Champoeg a
other place names, or be
mission on the ground he'd
to find his way around.

On top of this increase
tion, thousands of tourist
western Oregon every sum
Advertising Club says: "
our main objective to
down." So the state highw
ment is spending million
four-lane speedways over
tors may rush past eve
eighty miles an hour. Som
still complain they can't se
try for the curves, some of
pretty tight. These are
flattened and made safer, a
years a motorist will be ab
from the Columbia River t
fornia line in eight hours fl
only for lunch—instead of
the Oregonians would lik
stop.

The Coast states for s
have been cheerfully gra
another's attractions. W
sometimes annexes Mount
the northwestern Oregon
with its beaches and histori
Occasionally Oregon takes
Rainier and always refers t
lumbia River as an Oregon
though most of the str
through Washington and th
state has a fine Columbia R
way of its own.

Oregon has also on occa
down and roped in Mount S
the Trinity Alps in northern
nia—and California is alway
north to annex Crater Lak
Hood and even the Columbia
its own tourist attractions.
gon once got ahead of this
annexing program.

Soon after old Elijah
chased a wounded bear int
in a marble mountain in
Siskiyous in the summer
and discovered miles of nar
sages and mysterious chamb

(Continued on page 4

ROUTES: U.S. Highways 97, 99 and 101 are parallel north-south roads. Distance from Portland to Grants Pass, 275 miles; from Astoria to California line, about 400. Lateral routes are U.S. 20, 28 and 30. From Redmond to Newport, about 150 miles. Good roads.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Good hotels and motor courts at Medford, Grants Pass, Salem, Klamath Falls, Astoria, Eugene and many other towns. Crater Lake Lodge provides double rooms at $7 to $10 per day, European plan. Also free campgrounds within the park. Timberline Lodge on Mt. Hood charges $10 per person daily (American plan), $8 to $14 for two (European plan). Resort hotel and overnight cottages also available at Oregon Caves.

FOOD: Oregonians are hearty eaters, thanks to their New England ancestry. Good sea food along coast. Restaurants are plentiful and are supervised and graded by State Health Department.

CLIMATE: Cool in summer, mild in winter. Most popular season is summer but in the fall
dations are less crowde
climate is mild but rainy

WHAT TO WEAR: Gr
or gabardine suit for tra
weight tweed or Shetl
jacket and gabardine
sight-seeing. Take alon
dium-weight raincoat w
also serve as a topco
rugged sport shoes and
weight felt hat.

WHAT TO SEE: Orego
near Grants Pass; Crat
Mount Hood; Klamath
near-by Indian reservati
Butte State Park, near Be
scenic and historic attrac

WHAT TO DO: Fishing
ing along rivers and i
Excellent beaches on t
Sight-seeing throughout

FOR FURTHER IN
TION: Travel Informat
reau, State Highway Con
Salem, Ore.; or Informati
sion of the National Park
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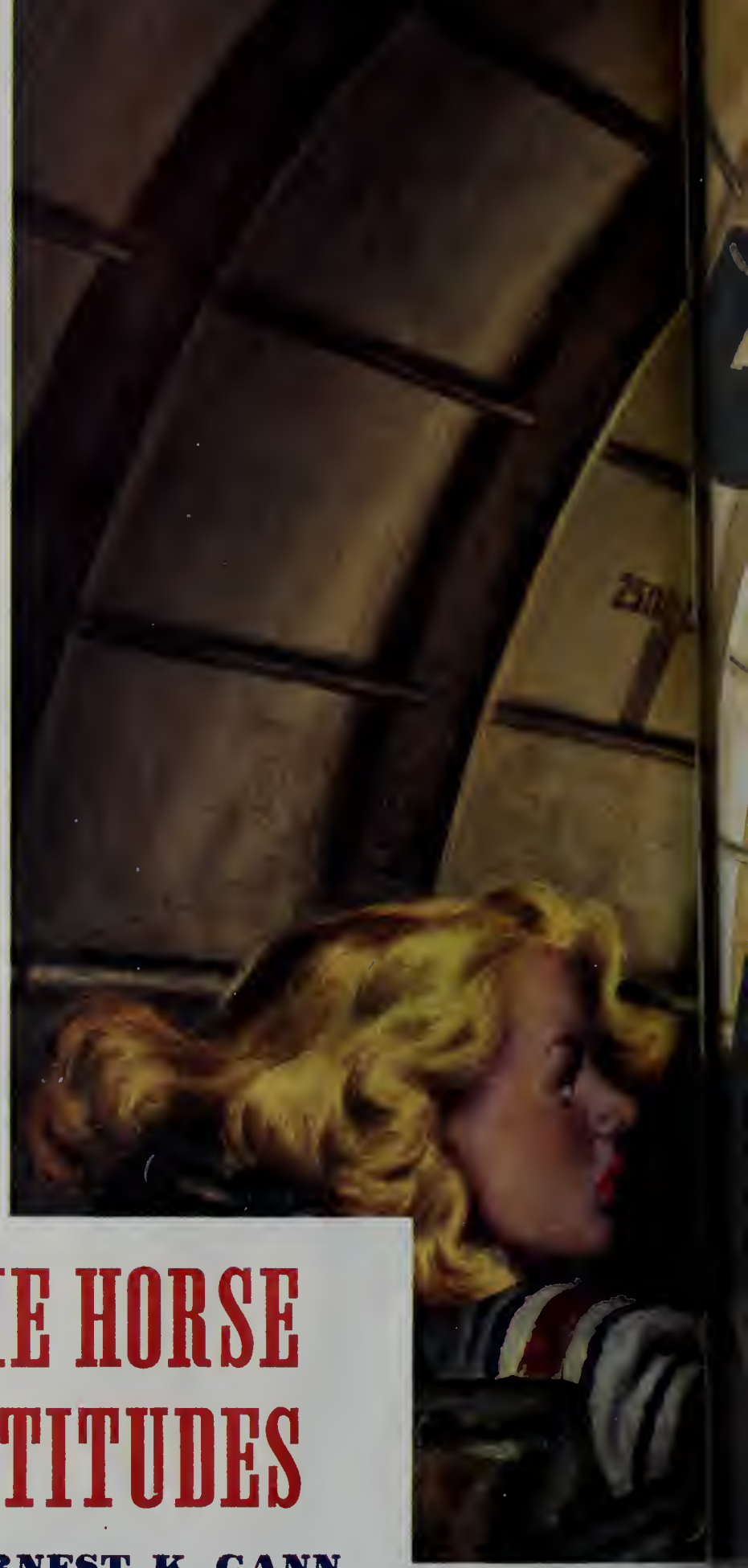
WASHINGTON
& CLARK
RAINIER
BONNEVILLE DAM
COLUMBIA RIVER
FT. ASTOR
TILLAMOOK HEAD LIGHTHOUSE
TILLAMOOK
PORTLAND
30
OREGON TRAIL
TIMBERLINE LODGE ON MT. HOOD
COMPLIMENTS OF NEWPORT
CAPITOL BLDG. AT SALEM
O STATE
OREGON CITY BIRTHPLACE OF OREGON REPUBLICANS
20
REDMOND
OREGON STATE COLLEGE AT CORVALLIS
U-O
28
BEND
SEALROCK
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON AT EUGENE
99
FLORENCE
PAUL BUNYAN'S "BABE" CREATING COOS BAY
97
KLAMATH INDIAN RESERVATION
ROSEBURG
CRATER LAKE
FT. KLAMATH
PELICANS AT LAKE KLAMATH
GOLD HUNTERS FIGHT INDIANS AT PT. ORFORD 1851
101
GRANTS PASS
KLAMATH FALLS
OREGON CAVES
WELLS FARGO EXPRESS
Joe Kaufman
CALIFORNIA



THE HORSE LATITUDES

BY ERNEST K. GANN

It was just one fight with ice after another—first the plane, then Isabelle

THERE are many beautiful women in Iceland. In fact a person could say all of the women in Iceland under the age of fifty are beautiful. It seems that long ago various Vikings went over to Ireland and stole a lot of gorgeous redheads and brought them back to their grim little island as slaves. The results are pretty spectacular. Red hair, green eyes, blue eyes, honey and cream complexions—the real Nordic stuff. Very, very interesting; as a lot of G.I.s found out during the war. The only guy I know who could look an Icelandic girl straight in her lovely eyes without getting all warmed up inside is Crock Malone; not because he lacks manly hormones, but due to the fact Malone is—or was—engaged to an American girl named Isabelle. Which is a tragedy.

Isabelle is a female of twenty-two years' seasoning. She has a wee child-like voice, a pretty, freckled face, a mind of her own; and my unfortunate boss, Crock Malone, is deeply in love with her. That's why this thing is such a tragedy—because no one, not even Leo Savage who bosses us all, can make him see the light.

Various of my friends have pronounced me insane because I fly with Crock Malone. That may be. Malone is the kind of guy things happen to. Take for example this Professor Van Hayden and our last flight to Iceland. See where it got me, and Bob Drew our copilot, Manelli the navigator, and Less Hubbard our radioman. It got us to the Gold Coast, which is in the horse latitudes. There are many places a sensible person would rather be.

Things may happen to Crock Malone on the ground and get completely out of control, but in the air he is the finest transoceanic pilot I have ever flown with. I am quite content to entrust the future of my neck to him. Malone has taken over ten thousand hours to find out the very best ways to keep an airplane up when it should be up, and down when it should be down. He can analyze a nasty-looking front with one glance out the cockpit window and he can generally get around it without giving you so much as a bump—while everyone else in the air is screaming ice, violent turbulence and general disaster. For this reason Savage enticed him away from a nice steady job on American Airlines. Malone now speaks of it as a job that had a real future, when Isabelle gets him into one of those quitting moods. But Savage will never let him quit. Savage wants to sleep nights and not be worrying about what some crazy kid is doing to his expensive airplane. The quitting routine goes like this:

Malone storms into the office of this tenth-rate air line. "I quit!" he announces in a voice that would shrivel a normal man. "I absolutely, positively, quit! I don't give a damn if I ever see another airplane! Do you understand that, Leo?"

Leo Savage just sits there, clam-like. No words. Not until his thin hands make a few experimental flights around the desk.

"I am going to start *living!*" Malone continues. "I am going to settle down in the furniture-repair business and I am going to marry Isabelle. Nothing is going to stop me this time." So says Malone—just like he has said fifty times before and with the same results. Because Savage's hands are already diving gracefully to and fro across his desk.

"Now, Crocker." He smiles. He always calls Malone by his full name in times of stress. "Of course, you're going to quit. Do you think I want you to spend the rest of your life bending throttles?" Savage's hands swoop by Malone's nose in close formation, and Malone watches them like a child looking at a snake. "I want you to know, Crocker, that it's a little private dream of mine to see you building beautiful furniture and married to Isabelle. Do you believe that?"

"No," says Malone.

"You've been talking to Philistines." That Savage is not only dark and good-looking, he's educated all to hell.

"I've been talking to Isabelle," Malone comes back fast.

"But you can't run an unscheduled line any other way. Maybe I do owe you a little back pay. . . ."

"One thousand skins," says Malone, and I could kiss him right on his big chin on account Savage owes me too.

"If you'll leave tonight, you'll make double that."

"I do not wish to make double anything. I just want what's coming to me so I can start making up for all the oxygen I've lost in the last twelve years."

ABOUT now it gets good. Savage brings his hands up in two beautiful *chandelles* and lets them descend gradually through a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"Iceland, Crocker! Think of it! Those white mountains and that fresh sea air. And only one passenger. A professor no less. Why, you won't even know he's on the ship . . . and all he's bringing back is a bunch of rocks." I am wondering just what kind of a professor can be carting rocks around by air and I can see that Malone is wondering the same thing.

"Write my check, Leo. I want to be a human being like other guys, brush my teeth every morning and stop smelling like a billy goat because airplanes don't have showers. Write the check."

Now Savage really gets into his act. He pulls out his big fancy checkbook with gold letters on it. I get a crick in my neck trying to see the balance, if any—but Savage has his hand over it.

"How can you do this to me, Crocker? Next year International will have a hundred planes cutting back and forth across the world!" His hands close the checkbook and take off in imaginary circumnavigations of the globe. "Bangkok, Adaban, Cairo, Bombay, Zanzibar . . . Rio, Yakutsk, Honolulu, Bagdad . . . the wings of commerce, Crock!" His hands swoop down to a perfect wheel landing on the desk. "You'd have your pick of the runs then. Possibly you'd be chief pilot. Then you could stay home more."

Malone says nuts—that chief pilots never stay home, but there is a trace of indecision in his voice and Savage goes after it just like he had a divining rod.

"But I wouldn't want it said I stood in a friend's way. You want to make furniture. Working sixteen hours a day, you and Isabelle might afford a nice little flat . . . providing you don't expect luxuries like hot water, of course. As for me, I'll get along. If International folds, I'll get a job dusting crops. With my eyes the way they are, I'll probably tangle with a high tension line some dawn, but I can't kick. It's been a good life." A more senile old man I never saw than Savage at that moment. You'd think he had been a balloonist in the War between the States.

"It's barely possible I could get someone else," he says to Malone. "Of course your crew might feel you had walked out on them, since if no one else *is* available I'd be forced to let them go." This tack I didn't like a little bit. There is not so much de for engineers who know about verted C-54s. "It will be hard o Drew, your copilot, with his baby," Savage goes on in a voic should have been calling the roll in a plague. "They've all mighty loyal to you, Crocker . .

"All right, Leo," Malone g His six foot two inches shrinks bare five feet. "This once. B somebody else for next time. for sure!" And that's for sure wound up on the Gold Coa Africa. We arrived at Newark port, where Savage keeps his be old surplus C-54, two hours ahe time. Bob Drew and Manell navigator got the winds aloft to out the flight plan, and I wan over to the swamp where the shi parked to make my preflight che like to be around during the e run-up since it is very embarrassi

g the ship over to the administra- building and then learn an in- r is out, or a couple of generators, he automatic pilot won't work, h is likely to make Malone very reeable for a couple of thousand s. Like most pilots, an engine d fall off or the flaps refuse to e down and he would hardly bat eye—but let some little unim- ant thing like a gyro creep exces- ly or a fire warning light flicker on n it isn't supposed to, and Malone practically throw a tantrum.

I had known what we were all in as a final result of this night I ld have taken a prop off one of the nes and hid it over in the swamp l prospects were better. But I n't know and therefore I taxied the p up to the gate right on time. As ung the ship around I saw Malone ing against the fence. He looked ten. Just before I switched out the landing light, I saw why. Isabelle was with him. So was Savage. Whilst I was checking the life raft and the Mae Wests, they came on board and proceeded to have at one another in various ways.

"Just remember, Crock," Savage said. "The Professor is an extremely important man. I don't know where all his money comes from, but a certified check, cashable on your return, waits in the bank. That's the kind of customers we need. Whatever you do, take good care of him."

MALONE said he was glad it was only one professor instead of a screwy bunch of oilmen like we last took to Arabia. Isabelle, who hadn't said much up to now, then turned to Savage and gave him one of her extra-special ice-cream-cold stares with double frosting on top.

"If you insist on Crock's going tonight, would you be thoughtful enough to leave us alone for a moment?" she says. At the moment she looks extremely beautiful, not unlike Vesuvius just before it erupts.

"As a matter of fact," Savage says, "I *am* late for an appointment." With that he runs for the shelter of some Newark bar. I am checking the Gibson Girl radio when I hear Isabelle speak again. Her voice is all sweetness and light.

"You poor darling," she says. "Just when I had everything planned . . . but when you come back we'll celebrate. I've bought all the little toy airplanes and we'll crush them under our feet as we dance to a new life together."

"Nothing will interfere this time," Malone says tenderly. "You can depend on me to go straight to bed every night and dream of our future." Then they laughed together and didn't make any more conversation until they said goodby. It takes a big man like Malone to stay in the ring so long with a girl like Isabelle who is all the time giving out with affection.

"Not those!" the Professor screams. But the bag tops are open disclosing two lovely specimens of Icelandic beauty

International Airways has never left on time since it was first thought up as an easy way to make money, by Leo Savage. We waited around two hours. No professor. Malone is fit to be tied. But finally there is a screech of tires over by the fence and a big limousine rolls up. Many female voices inside the limousine are singing, and these voices are following the lead of a basso profundo which sounds like thunder in a squall. By

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

As radio grew, so did its stars. Damrosch, Stokowski, Amos 'n' Andy drew the attention of even such public figures as President Hoover. Thus it was natural that the newest of the arts should seek its own temple in Radio City. No one could foresee the trouble in store

Originally Amos 'n' Andy played all parts in their sketches. Now they are assisted by a large cast. There are also studio audiences, once barred by the

II

THE program that gave me the greatest personal satisfaction of my broadcasting career was Dr. Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour. Yet this was a venture that, for a long period, not only failed to bring us a cent but actually cost us vast sums of money.

Radio listeners heard the good, gray doctor for the first time, conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra, on February 11, 1928. But our imaginations had roamed far beyond the conventional broadcast. We wanted to give the listeners a new type of program—one that would build appreciation of the world's greatest music.

We visualized a program in which Dr. Damrosch would sit at a piano and lecture informally to the school children of the land, explaining and analyzing the great works of music in the simple language of the people. His symphony orchestra would help to illustrate the various points.

We distributed brochures outlining our plan among the nation's top educators. They hailed the venture, but we had a discouraging struggle equipping the schools with radio sets because many of them had no money.

Despite setbacks, we presented the Music Appreciation Hour for the first time on October 26, 1928. Fifty NBC stations carried it; more than 3,000 schools and millions of homes tuned it in. Aided by newspaper publicity and the co-operation of educational authorities, we gained a weekly audience of 5,000,000 children.

NBC decided to make a test of listener reaction, and as the proving ground I chose Iowa, because I was born there. The results astounded me.

During the first year of the Damrosch program, we received more than 400,000 letters from Iowa alone, most of them in praise. I remember especially one note from a sturdy old farmer: "We enjoy good music but have very little chance to hear it. We do not like symphony or opera, but we want more of Damrosch and also of Paul Whiteman and other great orchestra leaders."

Of course, "symphony and opera" were exactly what Dr. Damrosch was giving them. But his method of presentation was so simple that even the most untutored listeners eventually became addicts.

In time, we sold Dr. Damrosch on a once-a-week program to General Electric, but his educational broadcasts continued on a sustaining basis. It cost us a fortune, but it was about the best investment we ever made.

Dr. Damrosch's success fired the imaginations of many other great musicians. Among them was my friend, Dr. Leopold Stokowski, then the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Stokie came to see me one day during the early part of 1929. He wanted to go on the air with a series of concerts, but there was just one catch. He did not believe that radio, at that moment, could convey to the listeners the true magnificence of his music. He had a startling solution for that defect.

Experiment With Glass Booth

"I shall be my own engineer," he said. "I myself shall control the sounds of my orchestra as they go out on the air."

It was Stokie's idea to have a glass booth built. From there, wearing earphones, he would regulate the sound, and at the same time conduct his orchestra.

We were not afraid of experimentation in those days: so I had O. B. Hanson, our chief engineer and one of radio's greatest technicians, join the conference. As a result of it, a short time after, Stokie and O. B. designed and built a boxlike glass cage, and it was ready for the *première* concert later that year.

During that first broadcast, Stokie knocked WEAF off the air three t His theoretical knowledge of s control, as translated into his fi ing of the dials, somehow had jibed with the practical requirem

However, this did not disco Stokie. He tried it three more t After that, he decided that he c conduct his fellow Philadelphian as well outside the booth.

With both Damrosch and Stol ski in the NBC fold, it was not before my pursuit of music led m the Metropolitan Opera. How there were two major obstacles: G Gatti-Casazza, the Met's mana director, was convinced that it w be impossible to pick up properl operatic performance from the st Second, the opera's board of direc was fearful of the effect of broadc ing on the box office.

The great Gatti finally came aro only after we had scattered seven mikes about the auditorium. At point, the All-Highest of Broad and 40th Street was satisfied.

Almost immediately thereafter, technicians began to wire the giga opera house. They worked for m than a year to achieve perfection.

But although we spent thousand dollars in technical work, we still no formal contract with the Met

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

adcasting rights. I was there-
rribly upset when the late Paul
h, a member of the boards of
NBC and the Metropolitan,
l me from Paris.
sorry to tell you, Deac," he
out Otto Kahn's brother is here
has practically closed a deal
opera broadcasts with Paley."
s, of course, referring to Wil-
. Paley, the energetic president
rival network, the Columbia
casting System.
as heartbroken. Cravath un-
dly sensed the dejection in my
for then he added, "I could
ff the deal until I return."
w days after he had arrived in
ork, I had breakfast with him
town house. "What did Bill
gree to pay for the first year of
era?" I asked. He would not

breakfast usually is limited to
ruit and coffee. But I actually
ned four bowls of cereal, to
g the meal till I could get an
of CBS's bid. Whatever it
be, I would top it.
ad previously offered $60,000,
new Columbia had gone higher.
y I ventured, "Perhaps $100,000
be the right price."
vath, dead-pan, said, "You are
low."
n he asked whether I had ever
ed any of his pancakes. I hadn't;
vath insisted that I do so.
id; and a few minutes later I
oned the sum of $110,000.
at is quite liberal," my host said,
ithout enthusiasm.
ecided to shoot an arrow into
ark. Without mentioning any
figures and without eating any
pancakes, I announced casually,
id $122,000."
vath beamed. "Now I can tell
you, Deac. Paley bid $120,000."

So we got the Metropolitan Opera.

The radio audience received the Met with enthusiasm. However, despite its popularity, we were unable to find a sponsor. Some local stations were actually interrupting the broadcasts with blatant commercials.

It was my knowledge of such crude shenanigans that sent me to see Albert Lasker one day in 1933. He was the head of the titanic advertising agency of Lord & Thomas, who represented George Washington Hill's American Tobacco Company. Lasker was having a shave in his private sanctum.

"Al," I announced, "I want to go down to see Hill and sell him the opera for radio. The prestige would be terrific."

Lasker laughed so hard that the barber who was lathering his face splattered soap all over himself and me, too.

"All I ask you," I continued, "is that you don't intervene; because you'll get your 15 per cent commission if I sell it."

An Abrupt Dismissal

When I got down to Hill's office I found him at his desk. As always, he wore his little Alpine hat, with the feather on the left side of it. I began speaking but had not even completed my opening sentence, when he suddenly lifted his chapeau, put it on again and gruffly said, "Goodby!"

Completely deflated, I went back to Lasker's office and told him, "Well, I saw him, but got thrown out."

Lasker laughed uproariously.

"The hell you did! He has just bought the opera!"

During the few minutes it had taken me to return from Hill's quarters to Lasker's, G. W. had picked up the phone and closed the deal!

Thus it was that the tobacco tycoon became the first sponsor of the Metropolitan on the air.

Not all of my efforts, of course, were confined to bringing culture to the radio audience. We also brought humor to our listeners, who by this time were of all degrees of importance and influence.

One afternoon in the fall of 1929, I received a telephone call from the White House. Larry Richey, secretary to President Hoover, spoke to me.

"The President would like to meet Amos 'n' Andy," he said. "Could you bring them down to Washington?"

I told Larry that I certainly could.

The two blackface comedians were the foremost entertainment figures of the country at that time. When I called them in Chicago, they were thrilled at the news.

We met in Washington a few days later. They were straining with eagerness to provide some moments of entertainment for the harassed man in the White House. In this very eagerness I found cause for worry. I feared they might overlook a little-known and yet definite trait of the President: Among his inner circle, Herbert Hoover was known as a teller of funny stories!

I explained to Amos 'n' Andy that the President, as a gracious host, would probably want to tell them a few of his own jokes, and added, "I want you boys to do me a favor. While the President is talking, pay close attention, because Mr. Hoover's humor is apt to be pretty subtle and you comedians may not get it right away."

Hoover received us in his temporary offices in the old War Department building as the executive wing of the White House had been damaged recently by fire. As soon as we were seated, the Chief Executive revealed a personality in complete contrast to the icy figure the public knew. He began to regale the comics with gags, jokes and personal anecdotes.

As he talked, he stared at the floor and rolled a tiny pencil between the palms of his hands. This allowed Amos 'n' Andy to watch him keenly without embarrassing him. Each time one of the yarns came to its climactic point, my two companions exploded with laughter.

Hoover Enjoys Stars' Visit

Later, Amos 'n' Andy uncorked some of their best dialect stories. As the joke session sped on, other Presidential callers were kept waiting.

We sat there, telling stories for three hours! Finally the President rose to bid us goodby. As he shook my hand, he spoke wistfully.

"Deac," he said, "if the fellows on Capitol Hill only had the sense of humor these boys have! We'd have lots more fun!"

This private "command" performance was just one of the many honors that have come to Amos 'n' Andy. By the time I came to NBC, Charles Correll (Andy) and Freeman Gosden were already well established in Chicago, where they had their first paid engagement on WGN in 1925. There, a year later, they created a stir with a blackface comedy series under the name of Sam 'n' Henry. In 1928, they moved over to WMAQ, but could not use their old billing as that was the property of WGN.

Therefore, they adopted the title of Amos 'n' Andy. Within a few months, when they visited near-by cities for personal appearances, they were

(Continued on page 96)

Rockettes have long been one of the chief attractions at Radio City Music Hall, which is now known as one of the n's premier movie palaces. Originally, however, the huge theater was intended to house only stage presentations

GEORGE KARGER

The late Dr. Walter Damrosch started broadcasting at the age of 65 years

William S. Paley (below) nearly got the opera for the rival CBS network

INTERNATIONAL

VIOLET

BY FRANCES TOWERS

By day, Violet was the maid; by night, she arranged lives into strange and fateful patterns

"Death, now," Violet said, "is one thing that doesn't change. When the cards say death, death it is"

THE only person Violet couldn't handle was the mistress herself. From the very first, Mrs. Titmus refused, in her obstinate way, to accept Violet; partly, perhaps, because Sophy had engaged her without taking up her references. So careless of her, and dangerous, thought Mrs. Titmus. At her age, I could have done the work of this house and thought nothing of it. I would have been glad to do something useful. Utterly selfish, thought Mrs. Titmus, and bone-lazy, eager to grab at the first thing that offered to save herself a little effort.

But to Sophy, who had coped alone with the work for six weeks, the house had become a monster. So much so that Violet, stepping in and taking the reins in her absurdly small and fluttering hands, seemed like an angel of deliverance.

From the beginning, the monster ate out of Violet's hand. In a week it had resumed the orderly and polished look of former days. Skirtings acquired a dark glow, furniture a patina of port-wine richness, silver shone as if newly minted.

Any qualms Sophy may have had that such a large house was too much for such a bit of a thing were quieted by Violet's unruffled and competent air. But she had an effect in ways other than the merely physical.

It seemed to Sophy afterward that it wasn't until Violet came to the house that the pattern of their lives became visible. Violet was the focal point that related to each other the different planes on which they lived. She drew the design together, so that one became aware of values which hitherto had been submerged below the level of consciousness. With her nods and becks, her smirks and the sudden gleam of light in her opaque eyes, she illumined the hidden corners of their minds; she twitched aside curtains and revealed the fears and passions of their hearts; she ferreted out their secrets, pounced on them and laid them out like dead mice; and she took a hand in their destinies.

On the first morning, when she brought the early tea into Sophy's room, she was wearing a neat pink dress with turned-back white cuffs at the elbows. Sophy, aware of dense black eyes taking in her rather tousled and puffy-eyed appearance, felt oddly humiliated, as if she were unworthy of the attentions of this crisp handmaid.

She accepted the meticulously prepared tray. "But you've given me the Queen Anne teapot," she said, taken by surprise at the sight of this treasure reserved for guests of consequence.

"I like to be dainty first thing in the morning. It kind of sets the tone for the day," said Violet. "Madam's been down to see if I'd lighted the fire. When I saw your mother in her dressing gown and her little plait sticking out, I didn't know she was the mistress. I thought she was some Russian lady that had fled from the Bolsheviks. She fair frightened me. Must be nice to wake up in this room, miss, with flowers and that. They say you shouldn't sleep with flowers in the room; but I must say it's nice—ever so gentle and feminine. Makes you feel all glorious within, I expect. Madam said that there's to be only toast for breakfast—is that right? What about the master? Gentlemen like a couple of rashers and a fried egg. He looks a bit thin to me, kind of hungrylike. He was up early catching slugs in the garden, and I took him out a cup of tea. He seemed eve surprised. Poor old gentleman, so gentle and kind, he seemed. I t I'll do him a proper breakfast."

"You must do as my mother sa" said Sophy, sipping her tea.

"Righty-ho!" Violet tripped ou her high heels.

But when Sophy came dow breakfast she saw that Violet tactlessly taken the law into her hands.

Mrs. Titmus was looking down nose. When her eyes had that p blind look, as if all the blue had b

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

OR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Swift's Premium *tender* Franks

NOW IN HANDY POUND PACKAGE

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

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LISTEN TO ARCHIE ANDREWS
ON NBC, SATURDAYS 10:30 A.M., NEW YORK TIME

Another famous favorite

Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork **Sausage**

Noted for its tasty links and wholesome freshness. Perfect for breakfast. Ideal for a main dish, that can be prepared in a jiffy!

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WITH THE **Just-right** **Seasoning!**

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LIKE BRAUNSCHWEIGER

Made fresh daily **IN OUR KITCHENS FROM COAST TO COAST!**

The frank that's all *"Dinner-Quality" Meat*

Here's news—exciting news. Now you can get Swift's Premium Franks in a handy pound pack containing 8 to 10 delicious franks. Each cellophane wrapped pack bears the name Swift's Premium—assurance that you're getting highest quality, extra-flavor franks every time. So, for a treat that will win glowing praise—serve the family these plump, economical, juicy franks. So easy to serve and good to the very last nourishing, tasty bite! Ask for Swift's Premium Franks!

"You want to recommend a man? For WHAT?"

EDIE: Well, sir you know Jack—your Private Secretary? Well, you know he's leaving and I feel we might have a more *alert* man, sir. Presentable. Smart. Personable. You see, sir?

MR. B: I follow you, Miss. Please come to the point.

EDIE: Well, sir, the man I have in mind is a *fine* dresser! He wears Arrow Shirts. You know—with that wonderful Arrow Collar? Like you got on!

MR. B: I know it well, Miss. Proceed. Time is money.

EDIE: This young man is *very* handsome, sir. Has a *terrific* build, too, sir. When he sits back, he certainly does that Arrow *body-tapered fit* a favor, sir! You know that name—er—what *is* the name for that body fit, sir?

MR. B: MITOGA, Miss. MITOGA. But this young man—has he a good education? And a sound sense of values—if I am not taking you beyond your depth?

EDIE: Most certainly, sir! He saves his money in bonds. He was a marine, too, sir. He's just finished college and he wants to go to work. And—he would no more buy a shirt that wasn't *Sanforized* than jump out of the window! Arrows *are*, you know, sir. It—er—

MR. B: Yes, yes, *yes*, Miss! "Fabric shrinkage less than 1%" is what you're reaching for. Well, he *sounds* like a good prospect. Have him see me. Friday. By the way, he isn't your fiancé, is he?

EDIE: Well, sort of, sir. But what's *more* important—he's your *son!* Oh, Mr. Brown! Be calm, sir! BE CALM!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trademarks *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.50 · $4 · $4.25 · $5

drained from them, Sophy knew that trouble was brewing. Her sisters, Lalage and Bee, had swallowed their coffee and fled to catch the 8:15 to London; they had their careers.

"Someone," said Mrs. Titmus, fixing Mr. Titmus with that glazed look, "seemed to be creaking about the house all night, pulling the plugs. I couldn't sleep a wink."

Sophy began to chatter wildly about the news in the morning paper. The year was 1938.

"How silly you are, getting all worked up! You don't know a thing about it," Mrs. Titmus said venomously.

"Really, Mother, I may be allowed to express an opinion I suppose."

"I don't know when," said Mr. Titmus, seeking to throw oil on troubled waters, "I've had a nicer breakfast."

Was it possible, wondered Sophy, exasperated, that a man so dense, so innocent, could have begotten her?

"I think there'll be war, and we shall all be blown to bits," she said vindictively. The prospect of war seemed a lesser calamity at the moment than the loss of Violet, which was probably imminent.

"Well, if we are, we are. It can't be helped, and there's nothing we can do about it," said Mrs. Titmus. She rose and pushed back her chair. "Ring the bell," she said, "for that girl to clear."

"We must give her time to finish her own breakfast, poor little scrap," remarked Mr. Titmus.

THERE was a hideous pause. Mrs. Titmus stared at her husband. "What did you say? What term did you apply to the maid-of-all-work?"

"I know what Father means, Mother," Sophy said quickly. "She really is the tiniest thing I've ever seen—like a little marmoset or something."

"Well, I don't care for marmosets about *my* house," Mrs. Titmus said, as she went out of the room.

"Dear, dear, dear! Your mother seems upset about something. You've not been cheeky to her, my dear, I hope. You girls are inclined to be cheeky, I've noticed."

"Father," said Sophy, "you don't use a word like that about bitter females in their dim thirties." She began to clear the breakfast plates with thin, nervous hands that shook a little.

Now, what's the matter with her? wondered Mr. Titmus. He asked himself how he could have both married a shrew and become the fath

I don't like 'em, not one o wickedly to himself in the d his being. This sallow girl, s an 'orse, he thought, regar rowfully with his innocent eyes.

In his deep inwardness, felt vulgar and vicious. Wh too much for him he had a cious language of his own t exasperation that boiled They thought he was old F mas, did they? They thoug gentle old pet? Ho! Some shocked at his own wicked times he was afraid of God's Suppose He were to take one When little Beatrice had pn couldn't eat or sleep, he c his food down. If God did that, it would break his hea

But sometimes he kne glory. Suddenly a line woul his head: "Turns into yellow green streams." Or he wo strings of his heart playing: safely graze," and he would and holy as a sainted spirit.

He looked so wistful that a twinge of conscience.

"Sorry, Father," she said. I'm so tired. This unde drama all the time . . . do yo you were dead?"

"No, no!" said Mr. Titm "With worms that are he maids," he whispered, looki cancy. Then he glanced at left hurriedly, his shapele flapping at his heels.

Sophy's hands had drop sides. If she had opened a cu found a grinning skeleton could hardly have felt more

"I couldn't help hearing said," said Violet, suddenly with a tray in her hands. " evil, miss, you attract it to yo be more sensible, excuse me, get married. One never k added, darkly. Her soft t fastened on Sophy's face, we dark, it was impossible to tell compassionate, or filled with pudence.

Sophy gave her a quelling stalked out of the room with dignity.

Seeking refuge, a few days domestic tension, Sophy w

BUTCH by LARRY RE

"Could I use your phone to call up a friend? I got more stuff than I ca

COLLIER'S

ttime

reams with this tiny 75X11 at your bedside! -inch speaker brings you the clear, true tone Golden Throat." And what a pretty picture! r plastic dial face glows softly when the set lastic pointer beams light to its red arrow kes tuning easy. See this one!

Daytime Bright idea *any* time, the new plastic dial on this handsome 66X13! Big, clear-cut numerals glow when the set is on . . . lovely to look at and far easier to tune! Brilliant tone—the famous "Golden Throat"—with 2-point tone control, big speaker, plenty of volume. Smooth, polished wood cabinet in walnut or mahogany finish.

This 3-Way Acoustical System, the finest in RCA Victor history, is so amazingly faithful that, in public tests, trained musical ears could not tell the performance of the "Golden Throat" from that of a living musician.

Dance Time—all the time

with the RCA VICTOR "Golden Throat"

ktime Speed household chores m to music! This dainty—and inex- 65X2 is tiny enough to "tote" from o laundry, to bedroom, to breakfast s less than one foot long, has fine y, volume, and the famous "Golden tone system. In walnut plastic or tique ivory finish that's specially o make its loveliness *lasting*.

Playtime Dial a dance band here or *overseas* with this powerful 66X1. Has built-in antennas for standard and short wave, spread-band dial, tone control. RCA Victor's exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system, smooth walnut or ivory-finish plastic cabinet. There's even a place to plug in a record player . . . like the 6J. Ask your dealer to show you the RCA Victor 6J record player when you stop in to see and hear these radios.

Tune in Robert Merrill, singing "Music America Loves Best" . . . Sundays, 2:30 PM, EST on your NBC station.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Dirt and moisture can't get in!

That's why G-E Sealed Beam headlamps

DO NOT GROW DIM

THROUGHOUT its long and dependable life, the average G-E Sealed Beam headlamp gives 99% as much light as when new!

And today's G-E headlamps give you more light than ever—12% more for driving, 16% more for passing.

For safer, easier night driving, replace burned out or dim headlamps with G-E Sealed Beam lamps! And whatever lamps your car needs, insist on G-E.

CUTAWAY VIEW SHOWS:

One-piece construction. Dirt and moisture can't get in.

Filaments held in vise-like grip.

Mirror-like, built in reflector.

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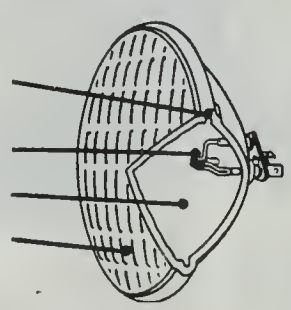


GENERAL ELECTRIC LAMPS

When you leave your car for service have your lights checked

room and took a vellum book out of the bookcase. It bore the title, Morte D'Arthur, by Malory, tooled in gold, but its pages were blank except for those that were covered by her small pointed script.

Sophy sat down and began writing with the green ink she affected: "*Notre domestique* is no ordinary scullion. She might have washed up the wine cups of the Borgias, or looked through the keyholes of the Medici. I have an idea that she can hear the mice scampering furtively behind the panels of our minds. I heard one the other day in an unaccustomed place. Father quoted Shakespeare and frightened me. I know now that he is a very lonely old man. *Notre domestique* knows it too. He loves his roses better than wife or daughters. It hurts him to have them picked by careless hands.

"Lalage is ruthless. She snips where she will and fills the vases. She comes into a room and stirs up flowers arranged by someone else, gritting her teeth. She is a lazy but exquisite person and, like a saint, exudes a delightful odor. It comes, of course, from a bottle and not from her bones; but is so much hers that the latter source seems the true one. She has the most charming hands and eyebrows, and is about the only person whose bath water one could use without distaste.

"I am deeply concerned about Bee. The other day a wedding ring dropped out of her handbag. She swooped on it, and I pretended not to see. It was sinister, like finding a snake's eggs in a drawer and knowing that strange rustlings must have occurred while one slept. A mouse behind the panels. And yet her small, rather cynical face is quite untroubled, and she still laughs in her silent, inward way. It's the furtive secrecy that hurts. And yet, what would you, in our household? Violet, I fear, has heard that mouse. Yesterday, she said, 'There's something about Miss Beatrice that calls to mind a divorced lady—ever so worldly and stylish. A woman of the world, miss, if you know what I mean. was to wear one of her hats, look ridiculous!'

"I told Bee and she went her silent convulsions of laug old Sophy!' she said. 'Min Violet on the right side of Mc face is beginning to look leather bag.' She meant it

"Does Mother hate Viol deep, intuitive reason? Th Violet said to her, 'Lord, mac did see so many pillboxes a bottles. Makes one think and death. It doesn't do much on one's health—mal come all the quicker, I dare'

"I heard Mother's voice, w to it. 'You can leave my roo to do it myself.' She didn when I was doing all the ho

Sophy closed her book and to the shelf. In that housel title protected it from pryin was her consolation, her othe

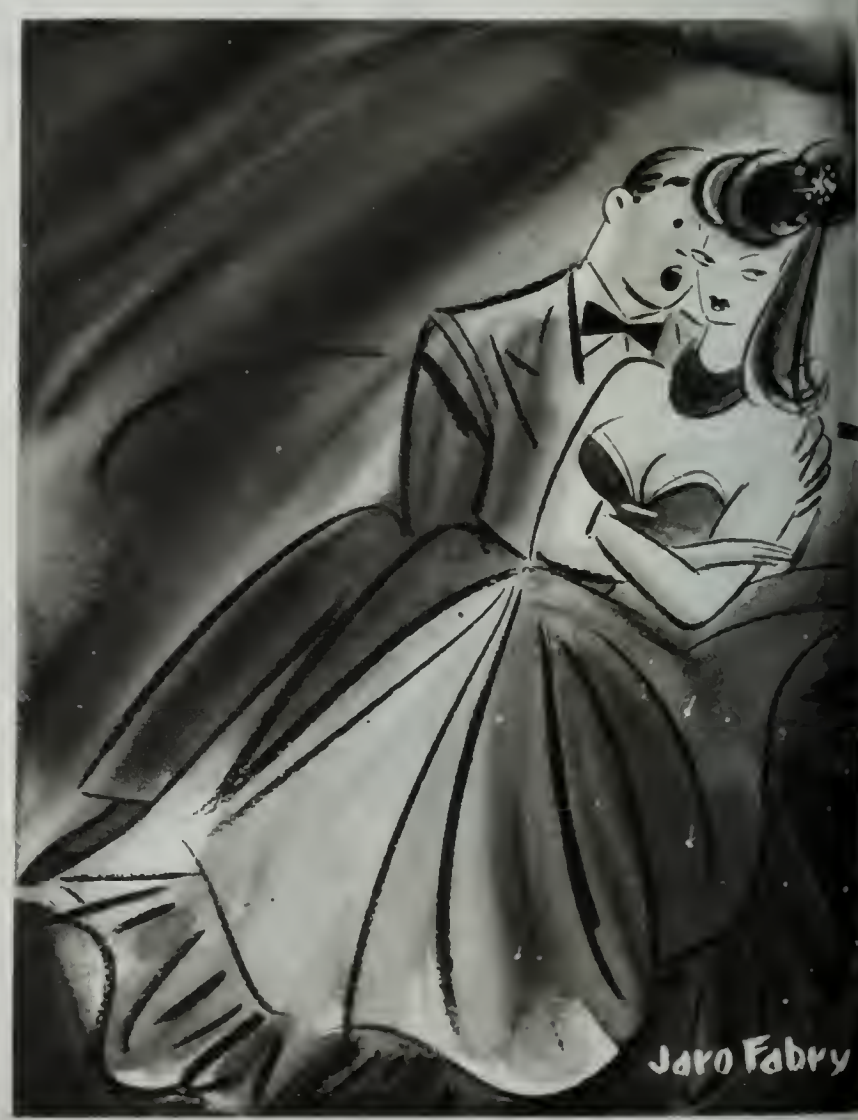
LALAGE and Beatrice co draw Violet out and com She was a source of infinite to them.

Violet's young man had t over. "That's all right. I'm ing me heart," she said. "It it was lusk."

She cast a glance at a pho Lalage's mantelpiece. "Excu but that gentleman's got ever face. I expect if he gives y they are real nice ones, gar that. But he's not one to be kep He's got his pride. Never ask he wouldn't." She sighed. "I nothing from Bert, except a b heather he got off a gypsy. M Everything for nothing was I suppose you'll be getting ma before long?"

"What makes you thing so'

"Red hair and brown eyes, your legs, miss—like champag Miss Sophy, now, she's differe



"Then may I put it this way—will you marry me for my dough?"

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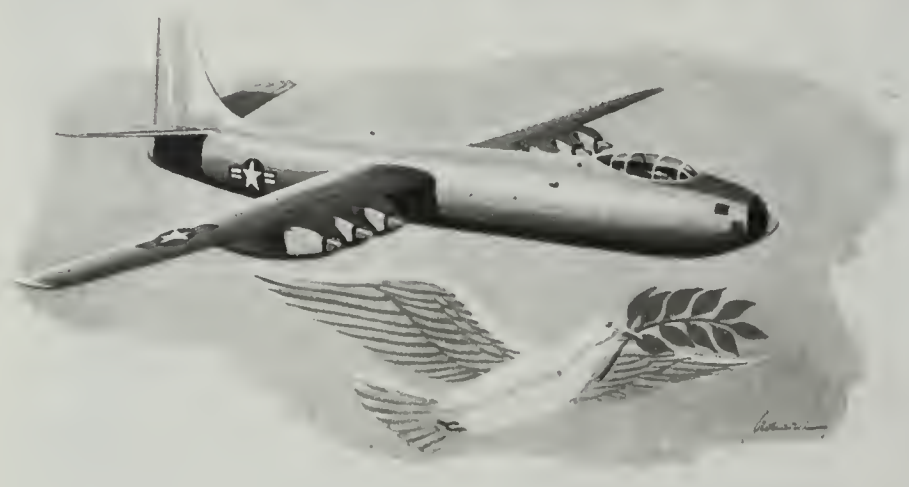

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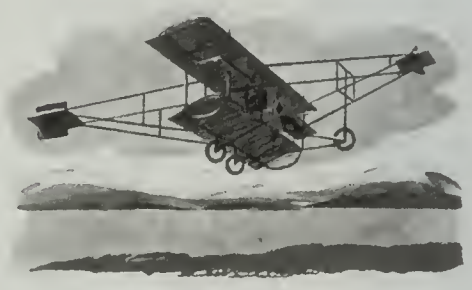

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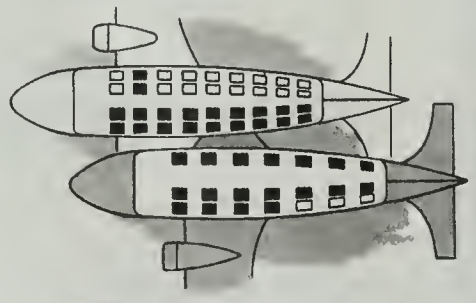
BIG AND LITTLE

. . . business are both cited by the Congressional Aviation Policy Board. In addition to urging a strong aviation industry, the Board recognizes that aviation's "small business man" —airport operators, sales and service men, flying schools, private fliers— "should be regarded as a national asset and be given every recognition and encouragement."



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very spiritual kind of gentleman would single out Miss Sophy, and then he'd love her to the world's end. She's an acquired taste, as they say—and that kind's the most lasting."

"The little devil!" said Sophy, when these remarks were repeated to her, yet she looked both disconcerted and gratified.

Bee might have noticed it. Her small green eyes peeped from under their lashes with a piercing glint. "Spiritual!" she said. "So that accounts for all these attendances at St. Petroc's."

But Lalage would never guess. She was too lazy, too indifferent to notice another's cracking in two.

Strangely enough, Christian Todmarsh did send Lalage flowers one day—not gardenias, but orchids. Lalage looked thoughtfully at his photograph. Yes, as Violet had said, his face was a proud one. He could easily be lost beyond recall. She rang him up, and their engagement was announced a few days later.

When Violet heard the news, she dropped her eyelids, and said, "Things always seem to happen when I come into a house."

She looked out of the window with a duster in her hand. "The master and his roses," she said. "It's as well to have a passion, even if it's only for flowers. My last gentleman had one for pictures. Ever so queer they were. You didn't hardly like to look at them. He said a thing I've never forgotten. He said there was some foreign painter that painted women as if they were roses, and roses as if they were women. Something like that makes a difference to your life—gives you ideas. Madam isn't a bit like a rose," she added reflectively, "but Miss Lalage is. It comes out in her."

VIOLET ignored Sophy's disapproving silence and continued to skate blithely over thin ice: It seemed a shame that a gentleman with such a passion for roses should have no rose in his heart. Madam was like an east wind; she fair shriveled one up; but she wasn't going to drive Violet away. So long as there were those that appreciated her, Violet would stay put. They needed her. Oh, but how desperately they needed her! How they had ever got on without her she didn't know. . . .

She constantly seemed to be moving to some secret tune. Mrs. Titmus hated the way she laid the table, posturing and pirouetting like a ballerina; setting down glasses and pepper pots with a turn of the wrist, as though she were mincing to unheard music; stepping back theatrically to regard her handiwork, with her head to one side, as if waiting for the next beat of an invisible baton. Even [illegible] tating was the sound of her s[illegible] lowstairs, in raucous emotion, [illegible] vulgar scoop of a street singer [illegible] to wring the heart.

But there were other and wo[illegible]

"I don't like the girl, and I ne[illegible] said Mrs. Titmus. "She pes[illegible] father. I caught her taking h[illegible] of cocoa in the middle of the [illegible] He's so foolish that I've no [illegible] drank it."

"But what harm in that? Sh[illegible] kindly. She isn't a bad litt[illegible] Sophy said nervously.

"Nonsense! You girls are idi[illegible] her. She's *evil*. She's alwa[illegible] things," said Mrs. Titmus, with [illegible] look about her mouth. "Yesterd[illegible] she was putting clean sheets on [illegible] she said, 'Look, madam, diamo[illegible]

"Diamonds?" Sophy said bl[illegible]

"Yes, diamonds. The sheet [illegible] badly folded in the laundry, a[illegible] were little squares down the m[illegible] wouldn't have noticed them if [illegible] been for her. 'That means de[illegible] said. I didn't like the look she [illegible] If I were ill and alone, I wouldn [illegible] be at the mercy of that girl."

Morbid, thought Sophy. It w[illegible] aspect of her mother. Was there [illegible] end to the discoveries one ma[illegible] one's nearest and dearest?

She looked at her mother's thi[illegible] the hooked nose and the Greek [illegible] the back of her head. Her hea[illegible] like a teapot, Sophy thought, or [illegible] Indian idol of massive brass [illegible] stood on the hall table ever s[illegible] could remember, the head of [illegible] the goddess.

Teapot or goddess. Her mot[illegible] something of both in her com[illegible] She had comforted her children, [illegible] spired them with fear. And now [illegible] is middle-aged, thought Soph[illegible] prided herself on facing unpleasa[illegible] —there is no longer need of comf[illegible] vestiges of the fear remain. I [illegible] afraid sometimes that she can r[illegible] thoughts. I still tremble when h[illegible] go pale. This house, so shabby [illegible] beautiful, is in part her creation, [illegible] has long ceased to take any intere[illegible] She has become warped about [illegible] and won't spend a penny.

Atmosphere is a mysterious thin[illegible] superimposed wallpapers, atm[illegible] settles upon atmosphere with th[illegible] ceeding tenants of an old house [illegible] Titmus atmosphere, Sophy felt, [illegible] some of its richness and duskines[illegible] predecessors, who dated back to th[illegible] of Queen Anne. The sound [illegible] harpsichord, she liked to think, ha[illegible] into the old wood. The scent of pon[illegible]

COLLIER'S "Darling, they're playing our song!" HANK KETCH

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balls was, perhaps, part of the peculiar Titmus smell—faintly peppery, with a hint of Russia leather and petal dust—that permeated their belongings, and even stole out of parcels sent across the seas. All their selves had left slimy invisible trails.

Even the furniture, dumb but sentient, looked as if something of people's personalities had fed and enriched it. Was it too fantastic, Sophy wondered, to imagine that lately the old wood had taken on a darker, stranger glow, a glint as of the reflection of soft black eyes?

ONE sound had certainly haunted the house since the day it was first built, the sound of the bells of St. Petroc's. Now this had a magical significance for Sophy, as did the aromatic poplars in the churchyard and the light that shone through the east window.

"The Reverend Chandos is in the drawing room with Madam. But it's you he came to see, miss," announced Violet, bursting into Sophy's room one afternoon. Sophy's heart turned over, but she closed her book slowly.

Violet stared at her with soft black eyes, the faintest trace of a smirk on her face.

"Did he ask for me?" Sophy asked.

"Not *asked*, miss but there are some things that are known without words. Madam doesn't go to his church, does she? He preaches lovely, I think. Ever so deep. The silver tea service, I suppose, miss? And I'll soon make some scones."

Sophy went slowly down the stairs. If she had been summoned to meet an archangel she could hardly have felt more frightened, more inadequate. Never had she sought the acquaintance of this man who had been so much hers in dreams that she could not bear to face the bleakness of reality. She could not rid herself of the feeling that unwanted love is the basest kind of treachery toward the beloved.

She had made herself free with his mind and his heart without his knowledge. How could he ever forgive her? She had created a world in which he was her lover, because she could not help herself. She knew that one breath of reality could blow her, and her world, to smithereens. And yet there was a terrible, painful excitement in her heart.

It was odd, but when Sophy came into the room, Mr. Chandos' heart gave a sudden leap of recognition. A voice deep within him seemed to say: "This is the face I have been waiting for. This is the woman for me." There was something sculptured and medieval about her.

But Sophy, as she looked bright pale eyes that were the the sea, that were as cold as aqu was thinking: I shall not be able the agony of loving this man. of his hand seemed alien and t and left her hand cold and ti though contact with the strang the beloved had frozen it. She against the folds of her skirt, queer, icy glow remained.

Sophy, thought Mrs. Titmu having like a fool. If one co *teach* them. For in her rever Titmus was still the girl she been, vivid and vivacious. She bered the dress she had worn to Ball that year. He had kissed h der in the dark. She could ne the "Invitation to the Waltz" wi membering. But she had lost hi time ago; she never identified *old* Mr. Titmus, though they and the same person. It seemec now that she should be marrie old changeling. Once she had o him talking to himself in the ba "Now, where has she hidden m the old puss!" She had been sh the heart.

She came to the rescue of h ward, helpless child: "My daugh the singing at St. Petroc's is so b She is very musical, and has pitch—which is quite uncommon So they tell me."

MR. CHANDOS smiled and at his Sophy. Her face w pattern that fascinated him, like cient map, with its warnings of and other strange indications. unique face. New faces are seld familiar. They do not come upon a shock of strangeness but are ea egated to the different categories which we draw up in our minds out of history does a face sometim out with a hint of alien inel charm. To Mr. Chandos, the Sophy Titmus had that quality.

"You are not a communicant. I have remembered you," said Mr. dos, making a pyramid with the tips of his fingers and resting h upon them.

"No. I am a lost sheep. I came evening to hear the anthem, and th preached, and you quoted Donne then I had to join your congregati how did you know?"

"A member of your household, Wilson, told me. Did you li sermon, Miss Titmus?"

"Have I not already told you? that priests have their vanities, like artists." Her voice sounded hollo

THE SHORE FLEET by GREGORY D'ALESIO

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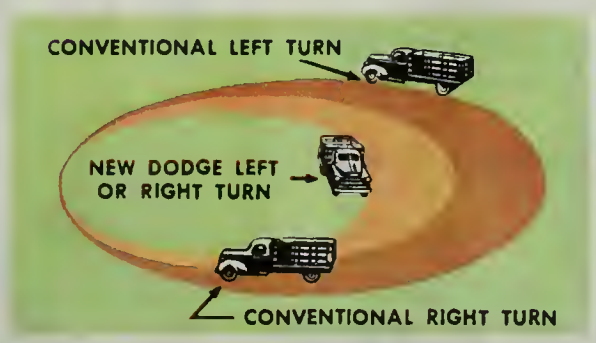

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faraway, like the voice of a stranger echoing in a cave.

A few weeks later, she was thinking amazedly: I had no idea it was as easy as this. I had no idea. I had no idea. For the unimaginable had come to pass. He was no longer an archangel, but her Paul.

She had thought everyone must know it when she came into the house, when she floated in with the moon in her hair. But when she looked in at the drawing-room door, neither Bee nor Lalage seemed aware that something tremendous had happened. Engaged in silly, unimportant things, the poor earth-bound wretches glanced at her indifferently.

SHE retreated and caught Violet carrying a tea tray out of Mr. Titmus' study. The old gentleman had been treated to his wife's best china and the silver muffin dish, which still contained what was left of the forbidden milk toast he enjoyed so much.

A little posy of wild flowers in a wine-glass added to the general effect of festivity and loving-kindness. Violet was playing her favorite game of circumventing the mistress. She was watering his withered old heart, shedding the beams of love upon it and reawakening it. She was queering the old cat's pitch.

"Poor old gentleman!" she said, with a sidelong glance. "He does like a little attention." She smirked righteously, and then, catching sight of Sophy's face, nearly dropped the tray.

"Oh, miss! Whatever is it? Your heart's desire come true—that's what it is! I'm *ever* so glad."

There was a strange look of triumph on her face. Then her exuberance faded and her eyes stared past Sophy. Her voice had dropped to a whisper as she said, "Things always seem to happen when I come into a house." Her tone held a curious note of finality, devoid of any wonder.

It really was her doing, thought Sophy, telling Paul about me. I wonder what she does in the evenings? Probably passes the time with that greasy pack of cards I saw in the kitchen.

Violet had never seemed so sympathetic or pitiful to Sophy as she did at that moment. Sophy put her arm about the girl and asked, "Do you play patience alone down here in the evenings?"

"Not me," Violet said. "The cards fall for me the way I want them. It's wonderful to have the gift, [illegible] what they tell you."

Sophy felt a slight chill at [illegible] and let her arm fall from Viol[illegible] ders. Her vague apprehensi[illegible] peared, however, as she though[illegible] Paul.

"I shall never forget what I [illegible] she said softly.

Violet dropped her eyes. "[illegible] right, miss," she said. Her face [illegible] fident with some secret knowle[illegible] went on: "And now there's [illegible] trice, but the cards don't come [illegible] for her. Not yet they don't. [illegible] man, I think, miss, and it'll t[illegible] doing to work the cards aroun[illegible]

"What do you mean? Yo[illegible] say such things! I've never h[illegible] nonsense!" Sophy tried to ke[illegible] from her voice, but it was diffic[illegible] remembered Bee's recent beha[illegible] the wedding ring which had [illegible] from her purse.

"Oh, it's all right, miss. You [illegible] me. I'm secret as the grav[illegible] Beatrice, she's one to be hap[illegible] things may change." She turn[illegible] but stopped at the green baize d[illegible] ing to her own quarters, "De[illegible] miss," she said. "That's one t[illegible] doesn't change. When the c[illegible] death, death it is." Her bri[illegible] eyes looked steadily at Sophy f[illegible] ment, and then she was gone.

Gone back to the ace of sp[illegible] the mice, Sophy thought, wit[illegible] shiver. She tried to recapture h[illegible] exhilaration, but, failing to d[illegible] wearily started up the stairs. [illegible] questioning thoughts of Violet, [illegible] to notice her mother until she re[illegible] top step and collided with her.

Sophy was shocked at the loo[illegible] mother's face. Mrs. Titmus [illegible] Sophy's arm and leaned on her [illegible] She looked as if her pride had c[illegible] within her, and with it, her stre[illegible]

"Sophy," she whispered furti[illegible] voice breaking. "That girl—th[illegible] —she must go. I saw her in m[illegible] I saw her *pinching* diamonds in [illegible] linen. I saw her . . ."

"Oh, darling Mother, she mu[illegible] once!" cried Sophy, flinging h[illegible] round the gaunt figure.

For she knew now that Viole[illegible] death-wish in her heart was abou[illegible] to have in the house as a tame [illegible]

THE END

"Oh—Hooper! Well, I'm listening to Matinee Melodies, John's Other W[illegible] Chambermaid for a Day, Triple or Nothing, and the baseball gam[illegible]

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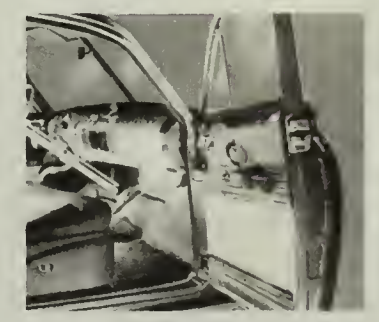

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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

THE SHEARING AT NELLO

Continued from page 21

even if I was younger. Like all of us they knew that shearing two hundred and fifty sheep a day would kill a cobber on the booze. You can't stand eight hours in the woolshed, unless you're up to the chalk in fitness.

"Time for that when the last fleece is lifted," my Da would say and throw the grog out.

I said the same and got away with it. We weren't being old auntish, either. Every caravan worth its hire left the spirits behind. Even Chap Goron, sot that he was the rest of the year, was too smart to take spirits into the bush. He'd have boozed if it had been there but he was safe out back. There isn't a drop to be had on the stations. It wasn't the will power Chap had, just the cunning. He made up proper for it once he'd finished shearing.

It was my plan to make an early start and get to the first station as the stock was mustered and driven in to the homestead. If I beat Chap by a half hour, the rest of the stations were mine. It was as safe as eggs, for he was a slow starter. So I lit out for Nello, bright as a stockman with ten quid in his pocket.

NELLO is a big station, just off Toowoomba. I'd always liked it there and Dan Terril was square with me and my Da. I'd timed it to the hair. When the wagons pulled over the last crest to look down on Nello's great, rambling homestead, the stockmen were just driving the sheep in from mustering. Watching those flocks flooding through the grassland to the big pens, I thought of the work ahead for the cobbers. They began when we finished. After the shearing, the Merinos are dipped and punched. Then there's a half million or more pounds of wool to be burred and baled before the weaning starts. It's no life for a weakling.

"Well," I said to a mate on the seat beside me as we wiped the dust from our faces, "there's fifty thousand Merinos waiting for our shears and not a bloody sign of Chap Goron!"

"Gor, Benjie," he shouted, "we haven't swizzled him! There's his wagons crossing the rise away there!"

I looked where he pointed and for certain it was Chap! The bongo had got the spoor of my plan in some way and had arrived when we did. I larruped the horses a good welt. We rattled down through the gums and the she-oaks and pulled up at Terril's homestead. But Chap drew in almost alongside us, shouting and waving.

"A smart sprout, aren't you?" he sneered, climbing down from his wagon. "Thinking to dazzle me by jumping the season. You'd have to drive that caravan faster than a bush fire to get the wind of Chap Goron. Pack up your traps and get home, sonny. I'll do the shearing at Nello!" He shook his fist in my face.

"That's to be seen, Goron," I said. "The hiring's up to the station. I'll stand by Dan Terril's say-so."

We went up the walk together to see Dan Terril. He'd come out on the veranda when he heard the commotion; he was still all dust and lather from the mustering. Beside him was his daughter Mavis, as rumpled as he was from helping the station hands. She was rare stock. I'd seen her many a day before, about the woolshed. Today, with the sunlight glinting deep in her hair, she was like something from a picture book. Chap Goron passed by his cursing when he saw her with her father.

"Well, mates, what's the dust-up?" said Dan Terril pleasantly.

"It's for the shearing," Chap said loudly. "I've come to Nello to lift your fleeces, and this bucko has been thinking the work is his."

"Who got here first?" asked Terril.

"We pulled in together," I said quickly before Chap Goron could give him the lie.

Dan Terril didn't say anything then. Much as the work meant to me, I felt sorry for him. He was in a sticky spot. He wanted to give the shearing to me but he didn't trust Chap Goron. If I got the job of work, and the blower pulled my mates from me, or caused trouble so that I couldn't finish the job, he'd be in the devil's own boots. A station owner has a lot of brass sunk in his sheep. There's the store to keep up, stockmen to feed and pay—besides many a quid for the brood rams and ewes. It's all from the wool. If it stays on the jumbucks through the season, you're ruined; you can throw in the counters.

He looked from one to the other of us and my heart sank. I could see he was planning to play it sure and give the shearing to Goron. Coo! How I wished my Da had been there!

"Well," he said uncertainly and looked at Goron. The mucker grinned like a sick kelpie.

"Wait a bit." It was Mavis who broke in, mad at the way things were going. "They both came at one time. The best man should have the shearing." My heart lifted, for I could tell she was for me.

"That's no trouble to decide," said Goron, swaggering before the veranda. "I can beat the tad any way you've a mind to. I smashed him once in Warwick and it would be pleasant to do it again here." He started for me with a mean look, the brown teeth sticking from his face as he snarled.

"Hold on!" said Dan Terril sharply. "There'll be no roughing at Nello! You can settle it shearing. We'll run off a trial tomorrow, just you, Goron, and Benjie Shackler. The winner will do the shearing at Nello by contract."

"That's what I had in mind," said Mavis and gave me a great, broad wink. I smiled back like a daft one.

"Righto! Smashing or shearing, I'll beat him either way." Goron spat and swaggered back to his wagon.

"Thank you, Dan Terril," I said. But I smiled at Mavis. "I'll do my showing in the woolshed." They were brave words but foolish. I didn't have a squatter's prayer in a trial. Mavis smiled and winked at me again. She was a fine sight of a girl and I was grateful. Then I went back to tell the news.

OUT back, a shearing trial is thicker than a race meet. When two top shearers have a go, there's more than the glory in it. The one who wins is the man the mates will work for and the one who gets the contracts. In the spot Goron and I were in, there'd be nothing for a loser. The mates would leave him for the better man. There'd be no more work at the stations. He might as well sell his traps and take up fence mending, or be off for a swagman.

The mates were down when they saw me, though they didn't want me to know it. They could call my chances as well as I could.

It was a glum show at our caravan that night after tucker. I could feel the mates staring at me edgewise, all of them sorry, but ready to shear for Goron when the trial was over. No one even had the heart to bring out the accordion, though over at Goron's they were singing and howling like dingoes.

I lay out away from the wagons and thought about the trial. I had the hand for lifting a fleece as well as Chap Goron and, if anything, a better way with a sheep. It was the sticking I wanted. It doesn't take a big clod to shear, but if a man is heavy he can stay with the

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That's what tells in a trial when s measured—the wind and the n steady, clipping thirty-five or es every hour. Usually I could a breather at work but tomor- would be no time for mooning. ying there wondering whether it all then, or stay and take the when I heard someone call. Mavis at the edge of the fire. I d went over to her. She was 'd guess. I'd always thought of id in braids. But now I saw her She was tall, high-breasted and woman in spite of her shirt and 's breeks. Her hair was bunned he back. In the firelight it was as a wattle blossom.

o, Benjie Shackler." She smiled ve come to wish you luck in the

s, Miss Mavis." The words all over in my throat, looking pretty. "I'll need more than in Chap Goron."

can trim a jumbuck as well as e seen you shear often at Nello." t the style, it's the sticking," I "He's half again my weight. In 'll outlast me. It's the lasting settle the trial."

ow, Benjie," she whispered. strong. Keep at Chap till you n down!"

on wear a stone with a feather," mly.

e off it, Benjie. You may be ." She laughed with a sureness I felt. "You must have some yourself. I'm for you, at least, laying you'll trim Chap Goron w."

queezed my hand and went off in the night. Though I now why, I turned in feeling

st have been two or three hours en the noise woke me. The mates Goron's caravan were howling ody banshees. Singing, cursing, up with one another—like a pack men they were. The squalling ullaby to me. Mates don't take on like that unless they've got spirits. Chap Goron would never stay away from spirits in his own caravan. I hoped he felt cocky enough to get a proper swill and be dotty in the morning. I'd have a chance with him fuddled. True, it was his own pelt, but he was a rum sot to be boozing in the back country.

Coo! But I turned over and slept happy.

THE next morning we had a quick tucker and the mates went with me down to the pens. The red dust came up in clouds from under our boots. Already the sun was hot and burning, so early in the day. It was going to be a fair sizzler. The heat would be cruel on a man in the woolshed. We met Chap Goron and his mates on the way and I've never seen a more sour lot. They'd been boozing for certain, Chap Goron with the rest. His eyes looked like dry bush holes, his face was flaming and he was in a vile temper.

"Cheero, Chap," I said civil-like. "It's a blazing day for the trial."

"Blast your bloody tongue!" he growled. "I'll teach you shearing proper, Shackler! And smash you in the bargain when I've finished."

I didn't answer but walked on, wondering why he'd been fool enough to get fuzzy, but proper thankful that he had.

We stripped to the waist outside the woolshed, plugged in the shears and were ready. We shear with power on the downs now. In the early days, when my Da was starting, it was all hand clipping and twice the work. As it is now, there's still no lark to it. The handler keeps the brutes in the chute and trots them over as you're ready. When they're shorn, two stockmen seize them for the dip, paint the flock mark on the rump and hustle them to the pen. There's little stopping when the work's started and it grows worse as the day wears.

There's one secret of a good shearer. "Benjie," my Da would tell me, "a jumbuck's jumpy enough without mauling. The flock's been mustered, driven and penned till it's crazy. A jumbuck stands in the chute with the wind up and

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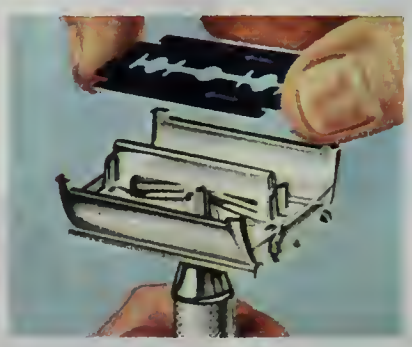

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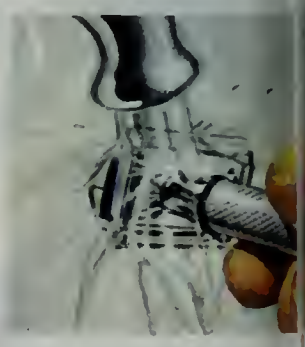

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wants to fight through the shearing. You've got to show the brute you're kind and doing a favor. If it feels that way in your hands, the job's half over."

I was thinking of that and the other points my Da had told me and trembling a bit waiting. Chap Goron looked as big as a house. I knew I'd never best him. But I liked the way he rubbed his eyes and snarled with ill temper. His head must have felt a fair twister.

"Are you ready?" said Dan Terril, waiting to give the handlers the word.

I nodded and Chap Goron shouted. Mavis was standing by her father, looking even prettier than she had the night before. When she smiled, it was like the sun on the bush in the morning.

"Remember," said Dan Terril slowly. "This trial will run eight hours. You can stop or work as you like, but at the end of that time the one who's lifted the most fleeces has the Nello contract. It will be fair play here, lads."

WITH that he called to the handlers and the trial started. It's a fine thing to lift a fleece tidy. You take the sheep between the knees, clip the belly wool separate, then peel the rest of the fleece in a piece. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back! Throw the fleece and bawl for another. In the rhythm of shearing you feel you're a part of the sheep and the wool it's growing: Get a thinnish one, you decide it's the blood strain; feel a wool break, there's been drought or bad country; lift a fifteen-pounder, you're proud as a peacock.

That's the way I feel shearing and it was that way at Nello, trial or no. I stood there in the dust and sun, lifting them easy. The heat didn't bother me, or the noise, or the slippery feel of wool grease on my arms and fingers. As for Chap Goron he might have been in Brisbane! I thought of nothing in the world but the wool and its lifting. Each sheep was part of the run, yet each one was different. There were big rams I coaxed and ewes I comforted. There was burry wool and clean clipping, Merinos and Lincoln-Merinos, scared sheep and mad sheep, bleaters and dumb ones.

We broke for elevenses and the mates crowded around me.

"Keep it up," they whispered. "You're riding his tail and he's tiring proper. The grog he had last night is slowing him."

I bolted my tea and we went back to the woolshed. Chap Goron had stopped sneering now. He was sweating and his big chest was heaving with exertion. But he was still leading me.

I got into the rhythm again and forgot all about him. The sun was hotter and the dust drier but the sheep kept on coming. I didn't hurry or maul a brute. If you start that, you'll nick the pelt and what a bloody time that is! The jumbuck bleating and twisting between your legs while you're trying to clip him. No, the thing is to run steady, hold them easy, lift the fleece tidy. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back!

When we stopped at one o'clock for tucker, I was tired. But Chap Goron looked fair winded. We flopped in the shade of the woolshed to eat and Mavis Terril came to talk to me. Her eyes were shining.

"You're running a nailing good show, Benjie," she said. "You're ten behind but you'll beat him!"

Looking at the bulk of Chap Goron stretched out on the ground, I believed it for the first time. He wasn't boasting now and his eyes looked panicky. The long muscles in his back were twitching with weariness. I knew that the pits of his knees ached, that the breath was like fire in his lungs. Let him once get the wind up and the Nello contract was mine.

Da, I thought, I'll trim the mucker for you or drop in the woolsh

The afternoon was bloody air was like a furnace. The s bleating with fear and heat, mil the pens to send clouds of bric drifting into the woolshed. grease stuck to our bodies, an caked on the wool grease. began to ache now. My spine it would snap, and my eyeballs their sockets. The only comf was the thought of what Chap through, with the booze like po system.

I didn't hurry a bit, but Ch to. I could see him in the tail c fumbling now and not sure like be. After a time I heard what his haste. Chap's sheep were high and fierce, which mean nicking them. You can pick o of a hurt sheep above all the shearing. His jumbucks were against the shears. Once tha there's nothing to do but fight t extra strain began to tell on Ch He was cursing like a ruddy na

At four o'clock I thought get through the last hour. were like lead, the shears fe slippery stone in my hands. I my knees would buckle with th them. I dragged the air into gasps, and with every one, my ploded. The motes of dust were like pin wheels in the sun. I thinking of Chap, of the Nello of the run off St. George. T nothing in the world but my s and a chute full of sheep with th to be lifted. One, two—the bel two—front legs and front bac two—hind legs and hind back!

I was fumbling for the next o I heard the mates yelling. Five The trial was over.

"Did I trim Chap?" I croaked the crust of my lips. The fac reeling before me, I was that ston

"Trim him and more, Benjie ler!" shouted Dan Terril. "He out the fifteen minutes past. clipped two hundred and ninet and my hat's off to you, bucko!"

All I thought was: Da, I've Then I fell like a stone on my fac dust of the woolshed.

WHEN I came round, Ch nipped off and his mate over to my caravan. He was fin my runs, pegged out as a top sh the down country. He'd got wh sung for, no less. While we finis shearing at Nello I'd sit on the stead veranda at night after tuck ing to Mavis about the run George. The moon was all span her hair through the leaves of t trees.

"Benjie," she said one night, "it like a fine spot of sheep land."

"It's that." I looked deep in h "And someday it will have the homestead that's ever been seen station." The look she gave back me cocky and bold, so I gassed o about my prospects. "It's all tha you, Mavis, for standing up for m your father. And"—for I had to b est—"to the thickness of Chap who was daft to bring spirits with

"Shhh!" she laid a finger on n and looked back through the window. "It will be hard enou plaining when Father finds out. four tins of methylated spirits gon the storeroom. And we're the on who know where the key is kept. smiled when my jaw dropped open

"Don't worry," she said, "I sold to Goron the eve of the trial for e to replace them and more."

I used to think my Da was pert. There's not a cobber in Queensla New South Wales could match with a woman!

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

hree nurses, say that the fault chools of nursing. The cost of oo high. Because they lack the 400 for tuition, plus enough ake care of clothes and other luring their three years of train- be nurses must turn to other answer? Free tuition and a neration each month: not more r month.

S. J. J. CROWLEY, Avoca, Minn.

AK UP THE YANKEES

It would be a relief to pick up or paper without hearing about ork Yankees.

cover for March 6th you pic- Shea and proceed to relate in Work why he is the undisputed cher of the Year in the Ameri- e. Mr. Ted Shane, who is prob- ner narrow-minded New York r, says Shea had a mark of 14-4 Actually he lost 5.

opinion rookie Bill McCahan, 0 and lost 5 for the Philadelphia s just as good or better. He also no-hit, no-run game which the writers tried to overlook. Be- ahan was pitching for a fifth- while Shea was working for the mps. You probably won't print r of offending some smug, mite- ew Yorkers.

JERRY CAO, ge High School, Pittsburg, Kan.

Yankee fan, hates Philadelphia, ly falsified Shea's pitching record all New York sports writers into g the no-hitter.

HARE THE CAPITAL

Referring to the next ambassa- Court of St. James's, Washing- Line (Mar. 6th), you say, "Robert nneapolis banker, etc." For your n the Robert Butler referred to 1347 Summit Avenue, St. Paul. rmant, like many other people, re is only one city in Minnesota; you, are mistaken.

H. G. BRANT, St. Paul, Minn.

unite the rival cities—St. Minnie- o many partitions now.

AFT-HARTLEY FLAW?

llier's rendered a distinct disserv- een million Americans by Senator icle Toward Peace In Labor (Mar. t, as an avowed aspirant to the Re- nomination for the Presidency, aluable publicity and at the same ck another telling blow for the re- forces which would undo all the t has been achieved by social re- the past two decades.

RALPH WHITE, West Monroe, La.

gely, Senator Taft's article didn't ne. I only thought of something Senator George W. Norris said: ter how temporarily dark and de- the skies may be, social progress, ts setbacks, always has been up- d onward. Each reverse resulting eappearance of reactionary prac- thought has been followed by new enlightened social conceptions."

WILLIAM R. KNOTT, Decatur, Ill.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

MEN: Enjoyed the fine description Anita (The Track That Doc Built, h) by Cameron Shipp. However, if porter checks back he will find that st did not win the Santa Anita p on March 1, 1947, but that Ol- the eight-year-old from Chile, was itch Again was second and Père ished third.

one of the 85,000 present that day.

PAUL HAUGEN, Minneapolis, Minn.

Right. We had the right race, the wrong horse. On Trust won the Santa Anita Derby the following week. Maybe Shipp was there the same misty day that Bunny McLeod, enveloped in fog, ismed, "It's so foggy I can't see my face in front of me!"

CHAFIK AS IN TRAFIK

GENTLEMEN: Am curious about the pronunciation of the Inspector's name in the Charles B. Child stories illustrated by John Pike. Does it rhyme with traffic? Regardless of the sound effects, I wish to offer my compliments to both Mr. Child and Mr. Pike.

NORMAN E. COOKE, Los Angeles, Cal.

PRIZE CONTEST

DEAR MR. LITTAUER: Please accept our most cordial congratulations for the work that Collier's is doing in the field of promoting better intergroup relations. Two fiction stories which appeared in Collier's have received first and fifth prizes in the last quarter-annual contest of the bureau.

This brings to four the number of Collier's stories which have been awarded such prizes during the last year. Keep up the good work.

HILA THOMPSON, Contest Editor, Bureau for Intercultural Education, New York, N. Y.

Winners: First Prize, The Outcasts, by B. J. Chute, Oct. 18, '47; Fifth Prize, The Girl He Brought Home, by Hortense Lion, Nov. 29, '47.

DEFENSE OF CANADA

GENTLEMEN: If Mrs. Rogers of Atlanta, Georgia, would set aside her spleen long enough to learn something about Canada she would not write insulting letters about our best friend and close neighbor (The Week's Mail, Mar. 13th).

Canadians enjoy as much and perhaps slightly more freedom than we do. Statistics prove that the Canadian standard of living is higher.

Canadian universities have such a high standard of education that professional graduates are eagerly sought after by our industries.

Without Canadian uranium we would not have an A-bomb.

Lastly, since there is so much mistaken opinion to the contrary, does Mrs. Rogers know that Canada paid cash for all materials bought from this country during the war? That they did not receive one cent of Lend-Lease and that per capita their contribution in blood and money was a great deal higher than our own?

SHAMUS O'HAGAN, Canton, Conn.

NITHE MITH BLYTHE

SIRS: Too much dog, not enough girl on your Mar. 20th cover. Can't you lock up the dog somewhere and show us more of Miss Blythe?

ERIC PLATT, Newton, Mass.

It's a pleasure.

SHERM CLARK

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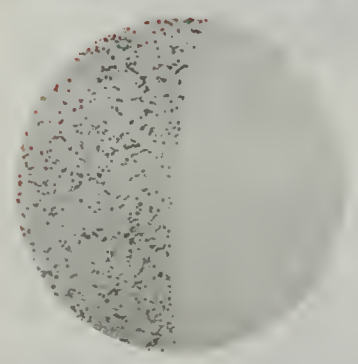

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DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

OUT WHERE THE WEST END

Continued from page 22

forward-thinker dubbed the place the Oregon Caves, with the emphasis on Oregon. This saved it from becoming a California attraction and being annexed to Los Angeles.

The Department of the Interior may think it owns the caves, but the real boss is old Dick Rowley, a lithe, spry Colorado hard-rock miner, who has practically lived in them for thirty-seven years. Dick guides tourists through all summer and hacks out more passages all winter. He estimates he has made fifty thousand trips through the caves, covering about a hundred thousand miles underground. He started back in the days when visitors lighted their way with pine torches, worked up through candles and miners' lamps and now parades through two miles of electrically lighted aisles of stalactites and stalagmites.

There has been one marriage in the caves, no deaths and no births, although several imaginative ladies have tried to have babies in some of the more spectacular halls inside the mountain. Mr. Rowley always keeps a sharp lookout for this sort of thing, however, and has won every time up to now. No one ever got lost in the caves, either, for longer than overnight. Timid trampers through the tombs are reassured that "We always get better than 90 per cent of the tourists out safely."

The caves are publicized by a group of about forty businessmen at Grants Pass, the nearest city. They call themselves the Oregon Cavemen, dress in coyote skins, carry clubs and elect a Cave Queen and several princesses each year.

In fact, almost every girl in Oregon has been a queen of some sort, or will be one if she doesn't watch out. This is due to the large number of local fiestas staged by Oregonians to catch the tourist trade. Visitors are always happy to participate, particularly if something is being given away, which it usually is, somewhere. Newport, Oregon, for example, draws crowds every summer by handing out 12,000 free crabs. There are primrose and rose shows, salmon derbies, and potlatches celebrating azaleas, flax, cheese, oysters, strawberries, beans, lumber, huckleberries, turkeys and gladiolas.

Coos Bay runs a Pirate Regatta, Pendleton a Roundup, Hood River an Apple Blossom Festival, Albany a Timber Carnival, Ashland a Shakespearean Week, with handouts for guests. Taft, on the Coast, even runs a Redhead Roundup, but no samples are given away.

By watching dates a touris Oregon can boon himself wit thing in the animal, vegetabl line.

Western Oregon is a stri dred miles deep and about a h fifty wide, with the Columbi the north, the California line the crest of the Cascade R east and the Pacific Ocean to this rectangle you can find sort of climate from lush, s rain forests and all-year gree sand dunes and snow peaks. have only fifteen inches of parts on the north coast m hundred, some years.

Across this territory from flow about twenty rivers, fe than two thousand creeks ri Cascades. These wind throu tral high valleys and spill t Cascade Range passes into . . . the Chetco, the Siuslaw, the Pistol and the Nehalem qua, the Yaquina and the Al shorter streams—one of them hundred yards long—plunge steep slope of the Coast R the sea.

What Delights the Tou

Several surveys—including Collier's—have been run to what tourists want, and they out the same; the tourists to look at things. They wil anything, especially if som point it out to them, and are by mountains, sea lions, go creeks, lover's leaps, clam bed graveyards, rockbound coasts, caves, lakes and signs saying for Deer on Highway. If ther ing better they will settle for Inhabitant, with or without be

Oregon is full of Oldest In and their memories (and thei and grandfathers' memories) p orful picture of the state's his important part of this was around the settlement at Cham

The site, now set aside as a about 25 miles from Salem, capital, dates back to the fi settlement in the Willamette V before that to an Indian village son's Bay fur trading post w lished here about 1811. In 184 says, there were not many Am the Oregon country, which

COLLIER'S "And bacon too!" VIRGIL

Only Plymouth

GIVES YOU THIS NEW

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IN THE LOWEST-PRICED FIELD

W SUPER-CUSHION TIRES ON N, WIDER SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

far greater driving safety and comfort s sensational new Plymouth "First" — ushion Tires on *New, Wider Safety-Rim* Of the lowest-priced cars, *only Plymouth* ou both of these great features. And h gives you *both* as standard equipment. ew tires are bigger, fatter, softer—require pounds of air — soak up road shocks from as well as from below. They make stopping easier and surer and give you *one-third more tire mileage* than ordinary pre-war tires.

Because these new Super-Cushions run cooler, your chances of tire failure are greatly reduced. But should trouble occur, you have the added, positive protection of Plymouth's famous Safety-Rim Wheels. Patented retaining humps are designed to hold the tire straight and tight on the rim so you can slow to a sure, safe stop.

This combination of Super-Cushion Tires and New, Wider Safety-Rim Wheels — *provided only by Plymouth in the lowest-priced field* — is just one of the basic advantages you get when you get a Plymouth. Your dealer will be glad to show you the famous Quality Chart which proves *Plymouth is the low-priced car most like high-priced cars.*

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GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

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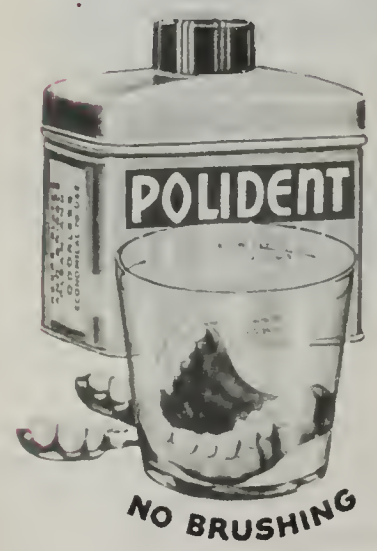
DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



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Washington and Idaho, as well as portions of Montana and Wyoming.

Ewing Young was one of these. He had acquired considerable stock and property. When he died in February, 1841, there were no heirs. Nobody knew exactly what to do with his cattle and land, but everybody agreed this situation emphasized the need for some sort of government other than the questionable authority of the Hudson's Bay Company. Besides, the cattle looked good to more than one settler.

In the meantime, Young's stock ran wild and ere long, as they wandered away into the hills, they fell prey to wolves, cougars and such. Then the varmints became more bold and began attacking stock in the settlements themselves.

Meantime the feeling for provisional government grew, and so did the opposition to it. The latter was of such strength that meetings to form or discuss provisional government were discouraged by its supporters, lest the movement be nipped in the bud.

Thus it was that a meeting of the settlers was called under the guise of taking action against the wolves. The first "wolf meeting" was held at the house of W. H. Gray, February 2, 1843, when a small committee was appointed. The next session was held in March and a third soon after in Oregon City. May 2, 1843, was set as the final organization date.

To many the meeting was to be another "wolf session"—especially to British subjects or Hudson's Bay followers who came. It was at first called in the office corner of the Hudson's Bay warehouse at Champoeg. When the true purpose of the meeting became apparent, company employees kicked out the session, which they figured was being held for seditious purposes. So the Americans withdrew to a field not far away; the others came along.

Big Joe Meek yelled: "Who's for a divide? All in favor follow me."

So when the choosing of sides was over, there were 50 on Meek's side for provisional government. There were 50 on the other side to save the region for Great Britain.

That's where Étienne Lucier and F. X. Matthieu, French Canadians, came in. As a pair they were undecided. They hadn't gone to either side. Lucier figured a vote for U.S.A. would mean taxes on everything, but Matthieu, who lived with Lucier, talked him into coming over to the U.S.A. side. So by a majority of two votes, "local" or provisional government went into effect for the gr country.

In a big flood of 1861 n Champoeg settlement was wa with the exception of two sa town was never rebuilt. Ba the last survivor of the Cham ing, François Xavier Matt saved Oregon for the U.S.A., the site of the historic palave monument marks the spot. A near by. Sons and daughters now come to the park ever ceremonies paying honor to t ers.

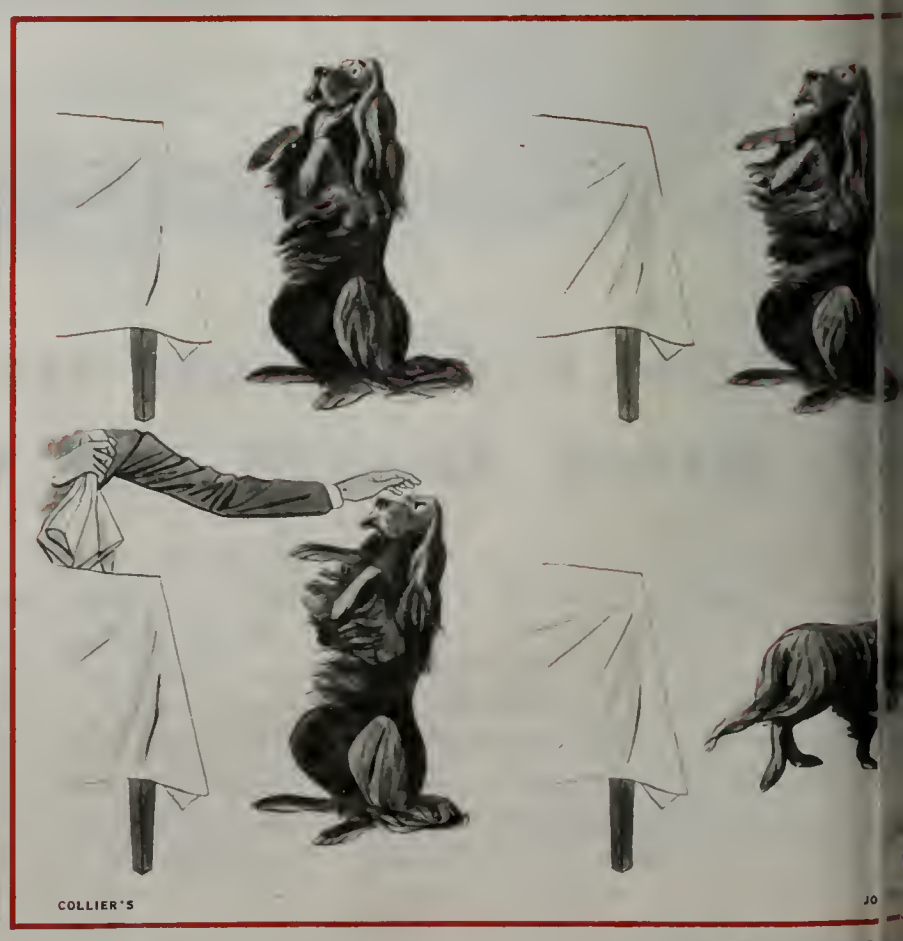
So it was on the basis of the activities that the territory was established in August, 1 the time the emigrant wagons verging on the Oregon counti committee was appointed b Governor Earl Snell to worl observances and celebrations ritorial centennial. Governor ington, Wyoming, Idaho, M once part of the Oregon terr been asked to participate.

Pirate Treasure Believed Bu

Modern reminders of the ol exist in Oregon. Treasure hu rate gold are still going on, wi under way on the slopes of N mountain along the norther coast on a scale much larger before. A number of lives hav and much money has been su sands. Legends say, and ma that pirates came by here in 1600s and buried a treasure ch have been handed down fro tion to generation.

At least one group of treasu were hard at it all through th and fall of 1947, using a caterp dozer, shovel (steam) and do of the group, Milo Merrill, with 17 years on the job. Me said much about what he is h but reportedly he has found beeswax lost by some ship wre the northern Oregon coast. summer coming on and the hunting season just beginning the men have dug is 300 feet from 25 to 30 feet deep. Drills down another 60 feet, but speaking one doesn't find beesw like that. So, of course, the treasure persists.

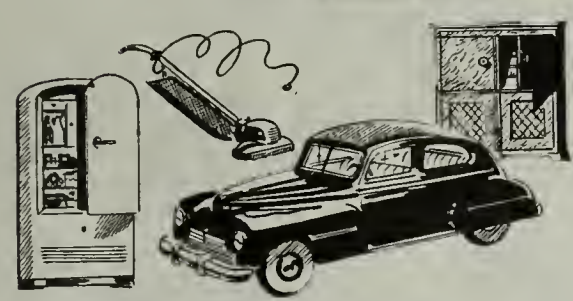
Another treasure hunter m contribution to history. Bac



hat's in it for you?

often heard the saying, "Great oaks icorns grow." And that certainly holds siness. Most of America's successful, anufacturing concerns started as tiny usinesses—with hardly more than a or a new product that people might y.

ay say, "That's very interesting, but it for *me* when business grows?" To get nswer to that question, you've first got r what makes it *possible* for a business



3. The only way any firm can grow is by giving better and better service and making better and better products. Which is just another way of saying that the more business grows the more you and millions of others benefit in terms of better products at lower prices.

4. It's good for you in other ways, too. Growing business means more jobs for you to choose from—*steadier* jobs with greater security for you and your family. And when the firm you *work for* grows, you have the chance to grow along *with it*.

5. In addition, even the profits earned by successful firms—whether they are small or large concerns—benefit you in terms of better living. For a big share of these reasonable profits goes to pay for the expansion that brings more products, more jobs, and greater opportunity for you!

Most Americans *say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. Government figures show that industry averages less than half that much profit.*

And about half of what industry does make is plowed back to pay for the progress and development that give Americans more good things than any other people on earth!

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Reduce perspiration, assure coolness and longer wear.

Instead of bunching or binding, the SWINGSTER follows every move of your body . . . enables you to swing *freely* in every direction . . . lets you *breathe* at the armpits! Its new patented construction eliminates all seams in the back and shoulders. Tailored with extra length. Convertible collar. Woven for long wear of finest washable rayon gabardine. Comes in 12 man-dashing shades. Ask at your favorite store . . . or write us directly.

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PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

SWEATERS • SPORT SHIRTS • WEATHERPROOF JACKETS • BEACHWEAR

John Wesley Hillman came to Oregon's gold-rush town, Jacksonville—now the queen city of Oregon's golden yesterdays. He followed a party of Californians into the Cascades to look for a "lost cabin" mine of fabulous wealth.

The search went on for days and days. Finally, on the last day Hillman was going to devote to the search, his trusty donkey followed up a deep slope. All of a sudden the donkey stopped at the edge of the crater of an extinct volcano. Its steep wall ended in a deep blue lake. Thus Hillman discovered Crater Lake.

Crater Lake was "discovered" two or three times after that. A pioneer scouting party came by. They didn't know Hillman had been there and neither did the Fort Klamath soldiers who wandered onto the scene in the early sixties. Hillman might have predated Kilroy if he had had a pencil or a brush.

By 1869 the lake's discovery was permanent. That year it became officially known as Crater Lake. Hillman never gave it a name. He died in Louisiana and never again saw Crater Lake after he discovered it.

Charley True of Medford was the first man to drive a car to the lake's rim. This he did in 1907. Incidentally he is still working at Crater Lake, driving a truck in season. That makes Charley the Crater Lake old-timer, in a way replacing the late Judge William Gladstone Steel, who spent numerous years of his life to have Crater Lake National Park established in 1902.

Charley remembers when teams and buggies came, and how the horses huffed and puffed along a one-way road up steep mountainsides to the rim of the crater. Later he remembers how the early cars hardly made it at all. Now a paved boulevard encircles the lake for 32 miles, with viewpoints along the way for visitors to stop and drink in the beauty.

It's a mile and a half down the crater-wall trail to the water, where hardier visitors can go fishing, boating and launch touring. If they feel ambitious they can climb up Wizard Island, a little volcano inside the big volcano, pushing itself up out of the blue depths to a height of about 700 feet. On the other side of the lake is Phantom Ship, an eerie mass of stone, much like a ghostly ship at anchor. Indians used to think it sailed in the moonlight. Legend says that an Indian princess of long-ago time, when old Mount Mazama filled the heavens with its snowy mass before it was destroyed, pilots Phantom Ship on nights when the moon is bright as she sings of forgotten years and aboriginal glory.

It wasn't so long ago whe
asked a ranger who Mr. Crat
figured he must have been a g
have had such a beautiful l
after him. Then there was
who wanted to know if the co
gasoline the boat boys were ta
the crater-wall trail to the laun
contain bluing to keep the
There was another visitor w
to know if visitors could be
at the park naturalist's office

One summer ex-Presiden
came to the lake to spend th
the lodge. A ranger urged
fishing Crater Lake. He spe
the day angling for trout.
met him at the end of the la
drive him to the lodge an
about his fishing luck.

Hoover smiled wryly and sa
fish must have recognized me."
had a bite.

The Vortex Is a Leading At

One of western Oregon's b
tions is its smallest—merely a
feet, 4½ inches in diameter o
Creek, four miles off U.S. 99
Hill. This is the Oregon Vort
scientists call it; its tourist na
House of Mystery. The vorte
"a spherical field of natural el
netic force" or an optical ill
pending on how scientific you

If you stand inside this v
look out, people and things
grow larger as they recede. I
on the outside looking in, pe
smaller as they approach you
ance of all optical laws. Fur
the minute you step into thi
force, you slant toward the
north, and so does everything
you can measure the slant with
line.

The vortex has been studied f
seven years by John Litster, a
came to Sardine Creek in 1908
M.A. and a B.Sc. from Glasgow
culiar phenomenon of the
picked up from William McC
Wells Fargo man who came to
in 1864. McCullough in tu
about it from the Indians, who
go near the place, and won't yet
will birds or animals.

Litster, who says he still does
pletely understand it, explai
roughly, the vortex is a huge ato
If you stand inside it, it magnifie
stand outside, it minimizes. Yet
nothing there except clear air
probably are other vortexes in
and, in fact, Litster says he di
one back in the mountains th

"Dear: Am over at Gracie's. The stove will have your supper ready at 5:

COLLIER'S CHARLES PE

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CHEVROLET

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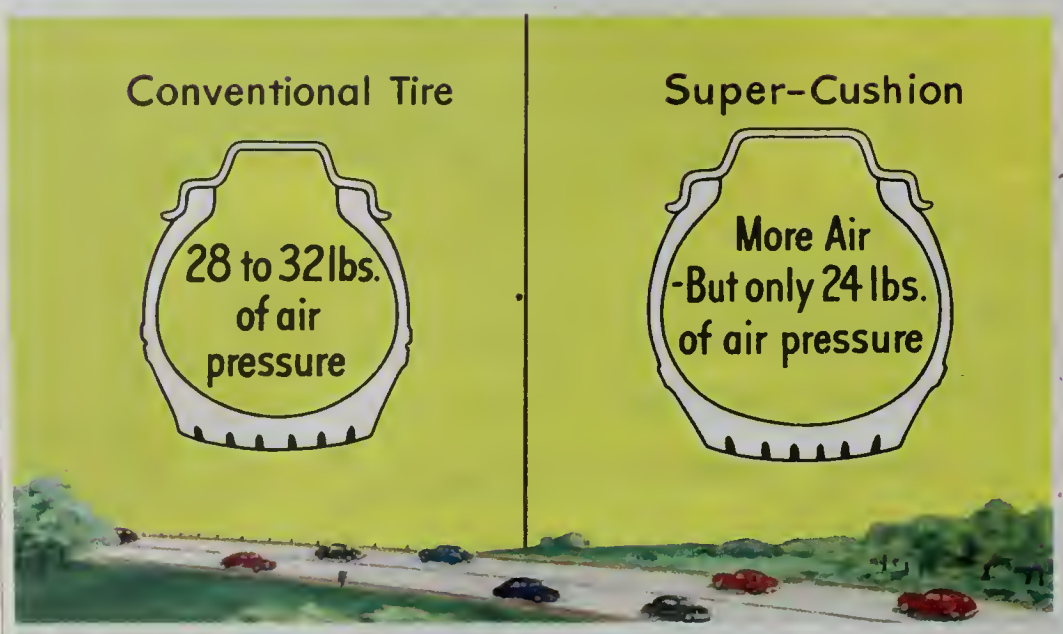
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Amazing...what this t

Great new Super-Cushion by Goodyea
runs on only 24 pounds of air; no oth



1. Softer, smoother ride!

Super-Cushions are bigger, *softer* tires. They run on only 24 pounds of air instead of the usual 28 to 32. So you get an unbelievably smoother, *softer* ride—on all kinds of roads!

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With Super-Cushions on your car, it seems to *hug* the road, t through traffic, to *flow* around curves. You get a new drivin a wonderful new feeling of safety and stability!

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Super-Cushions run cooler, build up less pressure. (Heat, you know, is a tire's worst enemy.) *Thus Super-Cushions consistently average more mileage than the best standard tires!*

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Because they're softer, Super-Cushions "roll with the pu They're harder to break, bruise, or cut. They have extra resist to blowouts!

The new Super-cus

ill do for your car!

kind of tire in 15 years;
these advantages!

ewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

Super-Cushions are the first tires ever made that satisfactorily lateral (crosswise) shock! They *soak up* jolts and vibration. : fewer rattles, fewer repair bills, longer car life!

Better car appearance!

bigger tires really dress up the appearance of your car, er it's large or small. And you can get them in the De Luxe read, or in the famous All-Weather Tread!

Your Goodyear Dealer has Super-Cushions now— For the smoothest ride you've ever had, more mileage, greater safety and car economy, switch to Super-Cushions *today*—whether your car is used or new!

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MILLIONS OF SUPER-CUSHIONS ARE NOW IN USE ON NEW AND OLDER CARS!

by GOODYEAR

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WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS
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miles away. We asked him if he wasn't afraid other people might discover vortexes and set up opposition exhibitions. He said no, because he'd discovered a way to neutralize the force. He did things with a small instrument about as big as a watch case, and it neutralized the thing, all right.

Most people who have written about the vortex keep their fingers crossed. Ours are, too—but just how the thing could be all trickery we can't see. Some high-domed physicists can explain it, but their explanations are so abstruse no one but another physicist can understand the explanation.

Compasses and dip needles aren't affected by the vortex. This is strange, if the magnetic force is great enough to push human beings and trees seven and a half degrees out of the perpendicular, which it apparently does. Human beings lean against the force, northward, due to overcompensation, but trees, being unable to compensate, lean toward the magnetic south—which may, after all, be due to the prevailing wind.

The House of Mystery itself is an old two-room board shack that slid down the hill years ago, coming to rest at a crazy angle. Its slanting floor and askew walls undoubtedly create a confusing picture, and some scientists who have used instruments say the whole thing is an optical illusion. Some of the physicists at the California Institute of Technology, who have read Mr. Litster's "scientific analysis" of the show place, are inclined to be skeptical, too.

Still, blind people seem to succumb to the "forces" just as normal persons do.

Settled by New Englanders

Most of western Oregon was settled originally by New Englanders, who named their villages Salem, Albany, Medford, Marion, Sublimity, Amity, Springfield, Oswego, Portland and the like. Legend has it that Boston men and Portland, Maine, men tossed a coin to name their settlement on the Willamette, and Portland won. Boston never did get on the Oregon map.

The Oregonians are really very cheerful and hospitable people, but photographs of pioneers might lead you to think otherwise. There are thousands of these old pictures in such early-day studios as that of Emil Britt of Jacksonville. Mr. Britt's father set up the first studio in the old gold-rush town, which got started in 1851 when gold was found on Jackson Creek. Mr. H. L. Davis, the Oregon historian, has remarked that his state's pioneers presented facial expressions which seemed to have been nailed on by professional horseshoers—as might be expected from having their heads clamped in a vise for three minutes.

Early Oregonians loved picturesque names and so you find Butcher Knife Canyon, Dead Indian Road, Eight Dollar Mountain, Lookingglass Valley, Calapooya Springs—which somehow ring truer than the modern rash of Idlewylds, Phantom Lakes, Mystery Groves and Shangri-Las.

All Oregon rivers are beautiful and most of them provide good fishing, but the Rogue has had most of the publicity, mainly because movie stars have flocked there, led by Clark Gable and Ginger Rogers. The less-known Umpqua, Siuslaw, Pistol, Sixes, Siletz, McKenzie and half a dozen others, plus uncountable north forks, south forks, middle forks and plain creeks are just as attractive, and some of them have better fishing.

The highway system of western Oregon forms a ladder, with U.S. 101 and U.S. 99 the uprights and about ten connecting roads, the rungs, following rivers through the Coast Range passes. U.S. 99 runs up the valley; U.S. 101 hugs the coast.

This Oregon coast highway is the most spectacular four hundr of shore-line road in the countr of the way it keeps along the be ing *outside* capes and heads and rivers and bays on huge and bridges, winding through heavy sand dunes, azalea patches and and resort towns.

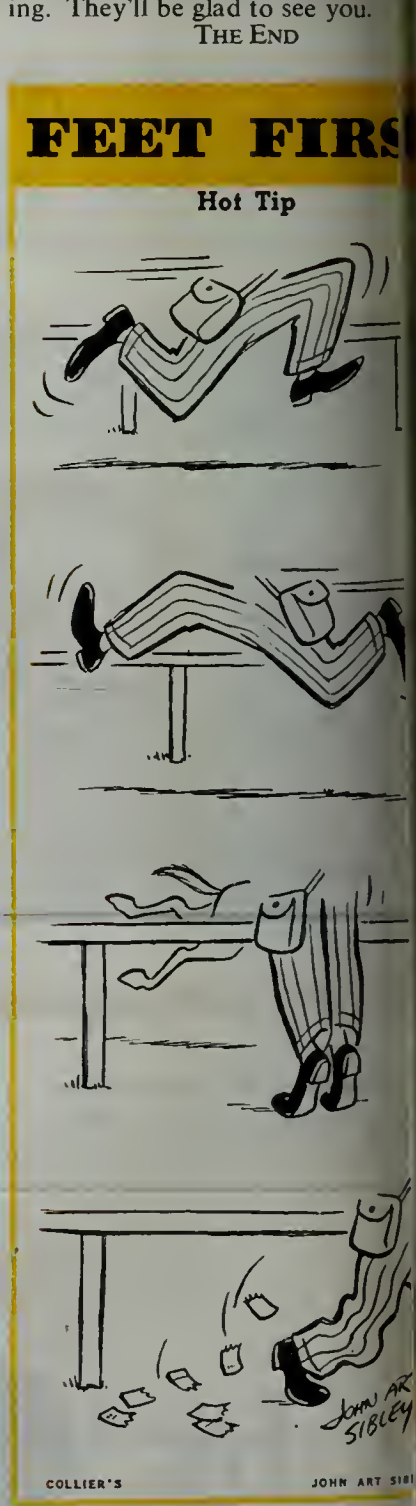
Along this road are a score parks, free for visitors. And all b miles of the 400-mile stretch o also are free. You can drive do where there's a road and build a nic, swim or sleep. This is the publicly owned beach anywhere world.

If you can stand a little rain ar the late fall is very pleasant in Oregon. The tourists have gon and the "No" is covered up on "Vacancy" signs on hotels and Most of the parks, caves, lakes ers are operating, crowdless. The is mild, the grass and trees are gr highways uncluttered.

After the tourists go home, t gonians unscramble themselves tle down for the winter. Many watch the weather forecasts, an the storm warnings fly, drive o Coast Range and down to the sea side, Gearhart, Taft, Depoe Ba port and a dozen other places t the winter storms send the long rollers crashing against the rocks. some sight—and afterward you c up agates on the beach.

When the storms die, the Ore drive home through their rain forests, sit around roaring firepla rest up for next summer's touri ing. They'll be glad to see you.

THE END



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CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW RELY ON ACCURATE CRAFTSMANSHIP TODAY

This Whisky is Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers C

MY SISTER MARY

BY KEITH EDGAR

I WAS tooling our jalopy over what they untruthfully call a road in the northern Michigan woods, a little worried about leaving my sister Mary alone in the cottage. You know, Mary isn't very bright.

True, she's much prettier than I am, and I'm not hard on the eyes. Her hair is a nicer shade of red, her lips are what you'd call luscious, and her figure has mine beat any way you look at it. But when it comes to brains—well, I have to look after her.

The car dragged its boiling radiator out of the woods onto the shore of the lake by our cottage. I loaded my arms with groceries and staggered up the steps to the porch. When I tottered into the living room my sister Mary was sitting in the wicker rocker. She had on a bathing suit with some front, but little back, and daisies tucked in her red hair; she looked very girlish and cute. Her brown eyes were turned toward me worriedly.

Suddenly I saw the young men standing behind Mary and I blew a fuse. "Well, Mary! Surely one of your *gentlemen* friends could help with the parcels!" Then I realized that both men were holding guns, pointed at me. I dropped the parcels.

Mary said, "Gee, Sally, I didn't invite them in, honest."

I opened my mouth to scream and the man by the door slapped me so hard my head rang. "Stop that," he said in a harsh, husky whisper. "Pick up the packages."

Mary jumped to her feet and snapped, "Hey! Don't you touch my sister, you tramp!" The other man grabbed Mary by her red hair, yanked her back down into the chair again. His voice was high-pitched and nervous. "Bud, we better gag 'em."

The man who'd hit me said, "No. The troopers are working around the lake. They'll be here soon. We need these chicks."

"We're not chicks, we're ladies!" Mary protested.

The man slapped me again, hard, knocking me to the floor on top of the groceries. My anger changed to pure fright. There was a sullen, vicious air about these two. Their faces were taut and their eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep. Bud said low-voiced to Mary, "That's for being a wise babe. I don't hit *you* because the marks would show, see?"

Mary was looking hurt and bewildered. She said, "I don't like you."

His lips drew back off his teeth and he raised his arm again. I flinched. "Take it easy," I said. "Can't you see she isn't acting?"

He hesitated, then nodded. "Pete, help this dame take them packages out to the kitchen, quick." When I didn't move fast enough he said softly, "Baby, you'll look nice with a black eye." I picked up some of the parcels and stumbled out to the kitchen. Pete came after me with the rest, piled them on the table and snapped, "Make some coffee."

For a moment I had a wild notion about dumping some rat poison into the coffeepot, then Bud, who seemed to be the boss, called quietly, "Pete, here come the cops. They've stopped at the next cottage up the lake."

Pete gave me a shove back into the living room. "They won't touch us if we threaten to shoot these dames."

Bud shook his head. "Get into the bathroom and pump some water into the tub. Hurry up." He waved his gun at me. "You—come here."

We all listened for a second or two as the hand pump in the bathroom started to squeak and wheeze, and water began gushing into the tub. Bud swung me around to face Mary and prodded me with his gun. "Look, baby, you want me to kill your sister?"

Mary shook her head dumbly.

"Then listen to me, baby. You're going to stay here and let the cops in. Your sister is going to be taking a bath, see? No state trooper is going to look into a bathroom when a dame is taking a bath, and we'll be right in there with her. One wrong word out of you and we kill your sister, understand?"

Mary's lower lip quivered. Bud studied her for a second. "You should be reading a book."

Mary raised her big brown eyes. "But—I don't read books. Only picture magazines. And Sis w let me bring any."

He gestured at the manicure set on the lov "You can be doing your nails then. That'll gi an excuse to keep looking at your hands and c trate on what you're saying."

Mary said, "Oh, no, I've already done my

He slapped me across the mouth, backhand head rocked and my mouth tasted salty. Mar out, "What did you hit her for?"

Bud said tightly, "Stop acting so damn stupi swung to me. "Undress and get in the tub."

I was half mad with rage and pain. "I won' can shoot me first." I knew a shot would bri troopers on the run, and he knew I knew it.

The sound of the pump suddenly stopped ar hissed, "They're coming!"

Bub grabbed a handful of Mary's red ha twisted until she moaned. "Remember, you se cops away satisfied or we kill your sister. Start ing—we'll be watching you through the door."

He shoved the manicure set toward her wi barrel of his gun, then propelled me into the bath whispering to Pete, "Splash, damn you!"

I was grabbed from behind and whirled aro hand over my mouth. The door was open a bar and I was looking through the narrowest of along the hinge side. Bud's breath was hot an on my cheek.

There was a tap on the screen door. Mary—I see the back of her head bent over the table— "Come in!"

TWO troopers entered, removing their hats. C them said, "Good afternoon, miss. Are you here?"

"Yes—well, no—my sister is here. She's tak bath."

They both glanced idly toward the bathroor Bud stopped breathing. Then he took his hand c mouth and his gun nudged into my back. I didn't a blueprint. I called out, "Who is it, Mary?"

Mary said, "Just some policemen, dear."

The gun nudged me again. "Policemen?" I lot of surprise into the word. "What do they w

Both the troopers were looking down, pro feeling slightly embarrassed. They kept their ey the bathroom and one said, "It's all right, miss. looking for a couple of bank robbers. Have you any strange men around?"

My sister Mary shook her head. "You're th *real* men we've seen in ages." She called over her s der: "You ought to come out, Sis. They're handsc

The gun pressed so hard into my back it hur can't come out now."

The troopers looked at each other, and they st toward the door, one of them saying, "Well, we'v to search over on the other side of the lake. Take of yourselves." They left; we heard their car mov

The gun in my back relaxed and Pete, with a s sigh, stopped sloshing water.

Mary called, "They're gone. Did I do all ri

Bud pushed me ahead of him out of the bathr and Pete lurched after us. He looked as thoug knees would barely hold him up.

Bud said, "You did okay." Then he asked "How much gas in that jalopy?"

"Half a tank."

He nodded. "If they're headed for the other of the lake, we'll scram." Then he smirked at M "For a dumb babe you ain't too bad. Come, P

They turned and went out the door. I sank ir chair and shut my eyes, listening to the car grin over the trail in second gear.

I figured it had reached the bend where the swings into the wood, when I heard a *crack!*—th series of shots. I jumped to my feet and ran to door. The police car swung into the clearing, bac turned, stopped, and the troopers got out and wa into the trees. They walked as if they had nothin worry about.

I turned to my sister, feeling a little faint. looked up at me tremulously, then slowly moved manicure set. I saw, painted with nail polish on table: CAREFUL 2 MEN WITH SIS IN BA ROOM.

She said, "He told me to start painting—so I c

"Surely one of your friends could help me," I said. Then I realized the men behind Mary were holding guns

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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by don herold

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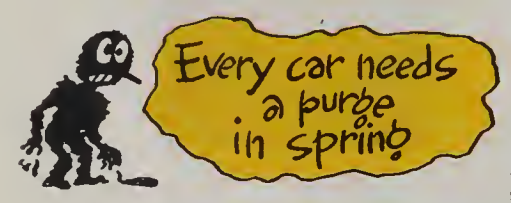

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THE HORSE LATITUDES

Continued from page 25

my count there are four females and one male and it is quite obvious they have been celebrating in the manner of the wine and food society.

Since meeting Professor Van Hayden, I have given my ideas of professors a complete overhaul. I don't know how tall he is because I never had the nerve to put a tape measure anywhere near him. Among our crew there is considerable money bet on the matter. My own dough lays on seven feet two inches. Manelli guesses a conservative six feet nine inches. Not only is the Professor tall, he is wide. He has in addition to his other disgusting qualities, big popeyes with a wild look in them and a considerable black beard which you can be sure nobody ever yanked to see if it was real. Malone looks like a shrimp beside him and he visibly cringes when the Professor swats him on the back.

"Oh, ho! So you're the pilot, old boy!" the Professor booms. "Magnificent night for flying, what?"

Malone mumbles that if we don't get going pretty quick there won't be any flying. The Professor ignores him.

"Great, old boy! Have no concern. I flew in the first World War and if you run into bad weather you can depend on me."

Nothing can make a modern pilot who is very busy with many intricate devices madder, than having one of those characters in his hair. Also the Professor is probably a liar because in those days there were very few airplanes powerful enough to get him off the ground.

AFTER much backslapping and yoo-hooing, the Professor whacks the last girl on the fanny and we get him in the ship. His personal luggage includes three cases of whisky, which leads me to believe we will be gone for quite a spell. At this time I did not know the Professor.

"The staff of life, old boy!" he says to Malone. "Whisky is the blood of man. Who knows what this next week will bring?" If Malone knew he would have turned in his license right then.

I take the tail post out very gingerly because wherever the Professor is in the ship, the center of gravity is—and I do not want the poor old C-54 to rear back on its haunches and smash the tail. And the Professor is everywhere. All the way to Gander he is in various places. Once, he uncorks some of the blood of man and brings it up to the cockpit. He leans over Malone's shoulder and washes down the salami with gulps and gurgles you can hear above the engines. According to law, Malone can land and put him off the airplane if the Professor gets drunk, and by the calculating look in Malone's eyes I can see he is thinking of this very thing.

But the Professor obtains only nourishment from this bottle, it seems. When the bottle is finished and he goes back to the baggage compartment for another, we open all the cockpit windows even if it is minus ten centigrade outside. Manelli says it is useless sticking his head up in the astrodome, because the Professor's breath collects therein and fogs the glass so he can't see the stars, as well as making him woozy.

"Someday I'm going to find out if Savage knew what kind of a professor this guy is," says Malone bitterly. "And if I find out he did, I will then crush his head between my two hands." He grabs the wheel like it was Savage's head and starts our letdown into Gander which is reporting low ceilings and very lousy visibilities. But I will not dwell upon the details of our eastbound flight. Suffice to say that the weather was very unpleasant and I was extremely busy turning the de-icer boots on and off, shooting alcohol to the carburetors and trying to keep the heaters going so we would not freeze to death. I had no time to keep track of the Professor who had made himself comfortable in Malone's bunk with a map of Iceland spread out across his stomach as a sort of napkin. At intervals he would bite off a chunk of salami and follow it with a blood transfusion. I went back once to transfer some oil to Number Three engine, and the pump for this operation is right under the bunk.

When I was finished with the pump, the Professor asks me very friendly-like how many times I have been to Iceland.

"About fifty times. Mostly during the war."

"Do you realize," he says, "this may well be your most important visit? Historic, in fact?"

I admit that I do not realize any such thing.

"We are going to bring back stones, old boy. Fabulous stones of great antiquity. They were inscribed by ancients of unknown origin and their writings may well be a vital key to the cloudy beginnings of Northern civilization. You may tell your grandchildren you had a small part in bringing these stones to the light of modern archaeological science."

I digested what I could of this mouthful and said I thought that was fine. In a more or less direct way he was paying my salary—if I could just get it out of Savage.

Then to my surprise he confesses he has never been to Iceland and wants to know what it's like.

"It's on the gloomy side sometimes."

"I am told it is also on the dry side," he says. "Besides this hideous prohibition law, are there towns and villages?" It is truly surprising how even professors have the wrong idea about Iceland.

"Reykjavik's not a bad town. You may get some surprises," I said, thinking how certain things in Reykjavik might appeal to the Professor, besides stones. Little did I know.

WE ARE in Reykjavik for twelve days during which time very little of the Professor is to be seen. This is somewhat puzzling as the only life in the town after six is the Borg Hotel where there is sometimes dancing of a desultory sort. Many Icelandic girls attend these functions and it is the policy of the crew to sit drinking coffee and thus have an excuse to admire what the Vikings did so long ago—all of the crew except Malone that is, who lies up in his bed reading about Hepplewhite furniture night and day, dreaming of Isabelle, and cussing out Leo Savage. We are thus engaged on the twelfth night when Malone appears at our table all smiles and full of bounce. "Start packing, boys," he says brightly. "We're leaving as soon as we can get to the airport."

"The Professor must be out of whisky," says Manelli.

"Anyway we're going—fast," says Malone. "And I'm sorry to say this will be my last flight with you. Isabelle and I are definitely going to get married when I get back."

We all felt like making a speech, but on such occasions it is very difficult for the type of guys you find in air crews to express themselves; therefore we just went up to our room and packed our bags.

The Professor had a crew of Icelanders waiting to load the stones when we arrived at the airport. He was surprisingly co-operative, having the Icelanders put the stones which were in big bags right where the weight and balance sheet said they ought to be. There were about fifty bags, all very heavy. Sitting here on the Gold Coast I can see that this night was the actual beginning of this tragedy,

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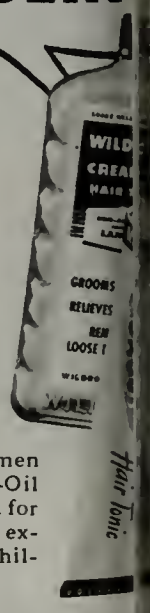

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have told heretofore is best onsequential.

s in such haste to get back to at he decided to steer away regular course and ride the a big low-pressure area und Cape Farewell. Our would be longer and take nland where we would have but we would cover the dis- ith favorable winds. Ma- e looks of that low-pressure as bound fast in the right r Isabelle.

oring through the dew at and feet when Manelli says come to climb higher be- approaching Greenland by ns and it is likely to be very nging around hereabouts at less than fourteen thousand. d C-54 would not even put e of the mountains below, e so unfortunate as to con- fore when Malone calls for ver I richen the mixture, trail ps, and we all relax as the to wind up. We are on in- nd it is very comforting to is now a safe distance be- d the mountains. However, g up some rime ice and I can way Malone moves his eyes ficial horizon up to the wind- he does not feel enthusiastic. e the Aldis lamp. I want to wings are doing," he says. I is light which is very bright s it on the wing behind him. g to slow us down," he says unhappy expression on his h proves to be true because is already down to one fifty. Such speed will never back to Isabelle fast enough , but I am not especially e I have seen Malone handle e before.

aggering along about as well could expect with the ship y a little bit now and then, ofessor comes up to the cock- with the ice banging off the omeone was throwing rocks d temporarily forgotten about the Professor. He taps me on the shoulder.

"Can't you do something about the heat in the cabin, old boy?" he asks. "It's very cold back there." His teeth are chattering and he looks blue. His beard has tiny icicles hanging from it. Wrapped up in a blanket the way he is, his general appearance could best be described as woebegone. But I am reluctant to leave the cockpit at this moment to undertake any cabin heater repairs.

"It will be better if you stay up here with us," I explain to him. "Various things are happening and to fix the heater will take me some time which I do not have to spare just now."

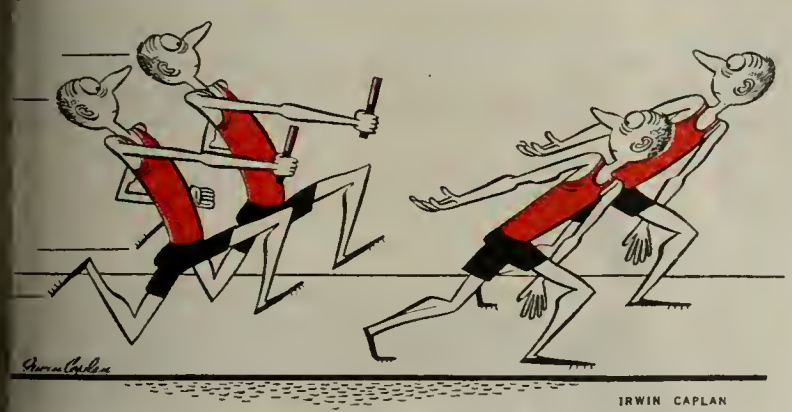
"No," he says. "I prefer to ride back in the cabin." There is no reason that I can see for the Professor to be so choosy at this time. He would have nothing to do with the cabin on the way over to Iceland and I point out that this change of heart is very inconvenient, at least until we get past Greenland. He lays one of his gigantic paws on the back of my neck and I look to Malone for help; but Malone is giving out help to no one. He is very busy trying to keep the ship in the air.

"It is absolutely necessary, old boy," the Professor says, "that there be some immediate heat in the cabin or there will be what some people call an accident."

I AM in the process of squirming away from him when an accident really occurs. The Number One engine, which only has ninety-seven hours on it and has no business misbehaving, elects to go berserk. It is suddenly jumping up and down on its mount very violently. Numerous things happen fast. The fire-warning light comes on. Malone pulls back the throttle and the prop control.

"Feather Number One!" he yells to me. I punch the red feathering button on the ceiling. The ship yaws to the left. Malone yanks out the fire-wall shutter and I chop off the mixture, the ignition and the gas valve. Bob Drew switches the vacuum pump over to the right side. The ship stops shaking as Malone adjusts the rudder flettner.

"A master rod, surer than hell!" he says. "Oh, lovely!" This is no time to



IRWIN CAPLAN

SPORTING ODDS

In the winter of 1924-25, Boys High of Brooklyn met DeWitt nton of the Bronx in a track meet at the 13th Regiment Armory, oklyn. Boys' colors, then as now, were red and black. So were Witt Clinton's. In the 440-yard relay (110 yards for each man), ys High was well out in front, its third man leading by a solid e yards as he came around searching for his anchor man. aiting him was a red-and-black-clad runner, so he thrust the on on him and sent him away. The anchor man sped around, asted the tape and was declared the winner. Then the judges covered that Boys High had passed the baton to a Clinton ner. They solved the dilemma by giving the medals to the ys High four and the points to the Clinton team.

—Arthur Weyne, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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debate the matter with him. We are very lucky there is no fire.

"Give me lots more power!" says Malone. "She won't hold her altitude with this ice and only three engines!" One look at the altimeter causes me to oblige at once. We are already down to twelve thousand feet and there are no St. Bernards wandering around Greenland with rum under their necks for such adventurers as we.

Being such a wise old aviator you would think the Professor would appreciate our grievous condition. No. My neck is in a vise again.

"Heat in the cabin, old boy. *Now!*" This time Malone stops the Professor from carrying me away like a babe in arms.

"Professor," he says, hardly taking his eyes from the instruments. "I have some very bad news for you. We are going to throw some of your stones overboard to lighten the ship. Can't hold our altitude!" The Professor drops me at once.

"You can't do that!" he yells. "History will never forgive you!"

Malone is patient in spite of his problems.

"If we don't get rid of some of your stones right away, history will never hear about any of them. In addition to which, you personally will be dead. Pick half the stones of the least value and get them out the door immediately. Maybe we can save the rest."

THE Professor is yanking his beard in great despair. "But I don't know myself which are the most valuable. It may take years to decipher them!"

"We haven't got years to spare," says Malone, getting mad. "Ten minutes is more like it." He motions to Manelli and me. "Get going, boys! Get half of them out quick. Hurry back and I'll let you know what to do about the other half." No second invitation is necessary. The altimeter shows only eleven thousand five hundred and the engines are doing all they can. We beat it back to the cabin with the Professor right on our heels. There are two bags standing alone near the door so we grab them first. We are dragging them to the door when the Professor yells as if he had caught his beard in a propeller.

"No! No! Not those, old boy! For the love of God, not those!" I am about to ask him what difference does it make if he doesn't know one stone from another, when the two bags begin to move. And since when do stones think. I take three seconds t the top of mine, and Manelli engaged. The Professor show

"Not those! They are sp the greatest value to science!" But the bag tops are open. fessor's specimens are now own thinking. Two very tast of Icelandic beauty shove t heads up and start squirming bags. They are cold and angrily in Icelandic, and all tc they are still very easy on the to one who is not a scienti understand why the Professoi cerned about the heat. Once out of the bags, he changes completely. He lays to with helps us throw the real stones time talking in a most friend

"This is just a little secret b isn't it, boys? No reason to skipper by telling him, is ther

When the stones are half go asks him point blank what the ence does it make if Malone

"A little matter of papers the Professor. "You see our was necessarily rather hasty just wasn't time to get all the

"Like passports?" asks M. has a world of nerve because just about even with the Prof buckle.

"And the like," answers Pro Hayden without a shred of bc in him. Manelli looks at me an him. This is going to be very we live through it. Especially f who is entirely responsible f ever he brings into the Unite

"You won't tell him, will y The Professor is now in a pleac "In a moment of largess, I Hertha here and Tina; they w United States." Little Herth up to the Professor and her pal wise, but they are not billing a They are only trying to get wa fessors must be very carefu reputations, understand? It wo fortunate if the newspapers ev of this and created certai ceptions in the minds of my c

"Why didn't you think of you were so full of largess?" I a bold myself. "Anyway, these of yours will be frozen specim we get them up forward. Besi Malone is going to know abou or later and he may have to n

"I wish you'd hurry and get over your cold before we get ours"

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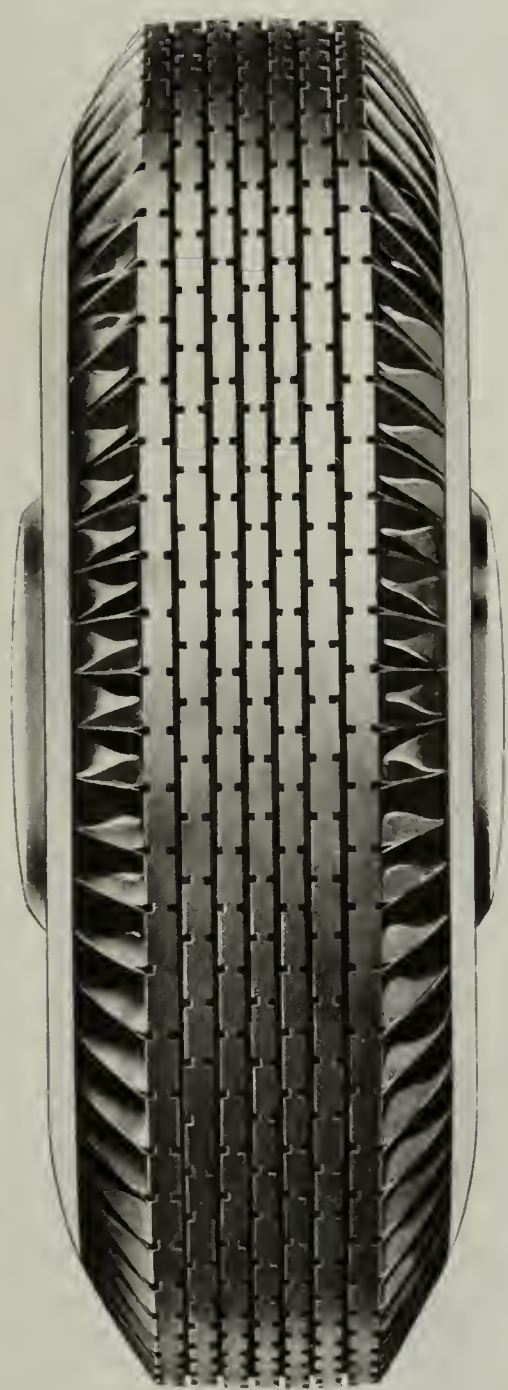

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new decision such as turning back to Iceland, because if the specimens haven't got a single paper, the immigration authorities will never let them in the United States of America without causing much hue and cry."

Now that several thousand pounds of rocks were no longer with us, things were going much better up in the cockpit. We are holding our altitude and gradually working past Greenland. In a little while we will be able to let down and get rid of our ice and look somewhat less like a frozen-food locker. As yet, I do not wish to distract Malone by telling him about the specimens who are now chattering away back in the crew compartment. But Malone is a very alert pilot with all his senses strictly up to CAA physical standards.

"I smell a woman," he says and wrinkles his nose suspiciously. It is true that although the specimens are back where Malone can't see them the perfume they are wearing is wafting through the ship like in some boudoir.

"You smell two women," I explain. "By names, Hertha and Tina. Do you want me to tell you the rest now or shall I save it until life is treating us better?"

"How did women get on this ship?" he demands. "We have no passenger list except for the Professor. What is going on here behind my back?" There is a slowly rising tone to Malone's voice usually heard by copilots who have no respect for the stress limitations of landing gears. I had always hoped he would use a little of that tone on Isabelle.

"It seems the Professor collected more than rocks in Iceland. I would have no opinion as to how valuable these specimens will be to history." Malone's voice goes a little higher.

"Do you have any idea what this means?" he says. "Does *anybody* have *any* idea?"

"Exactly, no. But isn't it possible you will become involved in some litigation?"

"I will become involved in more than that," says Malone. "For the reason that besides the regular radio message to Savage, I sent a cable to Isabelle stating our arrival time. It is more than likely she will meet us at the airport."

"Without a doubt you are concerned as to what Isabelle will think of this Hertha and Tina," I said, mouthing the obvious while I am searching throughout my mind for some means to comfort him. "Surely she will understand you have nothing to do with these girls whatsoever. Surely even Isabelle will not be so obtuse as to doubt the word of a professor?"

"Although she is most beautiful and wonderful, Isabelle can be very hasty and skeptical at times," he says.

After we finally land at Newark we taxi back up the runway very slowly. Not only is Savage standing there waiting, but of course Isabelle; and in addition a delegation of some kind in which are intermingled newspaper photographers and numerous men with beards not unlike the Professor's. I smelled calamity very strongly and I think Malone did too. I chopped off the inboard engines and except for the dying whine of the gyro instruments, the ship was quiet for the first time in fifteen hours.

"Now," says Malone with great weariness, "the roof will cave in."

I MISSED the first part of what might be called the massacre at the gate because I was busy setting the control locks and making final entries in the log book. When I finally climbed down from the ship, Malone was in the center of much confusion. The immigration inspectors were very unhappy about Hertha and Tina. They were waving their hands up and down and sidewise very rapidly.

The Professor was making out better. Various of the delegation were congratulating him, but their enthusiasm seemed to have affected his brain. Not once does he so much as mention Hertha and Tina, nor does he even recognize t istence. His popeyes have developed a blind spot to any anyone but the stones.

"Gentlemen! Colleagues!" nounces in that booming voic "Your greeting overwhelms me, thankful that nature has endo with the physical strength to p complete loss of our stones."

"History will reward you, P Van Hayden," says one of the Whilst they are unloading the st the Professor's friends are oh ahing over each one, and M arguing with the immigration in trying to keep them from placing in his custody, the newspaper raphers are very busy men. It se have been sent to take pictures o and the dim view they took of s ject matter has been change Hertha and Tina consented to s stones with their skirts pulled ab knees. And don't think nylons fashionable in Iceland. I must made the stones very, very intere deed. I am observing all th pleasure when Isabelle spies me the wing and comes running aro with the ball under her arm. O persons I do not wish to band with at this moment. Isabelle is It is useless to pretend I have j covered there is something the with the landing gear.

"WHO are these creatures?" in some excitement. "H they get on the airplane?" She sta Hertha and Tina with a look des give them a bad impression of A

"What creatures?" I inquire cently, trying to hide my head wheel well.

"You know very well what I'm about," says Isabelle. "Those gi seem to think they own this airpl the pilot too. There is somethi wrong here and if they are foreig like I think they are, someone sho tainly turn them over to the F think it is my patriotic duty . .

"Those are Hertha and Tina," rupt. "I cannot begin to pronoun last names since they are Icelande

"They don't look like Eskimos she says very haughtily. Even bred Isabelle is ignorant as to Icel

"Nevertheless, they are good fri this country."

"Much too good friends," sa belle. "I suppose Malone has be good-will tour on an iceberg for thirteen days and they are nieces c Eskimo ambassador?"

"They belong to the Professo found them under some stones."

"Then why does he say he just all along they were friends of the Why does he say these things right front of everybody?" Her lowe beginning to quiver.

"These are questions I cannot a What the Professor says is a p cation." At this point in our co tion bulb flashing begins. The new photographers have persuaded and Tina to throw their arms Malone making like he was their

"Action! Give it a lot of action, the cameramen yell. Hertha an oblige by kissing Malone many ti various parts of his face. It does very little good to push the girls aw the immigration officials are now ing because they think their pictu also be in the papers and thus th become characters of some importa their neighborhoods. The photogr are also laughing and Leo Sav standing off to one side doing co able laughing on his own. Two p Isabelle and Malone, are not lau Isabelle pulls me out of the wheel

"I'm leaving this disgusting bition," she says. "I have no t waste on a Bluebeard! You can te

ever, that Malone, that our is off for good. I do not care makes a stick of furniture since not keep his mind on it anyway —or ten girls for all I know—in t. I do not care if he keeps on ever. I do not care to see the n, if he can be called a man! finishes his bacchanalia, you m that!"

off in the night. My protest that ce is strictly circumstantial is rd, although I must confess I been a trifle slow in getting to t. It is peculiar how a few delay in mouthing certain words e a trip to the African Gold is not so peculiar that the news lle's displeasure reaches the rs of Leo Savage—and he also s into the night.

ONE finally caught up with Sav- the next afternoon while I am in e trying to steal International y so my applications for another ook pretty. Malone busts in the I throws the morning papers on desk. I have seen these papers distressed by them, but not so Malone. They are full of pic- him and Hertha and Tina, and the pictures is some very im- writing which says how Ma- suaded the girls to immigrate to as ambassadresses of good will, y are vivacious, and how no- ws what to do with them on ac- one can bear to break up such tic idea.

e resigns in numerous expressive fore Savage opens his mouth. When he is through, Savage's hands take off from the desk on a slow reconnaissance flight of the office.

"But it's wonderful publicity," he says. "International Airways is mentioned at least once in every one of those stories. Only the Professor is kicking because the stones aren't mentioned."

"Hang the Professor!" says Malone. "It's Isabelle I'm worried about. She won't even talk to me on the phone except to say our marriage could not take place even if we were the last two people left on earth by some atom bomb."

"I'm very sorry to hear that," Savage says. "Now, Crocker, I'll be glad to square you with Isabelle and you may depend on it that all will be honeysuckle and roses by tonight—but as a trusted friend, I must ask you for aid in return." The smile goes off Malone's face.

"Of what nature?" he asks.

"A flight of vital importance to the financial future of International leaves for the Gold Coast on Monday next. For this flight I am unable to obtain a suitable pilot."

"No!" Malone slams his fist on the desk. "Nothing doing!"

"Think of it, Crocker . . . the Gold Coast! Tom-toms beating in the sunlight. Planter's punches. A chance to bring home some of that Azores champagne. To be drunk at your wedding to Isabelle . . . a girl I would hate to see you lose!"

Which is why I and Malone are sitting here on the Gold Coast which is in the horse latitudes, swatting mosquitoes and hoping the natives don't beat the complete hell out of our laundry . . . and never, never mentioning professors.

THE END

CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Many glass bottles have very tiny holes in them, the magician lls his audience. These holes, he continues to explain, are so mi- ute that liquid cannot pass through them and they are invisible the eye. The only way that the holes can be discovered is by lowing against the glass, because the air, he assures his listeners, ill go through the holes. Picking up a bottle, the magician begins blow against its sides to test it for holes. After blowing on the ottle for some time, as he twists it around, he announces that he as located holes in the glass and, as often happens, two of the holes re directly opposite each other. If he wishes to make his story a it more elaborate, the magician may, with his fountain pen, put wo dots of ink on opposite sides of the bottle as indicating the po- tions of the holes. He offers to prove that air will pass through the ottle. For his demonstration he lights a match and holds it in the ir, then with the other hand holds the bottle in a direct line between he match flame and his puckered lips. The magician blows and he air puts out the flame of the match.

As designers of airplanes and automobile bodies know, and very ew other people realize, air naturally travels around a curved sur- ace. The yarn about the invisible holes in the bottle is told merely o give the spectators something to think about. When the magician lows against the curved surface of the bottle, the air will go right round the bottle and extinguish the flame just as readily as though he bottle were not held between the lips and the match.

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SO YOU WANT TO BE PRESIDEN

Continued from page 15

professor. He ought to know a lot about farming. He should have been an avid student of international affairs before going to the White House.

In other words, he should know something about every phase not only of American life, but of the economics and thoughts of the other nations in the world. And all this in addition to maintaining the best possible balance between the party platform on which he was elected, his own principles and the propriety of the moment.

At 10 A.M. the President talks with a Texas congressman who wants him to do something right away to stop the Mexican hoof-and-mouth disease from crossing the border. At 10:15 the Secretary of Labor comes in to discuss an impending strike. He wants the President to issue a statement.

At 10:30 a smiling Catholic bishop asks him to accept a degree from his school. And at 10:45 a Maine senator wants him to pose for pictures with the first Maine salmon catch of the season.

So it goes throughout the day, and often into the night. The telephone rings often. Calls come from only the most important people; a legislative leader reporting on the status of a major bill up in the House for vote, the party chairman asking approval of a prospective ambassador, the president of a huge industrial empire with an idea for labor-management peace.

Because of conferences and telephone calls, there are hundreds of papers to be signed, letters to be dictated, speeches to be written, reports to be read.

And all of this every day, every hour. Sometimes the paper work piles so high that a President has to take voluminous reports to bed with him. He reads until his mind is dizzy with facts and opinions; then thankfully, wearily, drops off to sleep.

The daily parade of people through the President's office with their hands figuratively outstretched makes some Chief Executives bitter, others callous, all of them tired.

President Cleveland once wrote a friend: "I am sick at heart and perplexed in brain. I almost think the professions of my friends are but the means they employ to accomplish personal, selfish ends. Henceforth I must have no friends."

Mr. Truman discovered to his sorrow that a President has to eliminate a certain type of "friend" as rapidly as he is acquired. The day after he became President, he heard that a close friend and former associate had printed business cards immediately, pointing out an earlier connection with the Truman War Investigating Committee of the Senate. This particular man had a chance for a big job in the Truman Administration until the President discovered that he had commercialized on his contact.

The Most-Sought-After Job

Still, the lure of being President knows no equal in this country. Men suffer extreme indignities and even the threat of poverty to seek the job. The main attraction, of course, is prestige; the impetus, a love of power. A President may be completely hamstrung by an opposition Congress, but he still has unmatched national power, crowds still turn out in city streets to cheer him and he always feels an almost holy sense of responsibility to the nation, whether his fulfillment of that responsibility is bungling or masterful.

Anyone planning to run for President might be well advised to put this sort of advertisement in the papers: "Wanted: Mature man, educated, witty, politically smart, pleasant personality, loyalty, to serve as senior secr worth $100,000 a year but can $10,000. Must be willing to w 15 hours daily, including nights off or vacations. But travel c Be prepared to take much blar criticism and ridicule. Should tience capable of listening to of complaints. Ability to say lutely necessary."

Which is an approximate id duties and responsibilities of t House secretariat today.

The top man in the White Ho tariat is the front man, the ha the so-called appointment or s retary. This is not to diminish t tance of his other colleagues, s press secretary or the couns President. But it is a simple aside from seniority, the top se the man who makes the Presi gagements, sees that they run on and, even more important, se best of his ability that the the Chief Executive is not wast wrong people.

Secretary Works Long H

He is literally the ringmaste daily show that revolves aro President's office.

The mechanics of the secreta are simple, but strenuous. Whe Aubrey Hastings went to work f dent Hoover, he asked an old- the staff what the office hou "From 7 A.M. till midnight, ex nights when we work late," he

Almost equal hours are worke President's press secretary. The p retary must be on duty day a because we, the people, must kn must know from day to day President weighs and how he is We must know the size of his s the condition of his stomach. longs to us.

The people know the size of the color of his pajamas. If he late the night before and comes looking a little puffy around t Richard Doe in Seattle knows an hour that the President is strain.

Yes, we, the people, know. W who's courting his daughter. If two successive dates with the sa they're engaged. If his son go night club, we know before dayli many drinks he had, what he sa girl friend and how much he tip attendant in the washroom.

We not only read and hear t we see it too. If the President goe ming outside the White House p click of the press camera blends the gentle roll of the waves, the the newsreel shutter sings with the in the palms.

And when he fishes, the telepho winks at him from not far awa flash bulb, the typewriter and the phone are always at his side. As Mr. Roosevelt once blurted out in of tortured resentment against his a goldfish bowl, "The reporters a tographers will never be satisfie they follow me to the bathroom."

Between the public and the Pres a middleman who in these times is as the White House press secreta unhappy job is trying to keep the represented by the reporters and p raphers, and the President pacifi pleased. The right kind of twent hour publicity on everything a Pr does has become requisite to his p survival.

If there is any man around the House who should NOT be a yes

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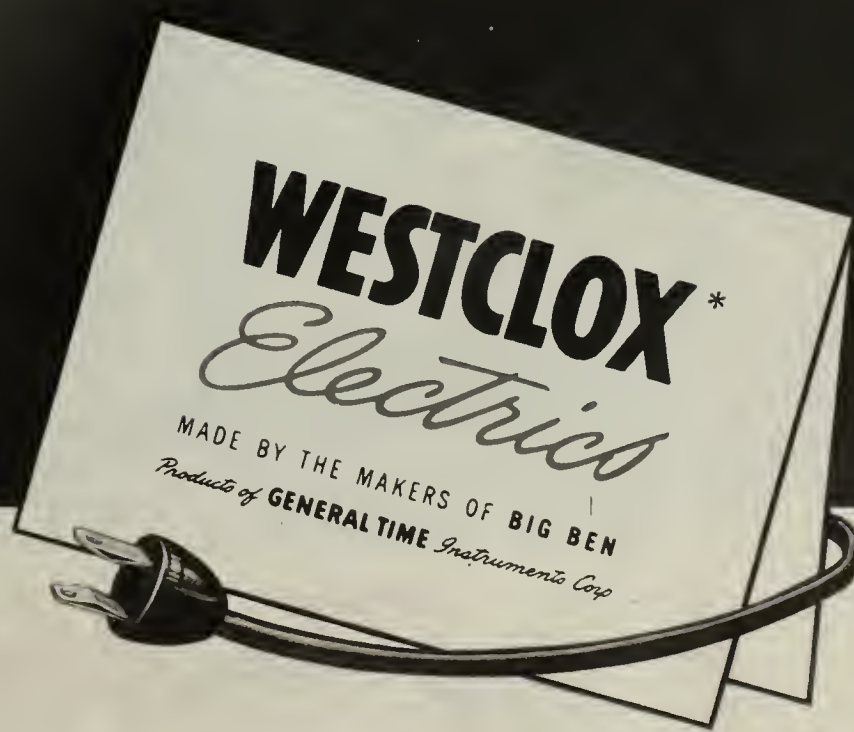

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The New Hudson

ss :cretary. Steve Early in open ·ences would on occasion r. Roosevelt while he was would whisper in the Presi- Mr. Roosevelt would then arms and say, "Well, Steve wrong; that it didn't happen I have to accept Steve's ver- s . . ."

r against which a press secre- ard constantly is having his temper in front of reporters, ow angry they may make

ortly after some newspapers stories about his daughter ich he found highly annoy- conference of correspond-

s you as Woodrow Wilson e President," he said.

ed to the reports about his d then said sharply, "This . . The next time, I shall do ther indignant father would nch the man who prints it in

Mr. Truman went even fur- ilson in denouncing one of leading columnists to his ning to beat him physically d anything more about the bers of his family.

ent Wilson said, any father dignant over gossip printed laughter. But what he and ents forget is that the mo- ake the oath of office, they hether they want to or real- ally all vestiges of privacy. hey lose their privacy, so do their immediate family. It is but true. It is a situation many Presidents on public efore they leave the White

he President's toughest jobs esult of the flood of mail that the White House every day. it comes in at a rate of five and letters a day. Each letter contents noted and disposed one of a number of official Only an infinitesimal percent- letters addressed to him are y modern President.

many of the replies sent out by the White House are merely form letters signed by a member of the staff. At the same time, many with the President's signature are not written by him. But the White House for many years has not duplicated his signature. A member of the staff will draft a letter for his signature, but no one ever signs his name for him. Consequently, a President has to write his name hundreds of times a day. Mr. Truman estimates that he puts his signature on paper, parchment and pictures more than two hundred times every twenty-four hours.

This actually amounts to a lot of valuable time wasted because many of the papers requiring Presidential signature could well be signed by some other official of the government. The President, for instance, still has to sign the commissions issued to all regular officers of the armed forces, and all government officials whose posts require commissions.

President Taft said the signing of commissions was "the greatest manual duty the President has to perform."

The Ever-Present Fear of Assassination

But one of the toughest beatings the President takes is psychological. It must be a horrible feeling to stand in front of a large crowd and know that at any moment someone might whip out a gun and fire at you.

There you are, the President. The applause is deafening as you rise to speak. You try to smile and nod graciously. The ball park is jammed and you can see thousands of hands clapping vigorously.

Immediately in front of the platform where you, the President, stand, you see three serious young men. Each has his right hand in his topcoat pocket, and you know that his hand is gripped around the butt of a .38 pistol. They look not at you but at the people.

These three men are on your side. They'll give their lives to save yours. Far back in the ball park you can see similar young men with their right hands pocketed. Their eyes rove restlessly from person to person. Hawklike, they watch every motion of the crowd. You realize, too, that behind you are standing some

"That's where Pop and I saw the ball game Saturday—"

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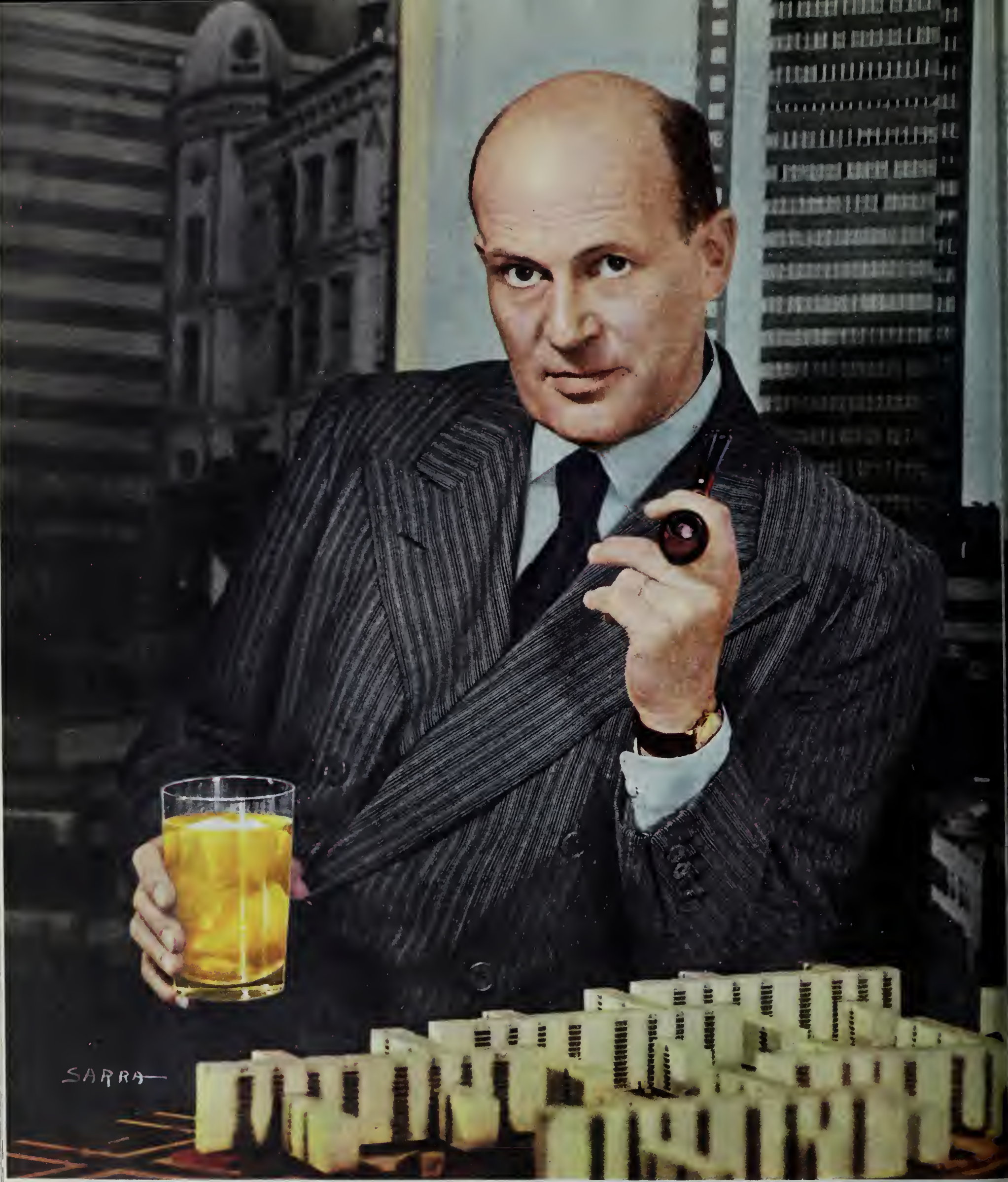

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hots in the world, ready to evolvers in your defense.
ok at these alert agents of States Secret Service, your ctors, your mind may go words of one of your prede-

sident Taft who once said, is determined to kill a Presi- willing to give up his life for rotection will save him."
ecret Service agents assigned ent went to the White House uard Teddy Roosevelt. The te House detail consisted of During the recent war, the gents on the White House eaped to seventy. Now the trength of between fifteen prevails again.
t Service detail is augmented e White House police force s all the gates to the grounds es to the house and offices ht.
protected are modern Pres- they sometimes are irritated nce of the SS men. When a comes President, his first re- e Secret Service men usually prise, which often turns into Most Presidents, however, gned eventually to the quiet who are never more than a y at any hour of the day or

t the door of his office. An- at a point of easy control in y between the house proper ce. Agents also are scattered rest of the establishment, l the entrances and checking ey come and go.

Service Always on Job

President leaves the White gent rides in the car with him. ident walks, one agent and e walk a few steps behind special Secret Service car al- instantaneous call.
everywhere a President goes, the Secret Service go with

ple could not stand the star- dent takes when he leaves the se. I don't see how he gets out of parties when most of the other guests spend a great portion of the evening gaping at him. The worst example of this I ever saw occurred shortly after Mr. Truman became President. With his wife and daughter, he went to a party given at the Mayflower Hotel by the American Newspaper Women's Club. The Presidential family stood in a reception line for about an hour. Then the club officers escorted them to a box at the side of the ballroom. It would not have been so bad if there had been other boxes, as at the theater or a concert. But theirs was the only one.

That "On-Display" Feeling

When they were seated, the other guests crowded around the entrance to the box and just stood, staring. The Trumans stared back. It was horribly like a livestock auction where the prospective buyers gather around the animals before the bidding begins.

I walked up to the edge of the crowd. The President saw me and crooked a beckoning finger.

"We certainly are on display, aren't we?" he said with a laugh. Then he started talking about something else.

The thing that impressed me was that he was not mad.

Periods of war naturally restrict the movements of a President as in the cases of Wilson, F.D.R. and Mr. Truman. But history seems to prove that if a Chief Executive wants more opportunity to move about Washington without attracting much attention, he should go out more often.

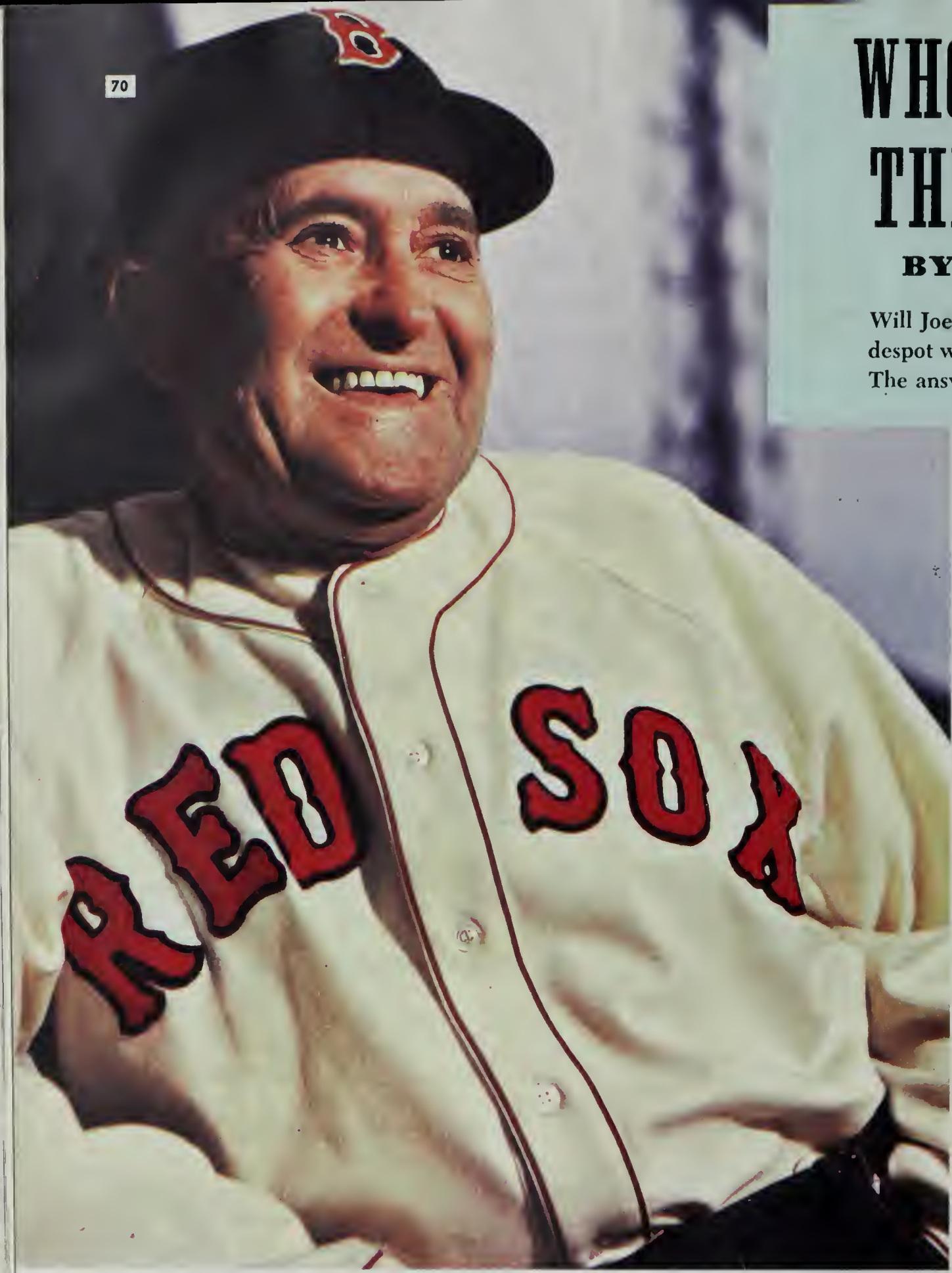
Undoubtedly if a President could be seen frequently about the city, he would attract less attention. And the problem would be simpler for the Secret Service because fewer people would be drawn to him in public if there's not much novelty in seeing him.

The way things are now, a President would cause a traffic jam if he walked from the White House to one of the near-by stores to buy a tie or some handkerchiefs. If he tried to go to the theater without a heavy guard and much advance planning, he'd be hopelessly mobbed by autograph seekers. His answer is to stay home most of the time.

So you think you'd like to be President, eh?

THE END

"I think they should do something to prevent the spread of Communism in Russia" JOHN MILLIGAN



Though a strict disciplinarian, Joe McCarthy knows when to go easy on baseball's problem children

WHO WILL RUN THE RED SOX?

BY MILTON GROSS

Will Joe McCarthy try to play the dugout despot with temperamental Ted Williams? The answer can add to pennants or chaos

BEMUSED Boston is under the misapprehension, now that Joe McCarthy has emerged from his pastoral retirement and come into its life, that two situations of enduring significance are sure to develop:

One, Ted Williams will become a chastened character or he will be chased out of Fenway Park by, said Mr. McCarthy and, two, Mr. McCarthy's mystic qualities as a manager guarantee that Red Sox pennants will flow through the Hub as steadily as the River Charles.

It should be made clear that these are pure hypotheses. That bright new world, for which the cornerstone presumably was laid when the man who is known as Marse Joe succeeded Joe Cronin as Red Sox manager, will continue to have the same old gimmicks in it.

Cronin, an amiable Irishman who babied Williams, did as well last year as he could be expected to do when strong arms belonging to Pitchers Tex Hughson, Dave Ferriss and Mickey Harris became spavined.

McCarthy, a sixty-one-year-old introverted Irishman with an acidulous personality that vaguely resembles an unripe persimmon, will do no better unless he receives substantial assistance from the front office or discovers a new source of corpuscular energy with which to revitalize this trio of aching arms.

These are undeniable propositions. They were pointed up by the haste with which the Red Sox rushed into the market place hardly a month after Joe transferred his genius to Boston. In the biggest deal engineered by the Red Sox in recent years, McCarthy secured Pitcher Jack Kramer and long-ball hitting infielder Vern Stephens from the Browns for seven players and cash. Bill DeWitt of St. Louis described the cash as "a substantial amount."

McCarthy is a good manager. But he's no better than any other manager with good material. How successful he'll be without the aid and comfort of an aged-in-the-Weiss farm system, such as produced a steady flow of outstanding Yankee players Joe led to eight pennants and seven World Series titles, is something that interests all obs

Among these are Tom Yawkey, who'll h open his wallet far beyond the $100,000 mar paying McCarthy to win pennants in the ne years. Another with more than academic i is Jimmy Dykes, formerly of the White Sox once characterized McCarthy as a push-b manager.

Either of these gentlemen may have to eat for his next Thanksgiving dinner. One th certain, however. Williams will not be one courses served at this ignominious fare.

McCarthy is a practical man. He knows on side his bread is buttered with base hits. Th that he has always been connected with a n league team that owned gobs of money and wa ing to spend same for replacements proves tha

You don't find replacements for Williams under mulberry bushes, however. McCarthy fully aware of this as he is of the fallacious d gossip that Williams either will knuckle und be traded.

Through the years McCarthy has been pictur some sort of baseball Buddha before whose s altar all his players had to prostrate them Characters, individualists, rowdies and maling so the story goes, could not play for McCarth

Problem Players Who Had to Be Humore

This is sheer nonsense. McCarthy never away a problem child who had talent without ting his equal in return. He traded Johnny Alle received Monte Pearson and Steve Sundra for and Pearson, incidentally, was one of the ga outstanding hypochondriacs. Lefty Gomez w pliable infant, but he threw hard and McC gave him a loose halter. Babe Ruth wasn't a to telling off his manager. But McCarthy was enough to prescribe no rules for Ruth, who li thoroughly unfettered existence. So did I Wilson.

The point is, Joe may be a strict disciplina but not for the men who keep his genius c from going askew on his head.

Williams, therefore, will continue to go ha coatless, tieless and hitless into left if he so de and despite Joe's aversion to half-dressed pla Ted will sulk occasionally, pop off sporadically gambol on the green lackadaisically. He also remain the most feared and best hitter in base

Personality pitfalls still exist, though, and in are the elements of an eruption which can Boston quivering like a hot bass fiddle string.

McCarthy is reluctant with compliments. Cr who virtually reared Williams from an insolent knew when to apply the soft soap. He left Willi alone when he thought it was necessary. At o times he called him Teddy boy and asked him al his new fly rod or rifle.

When Williams belted a pitch through the fish defense used against him, Cronin was the firs shake his left fielder's hand and remind him wh great hitter he is.

If you asked Joe why he permitted William disregard the wide open spaces in left absolu begging for two and three bases on push hits, Cr answered with remarkable candor, "You k what kind of a kid Ted is. He feels that shift challenge to him and he's going to prove he's ter than it."

Williams will grow a long gray beard be

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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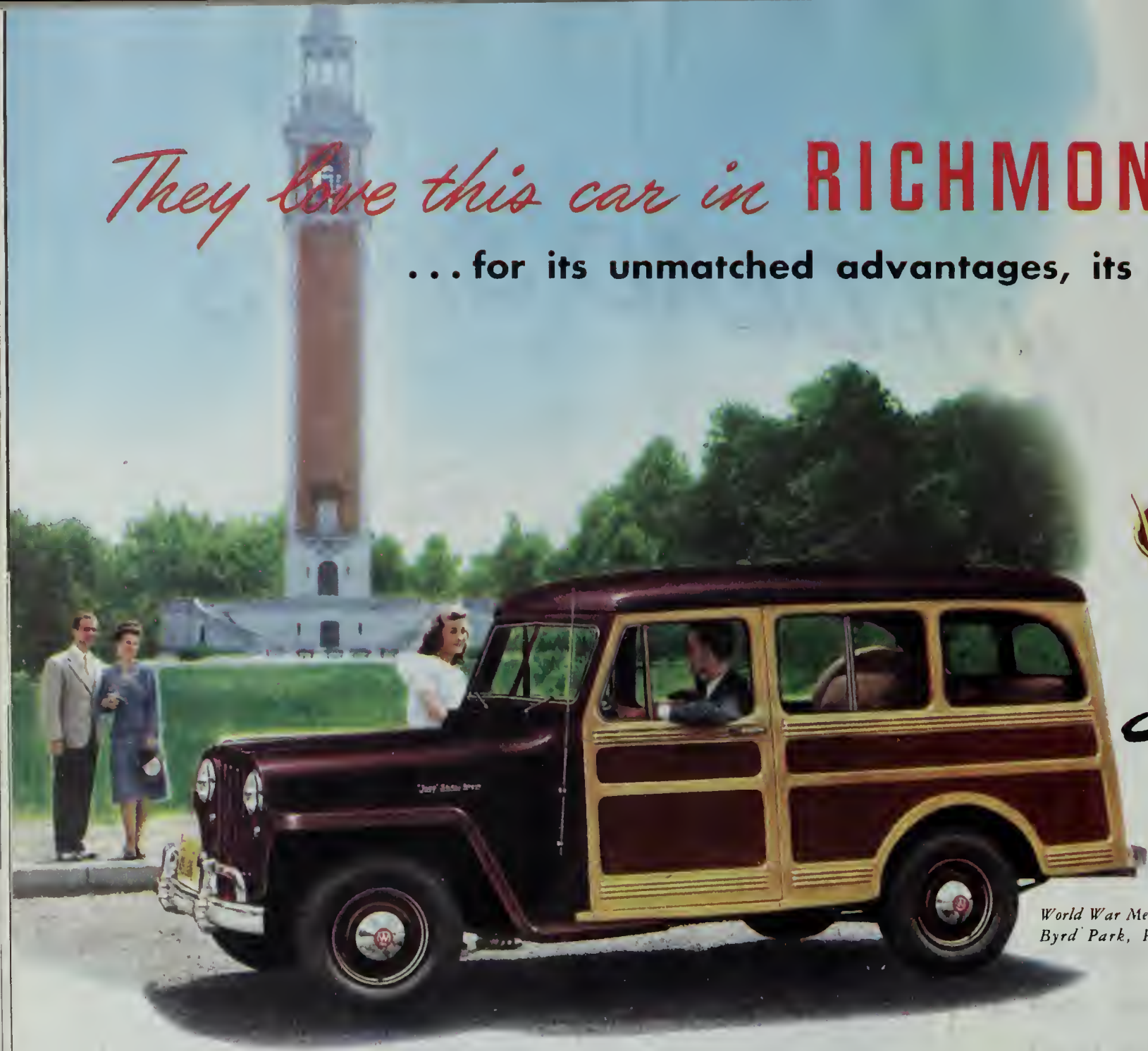

World War Memorial Tower in Byrd Park, Richmond, Va.

'Jeep

Station Wa

WITH ALL STEEL BODY AN

"Conforto e utilidade," says the Brazilian. "Comfort, usefulness *and* safety," echoes North America. In a dozen languages "Jeep" Station Wagon owners praise the smooth riding qualities, practical utility and low running cost of the first station wagon with an all-steel body and top. They like its roomy body, extra large windows, its road-leveling front-wheel suspension.

The world over, people are finding that the "Jeep" Station Wagon more fully meets a variety of needs . . . and for good reasons —

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MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

The famous Sugar Loaf at Rio de Janeiro looks down on "Jeep" Station Wagon.

art pats his head, calls him Teddy or iscusses rifles, fishing rods or ux.

ne was with the Yankees, the s lled him mister and respected r s grasp of his business, but Mc- ver allowed any of them to get him. He was a dugout despot sted on an impersonal player- e elationship. Joe kept his men at gth. It was impossible to ap- m as an equal. Rookies feared heir problems to him, and vet- b ame aware that McCarthy con- d s only job was to win ball games ct as a wailing wall.

yers who came up through the arm system were geared to Joe's They were well paid and if y had a rule that no man could the locker room before or after well, he shaved at home.

he notable exception of some ng stars for whom rules were they were content to take Joe's eccentricities because, after all, e the ones who picked up the ries checks even as they were collecting the base hits.

figured the checks were more e than a few kind words from they conceded readily, even be- ning the pennant last season, cleared social atmosphere was asant under Bucky Harris than d been under McCarthy.

Carthy Reluctant to Praise

difficult at times to appreciate y's prejudices. One evening aring some of his players dis- golf outside the Yankees' St. rg, Florida, training hotel, he away from the group wonder- d what had happened to the days seball players talked baseball.

ame season McCarthy switched Stirnweiss from second to third e did a surprisingly good job at miliar base, but newspapermen with the club wanted Mc- opinion on his performance.

can't he play third base?" Mc- sneered. "Anybody can. It's st position in the infield. Bluege t for years with Washington and crossed his legs."

eiss was one of McCarthy's fa- but Joe adamantly refused to a few kind words in his behalf. t surprising. In 1941, when Joe io hit in 56 straight games for a cord, afternoon newspapermen y had exhausted every angle of the story by the time he hit the forties.

When DiMaggio reached Willie Keeler's 44-year-old mark by hitting safely in his 44th consecutive game, reporters sought an expression of opinion from his manager.

"Nuts!" McCarthy responded. "I got lots of records. What do they mean?"

When the interviewers persisted, McCarthy said, "He's great. Everybody knows it. What do you want me to say it for?"

Although he was pampered and protected in New York by newspapermen who had an abiding interest in the game, McCarthy regarded them as parasitic busybodies. He resented their questions and, if he answered at all, did so in a nagging voice that clearly reflected his reluctance to reveal any news. He was suspicious of any question and most questioners.

He grunted his observations, and if a newspaperman asked him to repeat them, McCarthy made it obvious the scribe didn't know much about baseball anyway, so why bother? You always left an interview with McCarthy with the depressed feeling he considered the game was not a matter of public interest.

This is a peculiar attitude for a man who is reported to have a fortune estimated at a half million, all of which came out of the buck tens left at the ticket wicket.

On a September day in 1942 when the Yankees were so close to clinching the pennant they could have reached out and touched it with their bats, Arthur (Red) Patterson of the Herald Tribune took a seat in the dugout next to McCarthy, who was observing infield practice.

Directly behind Patterson came Coach Art Fletcher, who handed McCarthy a line-up blank for the day's game. Joe started to inscribe the players' names, but shoved the card behind his back, suddenly whirled on Patterson and snapped, "How can a man get his work done around here with everybody sticking his nose where it doesn't belong?"

The sequel to this story is that Patterson later was hired by Larry MacPhail as the Yankees' traveling secretary and publicity man. It was his difficult duty to drain drops of news from McCarthy.

Because Joe was inordinately successful with this approach to a free press in New York, it's unlikely he contemplates any change now. If he doesn't, the power and the patience of the Boston press, which devotes itself breathlessly, frenetically and sometimes vitriolically to the Red Sox will be sorely tried.

Boston sports reporters may not have

"Remember, gentlemen, there is no basis as yet for over-optimism. The entire thing is still in the laboratory stage"

GARDNER REA

There's STYLE NEWS *in Men's Slacks*

Solid colors are top choice this season. Newest comer is a silvery-grey. Good in both flannel and gabordine. Best worn with patterned grey jackets or plain blue flannel blazer. Combine perfectly with textured leather, crepe-soled moccasins.

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There's style news in RAND *shoes!*

M-M-M, WHAT STYLE, as a glance below will tell you. And there are plenty more like it in the new Rand line for spring. Shoes designed with a fresh newness . . . and built with fine leathers to give you long wear and slipper-like fit. See your Rand dealer soon and treat your feet to a pair of these gRand value* shoes.

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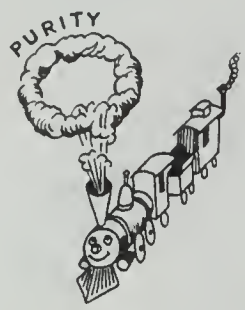
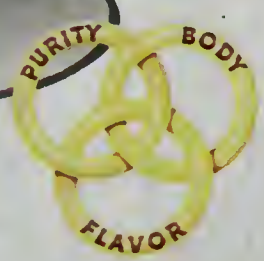


PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS...

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE...

OR IN EVERY GLASS...

PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS...



AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE...

ed he second guess, but they've ly refined it to an incisive art. Win Green, who had been with d ox upward of twenty years, was s le team's trainer in November, ceed his first taste of ink that is d ith wormwood. Eddie Froelich, McCarthy hired in Green's place, pale, experienced, likable trainer. iters treated Win's replacement g case of patricide.

n Boston writer sits down he puts urs before opening his type- e. There is Dave Egan, for le He is the columnist for the l, or which he swings a telling Egan is a man of courage and ns. When the Red Sox won pennant in twenty years in Ein played a steady poison-pen o their skulls.

Finnegan of the American is who has been known to work into something approaching a enzy. Huck is naturally of an ic bent on the subject of Boston A Finnegan once snubbed or McCarthy would write a vow to pick at Joe's hide with the ness of a man cleaning a chicken his teeth.

make little difference to Huck thy wins or loses; Huck's quill arpened and ready to do battle. McCarthy practices the amiable the only sports-page reading he heart is the averages tabulated type. This would be a com- trait, if true. Actually, Mc- nows reasonably well which ortray him as a visitation from and which are moved occasion- eat out his brains.

ton, McCarthy also will have to with the newly aroused public enthusiasm for the Braves, who e making serious motions in the of the National League pen-

Southworth, their manager, is major-league pilot who owns a n-and-lost percentage than Mc- n seven years with the Cardinals with the Braves, Southworth mpiled a .618 mark. McCarthy, ears with the Cubs and sixteen Yankees, has .614.

e this enviable record McCarthy r a graceful winner nor a good n the occasion of more than one elebration, Joe has told off cer- spapermen who didn't treat him ectives becoming his record.

act is, Joe can't abide criticism or even conversation on a losing day, as innumerable players, waiters, bartenders, Pullman porters, hotel maids, fans and writers have discovered to their humiliation.

McCarthy even refuses to take spring-training defeats lightly. After an exhibition loss to the Braves in Fort Lauderdale some seasons back, a waiter attempted to make small talk about that afternoon's depressing activities. "You take care of the food around here and I'll take care of the ball games," McCarthy snarled.

Joe a Hard Loser

A disconsolate, lonely man with small grace for conversation, the whimsies or vagaries of life, McCarthy regards every bad break as a personal affront. When his club isn't going right he takes refuge in insolence and insulting remarks.

One murky day in Cleveland in May, 1946, either defeat or dyspepsia was getting him down. He spent pregame practice riding his own players, but once the game had started he couldn't stand the saddle being transferred to his own back.

A spectator seated in a box seat just to the right and slightly ahead of the Yankee dugout was enjoying a fine old time exercising his fan's prerogative of needling McCarthy.

McCarthy had special police summoned and ordered them to shut up the fan or throw him out.

One of McCarthy's first official acts with the Red Sox was to release Bill Zuber to Louisville. McCarthy obtained Bill for the Yankees in a trade with the Senators in 1943. During wartime, Zuber was adequate. Came the end of the war and the inevitable separation of men from boys, and this May, 1946, Cleveland game—McCarthy's last game as manager of the Yankees.

Zuber threw a home-run ball. It was not the longest, but it certainly was the most effective homer ever struck because it not only defeated the Yankees but also drove McCarthy to his bed of pain and into retirement.

This was the situation: The Yankees went into the ninth inning trailing 3-1, on May 20, 1946, at League Park, where the right-field fence can be reached with one short hop on a pogo stick. Nick Etten's second homer of the game and one by Bill Dickey over the beckoning barrier put the Yankees back in the running.

Zuber got the Indians' first hitter on a ground ball. With two strikes on Ken Keltner he threw one outside. The left-field fence is a long-distance call from

"It must have been the price of something I ate" KIRK

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home plate. Keltner really would have had to catch an inside pitch solidly to make it go all the way. He punched at the pitch, hit it over the right-field fence, and the ball game and McCarthy were gone.

Joe remained in the dugout working himself up to a rage long after the field and the stands had cleared. That evening he became ill. He failed to appear on the field the following day. The next evening the Yankees left for Detroit. The following day McCarthy had to be taken to his farm just outside of Buffalo. Two days later in Boston, MacPhail announced Joe's resignation and Dickey as the new manager. A few weeks later Zuber was sold to the Red Sox.

It could be that Zuber personified to McCarthy the fretful war years when the Yankees who could hit, run and throw harder than any others in baseball were in service. The Yankees finished third in 1944, fourth in 1945, and were six games behind the leading Red Sox but apparently going nowhere when Joe quit in 1946.

After so many years of being on top, McCarthy had developed into a perfectionist. He had come up to manage the Cubs after a lifetime in the bushes. He had dug grounders out of the rock fields of Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and points worse. He had racked his body on the bus circuit and punished his digestive system in one-armed eating joints.

The nearest Joe had come to the big leagues as an infielder was a Federal League contract with Brooklyn. The outfit folded before McCarthy could join it.

After all that when he came up from Louisville in 1926, the haphazard pattern of the minors became anathema to him. He developed into a meticulous, demanding man.

The Yankee farm system, however, dried up during the war. It couldn't produce anything but such mediocrities as Joe Buzas, Mike Milosevich, Bud Metheny, Russ Derry, Mike Garbark and Monk Dubiel. The sight of them in Yankee suits was more than Joe's soul could stand.

Of course, MacPhail's public and private pronouncements hastened McCarthy's decision to end it all. But when McCarthy decided he couldn't win with the culls he had on hand, he lost interest in the proceedings. Once during this period, first baseman Nick Etten and McCarthy were tossed out of a game. "What the hell, Nick!" Joe said with resignation. "They'll probably do better without us out there."

To a certain extent McCarthy was correct. Operating under the same malignant MacPhailian influence, the Yankees, without McCarthy, did last season what he did not think they could do the one before. To be sure, Harris received effective pitching from Frank Shea, Allie Reynolds and Joe Page. He also had a DiMaggio, who bore a striking resemblance to the aggressive young man who helped McCarthy win six pennants.

Last year was Shea's first regular season with the Yankees. He did, however, spend a few days with them in the early part of 1946. McCarthy's greeting to Frank, who came into the dugout with his cap twisted to the side of his head, was, "Straighten that hat. You're a ballplayer, not a clown."

Harris didn't seem to mind if Shea wanted to be a buffoon, mimic and dressing-room laugh producer. As a by-product, Shea also won fourteen games during the season and two in the World Series.

Pitcher Victim of Verbal Outburst

McCarthy's last words to Page also are remembered by the Yankees, who made an extra $6,000 in the World Series, because Harris had the presence of mind to turn Page into a relief pitcher, and Page had the presence of body to participate in fifty-six games, twenty-eight of which the Yankees won with Joe in there at the end. This, of course, was before he hamstrung the Dodgers in the deciding Series game.

Had McCarthy remained with the Yankees a few days longer than he did, however, Harris would not have had Page at all.

On the plane trip to Detroit, which was to be McCarthy's last with the team, McCarthy gave Page a tongue-lashing that embarrassed everybody who heard it. He indicated clearly that Page was going back to the minors, but the pitcher didn't seem to think that was a fate worse than death. He was too chagrined at having been dressed down publicly.

It will be interesting to note this summer what effect their last meeting will have on their next one. Will McCarthy's managerial genius be able to counteract Page's fast ball? If it does it will be the first time in the history of baseball that mind won out over matter.

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

"I wish the rest of you boarders were as co-operative as Alfred is. He never stands around gabbing after the dinner bell's been rung"

COLLIER'S

THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND

Continued from page 19

-wise) has been in the mid- re is also a large, loud and vative segment in the Far is still growing. Eighty-five the grangers operate "family- , and a majority of them principal income from dairy-

ing the backs of this kind of , the Grange is occasionally int with other farm groups. Bureau Federation—largest but including some members farmers—is strongest among otton growers and Middle in growers and cattle feeders; ' Union is much smaller, and iefly in the Dakotas, Kansas ka; and the National Council s' Co-operatives represents rprises rather than individ-

sed "Scarcity" Theory

here the Grange stands, the nion sometimes seems "just a " The Grange also thinks the au Federation was wrong in the "economy of scarcity" the 1930s, under which pigs ntered and crops plowed un- tect prices. Actually, though, to Grange leaders, the "Big n lobbies agree perfectly on out of ten.

f the things the Grange has are pretty much taken for day—rural free delivery, par- ostal savings banks. Some- shing for farmers, the Grange others' toes. It has supported of discriminatory laws regu- taxing the sale of oleomarga- sibly to "protect the dairy gainst the unfair competition ubstitutes."

ave called it bluenosed for its outlaw the sale of cigarettes in nd for its more recent support tion. It is against the union- farm labor. Being chiefly an n of landed proprietors, it ap- oncerned about one crisis on e desperate plight of migratory ers, as documented last year in series by Howard Whitman. It kedly content to enjoy govern- orted floors under farm prices mes, but opposes ceilings on way items as wheat in times esent.

naybe we ought to own up to th Carolina granger conceded armers probably don't fight or business any more'n the chamber of commerce fight

ses farm subsidies, believing pply and demand are out of better all around to subsidize s, bringing into the market peo- herwise would have to do with- s fought land exploitation by rmers, such as those in the who have brought on the a new dust bowl by plowing f acres of grazing lands to cash wheat bonanza. It lobbied for Food and Drug Act, the Wool Labeling Act and the Packers yards Act—all protections for

certainly been a big factor in its own members in soil con- crop diversification and other s calculated to help your kid- ours in the maintenance of eat- abit.

now the Grange is looking knows its members are under With facilities, acreages and n way up during and since the war, what's going to happen if foreign relief or domestic consumption suddenly turns normal? Will farmers find themselves overextended?

With that in mind the Grange has been plumping for three "lines of defense" against another farm-price disaster like the one that followed World War I. These are:

1. Improving the distribution and merchandising of farm products, to "push" plentiful items while conserving scarce ones;

2. Government-fixed "flexible floors" under farm prices, to control production and profit by offering higher or lower percentages of an accepted parity;

3. A government-operated "stop loss" program to prevent panic-inspired short-term fluctuations in prices.

Putting these across is the problem of the national officials and staff experts who occupy two floors of the eight-story, $292,000 Grange Building in Washington, D. C. Albert S. Goss, re-elected a few months ago for his fourth two-year term as national master and J. T. Sanders, legislative counsel, are the outfit's registered lobbyists. Fred Bailey, an ex-United Press reporter, hands them some adroit assists behind the scenes.

Both the Grange and the Farm Bureau Federation, according to several Washingtonians we talked to, are now so well entrenched that farm-bloc congressmen frequently *come to them* for opinions and even for assistance in research and bill drafting—a situation that must make other lobbyists as jealous as sophomores on junior prom night. As evidence of Grange eminence, its entire annual Program for Agriculture has been inserted in the Congressional Record at public expense every year for many years by some farm-minded lawmaker, most often by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas.

The Grange has no trouble with the Department of Agriculture, either. Its only problem has been to make sure that it has as much inside track in the Department as the Farm Bureau Federation, since Henry Wallace put on pretty much of a Farm Bureau show there.

In this healthy atmosphere the Grange is aware of, but definitely not self-conscious about, its members' recent economic gains.

If you mention high food prices, Goss points out that foreign relief has a direct bearing on prices and that people here are simply eating more and better than ever before.

To see what all this means to individual grangers, we looked in on North Carolina, where in each of the past two years the Grange has made its greatest organizational gains.

A Bit Chesty of Accomplishments

Sandwiched between Virginia and South Carolina, the 500-mile-wide Tarheel State has been called "a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit." We didn't find it that way. The grangers we saw in the heart of the Piedmont country were cocky about the organization's accomplishments and content with their own.

The impression they dished up is that a good state organization does grangers about as much good as the national order does. In North Carolina, for example, it was largely instrumental in having a general sales tax substituted for the state land tax in 1931; then it helped to get such items as seeds and fertilizers exempted from the sales tax. Ungenerous city people claim that the farmers thus sneaked out from under a fair share of taxation, but the grangers are happy.

They're even happier about the state's Rural Electrification Act—passed in

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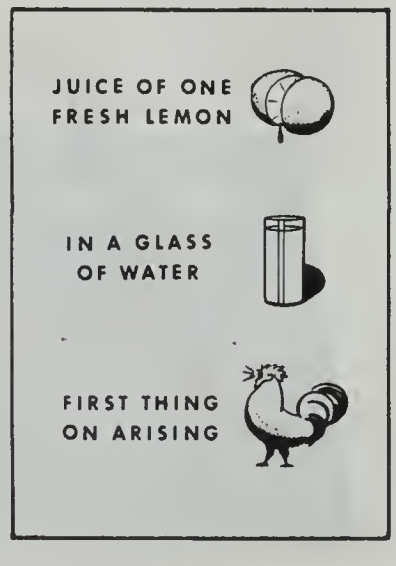
Keep regular this healthful way

Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalinize, aid digestion. And lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, is all that most people need for prompt, *normal* elimination.

Lemon in water is not a purgative. It simply helps your system *regulate itself*. Not too sharp or sour, it has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try lemon in water yourself! Give it time to establish regularity for you.



California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

LEMON in WATER

—first thing on arising

1935 a few months before the similar federal statute, and after four years of Grange outcry for it. At that time only 12,000 farms in the state had electricity, as compared with 160,000 now. And thanks to a 1945 amendment (also backed by the Grange) telephones on the state's farms have increased from 12,000 to 50,000.

Fire and liability insurance companies are operated under state Grange auspices. It helped organize the Farmers' Co-operative Exchange Association, which runs co-op stores for grangers and other farmers; the Flue-Cured Tobacco Stabilization Corporation, which helps farmers get government loans on crops by providing grading and storage facilities; and the North Carolina Milk Producers' Federation, which, with the Grange's own Milk Committee, represents dairy farmers in dickering with distributors.

In other states, we were given to understand by Harry Caldwell, the state master, you'd find comparable accomplishments. And with no trace of Tarheel humility he also made it clear that these things, formal-sounding as they are, are the everyday stuff of a farmer's full life.

"It's nice to think of farmers loving the smell of fresh-turned earth and the sound of homing herds in the afternoon," he said, "but they'd love a good parity formula better!"

But price-support plans and self-advancement are not all. For the Grange is also a secret fraternal order. Somewhat like the Masonic Order, the Grange has degrees, its highest being the seventh. More than 150,000 members are seventh-degree patrons.

Sponsors Varied Activities

And there are local activities like this: One Grange, co-operating with the Future Farmers of America, conducts what it calls a calf-feeding project. Any boy in the community, whether or not his family is associated with the Grange, can participate. It works this way: A granger buys a Hereford calf, and then turns it over to the boy, who feeds and cares for it until the following October, when it is sold at the Baby Beef Show. Then the granger gets back his money and the boy gets the profit—as much as $125 per calf last year. This year 21 boys are participating. The sponsors think it's likely to make those boys better farmers—and the grangers themselves better people.

Another thing the Grange means is something almost too simple to describe. It's a place to go; something farmers, isolated and hard- they are, that's no small ma Granges meet weekly, most b a few monthly. The meeting are inspirations. Activities and between them are an e in living.

No Grange would wind u night without some kind Sometimes there's just ca cream, but another time the w hams and chickens, pies and it's all the fun of a county f can eat everything in sight. ing's good, there's pheasant coon for all. And anyway, t ways dancing and folk gan like Upset the Fruit Basket a Chairs and a thousand var whole families can play, la gether and liking one anothe

Grange a Real Gloom

Between times the youngste rides and sleigh rides; junkets t ries or bring in Christmas tre to swim or skate. Women g for canning and quilting or se the home demonstration ag gang up on jobs like threshin shredding. There's a lot of gets dispelled through the Gr

The local master of one N lina Grange had another th showed us a little clipping, filler from some farm paper.

"You might think hayfoo could scarcely make out the b he said, "but we got the d Thought you'd be interested,

The clipping said that, acc psychiatric records of the las there were more nervous b among farm women than in population category. That's

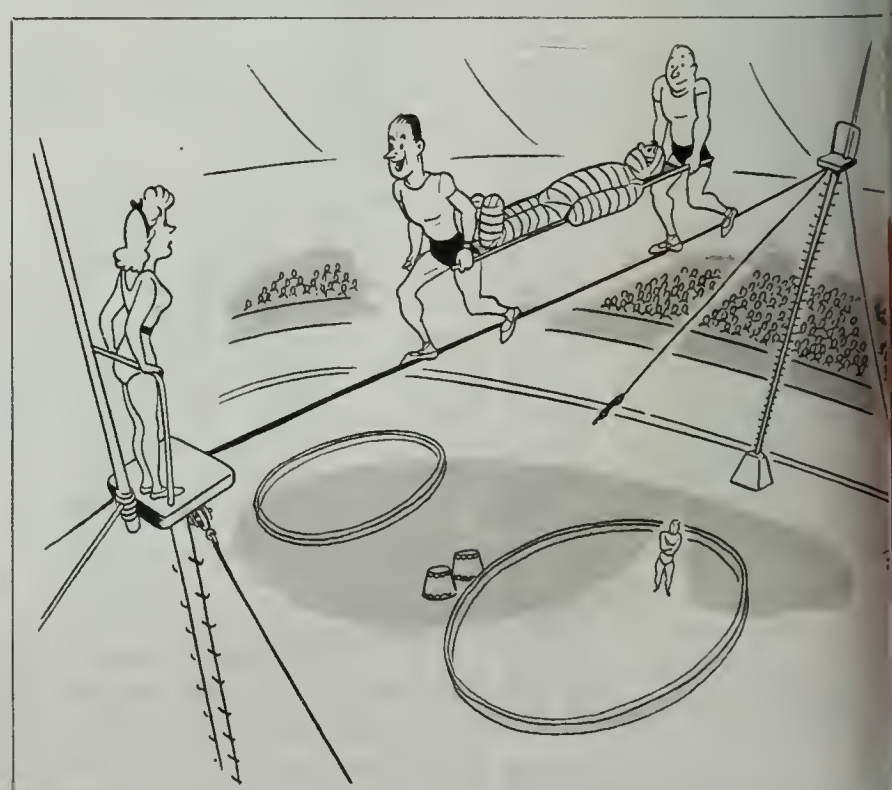
We looked blank.

"Expect you don't know m the loneliness and frustration to be on the farm," he said, "th that no matter what they di always had to be poor; always wantin' for plain sociability."

"Sure," we said, "but look. never be like that again. Why Grange itself—it gives you tha in politics; it brings you toge people you can call brothers a you have these dances and so work together—"

He nodded his head a little. the story," he said. "But I wa *I* might have to tell *you!*"

THE END



COLLIER'S "We had to bring him up again before he lost his nerve!"

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BLAZERS ARE BA

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

Wear a blazer on your vacation. Your grandfat
maybe even your father—liked them. So wil

FTER an absence of about half a century, blazers—those bright-colored coats the old- ported when they were young frisky—are with us again. e changed with the years; not nearly so gorgeously as the ones Grandpa used to out in. But, even so, some of an knock your eye out, and if pa is still enjoying life, they eet with his approval.

kind Grandpa wore were to make a zebra die of envy. were striped in many colors— uder the better—and every gay of the Nineties had at least one. natty gentlemen of the day wore with white flannels and straw with bands that matched the stripes. As for the tennis play- ou simply didn't rate on the unless you possessed a blazer. have to thank the English for dea, because long before the es their schoolboys' cricket originated it. The members of ubs at Eton, Harrow, Oxford, ridge and other schools and col- wore blazers which, distinctively , told the world where the rs went to school. Even the h navy used the idea, with some tions. Navy men changed the s to a solid navy blue and wore e-breasted blazers with navy ns.

present comeback of the goes in for solid colors—blue, wine, white, gray, gold. Gen- , it's single-breasted and made patch pockets and metal but- It comes in lightweight flannel, nd-type fabric, doeskin and soft materials.

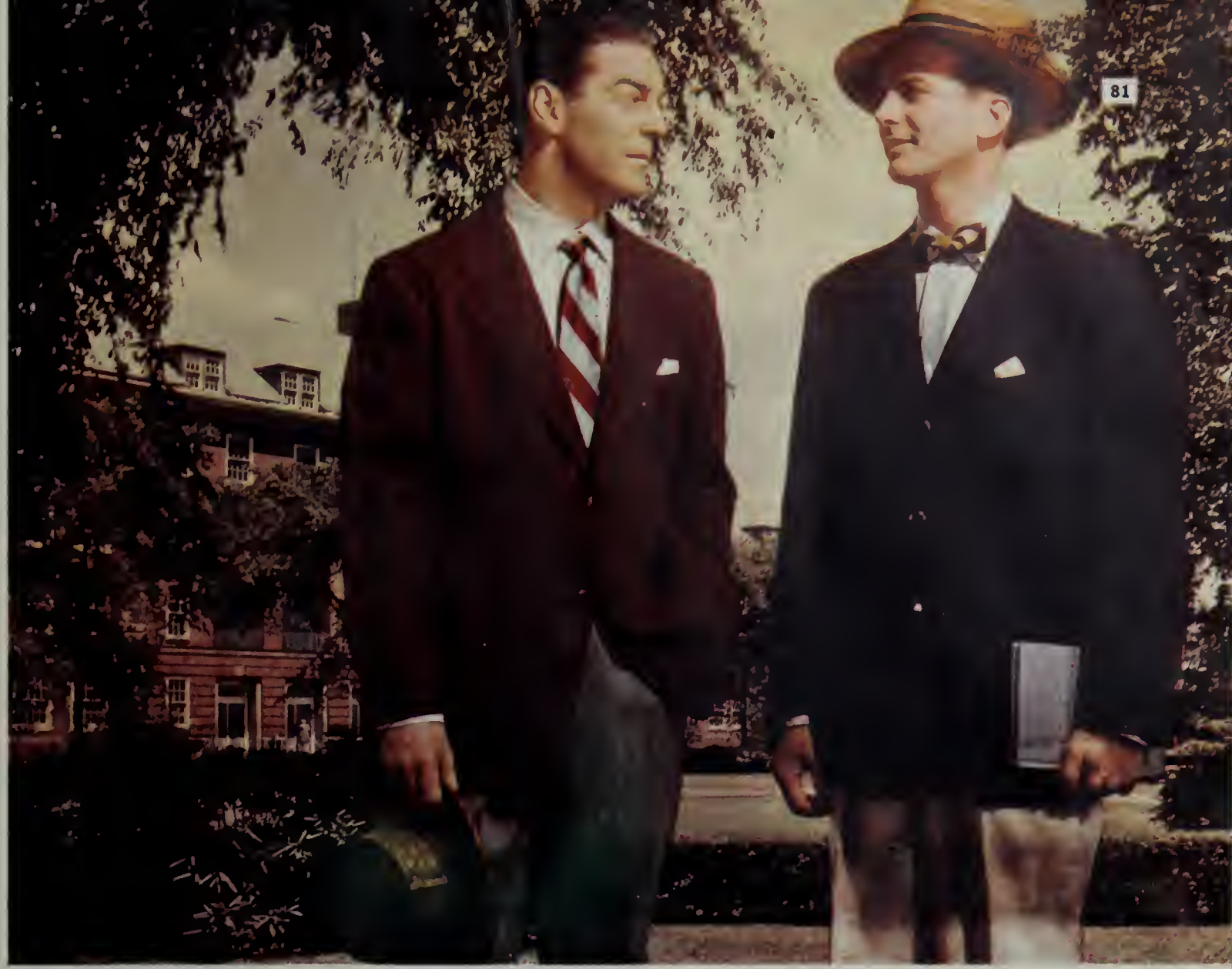
ntrasting-colored slacks—gray l, khaki-colored cotton, white ff-white linen, rust, yellow—go with the blazer. You can even shorts (which Grandpa most as- ly *couldn't!*).

the old days, the well-dressed would have shocked his friends earing a blazer to a dance—it 't done, you know! Today, how- you'll shock no one by wearing almost anywhere—except to h and formal functions. A blue r, for example, and white flan- with regular shirt and tie are the thing for a summer dance e country.

e same blazer, with khaki-col- cotton slacks, a sport shirt and carf can be worn while lounging e country club or watching a ten- atch.

at about shoes? Well, the sum- port kind—all white, brown and or black and white—go well any outfit. For lounge wear, you be comfortable—and smart—in n moccasin peasant slippers. A hat with a solid-colored band hing the blazer, or a striped band, propriate.

day the collegiate clan has taken e blazer in a big way. In some school emblems are embroi- on the breast pocket. But don't he idea that blazers are only for age and early-twenty groups. re not—young and old are wear- em. After all, why not be com- ble? ★★★



Two versions of the single-breasted, notched-lapel blazer with patch pockets and gilt buttons. They are just the thing for campus and week-end wear. The one at the right is blue; its owner is wearing white slacks, blue-striped bow tie and coconut straw hat with club-stripe band. The other, maroon, is combined with gray slacks and a striped tie

A blazer can be worn either with an ordinary shirt and tie or with a sport shirt and shorts. Below, a combination of a green gilt-buttoned model worn with khaki shorts, a yellow polo shirt and a deep-brown straw hat. It's a perfect blend for casual vacation, country or beach wear, and soon you'll be seeing combinations like it wherever you go

gigantic gentleman at the left is ing a blazer much favored in ornia — white, double-breasted prominent smoked pearl but- and flapped patch pockets

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES SNYDER

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I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT YOUNG MAN IN THE WICKED CITY

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Story:

rtin Vincent, young instructor at Porthaven, a te school for boys, is sent to New York by Head- er James G. Fisher to talk wealthy, publicity-shy nus Barton Duff into giving the school an ur- y needed quarter of a million dollars.

rtin is forced by a room shortage to live in the suite of a stranger, Barney Driscoll, who is . Planning to use the suite for a conference with Duff, Martin asks him to go on up to the rooms, he stays behind to talk briefly to a bellboy. When in finally arrives upstairs, he sees a man with a ra fleeing into the elevator. In the suite he learns the man has just snapped a picture of Duff, to- r with a girl dressed only in a towel. Duff, en- d, immediately accuses Martin of blackmail and nds the negative.

riscoll, who turns up just then, tells them that his is trying to get a divorce, and has probably ar- ed the whole incident to frame him. Driscoll also that the private detective with the camera probably ght Martin was his victim, since Martin was living riscoll's suite. But this reasoning does not explain artin, or to Mr. Duff, why the detective took Duff's re. And Duff still wants the negative.

r. Fisher arrives in New York unexpectedly, but tin keeps the news from him and continues to h for the detective and the negative. Mary Ed- s, Duff's beautiful secretary, who is beginning to sorry for Martin, helps him as much as she can. find the detective easily because he is now fol- ng Driscoll.

III

MARTIN hurried out of the restaurant. The shabby blue-eyed man was leaning against the building wall a few doors y, reading a newspaper. Martin came up be- him, said, "I've been looking all over town you."

he man folded the paper deliberately and shoved to his coat pocket. The sad blue eyes flicked to tin's face, and he said slowly, "Why should you ooking for me, Mr. Vincent?"

So you know my name now?" Martin said. "I t know yours."

I don't see any reason why you should," the man . "But it's Nick Travis."

I suppose you're a private eye," Martin said.

ravis bristled. "Don't call me that. I'm a confi- tial investigator. And I'm working on a case, Vincent. Want to move along now? I'm mind- my business. Suppose you mind yours."

Martin tapped the man's arm lightly with the n of his pipe. "I want that photograph, and the ative."

What photograph?"

The one you took last night in the Hotel West- ok."

Sorry," Nick Travis said. "I haven't got it."

Martin flushed angrily. "Plenty of witnesses saw up there with a camera, taking pictures."

I didn't say I didn't take it. I said I haven't it."

Where is it?"

I turned it over to that dame this morning."

Oh, you did?" Martin said. "Well, fine. Where I find her?"

Travis gave Martin a steady look. "I don't see reason I should give you information about a nt."

So *she's* your client," Martin said.

You ask a lot of questions," Travis said. hat's your interest, Mr. Vincent?"

My only interest is the photograph," Martin . "I want that photograph."

Why?"

waited inside where he could watch part of the rus rehearse and keep an eye on the door, too

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

BACK AGAIN...
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ALL PRE-WAR WHISKEY **OLD CHARTER**

"Look," Martin said, "you got me in plenty of trouble, you and that girl. The only way I can get out of it is to take that photograph and the negative to Mr. Duff. Now how about it? Where will I find the girl?"

"Who's Mr. Duff?"

"Barton Duff," Martin said. "The man you photographed last night with Madeleine Petit."

"Barton Duff?" The blue eyes showed interest. "You mean Barton Duff, the big shot?"

"That's right. He wants that picture."

"No kidding? So that old goat was Barton Duff." Nick Travis chuckled.

"How about it?" Martin said. "Where's Miss Petit?"

"The truth is I don't know," Travis said, and let his shoulders rest again against the building. "I don't know much about that dame."

"What do you mean, you don't know!" Martin cried. "You were working with her to frame Barney Driscoll."

THE detective stiffened, and his blue eyes burned angrily. "I don't like that kind of talk. I never framed anybody, and I don't like that word frame. I'm a legitimate investigator. I got a license. She retained me to get the goods on Driscoll and I'm working on it."

"How did *she* happen to retain you," Martin said, "a girl just in from France?"

Travis grinned. "You mean just in from Jersey. She ain't French."

"Still, why did she retain you?"

"She's a pal of Driscoll's wife, that's all I know. They were chorines together. She walked into my office and gave me a retainer and she said she had a telephone call from the Coast that Driscoll was on his way East and would check into room 1207. I was to pick him up there and shadow him for divorce evidence. She didn't have a picture and you walked in and gummed up the works."

"Why did you take a picture of Barton Duff?"

"Hell, it was dark in there. The dame called me and told me to come up to the room, that it was all set. So she put me in a closet and when I heard her holler I run out and took the picture."

"But it wasn't a frame," Martin said dryly.

"No, it wasn't no frame. Not by me. I went up there and took the picture, that's all, and this morning the dame came around and asked for it."

Martin persisted. "If you don't know where she is, how are you going to report?"

"By mail," Travis said. "To the Coast. To Driscoll's wife."

Martin sucked his pipe; it had gone out. He remembered Madeleine Petit at the bar in the Hotel Westbrook, reading a copy of Variety; he remembered the book of Club Pigalle matches. The detective had said that Madeleine and Driscoll's wife had been chorus girls together. It seemed to add up.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the girl works in a night club, doesn't she?"

Travis gave him a quick glance. "I guess she's in show business, all right."

"It's the Club Pigalle, isn't it?" Martin said.

"If you know," said Travis, "why are you asking me? I told you *I* don't know."

Martin saw Mary waiting near the entrance to the restaurant. He walked away without another word to Travis.

"Any luck, Martin?" she asked.

"He claims he gave the photograph to the girl, and he claims he doesn't know where she is. But I think your hunch was right. There's a good chance she works at the Club Pigalle."

"Well," said Mary, "let's go."

"I'm hungry," he said. "No use running ourselves ragged. The club wouldn't be open yet."

"Good lord!" said Mary. "How do we know that if we don't go and see. Call a cab."

He sighed and raised a weary a taxicab pulled up to them, and Ma the address from the Club Pigalle book. They climbed into the ca Martin said softly, "Mary, you'v the one bright spot in my day. been a big help. I don't know w have done without you, and I stil know why you're taking the troub

She smiled. "It's because you so pathetic, sitting out there on bench."

"I mean the whole thing is pretty less," Martin said. "You're wastin time."

There was a high flush on cheeks and her eyes were brigh said, "You *do* need lunch, don't

"I'm pretty hungry. Maybe we a sandwich somewhere."

Her blue eyes surveyed him "Don't you believe in getting wh go after?"

"Yes," he said. "Sure."

"Then forget your stomach. It hurt you to skip a meal."

"I've skipped two meals alr Martin said.

"Oh, snap out of it," Mary said the impatience of a well-fed girl. have a little resolution."

He looked at her bright eyes a curve of her lips. That Mona Lisa again. "That's right," he said. lution." He nodded. "I wish I You know, Mary, I'm just not co tive. I never was. I always read when the other kids were playing

"You're doing all right," she "Keep pitching in there for Portl Put a little stuff on the ball."

The smile was provoking; her eyes seemed to mock him. Martin off his hat and put it on the seat him. His forehead was suddenly and he dabbed at it with his ha chief. The cab swerved as the made a left turn into Sixth Avenu he was jostled against her. For ment resolution fused with im Martin was not sure how it came Possibly it was the mockery in her possibly it was the aggravating smil was jostled against her and som found his arms around her. He kisse

Mary Edmonds drew away, and time neither spoke. He gave her a glance. She was not smiling any She avoided his eyes, and he watch open her handbag in silence and ta her compact. As she was brushi lipstick the cab stopped and the said, "Here you are. Club Pigalle."

MARTIN paid the fare, and stood together on the sidewall eyes still avoided his, and she w slight frown. She moved toward t trance to the night club, saying, "Su we look them over."

She stopped to examine the p graphs of entertainers on a billb Martin joined her. The doors of th were open and piano music was th ing inside with the forlorn sound music at midday. Mary said, about the chorus line?"

They found it at the same time was looking at the photograph; sh reading the names. He saw Mad Petit's face second from the end, an cried, "Madeleine Little. I'll bet her. Petit is French for little."

He pointed. "That's her picture."

"Well," Mary cried, "let's go."

She moved quickly toward th trance of the Club Pigalle, and M followed. A man stopped them ju side the doors. "You want someth

"Yes," Martin said. "We're lo for Madeleine Little."

"Too early," the man said. "Reh don't start until two o'clock."

"Then she'll be here at two?" M said eagerly.

"She better be."

Martin and Mary exchanged gla and returned to the sidewalk. "Only

o to wait," Martin said. "It's e thirty now." He grinned. "At have time for a sandwich."

lby," Mary said.

rned quickly. "What do you oodby?"

k you'd better talk to her alone. g here might gum it up."

n nodded. "You can wait in a t. We can go in and order and out at two o'clock."

hook her head. "I think you'd y here."

ow about lunch?"

have to pass up lunch," she said. her time, Martin."

d never seemed more remote as ed to the curb and signaled a She got in and gave the address uff home, and just before the cab way she gave him a direct look softly, "Better wipe off the lip- r. Vincent."

n pulled out his handkerchief ed his mouth as he watched the e away. He was puzzled, and his n returned. He supposed he had l her, and now that he thought he did not understand where he nd the audacity. He had not about kissing her, but some un- ed male impulse had caught his ional nature off balance. He was being caught off balance, he and returned unhappily to the alle.

S a long wait for a hungry man. med much longer than half an d he glanced often at his watch. t inside the club, and stood g part of the chorus rehearse. At utes after two Madeleine arrived. ed in front of her and she stopped nd gave him an angry glance. cognition came and she blushed. lord," she said. "It's you!"

ike to speak to you for a mo- Martin said.

please," she said. "It was one of ings. I'm sorry." She made a sture of one hand that ended with fingers on Martin's arm.

re's that Parisian accent, Miss Martin said. "Or Miss Little, er it is."

rinned. "It's Little. Was pretty y accent—wasn't it?"

re can we go and talk?" Martin

ok his arm. "Come on. I'm late arsal now and I have to change." d Martin to a bare table and as t down he said, "Can we get a drink here?" He added wistfully, "Or a sandwich?"

"The joint isn't open yet," Madeleine said. "What's on your mind?"

"Miss Little," he said, "you got me in a jam."

"I'm sorry. It was all a mistake."

"You see," Martin said, "I had an important deal pending with Barton Duff, then that photograph was taken and he blames me for it. He wants that photograph."

"I don't see what I can do about it," she said, with a shrug.

"You can give me the photograph," he said. "That's enough."

She gave him a calm look. "I don't know anything about the photograph."

Martin said bluntly, "Nick Travis told me he gave it to you this morning."

"Oh, he did?" Her smile was unabashed. "So you saw Nick Travis? Yes, he brought it around this morning."

"He *brought* it around?" Martin said. "That's right."

Discrepancies in the stories people told him no longer bothered Martin; he was accustomed to them. He said, "I'd like to have it, Miss Little."

"Why?"

"I told you. Barton Duff wants it. I suppose you've heard about Mr. Duff. He's somewhat eccentric. He never allows his photograph to be taken and he won't rest easy until he gets it out of circulation."

"Don't worry, it won't get in circulation," Madeleine said. "I'm in that picture, too, you know, with just a bath towel." She grinned. "And not much bath towel, either."

"If you give it to me," Martin said, "and let me take it to Mr. Duff, I promise you it will be destroyed."

She laid her hand again on his arm. "Honey, I said don't worry about it. Don't give it another thought. I destroyed that picture myself."

"*You* did?" Martin said blankly.

"Yes, I burned it."

"Negative and all?"

"The works."

Martin groaned. "That doesn't help me," he said. "Unless, Miss Little, you'll do me a big favor. Will you come up and tell Barton Duff that?"

"Why should I?"

"I have to prove it to him," Martin said. "He thinks that photograph was taken deliberately. He thinks there's a plot against him."

"That doesn't make sense," said Madeleine. "Listen, I don't know how this thing got so mixed up. I was just doing

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a favor for Elaine Driscoll. We were in the chorus together a few years ago, before she got her break, and she called me up from the Coast and asked me to hire a detective to follow Barney around. She asked me to scrape up an acquaintance with him and see what I could find out, and that's why I put the bee on you for five dollars in the Westbrook bar. I thought you were Barney. Barton Duff was just a name in the newspapers to me until he barged into the bathroom last night."

"Will you come up and tell Mr. Duff that?" Martin asked.

"You can tell him, honey. You look like an honest citizen. He'll believe you. But I'm not making any affidavits this season, thank you."

"All right," Martin said. "Suppose I bring Mr. Duff down here?"

"Okay, bring him down." She rose to her feet, smiling at Martin. "It's a date. Now I've got to change. Excuse me."

SHE walked away, and Martin got up and went out of the night club, reaching for his pipe. He stood on the curb and filled the bowl. It seemed that the tension was easing at last. Once he persuaded Mr. Duff that the photograph had been destroyed, he was sure that the incident would be closed. He could start again with a clean slate, and he would have a good chance of obtaining the donation for the school. After all, Mr. Duff had liked his speech, Mr. Duff had been enthusiastic. He still had a chance.

Martin lighted his pipe and walked to the corner for a cab. He was not the same retiring soul he had been when he arrived from Porthaven the day before in his borrowed suit. He was suddenly on top of the world. He was a man beyond the reach of petty problems. He was a man who had found a girl, and now that he thought about it, he was convinced that she had returned his kiss in the taxicab. Definitely she had. His pipe glowed still brighter and he relaxed in the back seat of the taxicab. Everything was turning out for the best.

When the cab stopped in front of the house on Fifth Avenue, Martin jumped out eagerly, paid the fare, and ran up the steps. Before he reached the top step the door opened and Mary stood waiting.

"Mary, you brought me luck," he said. "I found her!"

Mary said nothing; there was an odd, solemn look on her face.

"I didn't get the photograph, though," he said. "She burned it."

"Burned it?" Mary said. "Is that what she told you?"

"Yes. Why? What's the matter?"

"Come inside, Martin," she said quietly. "I have something to tell you."

The old sinking sensation returned; he followed her nervously into the house. She shut the door and put her finger to her lips. "Don't make any noise," she whispered. "I don't want Mr. Duff to know you're here."

She led him to her office, and closed the door. Martin said at once, "I'm sorry if I offended you, Mary, but I . . ."

"Offended me?" She looked puzzled, then smiled. "Oh, you mean stealing a kiss."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Goodness, never apologize for stealing a kiss."

He said slowly, "I hadn't thought of it that way. I mean it wasn't exactly stealing a kiss. I meant that kiss, Mary."

She turned abruptly away, and walked to the window. He followed doggedly, saying, "I really meant it."

She said, without turning her head, "Martin, I have bad news for you."

"Yes?"

"There was a telephone call."

Martin's heart sank. "Dr. Fisher?"

"No, not Dr. Fisher. Some man, Martin. He offered to sell the photograph to Mr. Duff for five thousand dollars."

"He offered to . . . But she *burned* it, Mary." He dropped heavily into a chair. "I see. I've been played for a sucker again."

"The worst of it is that Mr. Duff is going to pay the money," she said quietly, and turned to look at him. "He's going to buy the photograph, Martin."

"If he pays the money, I'm finished," Martin said. "The seven plagues wouldn't soften his heart again."

"I'm afraid not."

He looked up. "Why doesn't he call the cops? It's blackmail. The cops can get the photograph."

"Can they?" Mary said. "In the first place, if he calls in the police, the newspapers will get the story, and maybe the photograph, too. In the second place, is it blackmail?"

"What else is it?"

"A girl has a photograph," Mary said, "of herself, remember, and Barton Duff. It's *her* photograph, and I suppose there's no law against her selling it, whatever value she puts on it. No threats were made of publishing it."

"But it wasn't Madeleine who called," Martin said.

"No. I suppose it was that detective. He said he was acting for the owner of the photograph. He's calling back later to make arrangements for the payment."

Martin groaned. "He didn't even know that Barton Duff was in the picture, until I told him. Mary, you see what happened? I told him Mr. Duff was anxious about that photograph, and that put the idea in his head."

"You poor baby," Mary said, and smiled. "Nothing turns out right for you, does it?"

"No," Martin said.

"And you don't know the worst of it," she said.

He jerked his head up. "What else could there be?"

"You know how it is," Mary said softly, "when two old cronies get together. They have a couple of drinks, and maybe a dividend or two, and they put their heads together, and God knows what they'll decide to do."

"Mary," he said, "what happened?"

"Dr. Fisher was here."

"Here?"

"With Mr. Pratt," Mary said. "They had a couple of drinks before lunch and I suppose a couple after and they decided the thing to do was to take a run up and see old Pudd'n Duff."

MARTIN sank back into his chair. "They got in?"

"They got in," Mary said. "I couldn't help it. Mr. Duff was with me in my office when they rang the bell and the butler came to report to me. Mr. Duff had just received the telephone call then, and he was storming. He rushed out into the hall and raised the devil. So they know the whole story, Martin."

"Oh, lord!" Martin said. "Now I *am* through."

"Dr. Fisher was pale as a ghost, Martin, and Mr. Pratt was in a state. I don't know what Mr. Duff told them. He took them into the library, and I didn't hear all of it."

"Well," Martin said. "That's that." Surprisingly, he felt relieved. Nothing else could happen now.

"Did you eat lunch?" Mary asked.

"No."

"Then why don't you eat something? It will do you good."

"Yes," he said.

He followed her to the front door, and in the vestibule she whispered, "I'm sorry it turned out this way."

"Oh, well," Martin said, and shrugged. "When am I going to see you again?"

"When do you want to see me?"

"Tonight. How about dinner tonight?"

"All right. Go get your lunch, and call me later. Now beat it, darling."

Martin moved slowly down the steps, and started walking aimlessly south on Fifth Avenue. He had gone three blocks

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ould think of anything at all, was food he thought of. He staurant on Madison Avenue d a jumbo shrimp cocktail and steak. He started the meal anhattan, and the warmth of brought a flush of anger.

t to the telephone booth and the number of the Club Pigalle. was called from the dressing l as soon as he heard her voice d angrily, "So you burned that h!"

this? Mr. Vincent?"

hat do you mean, you burned graph?"

as a moment's pause, then she ly, "Honey, what difference ke?"

erence of about five grand," id.

o you mean by that?"

play innocent," he said. "Your . Travis, is offering the photo- sale for five thousand dollars."

instant there was silence at the of the line, then her low voice ut conviction, "You're crazy."

olice won't think I'm crazy," he e police will think your photo- ld look nice in the rogues' gal- Blackmail will put it there, e."

e here!" Madeleine began, then with a crash that set Martin's ing. He went back to his table, e ear. At least he had given her to worry about, even if it had mpty threat, and he felt better.

paid the check and went out to treet, Martin felt that he was e to face the world. In this case was Dr. Fisher, and he turned outhward on Madison Avenue. face Dr. Fisher, but there was ular hurry about it. He walked y to the hotel, but stopped at a n the way to send flowers to h a card that said: *Until dinner,* He had wanted to write some- h more meaning, but the words t come. At dinner, if he got his p, he would do better, he told

lked on to the hotel. The big the lobby said 4:30. He had rly two hours eating lunch and down to the hotel. He got off tor at the eleventh floor and e door of room 1110 ajar. He t open, and Dr. Fisher turned es toward him. The headmas- case was open on the bed and he the bureau, with his arms full of

s you!" he said accusingly. "I've been waiting to talk to you, Vincent." He dropped the shirts into the open bureau drawer. "I want you to pack up your things and get started back for Porthaven. I settled your bill, and I'll keep this room."

Martin closed the door softly and leaned against it. "Dr. Fisher, I'm sorry things turned out as they have," he said. "I tried hard, but everything went wrong from the start."

"We'll discuss that back at the school," said Dr. Fisher. "There's a train at five ten, Vincent. You have half an hour."

"I'd like to explain just what happened," Martin said.

"We'll discuss it tomorrow," the headmaster said. "At the school. My advice to you, Vincent, is to get packed at once and catch that train."

Martin gazed at the headmaster's unrelenting face and felt a surge of resentment. "I'd like you to know all the facts first," he said. "You sent me up here to obtain a donation from Barton Duff, and I did my best. I'm entitled to a hearing."

Dr. Fisher slammed the bureau drawer shut. "Certainly you're entitled to a hearing. I'll expect a full account at Porthaven tomorrow. Meanwhile, I advise you to hurry and catch that train."

Martin said stubbornly, "I can't leave New York right now."

"What's this?" said Dr. Fisher. "Why can't you leave New York? You have classes in Porthaven, young fellow." He approached Martin slowly, saying, "You don't seem to comprehend the position you have placed me in by not telling me the whole story at once. Due to your misleading statements, Mr. Pratt and I went up to see Mr. Duff, under the impression that success was at hand." The headmaster gave his head a shake. "But obviously you have worse than failed. I know Barton Duff. Once he holds a grudge, he never turns loose of it. Why, when we were in our last year at Porthaven . . ."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher?"

"Never mind the details," the headmaster said. "But he has held a grudge against me for a good many years, and today's meeting did nothing to dissolve it. As a matter of fact, my selection as headmaster was unwelcome to Mr. Duff, and had it not been for Oliver Pratt's backing I might not have got the job." He gave Martin a steady look. "In view of what has happened, I hardly think that I can count on Mr. Pratt's backing in the future. I have you to thank for that, Vincent."

"I'm sorry," Martin said. Dr. Fisher was being very decent about it; he was showing great restraint and a quality of

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COLLIER'S "He's good, but that's all he can do" VIRGIL

understanding that Martin had never detected in him before.

"So I want you to take that train back to Porthaven," Dr. Fisher went on. "That's an order, Vincent, so pack up."

"I'm packed," Martin said.

After a moment's hesitation, the headmaster said, "I'm taking over here, Vincent. We can't let matters stand as they are, and it's my job to do something about it, if I can. I'm going to take my courage in both hands, Vincent, and talk this thing over with Barton Duff. I have made an appointment to see him." Dr. Fisher consulted his watch. "And it's time I started. I can drop you at the station on the way."

"I'll get there all right," Martin said. "I have to make a telephone call first."

Dr. Fisher gave him a keen glance. "A telephone call?"

"I had a date for dinner," Martin said miserably. "I have to break it."

"I see." Dr. Fisher picked up his hat, but paused at the door. He turned and said with surprising mildness, "I, too, am sorry about all this, Vincent. This trip to New York was not of your choosing, and naturally I have taken that into consideration. You go back to the school. Do your work. Forget all about this. I'm going to do my best here, and I promise to plead your case with Mr. Pratt. I'll protect you to the best of my ability."

"Thank you, Dr. Fisher," Martin said.

"If you had told the true facts at once," the headmaster began, and gave his head a shake. "Well, never mind. Don't miss your train."

THE door closed behind the headmaster, and Martin sat down heavily on the bed. His nerves were on edge, and he felt like a dog with its tail between its legs, crawling home to Porthaven. Dr. Fisher had taken it pretty well, he thought, and Dr. Fisher had been pretty decent about it. He looked at the telephone, sighed, and called the Duff home.

Mary answered the telephone and he said, "I have only a few minutes. I have to cancel our dinner date, Mary. I'm sorry."

"But your flowers just came. I thought . . . Why, Martin?"

"I have to go back to the school," Martin said. "Dr. Fisher's orders."

"Dr. Fisher?" Mary said. "But *he's* not going back. He called and made an appointment to see Mr. Duff at five o'clock."

"I know," Martin said. "I talked to Dr. Fisher."

"What's going on?"

"He hopes he can talk Mr. Duff around. I don't know how, an think there's much chance, do y

"This is curious," Mary said him that the afternoon movie ha and he wanted me to call Mr. D the theater. He said it was ur told him to come when the pic over, at five o'clock. What do pose he's up to?"

Martin said, with resignatio agine he'll apologize all over the sending an inept character lik Vincent on so important a miss

"Exactly," Mary said. "I tol was jealous of you, and you car do a job on you. Are you going get away with it?"

"Well, it's to help the school, said. "We're both working school."

Mary said emphatically, "I d that man!"

"You're too suspicious," "You didn't trust me, either. Fisher was very decent to me. S not fired. I still have my job."

"Oh, to hell with your job!"

"What's the matter?"

"Can't you think of anything job?"

"Look here," he said. "I job. I . . ."

"Go on," she said, "catch y Don't miss it. Dr. Fisher's o member."

"Now, Mary," Martin beg heard a vigorous click at the oth the line. She had hung up.

Martin felt miserable. His im to call her back at once, but h was in an unreasonable mood. I turning over in his mind ph would write in a letter to her. T need for funds for Porthaven, th tance to him of his career in e It wasn't just a job. It was h He glanced at his watch. He w to hurry to catch his train.

He closed his suitcase, then final check, in the bathroom, in t He remembered the manuscri speech, and fished it out of th of the writing desk. At least it w venir of the occasion. Looking remembering how Dr. Fisher h him into his office in Porthaven signed him to the mission in New remembering all that had happe threw the manuscript hard wastebasket.

He moved away a few ste slowly returned to the wasteba had seen a familiar object, and established belated communicati his brain. He leaned over and p

cript and inspected the bottom wstebasket. Lying beside a tight umpled paper was a book of pearing the name of the Club o cover charge, two shows

rti picked it up. There were no eft in it. He put his hand in his ut recalled that Mary had kept Pigalle matches he had carried ll day. Mary could not have room; this was another book s. Surely Dr. Fisher could not oped into the Club Pigalle, he The answer must be that Made- e had been here.

he matchbook fall back into the et, looked again at the crum- of paper, then bent to pick it pread it out to examine it, and s a page of Hotel Westbrook , nearly covered with a large, andwriting. It lacked a saluta- he first line convinced him that ote for him.

Honey, I told you I burned the ause I thought it would make etter and would clear things up I don't want it in circulation ut some people are always look- smart angle. You know what don't want any part of it and I so. I don't need money that this should prove it to you, and on the books. Call me tonight ub Pigalle and let's burn it to- est of luck, Madeleine.

's first thought was that she had m the note, changed her mind, rded it. But then he knew. She in his room, and scribbled the d obviously someone had ad- r. That someone must be Dr. His fist closed on the sheet of umpling it again. Dr. Fisher cepted the note and had hurried l Mr. Duff that he had cleared lackmail plot. He understood Dr. Fisher had been so eager to back to Porthaven immediately. note suppressed, no one would been the wiser. If it had not the Club Pigalle matches in the ket, Martin would never have the note. No one would nor- amine the contents of a hotel ket.

paced up and down between nd the bureau, and anger came er him. He was not a competitive man, and if Dr. Fisher had shown him the note, Martin would have made no objections to Dr. Fisher's clearing matters up with Mr. Duff and completing the negotiations. He was used to being imposed upon in some degree, and ordinarily he was not resentful. But Dr. Fisher had suppressed the note and ordered Martin back to Porthaven, a failure on all counts, with a hypocritical promise to protect him. Mary had been right about Dr. Fisher. Martin kicked savagely at his suitcase. Dr. Fisher had made him the fall guy, and he wouldn't take it lying down. He'd go up to the Duff house and barge in on that conference and show the note to Mr. Duff. He thought of it with relish, and as he caught up his hat and hurried down to a taxicab he was conscious of his chin. It was set like granite.

MARY opened the door when he rang the brass bell at the Duff house. Her eyebrows went up and she said with a small smile, "How about your train?"

"I'm not taking that train today," he said. The house was silent and he added, "Isn't Dr. Fisher here yet?"

"Yes. He's upstairs."

"Take me up," Martin said. "I'm going to walk in on that conference."

"I don't think the picture is over yet. You have a couple of minutes." There was warmth in her blue eyes. "So you decided not to catch that train. Why?"

He grinned. "Mary, I guess I'm going to lose my job after all."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"No, it's not. Except I'll be a man without a job. But I'll get another job, Mary . . ."

"Yes?"

The bursting confidence was ebbing, and he took hold of himself, said firmly, "What do I mean, when I do? I will!"

"You bet you will," Mary said. "Jobs aren't so important, Martin."

"Mary" he said, "with you to needle me I can get any kind of job I want, but I guess I need that needle."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes," Mary said.

The tone was mocking, but her blue eyes were not. He moved toward her. "You were right about Dr. Fisher, Mary, and you know why I'm here? To tell him where to get off!"

"Good for you," she said softly.

"What I mean is, you do things for my morale," Martin said. "What I mean

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roke off, and looked into her
e was in his arms, her cheek
"I mean I love you," Martin

ered something he did not
er lips met his. A moment
ew away, whispered breath-
ling, if this is a moment we're
sure the rest of our lives, let's
out an audience."
ence?" he said, and saw her
looked up. The door of the
e landing above had opened
ff stood on the landing, look-
t them. Beside him was Dr.
earing very paunchy and
and the butler was peering
ly over the headmaster's

nored the three men. "But,
d I loved you, and you whis-
thing. I didn't hear you. I . . ."
u, you big dope," Mary said.
was coming down the stairs
sher. Mary gave Martin a lit-
nd he turned and faced the
met Barton Duff's eyes and
ke to be in on this, too, Mr.

, I thought you were on that
Fisher said harshly. "I told
taking over here. What's the
this?"
aning of this," Martin said
that I came to tell Mr. Duff I
t photograph for him. We'll
ght."
a little late, young man," said
ff. "I have the photograph."
into his pocket. "Here it is."
stared at an excellent print
arton Duff's astonished face,
him, against the background
l bedroom, the towel-draped
iss Madeleine Little. The pho-
closed a little more detail than
d detected in the flesh; in the
of the moment Miss Little's
slipped somewhat.
d to burn it myself," said Bar-
"This very minute."
gave Mary a stricken look,
, and said, "So you paid the
nd?"
nothing," said Mr. Duff. "Dr.
ught me the photograph."
sher did?" Martin cried, and
gleam came into his eyes. His
clenched in his pockets, and
m was closed around the crum-

t, you've blundered enough,"
the headmaster said. "There's another train at seven o'clock. I advise you to be on it."

"Just a moment," Martin said. It was clear to him now, but he controlled the anger smoldering in him. "I'm curious to know how you came by that photograph, Dr. Fisher."

"This does not concern you, Vincent," the headmaster said, with a side glance at Barton Duff.

"It concerns me plenty," Martin said. "Mr. Duff, did he tell you where he got the photograph?"

"No," said Mr. Duff. "But it was good work, Jimmy. You didn't buy it, did you?"

"I didn't pay a cent, Pudd'n," said Dr. Fisher. "You can burn it and forget about it."

"I will," said Mr. Duff, and added uncomfortably, "but please don't call me Pudd'n."

Dr. Fisher smiled. "I recall you never liked that nickname, Barton. It was force of habit. You know, we were boys together. First Boys. I can never forget those good old Porthaven days. You and I are the only First Boys left, Pudd'n."

"Barton," said Mr. Duff.

"Barton," Dr. Fisher corrected quickly.

Martin said insistently, "I'm still curious to know how it came into Dr. Fisher's hands, Mr. Duff."

BARTON DUFF'S heavy eyebrows closed down over his eyes. "Young man, I am losing patience with you. I'm sure that Dr. Fisher will supply me with any pertinent information, but first I'm going to burn these things. Please excuse us."

Mary spoke up, in a thin, brave voice, "Please give him a chance, Mr. Duff."

Barton Duff looked at Mary, hesitated, then shrugged his massive shoulders. "Very well. I don't see that it's important, but . . ." He faced Dr. Fisher. "How did you get it, Jimmy?"

Dr. Fisher forced a smile. "A little sleuthing, Barton. I had hoped to repair the damage done by Mr. Vincent's irresponsible conduct."

"I can account for my conduct, Mr. Duff," Martin said. "I'd like to hear Dr. Fisher account for the photograph."

Barton Duff gave Martin a long, puzzled look. "Are you making some sort of accusation, Mr. Vincent?"

"I'm just asking a question, Mr. Duff."

There was an interested shine in Barton

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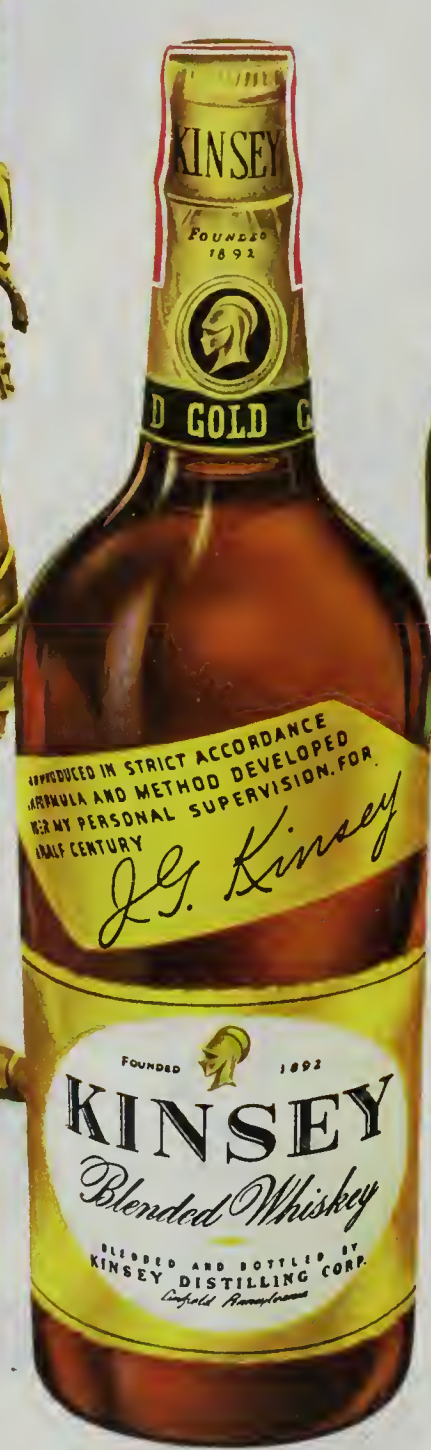

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ey. He turned slowly toward the sr, and when he spoke his tone ntrate: "This is very puzzling to mr. As I understand it, a private ar was engaged by a principal hotographs of a revealing na- r. Vincent insinuating that you principal in the case, Jimmy?"

r. Fisher looked blank. "Of n, Pudd'n."

ow did you come by it?"

bined it this afternoon," Dr. d. "Through channels." He sily. "Look here, Pudd'n, you e photograph, and there it is, gative, too. I'm surprised that l question my motives, when I g to help you. I had expected a ception."

y asked how you got the pho- immy," said Mr. Duff. "That be difficult to explain."

ned them from the young lady st a short time ago," Dr. d, and licked his lips. "She nem to me at the hotel, and I aight up here with them. Now Pudd'n . . ."

call me Pudd'n," said Barton ow, as it was explained to me cretary, the photograph was private detective, who turned the young woman in question. e, I received a telephone call e photograph for sale for five dollars. Now you bring it to it was delivered to you by the g woman who was the cause That's rather coincidental, isn't did she know you were at the stbrook?"

her said quickly, "As a matter arton, I was in Vincent's room. is that I intercepted the photo-

he brought the photograph to ent?" Barton Duff said, and Martin.

ly," Dr. Fisher said, and rward, pulling a Manila enve- his pocket. "You see, here's pe. Here's his name on it. I room when the young woman d from downstairs, Barton, so I to come up. She had this en- r Mr. Vincent and I persuaded ve it with me. I telephoned you ly. I did not examine into mo- ircumstances. You wanted the oh, and I got it for you."

es," said Mr. Duff. "This is all very curious. What have you to say, Mr. Vincent?"

Martin could not control his grin. "There was a note with the photograph, Mr. Duff. I found it crumpled up in my wastebasket, and I think it will speak for itself. I'll read it to you."

Dr. Fisher looked at Martin, started to speak, then dropped heavily onto a spindly hall chair. Martin read the note through, then passed it to Mr. Duff. Mary whispered in his ear, "You beast, why didn't you tell me?"

MR. DUFF glanced at the note, and when he looked up again at Martin his right eye closed in a delighted wink. He turned to Dr. Fisher.

"Well, Jimmy," said Mr. Duff, "as usual you thought you'd grab the credit, and, when necessary, shift the blame. I might say that's characteristic. I am reminded of that time in our last year at Porthaven, when we had the case of beer. Do you remember? You gave the party, in your room, and it elected you class president, but you sent *me* to town for the beer, and when the story came out you let the blame fall on me. In fact, I've always believed that you assisted in the proof that *I* bought the beer. Do you remember?"

"Pudd'n, that was a long time ago," Dr. Fisher said dully. "We were kids then."

"In this case," said Dr. Duff, "the tree can be readily identified from the twig."

He carried the photograph and negative to the fireplace in the library, and through the open door Martin watched him strike a match and light the negative. Quick flame exploded and ignited the print, and Mr. Duff straightened and glanced at Martin.

"The young woman wanted them burned," he said. "You can inform her that they are now ashes. I only hope that no other prints were made from that negative."

Martin's mouth opened, shut again. It was a possibility he had not considered. But Barton Duff waved one hand easily. "Meanwhile, let us assume that all have been destroyed," he said. He returned slowly to the hall and put one hand on Martin's shoulder. "I suppose that all's well that ends well, and persistence and true love must have its reward." He smiled. "And in Technicolor. So, young man, suppose you sit down

"What did you bring me, Daddy?" HANK KETCHAM

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and dictate an outline of the Porthaven plan to Miss Edmonds."

"The Porthaven plan?" said Martin.

"The plan you spoke of at the meeting of the Historical Verification Association," Mr. Duff went on. "The educational plan to be sponsored by the association. I think it is an excellent suggestion, and I think that Porthaven is the ideal school in which to initiate the project. I will expect you to take charge of it." He looked down at Dr. Fisher. "And by the way, Jimmy, I want it understood that Mr. Vincent gets the credit for it. I'm planning a substantial contribution to Porthaven because of Mr. Vincent's initiative." He smiled. "Coupled with the persuasive powers of my secretary."

"Yes, Barton," Dr. Fisher said meekly. He rose from the chair. "I would like to make one thing clear.. It was a matter of tactics. Mr. Vincent and I both came to New York with one objective in mind—to save the old school. In view of an unhappy combination of circumstances, Barton, Mr. Vincent fell out of favor with you, and I thought it wiser for me to return the photograph and eliminate Mr. Vincent from the proceedings altogether. That was my guiding thought, Barton—what was best for the school."

"Nonsense, Jimmy," said Barton Duff. "We caught you red-handed. Have the grace to admit it." He was hugely enjoying himself, and he gave Mary's arm a little pinch. "Get the chairman of the trustees on the phone. I'll talk to him myself." He winked at Martin again. "I hope, young man, that Mary will be able to keep you out of trouble."

"I hope so," Martin said.

BARTON DUFF followed Mary into the library. Dr. Fisher watched him go, fetched a deep sigh, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. After a moment he said, "As I told you, Vincent, Barton Duff holds a grudge. I hope he feels that he has paid it off." He glanced at Martin from the corners of his eyes. "Mr. Duff is an adamant man. If he does not wish to understand, nothing will convince him. As I tried to explain to him, the school was my paramount consideration. I thought we would have a better chance if I completed the negotiations and sent you back to Porthaven. For that reason I thought it best not to inform you of all the circumstances."

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said, "I think we understand each other."

"Eh?" said Dr. Fisher. "Yes, I suppose so."

"You were going to make me the fall guy," Martin said. "You were planning to throw me to the wolves."

"I was thinking of the school, Vincent," Dr. Fisher said. He met Martin's eyes, and hastily looked away. He waited a moment, then said softly, "You know, I believe old Pudd'n intended through all the time. I think wanted to keep me on the anxiou

"Maybe so," Martin said.

"Yes, indeed." Dr. Fisher strai and his paunch resumed its confic line. "I think I can tell the trus Barton Duff has never forgotte haven. I suppose when all is s done I sent you up here on a wi chase, Vincent."

He glanced at Martin, saw the Martin's eye, and added hastily, course you deserve the credit. You'll get the credit, of course we'll start off with a clean slate, I. How about it, my boy?"

"With a new understanding, put it," Martin said.

"Yes, of course," the headmas "By the way, Vincent, what is th haven plan?"

"The Porthaven plan," Martin and saw Mary returning from the "is to take Miss Edmonds out to c

"Oh," said Dr. Fisher. "I see. shall we take that seven-o'cloc back to the school, Vincent?"

"I'm going to stay around here a of days," Martin said. "I expe Duff will want to talk to me."

"Indeed?" said Dr. Fisher. "deed. Very well, then. You'l back to your classes as soon venient, won't you?"

"In a few days," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher cleared his throat. be up to me to take them over absence, you know." He smiled "I'm afraid I'll be a bit rusty. We He looked at Martin. "I'll be goi

"Goodby," said Martin.

They watched him move awa lagging steps, and when the do closed behind him, Mary said, "D tell him off, Martin?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I didn't like the idea."

She gave him an odd look grinned and said, "Oh, it wasn't resolution. I was thinking, what got? He's an old man, and what got? Five lines in Who's Who and bad conscience. He'll be taking into retirement soon enough, and while I think his teeth are drawn you?"

"I don't know," Mary said. "I such a softy as you are, and I'm to keep a close eye on him. *I'll* tal of Dr. Fisher. He'd better not impose on you while I'm around. looked up at him, frowning s "But, darling, I'm not worried *him*."

"What are you worried about?"

"I'm wondering if there's any at a boys' school," Mary said. "I with all those kids around."

THE END

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MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

Continued from page 27

greeted by cheering thousands and blaring bands.

Their popularity in the Middle West was called to my attention on several occasions by a dynamic young man, Niles Trammell, who was in charge of our Chicago offices. Trammell, now president of NBC, had been a protégé of mine and I respected his judgment.

As a result of his enthusiasm I brought Amos 'n' Andy to New York for several auditions. The manufacturers of Pepsodent tooth paste bought them for a series of five-day-a-week 15-minute broadcasts.

The comedians made their NBC network debut on August 19, 1929, from Chicago. By the next morning, they were a coast-to-coast sensation.

Movie Audiences Hear Amos 'n' Andy

Almost immediately, we heard painful outcries from the motion-picture industry. During the evenings, movie theaters were half empty while patrons remained at home in order not to miss a single Amos 'n' Andy episode. We suggested that theater owners install radios on the stages and in the lobbies of their houses and thereby permit their patrons to hear the nightly broadcasts, prior to the running of the feature. This they did and business picked up.

So intense was the public interest that many newspapers during this period carried on their front pages résumés of the preceding evening's Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. Stores, poolrooms, penny arcades and even boardwalks at seaside resorts bought receiving sets so they would not be bereft of crowds at broadcast time. And when, because of daylight saving time, NBC was forced to change the hour of the program, the Colorado state legislature passed a resolution indignantly denouncing the sacrilege!

For many years most listeners, including Negroes, refused to believe that Amos 'n' Andy were white. Having no desire to disillusion these fans, it was NBC's policy never to issue a publicity picture of the actors without blackface make-up.

For this reason and because audiences made them jittery, Amos 'n' Andy insisted that all visitors be barred during a broadcast. They even excluded their wives from their studio. Today, of course, the boys air their weekly half-hour show before enthusiastic studio crowds.

Under Pepsodent sponsorship, Amos 'n' Andy received $200,000 a year. But after the "first fine flush of rapture" had passed, the Pepsodent Company began to eye critically the amount paid to Correll and Gosden.

One day Albert Lasker, who had charge of the Pepsodent account, broke the news to me.

"These boys are all right, Deac," he said, "but they place too high a value on themselves. My clients simply cannot afford to pay $200,000 a year for two mere entertainers."

I listened but said nothing.

"Now the thing for you to do is to have a heart-to-heart chat with them," Lasker went on. "Tell them how we feel and persuade them to cut their salaries."

"I'll be glad to talk with them," I said.

But I knew I should never be able to get away with it. Leaving Lasker's offices, I went to see Correll and Gosden. They must have sensed what was on my mind, for as soon as I had shaken hands with them, both informed me that they were extremely dissatisfied with their pay. They wanted $300,000 a year!

"We're going to show that man Lasker just how good we are!" said Gosden determinedly.

"How?" I asked eagerly. In those days there were no Hooper or other listener surveys. One could judge a show's popularity only by the fan mail and the sales of the sponsor's product.

"We'll invent a town called Webb City," Gosden explained. "Amos 'n' Andy will work their taxicab out of there. Two weeks from tonight, on our broadcast, we'll begin to offer our listeners a free copy of the map of Webb City. Lasker will find out how popular we are!"

"Boys," I warned, "remember what you're risking. If they don't write in for maps, you're sunk!"

"We'll take that chance," Correll said.

On the day following the first map announcement, Lasker had eight typists answering Amos 'n' Andy's mail. Within a week, there were 200. More than a million requests for the map of Webb City had poured in!

Everyone was happy, including Albert Lasker. And the happiest of all—Amos 'n' Andy. Oh, yes, there was a new contract. And a new salary—$300,000 a year!

During all this time, the network was growing along with its star attractions. Soon we began to feel cramped for space.

One day in 1928, I had a prophetic conversation with Edward W. Harden, of the stock exchange firm of Baker, Weeks & Harden, and a director of both RCA and of NBC. I mentioned the report that the Rockefellers intended to build a new opera house on land owned by them in midtown—near Fifth Avenue.

"I don't think it will ever materialize," he told me. "But the Rockefellers do own a lot of property around here. Maybe we could use some of it."

"For what?" I asked.

"NBC needs more space, doesn't it?" Then, somewhat uncertainly, he suggested, "Why don't we build a sort of . . . well, you know, a sort of city for radio?"

My imagination was fired. It was the first time I had ever heard those words: *"A city for radio."*

From that spark came a conflagration. Soon "a city for radio" was being discussed in the top echelons of RCA and NBC—at first vaguely, then with certainty.

It was months before the machinery really began to whir. Owen D. Young, David Sarnoff and I started negotiations with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his builders, Todd and Robertson.

We rented space for RCA and NBC in what was to become the 70-story RCA Building. We closed the deal for RKO, an affiliate company, to have its headquarters in an edifice to bear its name. Then we signed leases for two great showplaces, the International Music Hall and the RKO-Roxy, now the Center Theater.

That Rockefeller Touch

The building investments alone amounted to more than $200,000,000. It is a breath-taking sum at any time, but, during a tragic depression such as we knew then, it seemed utterly fantastic. Only John D. Rockefeller could have managed it.

There were plenty of scoffers. My old friend H. V. Kaltenborn voiced the viewpoint of the disbelievers in an article in Scribner's Magazine. He argued that all this Radio City hullabaloo was simply a huge publicity stunt. The project could not be a success because the Rockefellers were interested in it only as a source of rentals.

Actually the Rockefellers were interested far beyond that. What they wanted was a great international center. Therefore they made provisions for the erection of the British, the French and the International buildings. Later, structures for the Associated Press, Eastern

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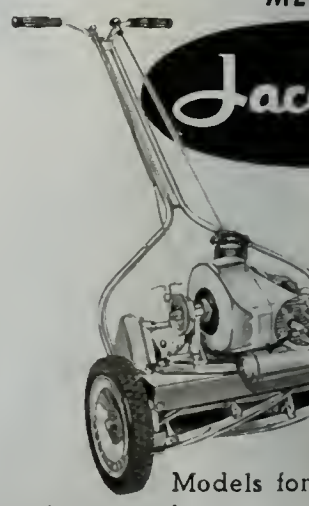

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BILL RUBLE

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nly after many weeks of argu-
Roxy finally consented to
vath's suggestions. And lucky
d—for today the Music Hall is
n's premier picture cathedral,
and the Center Theater a legitimate playhouse, specializing in ice shows!

By December of 1932, the Music Hall, the RKO-Roxy and the RKO structures were completed. Then, at the depth of the depression, came the climactic night, the opening of the International Music Hall, on December 27, 1932.

One of the dressiest and most distinguished audiences of New York theatrical history began filing through the doors, long before the scheduled time of the performance. It gasped at what it saw. The splendor of the decorations, the vast proportions of the theater, brought cries of admiration.

There were some fifteen episodes in the show. The bill included Weber and Fields, Ray Bolger, Martha Graham and her dancers, a ballet, the Rockettes, a symphony orchestra directed by Erno Rapee and other outstanding attractions. The scenery and the lighting surpassed anything seen on a New York stage up to that time. There was a surfeit of riches.

That was the difficulty. The show had been running scarcely an hour when I realized that something was wrong. The audience became restless; it was gripped by ennui. It rebelled at the gigantic proportions of the menu. The entertainment was too overwhelming, far too lengthy. It was not until 1:20 A.M. almost five hours after the beginning, that Roxy made his good-night speech.

The press the next day was scathing. Although giving obeisance to the beauty of the house, it expressed the unanimous opinion that our show was a colossal bore.

Unkind Press Hurts Attendance

We immediately began cutting the running time of the show. We gave it the speed it lacked the first night. However, it did not help. As a result of the critical flogging, the audiences became smaller and smaller at each performance.

Just two days after the disastrous Music Hall *première*, we opened the RKO-Roxy. Our first attraction was an RKO film, The Animal Kingdom, based on Philip Barry's Broadway hit.

That afternoon, Roxy collapsed. The cataclysm of the Music Hall had proved too much for him.

The Animal Kingdom drew fair audiences, so I was able to devote all of my efforts to the Hall. Just three weeks after the opening, I closed Roxy's presentation and replaced it with motion pictures, plus an elaborate but streamlined stage entertainment. At this time, the house was in the red for $500,000!

Now the chorus of "I-told-you-so's" became a sickening sound.

Owen D. Young asked me to confer with him. Calmly he reviewed the events of the last few weeks. Finally he suggested that we might close the Music Hall until Roxy returned. That was about the darkest moment I have ever known.

"Mr. Young," I said, with all the emotion of which I was capable, "I'm convinced that if we close it, there will never be a Radio City!"

I emphasized what he already well knew—that without the two theaters Radio City probably could not survive. We had visualized it as a center for all the allied arts of show business. Further, we had counted on the two theaters as an important source of revenue. The shuttering of any one of them at the time would prove that the cynics had been right.

Young listened to me for a while without replying. Finally, he agreed to make one more effort. He would put it up to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Next week: Radio City is saved, and the network expands. Among the colorful figures involved are Jimmy Petrillo, Major Bowes, Graham McNamee and Eddie Cantor.

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I HAVE A WALLET

Continued from page 16

"I want to know her. I think I'm in love with her. And you—"

"So you want to know Suzanne Frobisher," she said, and to hear the name was like downing three fingers of old bonded bourbon neat.

"She's the one, Jennie," I said. "I know it. And you can help me."

Jennie nodded again. She looked thoughtful, standing there in the dim light from the street lamps. "There's a question or two, Fred. Just what is your status in your job?"

"Well," I said, "you could say I'm an assistant vice-president. In a manner of speaking, practically everyone is."

"And just how far can you go financially?"

I looked away. I was in no mood for harsh realism. "I expect rapid advancement," I said, "as I am a bear for work. In the meantime, I have a little extra cash. How about it, Jennie?"

"I'll think it over," she said. "You might get in touch with me later on. And tell your mother I had a very nice time."

I tried to stop her, but she was gone, and the door was closed in my face. So there was nothing to do but go home and spend most of the rest of the night thinking about Suzanne Frobisher. I wondered how she would spend her Sunday, and I felt a sudden shock of jealousy when I considered the possibilities. But nothing made any difference—as the poet wrote, the past was a bucket of ashes, a sun gone down. Only the future mattered. Jennie McLarnin had put me off but she hadn't refused. And she certainly wasn't the kind who'd kick an old and true friend in the teeth.

I CALLED Jennie twice Monday morning, but it seemed she was busy with her boss. I didn't mean to go into Burg and Hunter's that noon hour. I didn't mean to go near the place. But I was drawn by a power beyond myself, as the moth is drawn to the flame. I found myself in the elevator, and I heard my voice saying, "Three, please." I walked past The Teen Age Shop and The Blouse Bar and The House of Beauty. And there was Suzanne Frobisher, selling a Gladstone bag to an old man who looked as if he were well supplied with both money and gallstones.

Suzanne had on a yellow dress today, and it too was cut quite low in front and made its own small contribution to her beauty. Finally the old man bought his Gladstone. Then Suzanne turned my way and saw me and smiled. "Hello," she said. "How is the wallet?" She remembered me!

"Fine," I said. "You know how to pick a wallet." It wasn't exactly a stunning compliment, but I had to say something.

"Thank you," she said, and the accent was like frosting on a cake. She started toward a customer who was examining the airplane luggage, and I couldn't let her go. I said, "Oh, there's one more thing."

"Yes?"

"I need a black wallet too," I said. "You know. For evening."

"Of course. For evening." She was still smiling, and now she leaned toward me just a little, and there was that look that said there was more, infinitely more, than I had yet realized. It was impossible to believe that she gave everyone that look. "We have charming black wallets," she said.

I looked at all the black wallets and bought the last one. I paid her and she said gently, "Now you are very well fixed for wallets."

"Well," I said, "I usually give wallets to my friends on their birthdays."

"Then you must come back," she said.

She was looking down, her lovely hands playing with a pencil, and her face was thoughtful. She was talking wallets but she wasn't thinking wallets. And she wasn't hurrying away.

"I wouldn't go anywhere else," I said.

"Thank you," she said. "Now I must go." She smiled once more and moved an eyelid in a way that was almost a wink.

I was late getting back to the office, and Mr. Rutledge, who really is an assistant vice-president, gave me a mean and petty stare. But I didn't mind. Suzanne and I were practically friends already, and Jennie could put it on a firm footing. I called her twice that afternoon, but she was still busy, and when I called again she had gone home. It annoyed me—she was acting damnably independent, and what she obviously needed was a paddling, just as in the old days. But I had to be nice to her.

WHEN I left the office I bought some flowers, of the modestly priced but good-enough kind. After dinner I took the trolley and went down to Jennie's apartment.

She came to the door wearing jeans and a sweater. A small paintbrush was in her hand, and her hair was in pigtails. She looked at me and then at the flowers. She said, "Why, Fred, is this a proposal?"

I walked past her into the apartment and noticed that she was repainting a table. In that sweater, she did look too big to paddle. But I wanted to anyway.

"I get it," she said. "The bribe. The business. There is a word for this kind of thing, my friend. It is rarely used in polite society."

I said, "Shut up."

She gave the table a few touches with the brush. "Isn't it darling?" she said. "And I bought it for only three dollars at a junk shop. They didn't know what they had."

"Inflation is really out of hand," I said. I put the flowers down on the table and looked with distaste at her jeans and pigtails.

"Pretty," she said. "Over the years, I may be able to forget your shameful motive in bringing them to Suzanne is the orchid type."

"There's nothing wrong orchid type. She is also the l type. You can tell by look

"No doubt," Jennie said. you're here you might as well of coffee."

I watched her go into the k the coffee and there was p jeans. Suzanne Frobisher w have paint on her jeans—i would never wear jeans. wear, at the very least, a flo coat. And, for grander occ would wear the kind of negli advertised in the more expen magazines. She would not ta as Jennie had done. Her c would deal with music, plays arts, and love.

Jennie came back with the been a long haul since old said. "How you doing?"

She hadn't bothered to c jeans, but she had combed o tails and put some make-up o She looked like a young and version of the modern private relaxing at home. "Well enou "But how about an introduct particular."

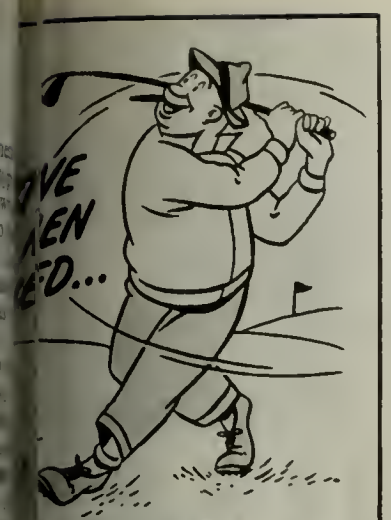
"Fred," she said, "I'm not down. Really, I'm not. But handle these things with a technique." She drank so "How'd you make out today?" suddenly,

"What do you mean, toda surprised me.

Jennie grinned. "In your c she said, "you didn't keep a Leather Goods today. Tell me

So I told her. She didn't l just nodded sagely. "It's not a Just keep on buying wallets. slowly. Take all the time the l You'll get into her mind. On th know you have to buy or bust, ring and I'll try to happen int Goods around three-thirty my way, the introduction can be st of Emily Post. It's beautiful."

COLLIER'S "But I couldn't have killed Morelli; I wuz in a flower shop at the time, orderin' a wreath for him" MICHAEL



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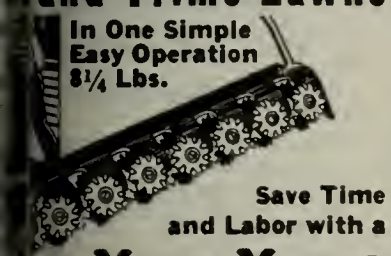

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"Look," I said, "there's a limit to the number of wallets a man can use in a long lifetime."

"But," she said, "come Christmas you'll have all your gifts ready. Practical foresight is served no less than romance. I like it."

"Jennie," I said. "Listen, Jennie." The urge to turn her over my knee was almost at the maniacal stage, but I managed to thrust it back, growling and clawing, into its cage. "The quality of wallets carried by Burg and Hunter doesn't fit my Christmas budget. You've got to help."

She quit grinning, and smiled. It was a considerable transformation. She looked even younger, and her eyes were gentle. "I want to help you, Fred," she said. "Honestly. I will. Suzanne's quite a person. She's in charge of Leather Goods and she's done better than anyone we've ever had. She makes an amazing amount of money for a woman—I mean, a girl. And—well, she's really quite a person. Of course, some of the help say she got her accent at a Hedy Lamarr movie, but you know what cats women are. Anyway, there's no use talking about it any more tonight. I have to think it over and consider all the possibilities. Pour yourself a cup of coffee and I'll turn on the phonograph. I've got some new albums."

She played the albums. I was surprised when she told me it was ten o'clock and I had to go home. The time had gone by fast and it had been quite comfortable. Except that I had been always thinking about Suzanne.

She went with me to the door. "I'll help, Fred," she said again. "I'll do everything I can. Keep in touch with me."

"Yes, Jennie," I said. "Good night." Jennie McLarnin was my hope, and she really seemed inclined to produce. She had turned into a fairly pleasant person.

I MANAGED to hold myself in leash the next day. The day following I called Jennie and she said she was terribly busy because they were taking some special kind of inventory and she didn't have time to talk. I said I would drop into Leather Goods about three-thirty, and I hoped she would be there. She said no, she was too busy, but I might get in touch with her later on in the week.

I did pretty well until three-ten. Then I thought that Jennie might make it after all. I told Mr. Rutledge I had to go to the dentist. He looked suspicious, but I didn't care. I was free.

Suzanne wasn't busy. She smiled at me and said, "My friend of the wallets!" just like that.

"Hello," I said.

"And there is a birthday," she said. "So you must have a wallet."

"Yes," I said, "a birthday." But I was looking at the tailored suit that was in some strange way different from all the other tailored suits in the world, and I was thinking that I liked her hair piled high on her head even better than when it had been down and the dark tendrils had curled so prettily along her neck.

She began showing me wallets. I looked at them all and saw none. At last we came to the end, and she hesitated. She was leaning toward me, and her white blouse was soft and rippling and sheer. "I know," she said. "How stupid of me to overlook it. Here it is. This!"

I bought the wallet, and it was by far the most expensive wallet yet, but that didn't matter. Then I said, "Miss Frobisher." Jennie had stood me up. The hell with Jennie.

She raised her hands. "But you know my name!"

"Yes," I said. "I've a friend in the store. But never mind that. I was thinking, Miss Frobisher, I was thinking—"

"Of course," she said. "I know. I am very flattered. And perhaps—but not now." She laughed, softly, musically. "You are nice," she said. "Very nice, I think. And—well, good day, my friend."

The elevators were crowded, so I went down the stairs. I won't say I flew down. But they felt more like clouds than stairs. I was doing all right on my own, and maybe the next time—or the next wallet—

WELL, I will make it brief—there's no point in repeating the same old song, like a record in a juke box. Two days after that I bought another wallet. The middle of the next week I bought two—the birthdays of my friends were coming thick and fast, as Suzanne Frobisher observed with her wonderful laugh. And then there was still another birthday and still another wallet. I had wallets with red linings and green linings and pale yellow linings. I had wallets made of pin seal, alligator, crocodile, pigskin, calf, cow, and, for all I know, horse and dog.

I always telephoned Jennie first. But Jennie never appeared in Leather Goods. According to her, she never had a free moment. And now and then, of course, as a matter of policy, I dropped in on her at home of an evening. She gave me coffee, listened to my story, and shook her head gravely when I spoke of the wallets, which were running into a fortune.

"Maybe," I said, "I could return some of them for a refund."

"You could," she said. "But what would Suzanne think?"

The thought shriveled me. "I guess it's not a good idea," I said. "I know she really likes to see me come in. She sort of —well, depends on me to show up now and then."

Jennie McLarnin nodded, and poured more coffee. "I'm sure she does," she said. "I'd been hoping you could make a little time for yourself. After all, what with one wallet and another, you two have been alone together a good deal."

I remembered my conversations with Suzanne. Always, there had been a wallet between us. And always, she had leaned toward me, and I had smelled her perfume, and I had seen her hair in all the half-dozen wonderful ways she put it up, and I had felt as a man feels when he staggers away from the Atomic Ride at Lotus Isle Amusement Park. And always, she had promised a little and intimated a little more. Period. That was the trouble. Period.

"She wants to be formally introduced," I said. "She's that kind of a girl. Jennie—" I wanted to paddle Jennie, even if she was grown up and wore red polish on her nails and looked quite well in a sweater. But I simply looked at her with pleading eyes.

"Maybe next week," she said. "I'll try. Really I will, Fred." Then she played some music, and we talked about this and that and nothing at all, and it was ten before I knew it and she was shoving me out the door.

It was very lonely in my room. As soon as I walked in I saw the wallets, stacked in their unopened packages on the table. Sometimes I even wondered if it were all worth while. After all, men had suffered the torment of great and unrequited love before, and finally surrendered to the inevitable. And it was very clear that I couldn't go on buying wallets forever and forever. Jennie had suggested that it might be an interesting departure if I went in for brief cases, fitted overnight bags, or something of that sort. It would break the monotony. But wallets, expensive as they were, were the cheapest thing in Leather Goods.

I didn't sleep very well. I'd think that I would put Suzanne Frobisher aside as a man puts aside his future, his hopes, his highest aims. It was very noble, and it was also very sad in the classic manner. And then I'd remember her vividly, and I knew I'd go back. So help me, I would. Because she was beautiful, and I loved her.

I bought another wallet on Wednesday —a very nifty job lined with scarlet

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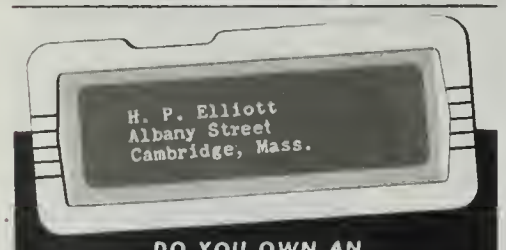

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suède. Jennie, of course, was not among those present—she was obviously a deceiver, a woman without heart or character. After the transaction was completed I started to go as usual. Then something happened. It was, essentially, the same thing that happens when a firing pin comes down on a primer.

I turned around. I walked up to Suzanne Frobisher and I said, "Wait a minute!"

She lifted her magnificent eyebrows. "There is something more?" she said. "I know—another birthday of a friend you had forgotten."

"No, Miss Frobisher," I said. "I'll be frank with you. I want—I mean—that is, I've admired you for a long time now. You would make me a very happy man, Miss Frobisher, if you would go out with me. And I assure you that—"

"Why," she said. "How impetuous! And how charming."

"And I have very good references, Miss Frobisher. That is, what I mean is, I am not just another—Will you?"

Suzanne Frobisher looked at me for a long time. Then she leaned toward me, and it was like the movement of a graceful, willowy tree in a gentle breeze. "I think perhaps I will," she said, "Mr.—"

"Benson. Fred Benson."

"Mr. Benson. It is not usual. It is indiscreet. But—well, never mind." She smiled mysteriously. "We will make it most informal. Black tie. And you will come for me Saturday night at eight."

"Black tie," I said. "I mean, that's wonderful, Miss Frobisher."

"It is nice to be informal. And you will want my address, Mr. Benson."

I went back to the office, called up Jennie, and told her. I made it clear, that I could get along by myself.

"Well," she said, "that's dandy, son. My warmest congratulations."

I wanted really to tell her what I thought of her. But, after all, she worked in the same store with Suzanne.

As you may have imagined, I had no dinner coat. But there was a place down the street from where I lived that rented them. The sign said: THE HONEST TAILOR. SNAPPY STYLES. EVENING OUTFITS RENTED. The Honest Tailor was an elderly man with kind eyes but an appetite for immediate cash, and he had an outfit that was nearly my size. The coat bulged in the back, and the trousers were snug around the waist. But, after all, there's very little light in the places you go to at night when you're shooting the works, and such small deficiencies would never be noticed.

IT WAS a very long time until Saturday. I spent the hours on the heights and in the depths, and on all levels in between. I would seem crass, ill-mannered, a buffoon. Or I would seem like the symbol of America—a sturdy hero, home from the wars, with keen eyes and a knowing sense of the true and the lasting. Or I would simply bore her to death. Or she would fall into my arms as people do in those stories where everyone is in a terrific hurry—and there is so little time. Or. . . .

She lived in a very expensive-looking apartment which had a doorman and an elevator. She was wearing black velvet, cut very low in front, with pearls. She had on white gloves that went from her wrists to her elbows, but left her fingers sticking out. She looked at me, and I made a sort of coughing sound, and she said, "Frederick. My dear Frederick. Come in and sit down and I'll be with you in the littlest moment."

It was a very beautiful apartment, all white and gold and fragile, except for the deep divans. I let myself down into one of these, and didn't stop sinking for some time. I looked at the pictures, which I couldn't understand. The flowers all looked like people and the people all looked like flowers, if you see what I mean.

She was back in half an hour, wearing a velvet cloak, and she looked like something out of a picture that anyone could understand. "In the littlest minute, as I promised, Frederick," she said. She smiled at me, and then she knitted her brows. "Perhaps if I suggested where we might go—"

"Yes," I said. "You suggest."

She made a quick little gesture with her hands. "The Black Cat," she said. "We will go to The Black Cat."

WE WENT to The Black Cat. It was small and dark, and the headwaiter bowed and said something in French and gave us a table. Suzanne said she would like a champagne cocktail, and I ordered two, and after that we danced. When I got her in my arms it was the old Atomic Ride feeling again, only more so. "Suzanne," I said. "You don't mind if I call you Suzanne?"

"But I am Suzanne," she said. "Of course, Frederick."

"Suzanne," I said again. "I want to tell you—" Then I felt a hand touch my shoulder, and a smooth voice said, "Excuse me. Hi, Suzanne! I'm cutting in."

"Roger!" Suzanne said. "Fancy to find you here, Roger. Roger, I want you to meet Frederick. You won't mind if I have a dance with Roger, will you?"

"No," I said. "I love it." I went back to the table. After a while the dance ended and Roger came back with Suzanne and sat down with us. "We will all have champagne cocktails," Suzanne said. I ordered.

It was clear that Roger was with us for the evening if we stayed at The Black Cat. When I finally got Suzanne onto the dance floor once again I suggested that I'd like to see another place. You know—I was pretty much of a stranger, and wanted to get acclimated for future reference.

"Of course," she said. "We will say goodby to Roger, and then we will go to The Top Hat. You will adore The Top Hat, Frederick."

We said goodby to Roger, and I paid the bill. It was quite a bill.

We got clear through a dance at The Top Hat before Henry appeared. Where Roger had been blond and husky, Henry was dark and thin and wore a little mustache. He must have been very fond of Suzanne, because he wouldn't leave her even when a friend called to him from across the room. I bought two rounds of cocktails and Henry bought one. Suzanne was very gay, and becoming more animated with every tick of the clock. Unfortunately, so was Henry.

But finally even Henry had to go away briefly on some errand of his own, and I seized that opportunity to make another getaway. I said that The Top Hat was grand, but it was sort of fun just to keep moving about, like people on a roller coaster.

Suzanne pressed my hand gently, and I twitched. "The Dancing Horse," she said. "You will be enchanted with The Dancing Horse." She didn't seem to regret Henry.

I guess it was George we met at The Dancing Horse. There had been many champagne cocktails, with a lasher of old brandy here and there to make it interesting, and the details weren't very clear now. George had a crew haircut and a story about a week end he'd spent somewhere, which Suzanne found most amusing. I also think we had dinner at The Dancing Horse, but, as I say, no guarantees are given at this stage of the game.

The end came at The Folderol Club. The end was called Mr. Blackstone, and he was about fifty-five, very handsome, if you like the portly type, and obviously rich. The end looked at Suzanne as if the only question in his mind was what kind of sauce she should be eaten with, and at me as if the headwaiter had made

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error and would report a hamburger joint in the

ng some small difficulties uation by now, and was not as I might have been. But, Blackstone went away, and ed very close to me. Every- right again.

I said. "He's gone."

," she said. "Listen care- ick. Mr. Blackstone, he is very important matter has ust discuss it with him, and very dull for you. And he home, of course, after we ith this very important mat- . And you will call me next you will not mind doing derful favor, Frederick. I since I first saw you, that nderstanding gentleman."

t make bouncers like that t's a gift.

outside, and on the way I girl a bill and the headwaiter the doorman a bill without amounts. There was a one- own the street, and I drank black coffee and felt a little ooting. I counted my money ee dollar bills and forty-five ge. No one could say I was e next payday was only ten

of the one-arm lunch and a taxi. I got into it and gave address, and when we got s a light in the window. The dollar fifteen, so I gave the ee dollar bills. This was my

earing the sweater, and the e paint on them, and she had ffee in her hand when she oor. Her hair was loose and er face, and her lips were fingernails. She was paint- g again, but all of the furni- as if you could sit down on it nst it without undue risk.

ed me the coffee. "I just she said. "Fresh and hot. please."

d a lot of coffee," I said.

d a lot more," Jennie said. ."

at." I drank.

he said, "how was it?" She on the sofa with one leg over d she was smoking a cigarette without gestures, just the way the girls at home smoked cigarettes.

"Monday," I said, "I return the wallets. If Burg and Hunter will let me."

"At Burg and Hunter," she said, "the customer is always right. Almost always. But Suzanne won't like it. After all, she gets a commission on everything."

"Monday," I said, "they go back."

"I can see you think nothing of breaking innocent hearts," Jennie said. "By the way, what brought you here?"

I said, "Your father has the mortgage on my old man's house. I have to make up to you. For the honor of the family."

Jennie McLarnin put her cigarette out, and it was practically a new cigarette. She drank a little coffee and put the cup down. And then I saw something I'd never noticed before—the way tendrils of hair curved gently down her neck. It was a brown neck, that had been deliberately exposed to sunlight, and it was pleasant to see.

"Well," she said, "it's a commercial age."

I finished my coffee, and felt soberer than any judge you ever saw. I went over to the sofa, and sat down, and put my hand on Jennie's shoulder. I said, "Hello, Jennie."

She leaned toward me, and I saw that there was a touch of paint on the shoulder of her sweater as well as on her jeans. I like paint. "Hello, Fred," she said.

I was looking into her eyes when it suddenly struck me that she knew more about what had happened this evening than appeared on the surface of things. I pushed her away, just a little. I said, "Wait a minute, Jennie."

She pushed back. "Never mind, Fred," she said. And then she said, "Hello, Fred, it's nice to know you."

SO HERE it is Sunday, and I could make you a very good deal on a wallet, any color, any leather, for I'm not sure that Burg and Hunter will take them all back. But we'll skip that for the moment, for it's the first day of summer and I'm going out to revel. I know the calendar says it's winter, and that the weatherman and all the stodgy people in the buildings say it's raining. But I say it's the first wonderful day of summer, and the sun is streaming down like silk unrolled from a bolt. And, best of all, the busses are running. I have a dime, and it's only a short, lovely ride to Jennie McLarnin's.

THE END

I was so late getting home from the office, dear. Guess I overslept"

LEW FOLLETTE

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WHEN President Truman called recently for a lot of civil rights laws—antilynch, antipoll tax, anti-Jim Crow, etc.—either he stirred up a true hornets' nest down South or (as seems more likely at this writing) he only handed Southern Democrats a promising chance to make a husky bid for restoration of the two-thirds rule at the next Democratic convention.

What's the truth about this civil rights question, anyway? It fans up the fiercest passions, and it traces back to the first hope-he's-still-burning-in-hell scoundrel who kidnaped the first Negro from Africa for slavery in the American colonies.

It seems to us that most Americans who do any thinking and arguing on the subject are at one and the same time right and wrong.

Northern intellectuals, who make Southerners see red with their continual nagging at the South and their demands for federal civil rights laws, are surely right in principle. Lynching *is* a foul crime. Poll taxes *are* unjust when they keep any one group of people from voting. Jim Crow cars or trolley and bus sections *are* discriminatory. It *is* unfair to freeze Negroes out of good jobs for which they could qualify. And so on.

On the other hand, we think Southerners are only telling the truth when they insist that federal laws will never succeed in wiping out these injustices. It is axiomatic that no law, however well meant, can work unless it is supported by the majority of the people it affects. Northern intellectuals should know this fact of life from the nation's experience with federal prohibition.

Well, both sides having a measure of right and a measure of wrong in their arsenals of argumentation, is there any discoverable factor that swings the scales one way or the other? We think there is.

That factor is the unquestionable truth that the Negro's status in the South is getting better every day. He is some 90 per cent better off economically than in the early years following the Civil War. Lynching is sliding toward the vanishing point. As for social equality, most Negroes apparently don't want it anyway, since they have their own social organizations to satisfy their fraternal, religious, snobbish, etc., instincts.

Federal laws didn't work these improvements. They have come about solely because they have been stimulated by the most substantial and respected people among the Southern whites. They would have come a good deal more slowly, we think, if federal laws had forced Mr. Whiskers to keep his nose eternally stuck into Southern affairs.

If all this is as true as we're convinced it is, then it follows that the best way to solve what remains of the Negro problem is to go on just about as we've been going since around 1870. That would mean: Let the Northern intelligentsia howl its collective head off about the South . . . let Southern and Northern politicians make what political capital they can out of the question . . . but don't saddle the federal government with a bunch of laws which it cannot enforce. In other words, let the South work out its Negro problems mostly on its own—which it is doing anyway, and we think will continue to do.

. . . SALVATION BEGINS AT HOME: The United States Conference of Mayors had its annual convention in New York City this year. We favor mayors, by and large; but we feel impelled to take exception to what one of them said at one point in this get-together.

The gentleman was Mayor George W. Welsh of Grand Rapids, Michigan. His gripe, at which we're griping in turn, was that "the peoples of the cities supply the states with most of their revenues, but the states give us a paltry share when the redistribution has to be made. Unless there is a remedy soon, there will be a tea party which will make a bigger smash than the original one in Boston."

No doubt some state governments are stingy about percentages of tax revenues they blow back to the cities—though in one important case (New York State) we happen to know that just isn't so.

But when it comes to blaming a city's ills mainly on the state government—well, why not look homeward, Mr. Mayor? The city government is the one on the spot: the agency charged with maintaining the police and fire forces, keeping all city services in reasonable order, holding down graft to a minimum, seeing to it that the public pay rolls don't fatten up with too many free loaders, and so on. Those are things that nobody can do for a city administration. If they aren't done properly, nobody but the local administration is to

Our tip to city dwellers all over the countr be to start scrutinizing their own city father whenever those gentlemen begin to squaw being done dirt by the state government. It too handy excuse, and we suspect that it overworked.

. . . THE LADY HAS A POINT: We're ho all-out brief for Miss Vivien Kellems, lead woman industrialist who seems unhappy she is in a big and publicity-loaded battle wi public official or agency.

But in her latest private war—this time U.S. Internal Revenue Bureau, which coll come taxes—we think Miss Kellems has a point. When we went to press, the fight had far: Miss K. had announced that henceforth would refuse to pick up the withholding t her employees' pay unless President Trun pointed her a revenue agent, complete with and paid her the customary salary. Treasury had grinned for publication, and had said th collect those withholding taxes all right, w time came, and wouldn't risk the possible ma of a $38,000 fine and 38 years in a federal jai

The point Miss Kellems has made, it seem is this: that the withholding tax as now ha a nuisance and an irritant in several ways. bookkeeping headache for the employer. It many a worker hate the government for not him take home all the wages he earns on th pany's books. It causes plenty of workers their employers, unreasoningly but non virulently. And it forces labor leaders in cases to demand much higher wage increas would satisfy their followers if the withhold were not levied.

Presumably it would be impossible just to this institution and let 'em take home their f every week and scratch up their full tax insta somehow every quarter. But can't the th modified in some way, to remove the irritat can't there at least be some sort of education paign by the Treasury to convince workers necessity and efficiency of the withholding t

Collier's

MAY 1, 1948

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GOVERNOR DEWEY

By John Kord Lagemann

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VETERANS' SCHOOLS?

By Albert Q. Maisel

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"Pot Him!...

we're better off three-handed!"

IAT do you mean 'We're better off'?" de-
anded Bill. "Dick's a charming guy and plays
expert."

ess you haven't had him for a partner recent-
lie said knowingly.

ess I haven't. Shoot!"

, I have! Over at the Club a week ago I sat in
nd or two and, honestly, Bill, he was pretty
nd both Myrtle and Charlie Hall noticed the
ing when they had him over for dinner and
Monday night. His breath, his breath . . ."

oh!" said Bill, "Now I catch on. Too bad
y can't slip him a hint . . . and a bottle of
Antiseptic."

ally is," said Millie, "because he is such a
d I hate to see him riding himself right out of
ure."

How about You?

idious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is
, yourself, may not realize that you're guilty.

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Isn't it foolish to take such chances when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, wholly delightful precaution? You simply rinse the mouth with it and, presto! . . . your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

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Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

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COLLIER'S

May 1, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAI

THE VOTER SPEAKS OUT!

DEAR SIR: I have just finished readin Presidential Aspirants Speak Out 20th). I still have faith that someday, where an honest man will lead us. have faith—but not in the present cr parasitic politicians who demonstrate unfitness by every word and deed.

R. O. ROBINSON, Fort Wayne

. . . The article does not inspire th dent readers with great confidence i caliber of any of the aspirants. They all pussyfooted inflation and the pr cause of cheap money and high prices us restore our gold standard. Natur restore a balance if we let it alone.

F. CRANSTON THOMAS, Quincy

. . . I feel it necessary to discuss I Wallace's scathing denunciation o much money made by business. He like most left-wingers: He insists on ta dollar profit and not percentage pro wager that the Hi-Bred Corn Con owned by him made a higher perce to sales profit than General Motors.

J. R. LOWE, Evansto

. . . Without low-rating any of the aspi I have had my approving eye on H Wallace for many years, and nothin changed it. He is the only one with age to speak up for peace when so of the world is jittery and war-minde

PETHAM BARRETT, Rusk,

. . . If it is not the magazine article c year, I will confess that I am unfit t press a political opinion.

My Collier's will be where I can re on short notice as politicians start po off come convention time.

A. E. KULL, Oklahoma City,

. . . Is there a candidate for whom vote who has sense enough not to gri a happy idiot for the voters' support? one who reads newspaper headlines k there is nothing to grin about. It is a sult to a literate moron to present to l choice of candidates for President o United States who haven't brains en to hire a manager with brains enou tell them to stop grinning.

ROSE WILDER LANE, Danbury,

Collier's picked photographs of the c dates' campaign smiles, on the pri that he who laughs, lasts.

(Continued on page 44)

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CITATION'S BIG CHANCE

BY BILL

PLAIN Ben Jones and his son, Jimmy, were fixin' breakfast down behind the Calumet barn at Hialeah. Ben was cutting chunks off a smoked ham for sandwiches. Jimmy was filling big white mugs with thermos coffee.

"We got a farm at Parnell, Missouri," Ben said, "and each week they send us up a ham. We tote it around in the back of the car—saves time when you don't want to waste an hour going somewhere to eat. Nothing like good Missouri smoked—"

Ben paused to locate a thump-thump-thump from the stalls. "That's Citation—guess he wants some work."

"Horses"—Jimmy punched a can of condensed milk—"are like quail that've been shot over. Nervous and flighty. But Citation's usually a pretty steady horse."

"We've come a long way with Citation," Ben mused. "Lot of people figure he'll win the Kentucky Derby. Maybe so, but we still got a long way to go. You know, lots of things can happen to a horse—from the minute it's foaled right down to the finish line."

Jimmy reached for a sandwich. "We got Armed in great shape last spring—then an old sucker named Concordia, who runs sort of spraddled out behind, kicked him. Might as well have hit Armed with a hatchet—that's how deep the cut was. We had to shoot a million units of penicillin into Armed to stop infection."

Ben nodded. "It sort of scares you—all the things that happen to horses—croup, distemper, swamp fever, travel sickness. Sometimes it's a freak accident. Assault almost ruined itself by stepping on a surveyor's spike. And sometimes a horse just loses form for no reason at all. It could happen to Citation before the Derby."

"The odds are against him," Jimmy drawled. "There must be 10,000 thoroughbreds foaled every year. About 4,000 of them come of good stock and good breeding. The others are scrub—don't have much chance. But out of that 4,000 with good breeding a few get to the Derby three years later—the usual Derby field is fifteen or sixteen. I'd say the odds range from a thousand to one to a million to one against any single horse getting to the Derby."

Ben shook his head. "That's a little high, Jimmy. I'd take 500 to 1 on some of them. I don't mean winning the Derby, mind you. And I'm talking about the better foals. As for winning, I'd say the odds are 10,000 to one against any horse. But I'll say this—Citation wasn't and isn't that long a shot. He was my choice as a yearling. Don't forget his daddy was Bull Lea. He's the greatest sire in the country."

Jimmy finished his coffee. "Citation is as good right this minute as any Calumet horse ever was at three years—and that goes for Whirlaway, too."

To get that tribute, Citation must be good. Ben and Jimmy never compared any horse with Whirlaway before—not even Armed. Ben and Jimmy know horses. Trainers are as touchy as thoroughbreds, jealous of their abilities, but a top-flight competitor recently paid the Joneses this anonymous compliment:

"Figure it this way. Ben's in his sixties and Jimmy's in the forties. They grew up on a horse. That means when you race Calumet you buck more than 100 years of training experience and common horse sense. Course, they've got Warren Wright's millions behind them, too, and they get the best possible horses to work with. No wonder we have a hard time keeping up with the Joneses."

Calumet horses, Jones-trained and Wright-owned, have led the nation in purse winnings five of the last seven years. Calumet collected $1,402,436 in 1947—more than three times the amount ever won by any other racing establishment in one year. But Calumet hasn't won the Derby since Pensive scored in 1944 and Ben Jones is especially eager for Citation to win this one. It would make Ben the most successful of all Derby trainers. Right now he's tied with Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons with three winners: Pensive, Whirlaway (1941) and Lawrin (1938).

While Jimmy put the ham away in the luggage compartment, Ben remarked: "If Citation tails off in training, we have other Derby possibilities—Free America and Coaltown—but they don't have Citation's disposition. I like a horse that's a good eater. Free America is a nibbler—wants to be coaxed. Citation isn't fussy—eats right off the floor."

"We're mighty hopeful for Citation," Jimmy cuts in, "but you never know. There's Coaltown now. He's another son of Bull Lea but he didn't get to the races as a two-year-old—had throat trouble. Now he looks great and might beat Citation if they both get to the Derby. Funny about horses. You know when they ought to win, but you never know when they're going to win. That's why my wife does all the betting in our family—just plays hunches and never asks what I think."

"Let's go, son," Ben urged, "it's getting late."

Jimmy brushed the crumbs off his shirt and went up the hill toward Citation's stall. The time on the stable clock was twelve minutes past five.

COLLIER'S SPORTS

● The grand old sport of wrestling is making another comeback via television. Last time we watched the Friday-night bouts from a barside seat, the announcer kept talking about a hairy gentleman from Australia named Strangler McGurk who was throwing Pretty Boy Wilson all over the screen . . . "and don't forget, fans, right after this bout the Strangler will come down to our camera for an interview . . ."

Just then Pretty Boy raised Strangler in an airplane spin, squinted at the fifth row, and let go.

"Well, well," our announcer adlibbed, "here comes Strangler for the interview and we're not even ready for him."

Such deviations from script are rare, indeed, because wrestlers are the answer to a television sponsor's prayer. They are more considerate than baseball players and never run up wire charges by going into extra innings. They work silently and never address coarse remarks to the referee (some of the suggestions Brooklyn's Eddie Stanky made to the umpires in the '47 World Series rather startled video lip readers). Best of all, wrestlers pace the show properly. They wouldn't dream of staging a spectacular fall during a time out for station identification.

"We know how to work with signals," a lumpy-headed veteran reveals. "When the announcer picks up a piece of paper we know it's time for the commercial and we go into a slow stall on the mat—the sponsor's gotta live, too.

"After the commercial, we go back to work—spins, flying tackles, bear hugs—all the stuff the promoter makes us rehearse the afternoon before the match.

"If you're sharp, you can catch our signals. Usually, we do it by ring position. Suppose I back against the ropes—that's my signal the flying tackle's coming next. When we're on the mat, we signal by squeezing the other guy's wrist. You can't whisper 'cause your voice carries around the ring. Another reason: We've been warned that our faces usually are in sharp focus on the television camera and you can't make it too phony for the television fans."

San Francisco recently received a sample of the wrestling industry's adaptability—a zany grappler billed as The New Look, who wears long trunks hemmed two inches below the knees. The New Look earned approximately $1,000 a week for many weeks wrestling such colorful characters as Gorgeous George, the former mackerel fisherman who dyes his hair yellow or orange, depending on the color of his tights.

Pro wrestlers are colo adaptable, all right, but they weakness—they can't wrest office champions—Gorgeou Man Mountain Dean and (the Angel) Tillet—wouldn' minutes against a moderat college heavyweight.

If you want to see real wr out to Oklahoma or Iowa— overlook Mt. Vernon, Iowa, of tiny Cornell College (e 825) which swept the Natio collegiate and National A A naments last year. Iowa h wrestlers than horseshoe p champion cornhuskers the Three other Iowa colleges pl in the 1947 intercollegiate State Teachers College was University of Iowa, seventh; State College, eighth.

Cornell's champions are grown. Wrestling is a major Iowa high schools. A promi pounder with a good arm lock as many college offers as a p back—and for the same reas Cornell defeated Illinois a paign last year, a crowd jammed Hugg Gymnasium. more than pays its way in Io

● George Meagher of Notr broad-jumped 24 feet 9¾ inch a Drake Relays record at Des in 1935. While Meagher was ing congratulations, Ohio Sta satile Jesse Owens stopped b between heats of the 100-ya Owens jumped once—sailed 1¼ inches.

Speaking of records, the broadest broad jump—a pr 63-footer which never will be in the record book—was made jumper, Bob Hector of Oreg at the University of Nevada Annual Winter Carnival on last February. Hector zippe the incline, gave a great th soared forth sans skis. He two-point landing—stagger steps—did a double some then bounced up again, stun unhurt.

The leap puzzled the judge considerable deliberation, th Hector points for his take-of was perfect) and listed him standings as: Bob Hector—6 out skis).

Hector's unpremeditated jump was only five feet shor winning ski leap made by Jerry Wetzel.

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GEORGE D

KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of the banks, jewelry and fur stores and other establishments in the United States that need the utmost protection against burglary, less than five per cent are guarded by a protective company through equipment installed on their premises. This consists of one or more kinds of alarms that the intruder himself unknowingly sets in action, causing a signal to be sent silently to the nearest office of the company, from which a carload of its armed men rushes to the scene.

Of the some 400 carnivals that will tour this country in 1948, the largest is Carl J. Sedlmayr's Royal American Shows which has a personnel of 1,100 and travels in 60 double-length railroad cars. Besides 25 games of skill or chance, its attractions comprise more than 40 shows, rides and exhibits which, to patronize them all successively, would cost nearly $13 and require 32 hours.—*By Don Carle Gillette, New York City.*

A recent study reveals that, in a body drowning in fresh water, the blood becomes greatly diluted at once, producing a rapid and fatal effect on the heart. But in a sea-water drowning, this reaction does not occur and the heart may continue to function for a comparatively longer period. Thus, a sea-water victim, it is believed, has a much better chance of being resuscitated than a fresh-water victim.

The famous Bunraku Puppet Theater in Osaka, Japan, uses marionettes that are nearly life-size and cannot be controlled by wires. Each doll, therefore, is manipulated by three operators who stand behind it but are almost invisible as they are dressed completely in black and work against a black curtain. While one man supports the doll and works its eyes and mouth, the other two handle the arms and legs. Such skill is required that no operator is considered proficient until he has specialized in his work for ten years.—*By Tokuo Doi, Tokyo, Japan.*

While on a visit to Lond Gandhi was persuaded to cording called Mahatma G Spiritual Message, on con the royalties would be paid India Spinners' Associatior the years, this record rec publicity and is still vir known, although it is the o ing of his voice in Er *Gerald Allan, Binghamton*

An astonishing legal handed down recently by a court, freed a forger b check he had written and p intent to defraud, happened Sunday date. Alabama law contract made on Sunday s decided that the check was by its date and, therefore, i be the subject of forgery.

For many years, America panies, in their search for have tested innumerable this country under leases landowners, particularly These temporary leases, with the long-term leases, ered annually an average o 000 acres, which is ten per nation's entire area.

At least one major-leagu team, the New York Gia 1948 home games will be te sponsor, has agreed to pa park's billboard advertise they will not, as in the past, up by the cameras and publicity.

Besides a President an President, American voters this year 32 senators, 435 r tives, 33 governors and abo other state, county and officials. *By Denzil Bergma City, Mo.*

Ten dollars will be paid for e cepted for this column. Contrib be accompanied by their source tion. Address Keep Up With Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New N. Y. This column is copyrigh items may be reproduced withou

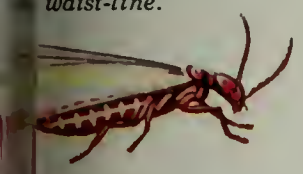
you see these "look-alikes"

RADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

dentify which is which

CROCODILE *or* **ALLIGATOR?** *You can easily tell them apart by their noses. The alligator has a short, wide snout—the crocodile a long, thin snout.*

ERMITE? *When the termite reaches stage, it has four equal-sized wings g straight body. The flying ant has of wings of different size and a waist-line.*



**Prepared in cooperation with specialists of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*

BUTTERFLY *or* **MOTH?** *The distinguishing characteristic of the butterfly (left) is the little knobs on the ends of its antennae, or feelers. The moth doesn't have these little knobs.*

THE BLACK WIDOW, *whose bite may be fatal, is identified by the red hour-glass marking on its stomach. The other spider is a harmless species.*

IS THE OSTRICH? *The ke feathers and long rk the ostrich (right). The d is an emu.*

THEY LOOK ALIKE, BUT . . .
nous coral snake (top) has red bands by yellow rings. The harmless scarlet as red bands bordered by black rings.

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THE WEEK'S WORK

WE LOOKED up John Art Sibley, out of whose footie cartoons (Feet First, p. 50) we trust you have been getting a kick. As befits a specialist in podiatrics, Mr. Sibley entered the world feet first at Danville, Illinois, 36 years ago. Art was his destiny, so he took the stuff at the Institute in Chicago, and in Washington, D. C.—painting signs and ushering for eating money.

Collier's having rejected his first cartoons, Mr. Sibley boarded a bicycle in 1936 and with $600 pedaled around all the European art galleries, returning home burning to be a great easel painter. "So now I'm drawing Mickey Mouse and cartoon feet," he says, "and liking it."

Rejected again in 1941, Mr. Sibley tried Collier's in 1945. "Darned if they didn't take a drawing," he says. "And then when I concentrated on beginning at the bottom and staying there in my cartoons—whoosh!—the deluge!"

In Burbank, California, where he's worked for Walt Disney for 11 years, he states, "I love the nicest girl in the world—married her 10 years ago. Now we have the nicest little girl in the world."

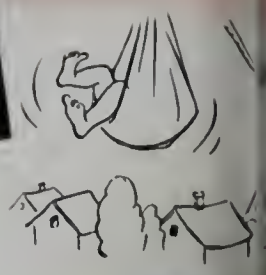
THIS week we welcome back an old (but only in years) Collier's editor, D. E. (Uncle Dan) Wheeler (The Vanishing Bee, p. 65). Born in New York when there were gas lamps, and a brownstone front indicated wealth, Uncle Dan began editing as a mere boy, hobnobbing with such folks as Israel Zangwill, Edith Wharton and Jack London before he went to work for the son of Collier's founder, Robert J. Collier. "Why he gave me a job, I'll never know," says Mr. Wheeler. "I had an amateur rating as an editor—although I took money for it. Amateur money, of course."

Since then Mr. Wheeler has been on the staffs of many leading magazines, has written articles, biography and fiction—usually commuting to work in New York from the suburbs. "I must have covered the distance to the moon and back several times—if that matters," he sums up. "I've been of the rolling-stone family and am slightly flecked with bits of Irish moss."

Mr. Wheeler's collaborator, R. B. Willson, has been writing and lecturing on bees for years. After acting as bee fieldman for the Cornell School of Agriculture, he gave up his academic interest to go into the honey business. He has been called Honeybee Willson, and is consulted as an authority on bees—healthy and sick, rich or poor—in both North and South America.

THE Pearl-Handled Humbug is Roark Bradford's 107th story for Collier's (p. 38). Or as he himself puts it: "If I hadn't spent all of the money you-all paid for these yarns, I'd probably be so rich I could afford to be doing what I'm doing now: sitting at my typewriter working on a new yarn."

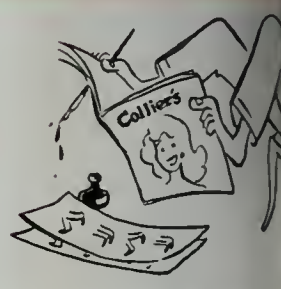
From Lauderdale County, Tennessee, just above Memphis, Mr. Bradford has been in two wars—with the



DANVILLE, 1

THE LOUVRE

HOME LIFE



LOVE LIFE

Army first, Navy second. [illegible] took a shot at me, nor I a[illegible] admits. "I've also lived th[illegible] panics, a depression, five F[illegible] administrations, and a vot[illegible] rection when the Populists [illegible] Hoop Pole Ridge settlem[illegible] 1900. At present I'm gett[illegible] some *amoebae Histolyticae* [illegible] declension, plural, for amoe[illegible] tery) picked up three years [illegible] in the Navy. I don't mind t[illegible] what I ate, but I hate like Ha[illegible] to chew for them."

Mr. Bradford traces T[illegible] Handled Humbug to the [illegible] every sharpshooter in the [illegible] stirring about with a phony [illegible] days to mulct a fast dollar [illegible] Negro farm hands.

"For once, they are wel[illegible] reveals Brad. "Last fall, B[illegible] who is exactly as describ[illegible] story, approached me for a g[illegible] to purchase a pearl-handl[illegible] Bible for his church, Old Shi[illegible] I looked into the deal, f[illegible] promotion cutback scheme, [illegible] tell it. I didn't buy the Bib[illegible] contribute a Daisy Burn[illegible] which seemed to please ev[illegible] well. Just now we are living [illegible] leans, a delightful city sim[illegible] with charm. Soon we expec[illegible] over to Santa Fe for a piec[illegible]

This week's cover: Jungl[illegible] Athlete's Brain. While Jim [illegible] to flattery and lets Mor[illegible] Monk admire his muscle, Bl[illegible] Red, the little rascals, cut the [illegible] hunk of melon. Only Artis[illegible] Wood knows how Mortimer [illegible] collect his share. . . . TED

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Owners of KAISER and FRAZER cars *knew* they were buying *style leadership* and *extra roominess.* Their demonstration rides proved *riding comfort* and *driving mastery.* But one tankful of gas told a story of surprising *economy!*

The 1948 KAISER and FRAZER have the *highest compression engines of any cars on the road!* This means maximum fuel efficiency!—minimum fuel waste! In terms of gasoline mileage, it means *many* more miles per gallon than you have ever experienced with any other car!

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**Slightly higher Denver and*

Wednesday is Bingsday! Listen to Bing Crosby on Philco Radio Time, Wednesdays at 10 P.M. in the East, 9 P.M. everywhere else. ABC Network and many additional stations.

I

ST, how I met him: I had
e to Manchester to see my
her; to ask my father for
wanted the money so that
harry Molly and save her
te worse than death. Yes,
how I thought of it. I was
e.

about her then," my father
ng stiff-backed behind his
ow old is she, and what
family?"

me there of course.

early eighteen," I said.

er family?"

n't help her family. And
hey're mostly dead."

does she do?"

I said, "she's a sort of a kind
. To Jacobus. Jacobus, the
anager, and Mrs. Stevens.
vens is his housekeeper."

ow it sounded. It sounded
But you don't understand,"
he's different. Really she is,
's a wonderful girl."

my father said, "the world
wonderful girls, especially
ne." As he spoke he placed
on a sheaf of papers, raised
o fingers and drummed *con*
we said at home. I knew
meant. It meant that the
s closed.

you won't help me?"

n," my father said.

out and walked the streets.
for a long time, along streets
not know and would not
in, and finally I walked into
nds. I saw the notice that
RPHY'S FAMOUS BOX-
TH, and I paid my sixpence
ed under the notice into the
od on my toes and, looking
avenue of cloth caps, saw a
y white man hit a large, ugly
n on the chin. It was a nota-
h. It traveled only a few
ut it wrenched the Negro's
rom his chest, spun him half
and sent him crashing like

y boss in the sports depart-
ce told me always look at
ls, so I looked there at the
eels and saw that they were
e boards and that his toes
"If their heels are flat," Gus

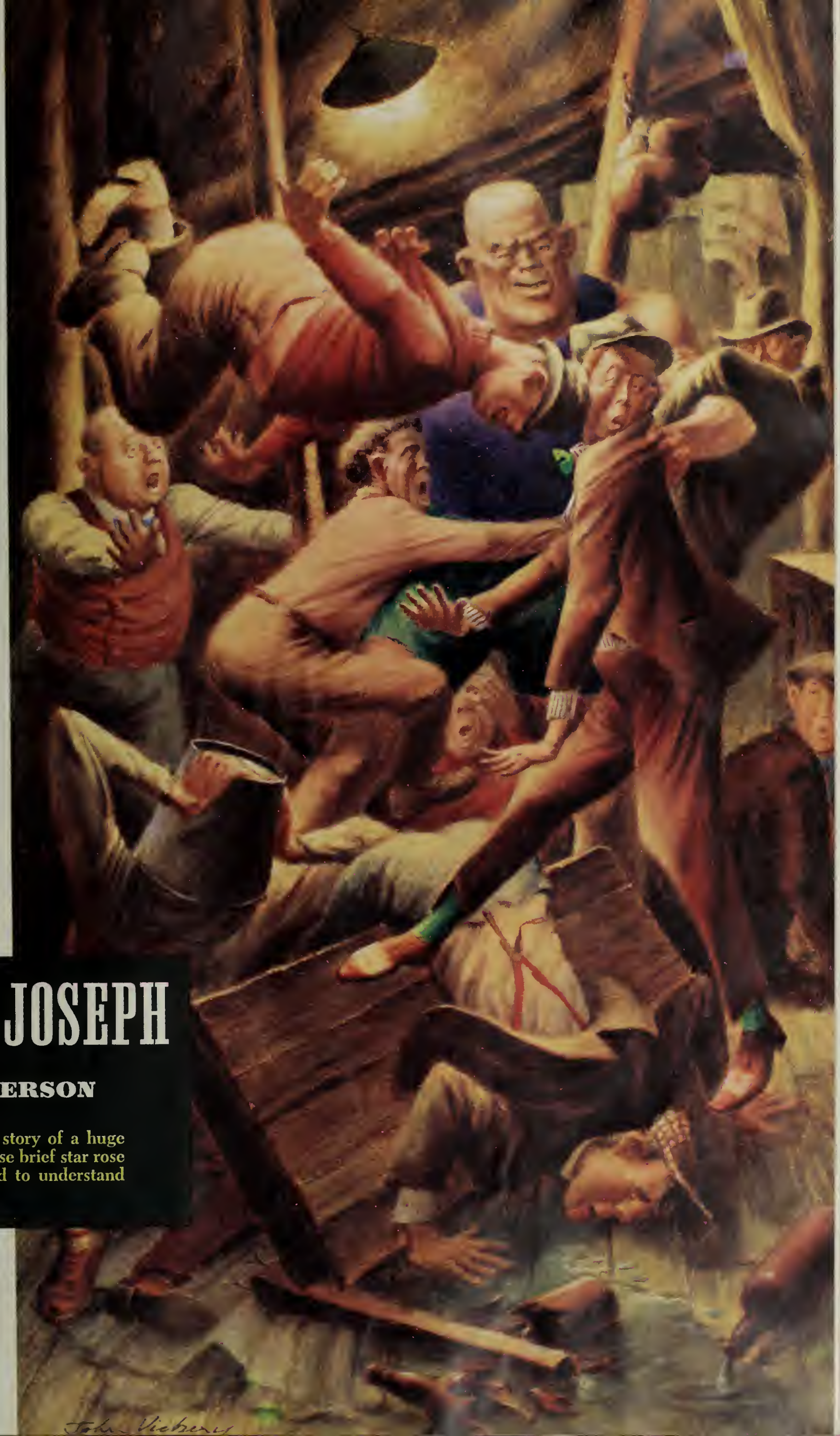
FRIEND JOSEPH

BY NEIL PATERSON

tender and compelling story of a huge
gentle fighting man whose brief star rose
world he never learned to understand

e was surrounded by a jos-
l of small men, the kind found
a boxing booth, and he was
ing these men two at a time
ging their heads together

ATED BY JOHN VICKERY



had said, "that's that." And so it was.

"The Pole the winner!" the referee said. "The killer-diller!"

The crowd did not like it. They had paid for ten rounds and got only one. They thought they had been cheated and they said so, with emphasis. They were still booing when the Negro was carried from the ring and they saved a special raspberry for the winner as he ducked through the ropes and, grinning, nodding and shaking hands with himself, made for the canvas flap marked DRESSING ROOM. He appeared to be pleased with his reception. He actually seemed to think that he was popular. I watched him until he disappeared from sight and then, smelling a story, I elbowed across the tent to the partitioned-off section, raised the canvas flap and peered into the dressing room.

The Negro lay almost at my feet. Two men in sweaters were working on him, slapping his face and hands, while a third sluiced him with water from a bucket. The Pole was over in the corner farthest from me. He was surrounded by a jostling mill of small men of the kind you always find around a boxing booth, and he was busy lifting these gentlemen two at a time and banging their heads together.

It was hard to know just what was going on. Everybody, except the Negro, was shouting at the pitch of his voice and everybody, especially the Pole, was in a very bad temper. The little rat-faced referee had a restraining hand on the elastic waistband of the Pole's pants, but that wasn't stoping the Pole. When he saw me he dropped his victims and came at me and there was no time for me to go. He came the direct way, stepping on the Negro's torso, and he came fast.

"You see William?" he demanded.

"I don't understand."

"William is his bird," Ratface said. "His magpie."

"You see her?" the Pole said, grabbing my coat lapels.

"No," I said.

"For the love of God!" Ratface said to the roof. "Will somebody please find William!"

Well, that was the first time I met the Pole.

When I got back to London there was a dearth of news and I slapped out a bit about Murphy's Famous Boxing Booth. Gus let the stuff through and I had a couple of paragraphs in each of the evening editions and one in the morning paper.

Next day I had a phone call from Jacobus, the boxing manager.

"Hello," I said. "Hello, Mr. Jacobus." I cleared my throat to catch hold of my voice. I was thoroughly scared. I thought of course that he had found out about Molly and me. I thought he knew it was I who had kept her out late the night before.

"Listen," Jacobus said. "Somebody in your paper wrote about a Pole. What I want to know is this: Is he good, this Pole? I mean *good?*"

"He's wonderful," I said. "He's sensational, Mr. Jacobus." Now I did not think that the Pole was as good as all that. When I spoke I did not think of the Pole at all. I thought only of keeping Jacobus sweet, and I just opened my mouth and said what I knew he would like best to hear.

"You think he's worth looking at?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Jacobus."

And that was how Jacobus came to sign up the Pole. That was the start of it all.

I WENT along to the building which housed the gym (Jacobus' Boxing Academy—the upper floors of which served as Jacobus' living quarters) the day after the Pole arrived. I went in the hope of catching a glimpse of Molly, but I let it be known that I had come to see the Pole. I stood and watched him at the heavy bag for a few minutes, then I stepped across to the plywood office to pay my respects to Jacobus.

"Well, how do you like him, Mr. Jacobus?" I asked.

"All right," Jacobus said. "But he don't talk. I paid good money for him and what I say is I got the right to have him talk to me. You tell him that, boysie. Tell him he's got to behave hisself when he's here and talk when he's talked at. So far he don't talk to nobody at all, not even the boys, but you tell him that, like I said, boysie. Maybe he'll listen to you."

So I talked to the Pole.

"Hello," I said. "How are you getting on?"

The Pole scowled and hit the bag with a left hook.

"You like it here?" I asked.

The Pole hit the bag again, one-one-two, and he hit to hurt.

"How's William?" I said.

The Pole stepped back and looked at me. He had stopped scowling and was wearing what I took to be an eager and friendly look, but it hadn't done his face any good at all. I don't know if there are words to fit the Pole's face. It was very big and very, very ugly. When you first looked at it, you got the impression that it had more bones in it than necessary, that these bones were bigger than human bones, and that they were not in the places where they ought to be. But after a bit you got accustomed to the idea of the Pole's face, and when you looked at it you didn't see it. You saw only his eyes. His eyes were okay. They were no different from anybody else's eyes.

"You know William?" he said.

"Not exactly," I said. "But I know about him. Did you ever find him?"

"No," the Pole said.

That was the sum total of words spoken. I did not think that I had done very well, but Jacobus was impressed. "You made a hit," he said. And later, when he had thought it over, he called me into the office. "Listen, boysie," he said, "do me a favor. You come and talk to him as often as you can, and some night you take him out. Will you do that for old Jacobus? There's no one else can start him talking, and it gets you down; that frozen puss; just take a look at it. I seen ugly pans but I never seen the like of that; you're his friend, you come along and take him out some night, make him laugh. Will you do that, boysie? I'll pay expenses."

"I'll be glad to oblige you, Mr. Jacobus," I said. I always said yes to Jacobus. I knew that he was harmless. I knew that he was cheap and crooked and contemptible and I used often to lie in bed at night and work out the way I would treat him the next time we met. The way I would treat him would be like dirt. I decided on it definitely, yet when I got face to face with him I always remembered that he was Molly's guardian and that he had Rags Gorman, the bookmaker, behind him (that especially) and I always got a tight feeling in my stomach and I always went out of my way to be very polite and agreeable; I nodded my head and said yes, Mr. Jacobus, no matter what Jacobus said. "Certainly I'll take him out, Mr. Jacobus," I said. "What's his name?"

"God knows," Jacobus said. "I ain't thought one up yet. Now you take him to a cinema, see. Nothing flashy. And, boysie, no eats. He gets that at his place. Board and lodgings. Good solid food. I got all that fixed. Just some little cinema place." . . .

I called for the Pole at the gym at six the following evening.

Molly knew that I was due and came down the stairs with something for the garbage tin, but Jacobus was there and she would not look at me, although she waggled her skirt, meaning affection. I was ashamed to walk with the Pole because of the way everyone stared, and I was angry with Molly for not having looked me once in the eyes. I didn't say a word and I thumbed the Pole into the first cinema I saw. The main film was a marriage comedy with Melvyn Douglas and a blonde; I don't remember her name. It was a very funny film in parts and I had to laugh, and when I laughed the Pole laughed too. He had a terrible laugh, like something in an opera.

When it was all over I walked the Pole home. I tried to make conversation in basic English and the Pole listened gravely, saying, "Please?" and "Yes, thank you"—these at t times—and precious little e finished the last half mile i and I was mighty relieved came to his lodgings. I thu the door to him in case he h sense to know where he liv

"Well, so long," I said.

The Pole took my hand, hard, and bowed.

"Thank you, pet," he said.

I didn't have to think tha was straight from the film. M his wife. *Thank you, pet.* It rocked me back on my heels not think of an appropriate r I was determined not to merely said, "So long, the turned down the street.

Thank you, pet!

That big gorilla.

Oh, it amused me. It gave laugh, but it also made me that the Pole was a human be now, when I look back at it not seem at all funny. It see

THE Pole, registered as Hamilton (Hamilton was M vens' middle name: Mrs. Ste Jacobus' housekeeper), knoc his first two opponents in t and first rounds respective Jacobus, who believed a poun hand was worth ten in th rushed him into a match with Williams of Cardiff, who w I didn't like it all. I had gro of Joseph. I had started h night school, where he was s to learn to speak English, ta twice to the Bertram Mills ci had walked him interminably the zoo. I had got used to cuss, and I didn't want to see to ribbons. I knew that this s fight could only be a massacr would have stopped it if I cou I couldn't. The contract wa and the bills were up before learned of it. AL KID WIL V. BIG JOE HAMILTON. I be a ten-round supporting Blackfriars, and the Pole wa what Jacobus described as "at sive preparation." This includ tea twice daily and a punch sparring partner. Joseph, sme sweat, showed me his muscles secret left jab. He seemed p content with his new existence was fool enough to think that settling down.

Then, six days before the fi disappeared.

I met Molly on the evening day in the Public Library, wh had a standing date every Wed and she told me about it out corner of her mouth. Joseph h turned up at the gym that m his bed had not been slept landlady had not seen him si previous day. The boys were searching. They were combi parks and the riverbanks. Th divided the city into sectors, their various sectors they were in all the pubs, the police offic the hospitals. Jacobus was and when last seen was sitting telephone, working through the tory.

Molly wanted me to think Joseph could be, but I did not waste our precious time toge jockeyed her around to the Ar ogy stall.

Nine days out of ten, we count on getting the Archaeolo to ourselves, but this had to be the tenth days. An old man the ladder stool taking notes.

(Continued on page 30)

Beginning Next Week, Collier's Presents the Inimitable

SAX ROHMER'S NEW NOVEL . . .

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Locked in a bitter struggle for the secret of the world's most terrifying weapon, Nayland Smith confronts the world's most ingenious fanatic—Fu Manchu. But in Smith's intricate calculations there was an unknown quantity—beautiful, auburn-haired Camille Navarre, agent for an unknown power. Don't miss this swift-moving novel of international intrigue and dangerous love.

GOVERNOR DEWEY

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Here the Republican candidate of 1944 surveys some of the fundamental problems facing the American people

ARRIAGE and politics," said the man in drawing room A, "nowhere else do erican people demand such nd perfection. And nowhere they place a more paradoxical reasoning premium on amanding. They think of politics rty business. Yet they want ndidates to go around in shinor, championing defenseless e."

nan in drawing room A wasn't g in generalities. As one of or Thomas E. Dewey's closest iniest advisers he was referring ally to the dilemma of the man s as good a chance as any Re- n in the last 20 years of be- President.

In practical politics, a suit of shining armor sets up an alarming clanking and weighs a man down in the pinches, where he has to be light on his feet. Dewey took his off 10 years ago when he first ran for governor. His political career since then has built up an excellent case for him as administrator and vote getter, although it has not provided him with a popular cause in a nation with a weakness for "champions."

Most men who attain great prominence in public life are the products of their conflicts and their distractions. Dewey, on the other hand, seems to be the product of relentless, single-minded application to the job immediately ahead of him. Nowhere in the 45-year record of his busy life will you find any indication of revolt or dissent, nor in his youth any involvement in the great social or political issues of the time.

Till his last year at Columbia Law School, Dewey considered singing his best bet for a career and worked hard at it. His teacher, however, told him he handled his voice "too intelligently" to make a great singer. About the same time a slight throat ailment forced him to cancel one of the church engagements which helped pay for his lessons. Coolly weighing his chances of getting ahead in the world, Dewey decided that a vocal career was too risky. He dropped what had been up till then his greatest interest in life and concentrated on the law to the exclusion of practically everything else.

It's possible that you might never have heard of Thomas E. Dewey if a lady stockholder hadn't sued the Empire Trust Company for $20,000. The trust company's law firm, MacNamara & Seymour, assigned one of their staff lawyers to prepare the defense. His name was Dewey, and he was twenty-eight years old. To handle the case in court, the firm retained the well-known trial lawyer, George Z. Medalie, and the older man liked the way Dewey dug into the files and organized the facts.

On the last day of the trial, which he lost, Medalie accepted the appointment as U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York. He invited Dewey to join him as chief assistant. This was only 17 years ago. Lightning had struck, but Dewey wasn't blinded by the glare.

"I dropped him into the cold water and let him swim out," said Medalie.

Among Those Convicted . . .

Soon Dewey splashed into the front pages with his part in convicting such newsworthy malefactors as Jack "Legs" Diamond and Waxey Gordon, gangsters; and a City Hall grafter named James J. McCormick, who banked over $200,000 from his job as clerk in the marriage license bureau.

Three years later, Governor Lehman appointed Dewey Special Prosecutor of Organized Crime in New York.

Dewey went after some of the nation's biggest crooks with a relentlessness that thrilled the nation.

The fact that his personality caused some reporters and others who worked closely with him to criticize him as ambitious and overaggressive didn't detract from the public admiration. Dewey got results.

When, in 1938, Dewey ran for governor, many of his friends were doubtful as to the wisdom of the move, because it meant certain defeat. But Dewey as usual knew what he was doing.

His aggressive campaigning cut down Herbert Lehman's victory to a mere 65,000 and Dewey emerged as a comer in national Republican politics. He has been moving along with great persistency ever since, despite his loss to Wendell L. Willkie at the Republican convention in 1940—partly through the efforts of Kenneth Simpson, the New York County Republican leader. Temperamentally, Dewey and Willkie were, as one observer put it, "One world apart." But Dewey campaigned for him, and this attitude of working for the party served as a build-up for the governorship in 1942.

In 1944, there was little question about Dewey's Presidential nomination. His defeat by only 2,000,000 votes at the hands of a great campaigner was the kind to improve rather than lessen his chances for 1948. In 10 years Dewey has made himself the greatest vote getter in his party.

But Americans have a way of making it very tough for their candidates. Despite Dewey's undeniable youth, vigor and administrative talents, a large segment of the American public still asks as they have always asked of anybody who ever makes a pass at the Presidency, "What's the big idea?" What are the ideas, the outlook and methods Dewey will carry with him into the campaign and very possibly into the White House?

If Americans could sit down with

(Continued on page 75)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

THE DAY'S WORK

George loved Ruth, the kids loved money, but the peanut machine didn't love anybody

BY OWEN CAMERON

SATURDAY morning while we were dressing, Mitch said I should ask Father, because I was the oldest. I thought Mitch should, because he was the stubbornest; and he was, so I had to ask. Neither of us wanted to, because Father had been mad ever since Cousin Ruth's picture was in the paper for sleeping in a store window.

When we went to breakfast, Father was hollering to know why Ruth couldn't have married that what's-his-name architect and settled down. Mother said because she didn't love him, and besides she had her career. Then she said there were times when she envied Ruth. Father hollered that was a woman for you, not able to tell the difference between a career and a holy show, and at least Ruth could have stayed in Chicago where nobody knew us.

After breakfast when I had a chance I asked if we could have fifty cents to go to the show, and Father said certainly not. Mother told him it would keep us out of mischief for a while, and Mitch said we didn't have anything else to do, and Father hollered that we could find something, because when he was our age he had a job and knew money didn't grow on trees.

Mitch and I went outside where it was quieter, to think about getting a job, or anyhow fifty cents. I said if Rex was a lady dog, we could have puppies and sell one. But Mitch said he would never, never sell a puppy, not even if we were starving, so we had to think of something else. Mitch wanted to go downtown to Knapp's store and see Cousin Ruth in the window, because once she gave us a dime. A dime wasn't enough, but then we heard Father yell at least we could cut the lawn or something, couldn't we? So we left.

We had to walk downtown, and we left Rex home, because some policeman always wanted to arrest him for disturbing the peace or biting him. Rex never liked cops and they felt the same way.

Cousin Ruth was asleep in the big window of Knapp's store. The window was fixed to look like a room in a castle, with two knights in shiny armor and a small imitation dragon and a stuffed cat and a king who laughed. A prince leaned over the bed, and in bed was Cousin Ruth in her nightgown. She was the only one alive. A sign in the window said: *She Would Not Be A Sleeping Beauty Unless She Napped On A BeautyKnapp Mattress—Knapp's Modern Dream Boat.*

Every so often the prince bent down with a jerk and then Cousin Ruth sat up and smiled and stretched and music and drums played and the king laughed *ho-ho-ho*. The cat chased his tail and the knights moved their tin arms, and people on the street stopped to look and said everything was so cute and Cousin Ruth was so lovely. Then an old witch came out from behind a curtain, but she was stuffed, too, and the dragon rolled his eyes and puffed out steam, and the music and everything else stopped and Cousin Ruth yawned and fell asleep, and all the people watching went away except me and Mitch and a man.

"The king used to be Santa Claus," Mitch said. "I'm glad we didn't bring Rex. Remember how mad the cop got at him for barking at Santa Claus?"

The man who had stayed came over and said, "I see you two are gentlemen of taste. Or were you looking at the mattress?"

"We're looking for a job to earn fifty cents," I told him.

"If you were in Chicago you could have mine," the man said. "I'm busy here, studying the art of window dressing. And undressing. Learn while you earn."

"We need to earn fifty cents," Mitch said. "Once she gave us a dime for going away."

"Hah!" the man said. "Let's get this straight now. By 'she' you don't mean the witch?"

"It's a stuffed witch," I said.

"You never know," the man said. "Once I had a girl whose mother—but that's water under the bridge. Are you friends of the princess? You wouldn't be members of the royal family?"

"The Fearson family," I said. "I'm Edgar and he's my brother Mitch. Cousin Ruth is on Father's side. He says he could understand it and make allowances if she was on Mother's side."

"Well, well," the man said, and turned to look at Cousin Ruth. Mitch went over to the peanut machine on the wall between windows to see if anybody had put in a penny and forgotten to take the peanuts. Nobody had.

The man asked me, "Can you get her to look this way and say hello?"

I hollered at Cousin Ruth, and Mitch came back to help and the man tapped on the glass with a penny. Cousin Ruth would not look, but she w with her hand for us to go away.

"I'm progressing," the man said. "Isn't she tiful?"

I looked at Cousin Ruth, but she was the sa always, only asleep in her nightgown. Mitch the man, "Is that a regular penny?"

"I suppose so," the man said. "Ah, w princess!"

I told him Cousin Ruth was only making b to be a princess. She was really a model, lik ladies in the mail-order catalogue.

Mitch pulled the man's sleeve and asked, " is it your penny? Could you give it away i wanted to?"

"Sure," the man said. "Does she live th the castle?"

"No," I said. "It's a fairy tale. The prince the Sleeping Beauty and she wakes up."

"She didn't quite, for me," the man said. "Th I worked under more formal conditions. I notion to go in there and make that prince abd And I thought about charging the dragon, haven't an account here."

"Do you think your penny would fit that p machine?" Mitch asked. "I just wonder if it w all right."

The man said, "I followed her from Chicago

Even the cop couldn't get Cousin Ruth loose. When he told her she should have gone into the store and asked for her penny back, she got mad at him

ago. I thought I had a rival, but I didn't he was a prince. It's enough to make any revolutionist. Still, all he does is pretend to er. What's the matter with him, anyhow?"
e's a dummy," I said.
ou're not kidding," the man said. He shook t at the prince. "She's dazzled by his title. bly he doesn't mean to marry her at all. Listen, , are you sure she doesn't live in there? I around here all day, and afterward I watch nployees' entrance. For three days I've been my heart out."
ell, if you're hungry we could get some pea- Mitch said.
n above such coarseness as food," the man "And anyhow, after the first day I brought iches."
e didn't bring anything, not even a penny for ts," Mitch said. "We were in a hurry to look job."
e prince bent over again, and Cousin Ruth sat d the music and cat and everything else started , but just before she smiled up at the prince in Ruth glared at us and moved her lips.
e man waved at her and said, "That's the first she's seen me."
e said to go away," Mitch said. "Listen, don't ike peanuts?"

"No," the man said.

The king laughed and the people on the street stopped to watch, and then the witch came out and cast her spell and everything was peace and calm again. Mitch said that now would be a good chance to see if the peanut machine worked, but I told him that even if the man gave him a penny, Mother didn't want us to take money from strangers.

"She didn't say anything about taking peanuts," Mitch said.

"And anyhow, I'm not a stranger," the man said. "My name is George Beyers and I'm on my way to becoming one of the family, though for a couple of weeks the going has been rugged. But in all the bright lexicon of Beyers, there is no such word as can't."

"Cannot," Mitch said. "There is such a word as peanuts."

Mr. Beyers gave Mitch two pennies, and said, "I recall some mention of two small cousins who own a huge dog. That's you?"

"That's Rex," I said. "Are you the one in Chicago Father said she ought to grab while she could and stop this nonsense?"

"I hope so," Mr. Beyers said.

Mitch came back with some peanuts and the prince bent over and the music started again and Cousin Ruth gave us another look. Mr. Beyers said it was very encouraging, because for the last couple of days he had suspected he was invisible.

When Cousin Ruth fell asleep and the people watching went away, Mr. Beyers said, "Last night I waited at the employees' entrance until eight o'clock. She didn't come out, unless she used another door, which seems unfair. You're certain she doesn't live in there?"

I said she lived on Echo Avenue with Aunt Elsie, who was our aunt but her mother. Then Mr. Beyers asked me if Cousin Ruth knew any other man except the prince. We told him about a fellow she had before she went to Chicago, who was a Pirate in Pittsburgh, which is a baseball team, because real pirates are not allowed any more, and Father said this one shouldn't be, either. Mr. Beyers said he had heard about the Pirate and agreed with Father.

Mitch said Father didn't like peanuts, either, and Mr. Beyers gave him the last penny he had. The prince bent down again and everything started, and this time after Cousin Ruth fell asleep they pulled a curtain across the window.

MITCH came back and said he'd been cheated. He couldn't get all the peanuts he had coming. They were stuck in the machine, and he could almost reach them, but not quite.

Mr. Beyers said, "If you can figure out some way to give me a chance to talk to Ruth, even for two minutes, I'll buy you a ton of peanuts."

"Okay, here she is," Mitch said. He ducked, but Cousin Ruth grabbed me by the ear. She was dressed in regular clothes, and she was mad. She gave me a shake and asked what we thought we were doing.

Mr. Beyers took off his hat, and bowed and said, "We were talking about your breath-taking performance in there. That and peanuts."

Cousin Ruth shook me again. I thought my ear would come off, but it didn't. I guess she thought she was shaking Mr. Beyers, by the way she looked at him. She asked him what he thought *he* was doing.

"Admiring you, like the other people who stop," Mr. Beyers said. "Did you think we were music lovers?"

Cousin Ruth said, "I thought I'd made it clear that I didn't want to see you or speak to you or listen to your cheap sarcasm again."

"Sarcasm? I mean every word!" Mr. Beyers cried. "And I'm here also as a friend of the family."

"I'll take care of the family," Cousin Ruth said. "You leave me alone."

"Sometimes I wish I could," Mr. Beyers said. "I try to reason with myself. I say to myself, 'George, don't be the slave of this mad passion. Think!' I tell myself. But all I can think of is you."

"So amusing!" Cousin Ruth said. She gave me a shake. She said, "You and Mitch go home this instant!"

Mitch was at the peanut machine, and he said he couldn't go right away. Cousin Ruth dragged me over there, but Mitch held on to the machine. She couldn't pull him loose with one hand, and she wouldn't let go of my ear. Mitch said there were more peanuts in the machine, because he could feel them, and they belonged to him.

"I'll crawl," Mr. Beyers said. "I'll be solemn as an owl. I'll go in broadcloth and ashes. Just spare me five minutes from your career."

"Humiliating me," cried Cousin Ruth. "Move aside, Mitch, and I'll get your peanuts. And when your Father hears of this—!"

"Two minutes, then," begged Mr. Beyers.

"I can feel them with my finger," Mitch said. "If Rex was here, I think his tongue would be long enough."

Cousin Ruth put her finger in the machine and moved it around. "I don't think that's peanuts. It feels like part of—oh-oh." She tried to pull her finger out, and she swore, because I heard her. She looked at Mr. Beyers. "I think my finger is stuck."

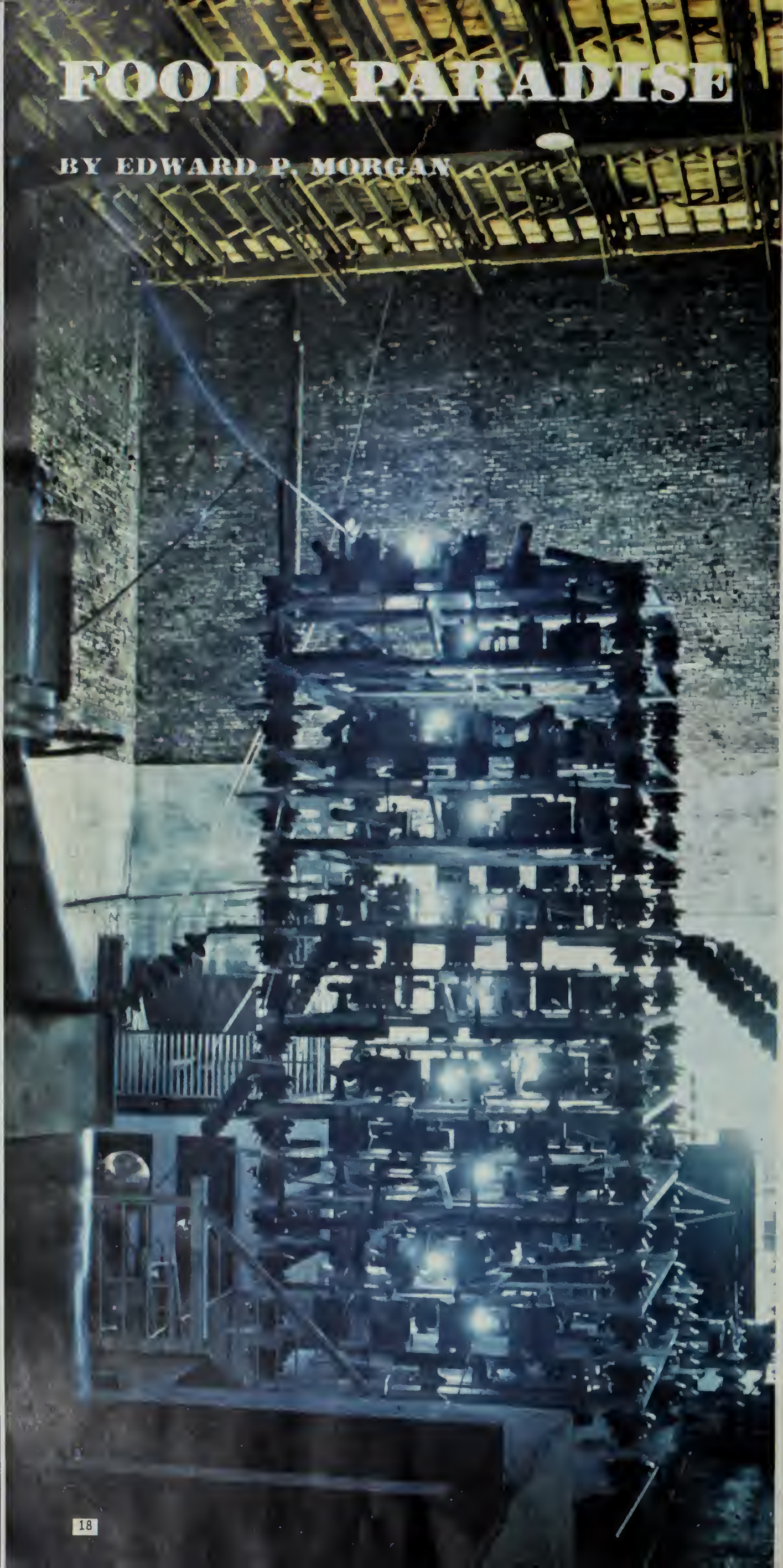
"You could have lunch with me, at least," he said. "That would give you a chance to refuse to have supper with me."

"Stop talking nonsense," Cousin Ruth said. "My finger won't come loose." *(Continued on page 79)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

FOOD'S PARADISE

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN



Crops may be saved from pests, "aged" quickly, meat, vegetables even flowers preserved for months, ishable drugs may be given new l all this and more too if a revolu ary device called the capacitron up to advance notices from Broo

SUPPOSE a friend of yours invites you for a steak dinner. It turns out to sumptuous feed—fish course, corn o cob, a tender slab of sirloin, fresh raspberrie all the accouterments. In a dreamy torpor your demitasse you muse vaguely that springti not normally the season for berries and ro ears but you figure the host has just installed a freeze unit and wants to show it off.

"So you liked the flounder, eh?" he says, wi odd smile. "Well, I'll tell you a secret. I pick those fillets six months ago and they've been around the house ever since. I got the steak ar corn and the berries nine months ago. No deep freeze. And by the way, did you notice bouquet of roses on the table? Smell awfully don't they? They were cut May 16, 1947."

Forget the stomach pump: you've been wel scientifically fed. It wasn't so long ago that household words as pasteurized milk and hom ized bread sounded strange and forbidding. re ber? What you've just had was an electronized not on the market yet but a projection of w little group of scientists, economists and busi men have been tasting experimentally for the several months in a laboratory built into ar brick icehouse in the far reaches of Brooklyn, York.

These men—among them Donald M. Nelso head of the War Production Board, Leon He son, former chief of the OPA, and Beardsley I of Macy's department store and "pay-as-yo tax fame—have been chewing in the interests o ence, medicine, industry and, they hope, a profi future for their young firm, the Electronized Ch cals Corporation. They have already staked S 000 on a new process for preserving and steril food, drugs and other materials by a machine pressively called the capacitron.

The capacitron is a cousin of the cyclotron betatron and other nuclear accelerators. Its performer is that invisible atomic bullet which shot itself into such prominence in the perfecti numerous devices from radar to card indexi the electron. Unlike most preserving processe capacitron neither cooks nor freezes its target stances. In an "explosion" lasting 1/1,000,000 second it bombards them with intensive burs electrons which sterilize the bacteria and arrest further chemical or biological change in them.

Under the supervision of two Berlin-born s tists who escaped Germany before the war an naturalized American citizens now, experim have been made for the past two years with a variety of materials ranging from fresh m cheese, eggs, fruits, vegetables and spices to drugs and novocain. Dr. Arno Brasch, co-inve of the capacitron, and Dr. Wolfgang Huber chief associate, have found many of the iten treated can be preserved indefinitely without cau any apparent change to their form.

In the tests the products are sealed in containe usually plastic envelopes or glass ampules—to vent other bacteria from getting at them after have been processed. Then they are kept at r *temperature* and left exposed to the air remai within the container and to light, mostly fluores light whose strong ultraviolet rays are notorio destructive of perishables.

At the icehouse samplings (these were taste t not real meals), Electronized Chemicals execu have smacked their lips over pork, chicken and which had been kept from six months to near year in this way. Grapes electronized on Au

With shooting-gallery sound effects, the capaci puts a 3,000,000-volt "lightning bolt" to wor adding to the life expectancy of beefsteak, b and blood plasma. Here's the spectacular

were as fresh in February as when they ked. Cauliflower showed no signs of tion after eight months. Cream cheese ant and free of mold six months after being ed by the capacitron. Rendered lard bore of rancidity 182 days after being shot.

rnations and red and yellow roses were still bright nine months later and, curiously their fragrance was stronger than it had been. The capacitron has aged green l whisky so well that within three weeks processing, professional tasters testified les had the flavor of liquor from three to s old.

as other sterilization methods weaken ctronizing preserves surgical sutures with- ting their tensile strength. It has added n the laboratory, to the life of whole blood, penicillin and a variety of vitamins. The an destroy termites and sterilize water. It weevil and other insect larvae that infest rn, rice, wheat and other grains, and which lions of dollars' worth of crops annually. out the use of either heat or cold, it can liquid plastics in the twinkling of an eye.

ets Won't Stock Them for Some Time

be many months yet before your grocer, or your druggist has any electronized on the shelves but the commercial phase nture is rapidly approaching. According t plans the first industrial pilot model of the n will be completed by midsummer. Five companies in the meat-packing, dairy grain-processing, food and drug fields lied for licenses for capacitrons. Half a nore are negotiating with Electronized ls regarding jointly sponsored research s.

ates have been formed in England and via to handle capacitron rights in western The corporation intends to confine itself to experimental processing, retaining the n the capacitron and leasing them out for ial application. Research results on the t of disease will be turned over to the profession for public use. (Cancers in rab- tumors in mice—two types of animals in the lons of cancer research—were successfully in experiments. Researchers have long f the possible advantages of electron radia- r X-ray treatment of cancer, but years of ve animal study will be necessary before therapy can be tried on humans.)

because they themselves honestly don't hat all the potentialities of the capacitron partly because they don't want the public to the conclusion that here is some new process that will fix everything except he U.S.–Russian deadlock. the persons in- n the project conscientiously censor their tions.

d Nelson, himself a chemical engineer, made chairman of the board of the corpo- st January, is now quietly organizing a of his own to handle the process in Mex- Central America.

s region tropical temperatures and fre- rudimentary transport systems have made servation largely a matter of transferring quickly fom the tree or stream to the stom- aving it to spoil.

u might expect, the more striking the possi- the more doubting the Thomases. Loyal ized Chemicals executives on occasion ne to some lengths to demonstrate that not peddling alchemy.

ummer, William Stix Wasserman, a Phila- inancier who was one of the first Americans ne interested in the capacitron, conveyed of an uncooked meal for six people, includ- s, fish, corn on the cob and blueberries, in erated wooden boxes by steamer to Brussels. e of the container covers worked loose and elpings were spoiled but everything in the ntainers survived splendidly. A Belgian ls manufacturer who tasted the samples— nths after they had been treated—was so d that he became a European representative orporation.

rman has also carried around red roses and ce for months at a stretch to impress his with the powers of *(Continued on page 40)*

Top: Treated by the capacitron May 16, 1947, the rose and carnation are fresh today. The untreated mess they flank was once a yellow rose. Middle: Treated and untreated grapes. Bottom: The beans on the right were processed a month after harvest. Those on the left, handled normally, are riddled with weevil holes

Streaming through the capacitron's aluminum "window," billions of electrons bombard a lump of calcite with cold energy to produce this lively glow

Below, attendant at control panel regulates the flow of electricity through rectifier tubes to the tower

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN

Our heroine takes Position S
Patricia Hammerlee (top), Gl
rice (kneeling), June Grahan
on floor) and Nina Frenkin

THE WALKER BRAT

BY TED SHANE

Dewey Barto is an acrobat; his daughter Nancy Walker is the crab apple of his eye. Here is the riotous story of their devotion, culminating in the stardom of Nancy as a comic ballerina in Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!

ERE is an ancient curse around Broadway hich goes: "May all your children be acro- ats!" How you'd put the whammy on an not known, unless you'd say: "May they Walkers!"

Walker, belligerent-jawed, Elizabethan- half-pint-sized star of the Broadway hit , I'm Dancin'!, is the daughter of an acro- ey Barto, of the tumbling team of Barto & arto's dad was Roxy Swoyer, who did flip a wagon show till age grounded him as a circus clown. Five of Nancy's aunts have alists, high-school riders and circus ath- ncy's mama was Myrtle Lawler, vaude- er.

Nancy's blood is Swiss, German, English , something Mendelian was bound to turn . While she got her dad's body, she for- inherited her ma's voice and feet—with 's clowning thrown in. "A hammered- a Lillie," someone has called her. "The is goulash!" her adoring father Dewey mething of a clown himself) calls her, ith justice, "but what's wrong with gou-

'll go on to compare her with Marie Dress- y Brice and other ladies of the prat fall.

e inch shorter than her accomplished dad, rs to the dizzy heights of four feet eleven very inch of Miss Walker's four feet ten dainty squat pudge. There is a delightful jaw suggesting Durocher facing life. Her aries between that of a swaggering tough g on a beer, and a punchy heavy shuffling e center of the ring. Her speaking voice a truck driver calling his mate—in basic ese. In the ballet tutu and frilleries she af- er leading role in Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'! Lily Malloy, Milwaukee beer heiress who be Pavlova—she tries, and doesn't find it o look like hell.

to the customers' delight. When she ham- the tender ballade I'm Tired of Texas, they her in Dallas. When she really kills the wan in her irreverent rendition of that bird's death throes, she tears down the n fact, without Miss Walker's rowdyism, w York critics agreed Look, Ma, would a turkey.

despite her rugged exterior, Miss Walker e within. She is a star at twenty-seven, but d into a corner, Miss Walker admits she's f herself, her success, and what she calls ." She's still scared stiff before every per- (she was raised in the theater); insists she g or dance with the top liners (Look, Ma, ten with her in mind). As for her acting, movie questionnaire (she's served time in od) inquired: "Are you skilled in any phase ater other than acting?" she wrote: "I can't "

theless the brass shines through the infe- nd even if nobody else appreciated Miss her father does.

Nancy, a fond, maternal look comes into when she speaks of her pop, who raised her t pocket backstage. No sentimental words her lips when she speaks of him, however. s that he's been struggling to help her bat- ss for years; and that she is the crab apple e. He knows she knows this, too. Each is strong language expressed with mock

is so cute," she recalls, "he kills me. All my eeps trying to make me self-reliant. He g to teach me to box one day and he told me to hit him hard—anywhere. I did. Ever since, the boxing gloves have been hanging on the wall." Barto, we might add, is fifty-two, and still does his muscular act.

When we looked up Miss Walker at her hotel in New York, we saw a very relaxed young lady in horn-rims, lying on her bed, just finishing the Kinsey report, that best-selling scientific work on s-e-x. She spoke of the book in a hard-guy bantering way. "Hell," she said, "some of my best friends are in it."

And she confessed to being partial to the philosophers, having but recently devoured the entire works of Nietzsche. "A lot of kakamamies may kick me in the teeth for it—but I like the old so-and-so!" was her reaction to superman's creator. And she explained to me that Neitzsche hadn't created Hitler as was commonly held, but that Hitler had taken from Nietzsche what served his purpose and given him a bad name. She didn't translate "kakamamie."

She also confessed to being a bit of a writer herself: of poetry. "The nice, soft, shlumphy sort," she admitted.

Nancy Walker was born Anna Myrtle Swoyer in Philadelphia on May 10, 1921, just about the moment her father was debuting with a new comedy-acrobat act. Her father, born Stuart S. Swoyer, had changed his name to Barto when he joined the Three Bartos, adding the name of Manila's hero.

Little Anna Myrtle went trouping as soon as her mother was able to carry her about. She was taken from town to town, was fed in cheap hotels and stations, and was left in the wings in the "change" basket—a washbasket—while Mama was doing her stuff on stage with Arnold Grazer, the male half of Grazer & Lawler. Alas, Papa Barto couldn't come along—he was booked on another vaudeville circuit. "It killed me," he mourns. "Grazer did the diapers. He was a wonderful guy."

For over a year Barto suffered and yearned for family life, did four and five shows a day and practiced dancing on the side. Finally, in California, he was reunited with his family. There he auditioned and was accepted in the new act of Grazer & Lawler, Singing Comedy Dance Sensations.

A Motley Crew of Schoolteachers

Barto and his family set off gypsying in vaudeville and in time Grazer quit the act. Then later little Nanny crawled out of the washbasket and got in people's way in the wings. Anybody available and willing would be drafted as baby sitter—and her education began. "Nanny is a combination of stagehand, ham bone, electrician, hotel clerk, porter, trap drummer, conductor, chambermaid and newsboy," Barto enthused. "The little bum was brought up by the cop on the beat, by bellboys—even the waiters in this place helped educate her. No wonder you feel Nanny down here—" he pointed affectionately to his solar plexus. "She's me, you, she's poor folks. People like her because that's what she is—people."

As for her more formal education, the saucy tyke picked up her three R's from handbills, comics, movie titles and Billboard, the vaudevillian's bible. Dewey, who had been educated in a gymnasium, lent a hand. "What kind of student was she?" I asked innocently.

"Lousy!" Barto snapped with frankness.

"What did she like to do?"

"Bum around!"

"What did she want to be?"

"A bum!" Barto cried. "She kept actor's hours and liked to hang around and wisecrack with the stagehands. She went to the movies a lot, played in hotel lobbies till midnight, she got in everybody's hair. But I didn't care. I didn't play when I was a kid. I wanted her to play."

There were more formal moments to Nancy's battle with Organized Learning. When Barto attained enough success to allow his wife to retire from the stage, Nanny was taken to New York's Ethical Culture School for an interview concerning admission. The Bartos waited anxiously outside. "What happened?" they cried when their first-born, then seven, emerged triumphantly.

"A little girl sang Bye Baby Bunting for the teacher," Nanny lisped. "When the teacher asked me what I could do, I sang I Can't Give You Anything But Love and did a time step. I think I topped her."

But Ethical Culture was crowded, so Barto dumped her in the New York Professional Children's School.

With an eye to the future, Barto also attempted to instill the love of the arts in his prodigy, and she was enrolled for piano, singing and ballet lessons on the side. "When she didn't play hooky," Barto recounts, "she'd sit at the piano and let big tears splash down and sound the notes, and she'd bawl, 'Daddy, I can't!' If she was supposed to practice ballet, I'd have to yell, 'Get out from behind the piano where you have more room and Daddy can see you!' She'd sniffle, 'Daddy, I do' wanna!' Then I'd get mad and yell, 'Okay, then get the hell out!' and she'd get the hell out. She'd go to the movies.

"I only licked her once. We were eating in a restaurant in Kansas City and Nanny kept throwing things on the floor. I was jumpy because I was following Helen Menken on the bill—a tough spot for acrobats. I told Nanny not to. She kept on. I grabbed her and whacked her. Even though I had millions of whippings, we both began to cry. Finally she looked around at me and said, 'Don't overdo it, Daddy!' I never hit her again."

Nancy's mother died in 1930, soon after the birth of Nancy's kid sister Betty Lou. Barto bundled the new child in a blanket, and went trouping with Nancy, Grandma Lawler playing Mama. "It was my family," Barto explains. "That's all I had."

The act, now Barto & Mann, with Barto doing little bits like running straight up proscenium arches, then back-flipping to the stage, was booked for Europe. Nancy went along in a big coonskin coat, sat in the ship's bar telling her life story to drunks in picturesque language. One night she demanded champagne for dinner. Barto obligingly ordered a quart, and without batting an eye, swilled it down with her. Together they staggered to their cabin, and the next night when Barto called for another magnum, the slightly green Nanny declined hastily: "I don't think I like champagne, Daddy!" Today Miss Walker confesses to taking a few. "But only on Sundays when I don't have to work. Learned from my dad."

Father and daughter (Betty Lou stayed with Grandma) did the Continental music halls—London's Palladium, Paris' Empire, Berlin's Scala—as constant companions. One night Barto parked a rebellious Nancy with a French sitter and went out with the boys. "I came home at three or so in the morning," Barto recalls. "At the end of my street I saw a midget in a fur coat. It was my Nanny, and she yelled, 'Where the hell have you been?' just like a wife. I gave up Continental night life."

Miss Walker arrived in her teens in due time. The fresh shrimp had given way to a very bashful creature afraid of people. Barto would send her for papers or cigars; she'd stall. He then would browbeat her into doing the errand. While he was struggling with her inferiority, it came time for Miss Walker to graduate from the *(Continued on page 36)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

BY COREY FORD

George wanted very much to carry Helen over their threshold—if he could ever get it to stay in one place

I SAW in the paper the other day that George and Helen were married. It was very sudden, according to the story. The ceremony was performed at midnight by a justice of the peace, and they left for Florida the same night, driving a trailer. They planned to be gone quite a while, it said.

I was glad to know that George had decided to take my advice, because frankly I'd been getting a little worried about the way things were going lately. He and Helen had been engaged for over a year, and it was beginning to look as though that was as far as their romance would get. "If you ask me," Jim Bledsoe was saying not long ago, "I wouldn't bet you a plugged nickel those wedding bells will ever ring for George."

"He's going all to pieces," Bob Ellis nodded, shuffling the cards. "He isn't the same old George."

"All the difference in the world."

"A man can take just so much."

George used to be very good company before he got engaged, and we were always glad when he joined us for a hand of gin rummy on the 8:05, but recently he'd taken to sitting by himself at the rear of the car, adding and subtracting little columns of figures on the margin of his newspaper, and there were mornings when he barely spoke to us at all. He was growing irritable and jumpy, and once when Jim Bledsoe happened to mention casually that his wife was thinking of adding another wing to their house, George slammed his paper on the floor, screamed something about his never getting a moment's peace anywhere, and locked himself in the men's room all the rest of the way in to the city. Jim looked at the rest of us, and went on dealing the cards. "Doesn't look good," he murmured. "Doesn't look good at-tall."

"He's just about ready to crack," Bob Ellis said. "The other day we were walking past a furniture store, and he began to shake all over."

"Maybe he'll be all right," I suggested hopefully, "when his house is finished and they settle down."

"They won't settle down," Jim Bledsoe said. "Women never do. I've been married twenty years, and my wife hasn't settled down yet." He began to sort his hand. "You know how many wings we've got already? Five."

I had to smile to myself because, of course, my wife isn't like that at all. We have a nice little home that I bought a couple of years ago, completely furnished and ready to move into, and there was nothing to do but paper some rooms over, and paint the ceilings, and build a few cabinets and bookshelves and an open fireplace in the living room and some other odds and ends that my wife wanted. Otherwise we are all settled, and I could not help thinking how lucky I was compared with poor George as I got home that night and let myself in the back door—my wife is closing in the front porch to make a sun parlor—and crawled under the painter's ladders—we're doing over the rear hall—and made my way past a pile of cement bags into the living room. Mary was sitting on a wooden sawhorse, reading a magazine.

"Hello, dear," I said. "Reading?"

My wife is a great reader. She subscribes to all the homemaking magazines and she devours them from cover to cover particularly those Before and After articles describing how the author, a retired dentist, transformed an old outhouse into a ten-room colonial mansion by knocking out a couple of partitions and putting a dormer in the attic. I have noticed that the photographs of the house Before always seem to be taken in the winter, and show several panes of glass missing, and one stark elm, whereas the After pictures are invariably taken in midsummer, with lush foliage and a couple of children rolling hoops on the lawn; but whenever I point this out to Mary she gives me a sad, sweet smile and says that men aren't creative. She was looking at me with that same smile now, as I brushed some shavings out of my easy chair and sat down.

"I've just finished the most fascinating article," she said, perching on the arm beside me, "how this couple in Connecticut bought an old riding stable, they've made the hayloft into a duplex living room with the original hand-hewn beams, and their bedroom is the horse's stall."

"Not me," I said, "I wouldn't want to sleep with a horse." I began to fill my pipe. "Personally I don't see anything wrong with the little house we've got."

"Oh, it's a nice little house, of course," Mary said thoughtfully, "only there isn't much of anything you can *do* with it." Since I'd put it in her name as an anniversary present last year, she had become a little overambitious about redecorating, it seemed to me sometimes.

"What do you do with a house," I asked, "besides live in it?"

"I mean," Mary said, "it isn't *us*. I wish there were some way to make it a little more *us*." She struck a match and lighted my pipe. "Like, for instance, I was talking to Grace Bledsoe today—"

I felt a cold hand at the pit of my stomach. "Isn't that Jim Bledsoe's wife?"

"They're building a new wing on their house," Mary went on rapidly. "Grace was showing me the plans and they're really adorable, there'll be a breezeway she calls it and a guest room and bath and over it will be a workshop or else a rumpus room or maybe for servants and, darling," she began, putting her cheek against mine, "I was just thinking—"

"Mary," I said, "don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't think."

She sat up. "But I was only thinking—"

"Forget the whole thing," I said. "Put it right out of your mind, dear. Relax."

"But, darling—"

I took my pipe out of my mouth and looked at her.

"Mary," I said, "do you know what thinking can lead to? Are you aware that irresponsible, wanton thinking like this can wreck our happy home? Do you realize what it's done to George and Helen?"

"Who are George and Helen?"

So I told her about George and Helen.

THE trouble with Helen—I said to Mary—was that she couldn't stop thinking. Her mind went on whirring like a dynamo day and night. Even when she was asleep it kept turning over and over, and she would wake up in the morning full of energy and a dozen new ideas.

George didn't realize it at first, of course. I remember the morning that he came into the smoking car and told us he was engaged. He was so excited he couldn't keep his mind on the cards, and we took him for six dollars and forty-seven cents just going in to the city. "She's the most wonderful girl in the world," he said, his eyes like stars. "We're going to get married as soon as we find a place to live."

A week later he told us he'd found just the place. Or, rather, Helen had. It was an old barn, he said, out on the Winton Road, and it was in very good shape except where a couple of sills had rotted out and the roof sagged a little. All they had to do was put in a new floor and some partitions and a few windows, and they'd be ready to move right in. Helen was hiring the carpenters now.

"I'm leaving the whole business to Helen," George told us. "Sh interested in that kind of thi turned it all over to her. She about the place," he added says it's got so many possi He smiled at us. "She's full o

I had to leave for the We about then, but one of the firs I saw when I got back was He was still smiling, but I tho face looked a little tired. " barn's coming fine," he said in to my question. "We ran into trouble with those sills, we had them all out and replace the while we had it jacked up thought we might as well enl cellar. You can't have a hou out a cellar, can you?" I there was something plaintiv the way he said, "Can you?"

"When are you planning wedding, George?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess we ought to be a couple of weeks," Georg vaguely. "The mason's com day." . . .

They weren't quite ready in a of weeks, as it turned out, Helen thought that while the was there they might as well ha put in a cement floor for the "Everything's torn up an George explained to us, whi Bledsoe was dealing the cards we'd have to do it sooner or lat besides there's a natural place built-in garage right under th where the manure heap used The roof of the garage will be deck."

"What sun deck?" I said.

"I guess I didn't tell you abo sun deck," said George. "Tha other idea that Helen had. We ing to extend the back of the little and build a terrace so we out there at night and enjoy the Later on we can close it in so use it in winter."

"How are you getting on in asked Jim Bledsoe, picking hand.

"Well, we've been held up on material," George said. "It there was some difficulty abou ting the stuff we ordered, but promised us it's already been sh They even showed us the bill of so it must be on the way." He doggedly. "We're still figurin moving in by the end of the m

"Have you got your plumb Bob Ellis asked.

"What plumbing?" said Geor

Jim Bledsoe and Bob Ellis looked at one another, but said ing.

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

"But, George, I've always dreamed of a breakfast nook," Helen said. "Why didn't you say something about it before we got the studs all in?" he said

A few days later my car was being repaired and George offered to drive me home from the station, and on the way he suggested we might swing over by Winton and have a look at the barn.

It was my first visit, and I must admit I was a little shocked. Somehow from what George had said I'd expected to find curtains in every window and smoke coming out of the chimney, but the only difference I could see between George's barn and any other barn was the pile of new lumber outside. "Of course, there's always a lot of work in a place like this that doesn't show," George explained, leading me across the yard past some pieces of soil pipe and several crates that looked like kitchenware and a porcelain toilet bowl. He kept talking rapidly over his shoulder, and I noticed that his voice had a high hysterical ring.

"We're changing the entrance a little," he said. "Helen thought the barn door was too big and besides it would spoil the big picture window she's planning, so over here where the feed bins are will be our front hall, and right off it here is where we'll eat." He pointed to a dark room full of chicken droppings and spiders and old straw. "It's a little small," he said. "Originally we were planning to use the cattle tie-ups in back for a dining room, but Helen thought it would be better to make that our kitchen, so we could use the manure chute for a dumbwaiter to the basement. It's an idea she had."

I LOOKED around me in silence. It was not a very encouraging picture. Here and there a couple of doors were framed in, and I could see where a section of new flooring had been laid. The foundations for the chimney were poured, and the brickwork was almost up to the level of the first floor. Apparently George must have read my mind, because he began talking again, very fast.

"We've had a lot of trouble with carpenters," he said, "and of course we're still waiting for all that stuff we've ordered, and Helen has made a couple of changes here and there. That set us back a little—" His voice trailed.

"Where's your bedroom?" I asked after a moment. I had to say something.

"Oh, the bedroom," said George. "We're sort of undecided about the bedroom; that is, Helen is undecided. She thought at first we'd have it over here on this side where they used to keep the pigs, but lately she's been thinking of having it open off the balcony around the living room." He avoided my eye.

"I didn't know you were planning a second floor, George."

"It won't really be a second floor, it's just an idea of Helen's. We have this space where the hay was and all we need to do is cut some windows and put in a gable." He began to climb the ladder, and I followed him. "There's all the room in the world, and you get the most wonderful view. Look through this hole in the roof at the view you get."

I looked through the hole in the roof. "It's quite an expanse."

(Continued on page 46)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VETERANS' SCHOOLS?

Our understaffed veterans' hospitals have had to fire more help, and our reserve pilot training has had to be cut, but there's plenty of money for "teaching" veterans anything from ballroom dancing to "mixology"

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

Edmund Kubashack learns a ne
Johnny Johnson Dancing Studi

Stanley S. Honda, left, a war ve
receives instruction in chicke
ing from George Sagano in Ch

IN TOPEKA, Kansas, the
ans' Hospital last Aug
forced to fire 139 nurses,
ants and other help. In some
for acutely sick mental patie
number of attendants had to b
half. At times only one attend
been available to cover five w
five buildings—wards filled wi
lent or disturbed patients. B
tients and attendants are in c
danger of serious injury as a
The quality of medical care h
clined. Similar dismissals ha
similar results throughout the c

What is the reason for all t
is a penny-pinching congressio
propriation that has left the ve
hospitals at least $32,000,000 s
their needs.

Meanwhile, in the flying
around Topeka the same V
Administration that is too br
run its hospitals on an adequat
spends thousands of dollars *eve*
to teach flying. There isn't e
money to man the hospital ward
believe it or not, there has been
to pay for the training of ba
dancers, bartenders, amateur p
raphers, amateur piccolo p
horseback riders and chicken

We have been robbing our
deserving and needy veteran
sick, the disabled, the wound
essential medical services. We
not done enough for the more
million veterans who, under th
Bill of Rights, are pursuing
tional objectives that are worth
to themselves and to the
Meanwhile, we have squande
least half a billion dollars supp
what in many instances is the g
boondoggle of all time: the que
able Veterans' Education progr

Consider, for example, the w
ful art of chicken sexing. Befo
war a fewscore Japanese-Ame
made a not-too-splendid livi
separating male baby chicks fro
females. If one Nisei wanted to
the trade he worked beside an

t, left, veteran war pilot, is told how to bank a slow ne at the Brayton Flying Service near St. Louis, Mo.

Instructor Martin Weber watches Joe Burgoni (in dark shirt) shake a cocktail during class at the Continental Bartending School, Chicago, Ill. The Continental has received state approval

t was all there was to it. But he Veterans Administration, e law, is paying up to $500 a r the training of any veteran ants to go to any state-ap- school. Thus has been born a f chick-sexing colleges.

icago we have the National exing School of 837 North La reet, accredited by the State of to render to veterans a seven- course for a mere $500 of good rs' money.

hat a Visitor Will Find

u go to 837 North La Salle ou may have a little difficulty the school. The hallway of t too prepossessing building is ith signs in Japanese, in Eng- l in mixed English and Japa- You may notice that the place s the offices of the National Sexing Association and the s premises of the Sagano s—Distributors of Eggs. But worry. The school of higher g, the citadel of chicken-sexing dge, is also there, and fully ed. The state has seen to that. ade Mr. George Sagano file a te report, just to make sure he equate educational equipment. Sagano sat down and carefully ed his educational supplies:

bles
airs
mps
ken boxes
kboard, and
ssories.*

chicks used to work upon.

his basis of the foregoing, the gn State of Illinois, on October 46, designated the National Sexing School as an appropriate ion "qualified and equipped to education and training to War II veterans."

ourse, after ex-G.I.s have spent months absorbing the learning ed by brother Sagano and after xpayers have ponied up $500 ven months' subsistence allow- or each of his students, one expect that the veterans would y qualified to go out and make all the living a chick sexer can make. Such, alas, is not the case, as the good professor was careful to point out to the State of Illinois.

"The length of the course," the professor wrote, "is seven months, after which the student *still requires a year or two of experience in the field before he becomes an expert chick sexer.*"

Suspicious folks, with little faith in human nature, might come to the conclusion that this explanation is offered in order to prepare the V.A. for further payments from the public treasury later on. For if veterans leave Mr. Sagano's college with anything less than full qualifications as expert chick sexers their future employers may render them further, on-the-job training. And in that event the law provides that the V.A. will supplement their salaries up to $250 a month.

At the Chicago V.A. offices I asked R. W. Marshall, chief of the Training Facilities Section, just how he could be sure it really required seven months and $500 of training to make an *inexpert* chicken sexer. He shook his head and cited the law, which says plainly the states shall have the last word in approving schools. If Illinois thinks chicken sexing is worth five hundred bucks, the Chicago Branch of the Veterans Administration has stood ready to take the state's word for it and pay the freight.

Not so at the V.A. regional office in St. Louis. There, C. B. Sherry, vocational rehabilitation and education service director, has taken a tougher attitude under circumstances that permit a more liberal interpretation of the law.

The Richardson Chick Sexing School of Alva, Oklahoma, proposed to charge $300 for a four-week course in chicken sexing. The Veterans Administration cast a disapproving eye upon this proposal and declined—at least up to the middle of last February—to enter into a contract at that price.

Another Richardson Chick Sexing School in Arkansas City, Kansas, offered the Veterans Administration a proposal based on $300 for 100 hours of instruction plus 15 cents for each baby chick squashed by the hands of a trainee. But Sherry and his assistants, analyzing the cost data submitted with the contract, came to the conclusion that $80.86 would be a maximum "fair and reasonable" tuition charge.

The John E. Smith School of Bolivar, Missouri, proposed a $400 charge for a three-month chick-sexing course. After a suitable period of palaver, however, a contract was signed providing for $40 tuition for a ten-week course, plus 15 cents for each chick destroyed.

Thus we have a curious situation in which the noble art of chicken sexing—taught in not a single accredited agricultural college as a separate course—is costing the government as little as $40 in some schools and up to $500 in others. In Chicago, the veteran is expected to spend seven months being "educated" as a chicken sexer. But in Bolivar, Missouri, only a ten-week course is deemed necessary, and in Arkansas City, Kansas, and Alva, Oklahoma, the required period of instruction is less than a month.

V.A. Draws a New Contract

Let it not be said that the Veterans Administration authorities in Chicago have been completely asleep at the chicken-sexing switch. They haven't questioned the National Chick Sexing School's right to a $500 fee. But they did insist that Mr. Sagano was not offering quite enough instruction for that money. So now they have prepared a new contract that says the veteran student there must get at least 730 hours of instruction to justify Mr. Sagano's $500 tuition fee.

Chicken sexing is small-fry business. The Veterans Administration is paying for the training of more chicken sexers than ever existed before. But the really big-time operators in the educational game have found far richer fields to plow; for instance, the ancient art of bartending. In the words of the Maryland School of Mixology—which advertises that it is both "G.I. and State Approved"—bartending is a lifetime profession.

All over the country, state approving authorities have certified bartending schools as G.I. educational institutions. Some of the schools give short courses providing 200 hours of instruction. Others have a different estimate of the intelligence of the veteran and stretch courses to as much as seven months—long enough to justify a $500 tab for Uncle Sam.

In this field, too, curious facts can be observed. In Illinois, for example, Hense's Tavern of Mount Sterling had been approved by Vernon L. Nickell, the state superintendent of public instruction, as a "facility for the training of tavern managers," under the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights. But something upset Hense's educational applecart. On November 14, 1946, approval was withdrawn by Mr. Nickell, who wrote:

"We are advised by representatives of labor and management in the retail alcoholic beverage industry that training on the job beyond a 60-day period is unnecessary to qualify a bartender or tavern operator."

(A careful survey by the author of bars from coast to coast confirms Mr. Nickell's astute judgment. Most bartenders learn their gracious art by experimenting on their customers. As one cocktail maestro succinctly puts it, "If you're smart enough to read the labels on the bottles, you can get by without going to college.")

Maybe you don't want to be a bartender? Okay, just name whatever you want to learn and we'll find you a school ready and willing to furnish instruction at the taxpayers' expense.

How about ballroom dancing? That can be real fun, and you can learn it all over the country, in any state where the state authorities certify it as a legitimate form of G.I. education.

But here you'll have to be just a wee bit careful. When you go to enroll at a dancing college you may find that you're taking a course that will qualify you as a *dancing instructor.*

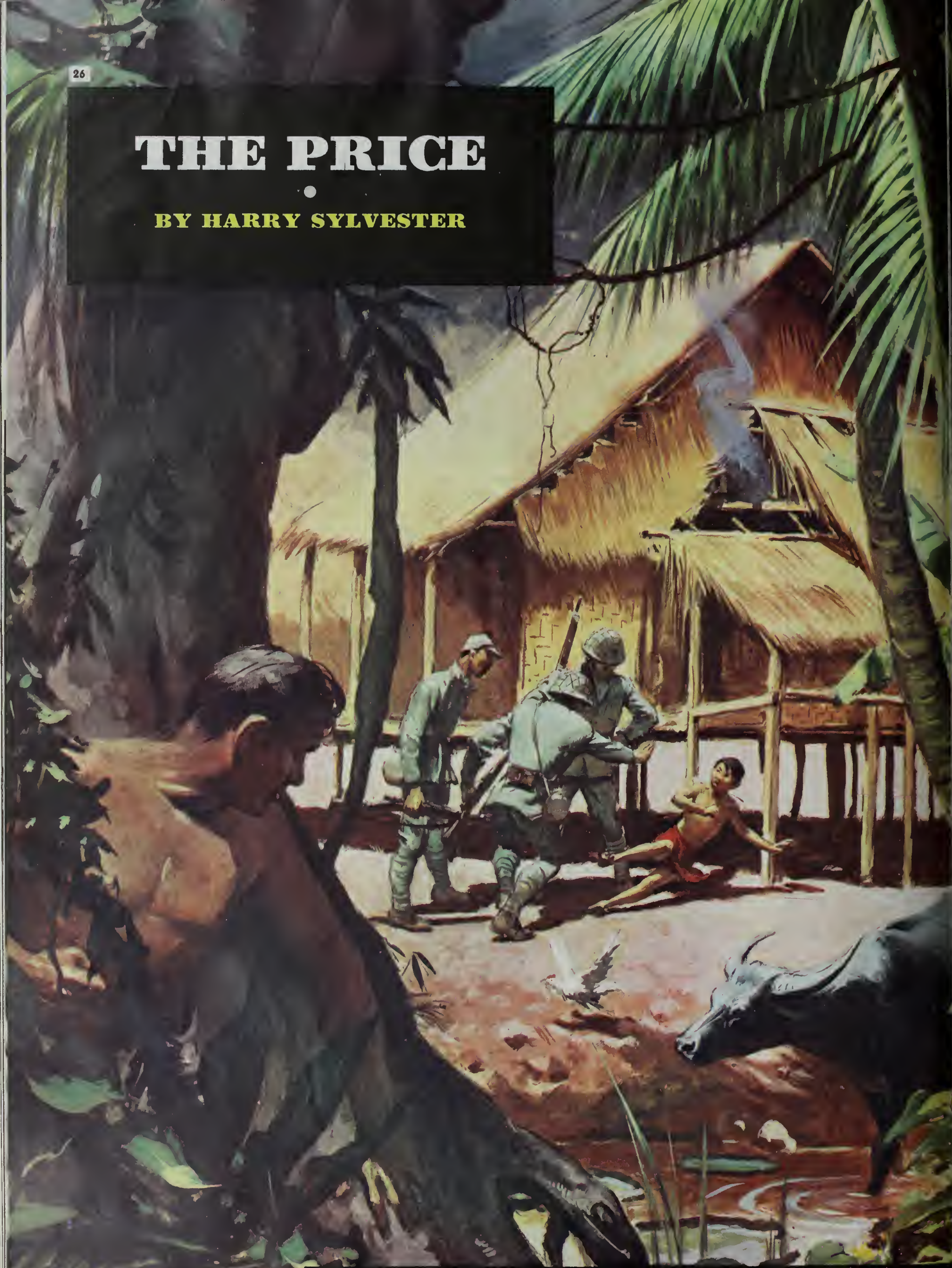
It doesn't matter that you may have no intention of ever becoming a dancing instructor. No one will try to find out what you earn now as a physician, a lawyer, an architect or whatever you are. Just keep your mouth shut about it and ask no questions, and you can learn dancing at government expense.

(Continued on page 54)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

THE PRICE

BY HARRY SYLVESTER



The boy pointed in the direction Abbot had gone and then the soldier flung him so that he staggered and fell again

Few men can tell how much freedom costs. But Abbot learned how much could be too little

moment he was in a kind of self-induced mplacency and rhythm of movement, are of the guards in the shade of palms ould be of the danger from traffic when enue. The next he was fearful and tense, o one had moved toward him, nor had any overtly hostile gesture. Glancing s he bent to put down a wicker hamper, they were watching him, and that for the ince they had begun work there was an ent. He was talking to a sergeant while m watched him.

bout noon that the American, Lewis lized they knew. With the Filipinos, em, by sun darkened to their color, he unloading a little paddle-wheeler from ted on the occasional wind the flag of was a mixed cargo: rice, boxes of dried -covered bales of some uncertain sub- es of bottles, mortar shells. By nature ve to the ironic, Abbot was not keenly t he was unloading ammunition which me kill other Americans. This coldness eason Abbot had been chosen for this job. That and physical characteristics: ss of stature and moderate darkness of spoke Spanish well and had recently ittle Tagalog, although hardly enough to were interrogated at length in the lan-

many of the Filipinos knew about him, ld not have said. He had appeared at illage the previous day, and had slept the abandoned native home recommended as, none of whom he had yet seen. Next hered with three or four dozen Filipinos plaza and waited for the Japs quartered n to put them to work. His assignment l Intelligence was to check what use the of the river, particularly at night, and to heir numerical strength. The loyalty of os was unquestioned but Abbot's superi- ntly felt that the natives could not supply nformation wanted.

h only thirty-two, and wiry, he was not d to continuous hard physical effort such loading. Perhaps a certain unconscious his part gave him away, he thought, al- ne of the Filipinos was working very hard. uld have preferred that, rather than any guise or manner, for one was only a re- his strength. The other indicated a lack nce.

hile he looked he saw the sergeant begin om one to another of the circle of guards. ightened and began to walk back toward gangplank. His first inclination was to the river and attempt to swim across it. ned himself, as much because of the un- of escape that way as because he felt that fter all they did not really suspect him.

le while they would all stop to eat. That ive him a chance to appraise the situation ps to make his escape more quietly and ter chance of success. Treading the gang- sisting of two boards, he looked thought- e water beneath it. It was a muddy green. ered how much personal fastidiousness rom trying to escape in the water. It was, t, an odd place and an odd time for him- e this moment of insight.

bent to lift another wicker case. Near e smelled more strongly the compounded eam and oil and some other scent at once faintly sickening. Hefting the case to his he moved toward the gangplank and for a aused where it joined the ship. From the ence he surveyed the landing to determine, d, its possibilities. It was a small clearing e of palms and liana vines. A road, wide r one cart to pass down it, led to the village quarter of a mile away. As he paused, w the Filipinos in the clearing begin to the shade and sit down to eat. If it were happen, he thought, it would happen now. ved slowly down the gangplank, feeling it ath him and his burden as he walked. He d just what he should do when they tried to ; or rather he wondered what he would do. a concession on Abbot's part: He liked to think of himself as one never at a loss for the right move or word. He knew the country moderately well, and knew, although he had never been to them, the hiding places, the houses containing friendly people.

He reached the shore and still none of the soldiers made a move toward him. Easing his burden to the ground he walked slowly out of the sun into the shade where the other workmen sat. The food was scant. None of the men seemed particularly interested in the basket of cold, cooked rice one of the soldiers had placed near them. Abbot himself had brought no food. He wondered if that had helped make him conspicuous. Then he saw some of the others, too, had none. Two or three Filipinos, one of them limping, began slowly and reluctantly to approach the rice.

To his surprise, he saw that, without any conscious intention on his own part, he had become associated with the Filipinos, subject to the same dangers as they, humbly and unwillingly eating the food of their common enemy. More puzzled than annoyed, he began to eat the coated rice; it was flat and to him unpalatable. He made the gestures of his eating the excuse to watch the guards. The one standing by the road had moved. Whether because the other workers were using the road to go to a near-by spring, or for some other reason, Abbot could not know. Two of the soldiers still watched him.

There was now no doubt in his mind that the guards knew, or at least suspected, what he was. The only thing left was to attempt escape, to take advantage of this curious hiatus. He wondered if they really knew, or whether he merely imagined they did, rationalizing his own desire to be quit of a dangerous mission. He could not decide. Yet he found himself moving slowly toward the road that led to the spring and to the town. As he passed from the clearing, he thought he saw a curious smile on the face of the commissioned officer.

At the spring there was no guard, only a half-dozen or so Filipinos. They looked at him with an expression he could not read. One of them came close to him and said, in Spanish, "I think they know. Perhaps it would be better to leave."

In the increase of fear, there was also an increase of reassurance: He had begun to wonder if he only wanted to get away from here.

"If they know," he said, "why have they not seized me?"

"That is what some of us do not know," the man said. "If you had not come to us so well recommended, we would think you were one of the others."

"But I do not look like one of them," Abbot said.

"Nor yet greatly like one of us," the man said with restrained bitterness. "To some of us it is as though your superiors made a mistake. It would have been better to use one of our own people. We are willing."

Abbot could think of no answer. All glibness failed him: After all, how could he tell this man that he and his people's Intelligence were not trusted, that someone preferred to risk his own, Abbot's, death.

As though reading Abbot's confusion the man said, "Whatever the reason for their not seizing you, it would be better to go now. You know the places that are friendly?"

Abbot nodded. "I go, friend. *Adiós.*"

"Adiós," the man said as Abbot turned away.

There was the question of whether to proceed to the village by the road or through the jungle; there was also the question of whether to return to the village at all. He could not make up his mind. This was reflected in the course he took returning to the little settlement: He walked along the edge of the jungle, following the road, but not on it.

At the edge of the village he paused. There were no soldiers in sight; indeed, no one was there in the noonday sun but two or three almost naked children, four or five years old. By now Abbot knew something was very wrong; just what, he didn't know. While he hesitated, he saw a boy of about ten come into the clearing. Abbot went over to the boy and tried to talk to him in Spanish, but the child looked at him uncomprehendingly. Switching to his own feeble Tagalog, Abbot asked where the house of an Emiliano Menendez was. The child said dully that he did not know. Abbot knew it was downstream on the river's estuary. Acting on impulse, he gave the boy a copper coin, not thinking how out of character his action might appear. Then he started through the jungle.

OUT of the clearing, he paused and, again on impulse, looked back from the jungle that concealed him. Perhaps it was not impulse, he thought, that had made him look; perhaps only the sound of voices; for a detail of three soldiers stood in the clearing now, questioning the boy. The child hung his head, and one of the soldiers took him by the hair and made him look up. The child began to cry but still shook his head. Apparently the soldier tightened his grip on the hair because the boy finally, though still shaking his head, pointed down stream in the direction Abbot had gone. Although he strained for the words, Abbot had not heard the name of Menendez. The soldier flung the child from him so that he staggered and fell against a house.

Not given to anger, Abbot for a moment did not recognize the feeling that choked him. The inclination to go after the soldier who hurt the child was restrained almost before it had begun. There was left only the feeling of anger and frustration, the knowledge that for one of the few times in his life he could not do something he wanted strongly to do.

He began again his movement downstream. He wondered, as he pushed through the jungle, just what it was that had given him away. And why the soldiers had not seized him. And if his value as an agent was gone, what else was there to do but to leave the region? This decision alone created complications. There had been arrangements to communicate two nights from now, but not before. The thing to do was find one of the families co-operating with the guerrillas and hide there.

It took him an hour to reach the little settlement on the river's estuary. Proceeding by occasional glimpses of the river he knew he was nearing the sea when the stream began to widen. He paused, seeing the trees thinning; he was close to a settlement. An evening breeze, characteristic of the island, had begun to blow, and the bright pink, white and black striped flower of an orchid moved and caught his eye. To him an orchid was a civilized thing, to find one here was unreasonably heartening, a symbol of hope. Unexpectedly, it also reminded him of other things: the *leis* one bought *(Continued on page 61)*

The men were hand-picked specialists. Abbot had pleaded for them, for the whole expedition

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

RENAISSANCE

BY LUCY SALAMANCA

Why didn't he die and be done with it? Four days of this indecent teetering between two worlds had worn Grace's nerves ragged

THE old man lay in the high bed and called, "Grace, where are you? What are you doing?" His voice, though feeble, was still querulous and demanding. The woman answered it with an alacrity developed during ten years of sensitive and assiduous attention.

Tall and spare in her unadorned suit, her brown hair drawn severely back into a knot at the nape of her neck, she approached the bed. In spite of herself, her own voice was sharp.

"I'm right here, Mr. Darrow. What is it?"

Old fool! Why didn't he die and be done with it? Four days of this indecent teetering between two worlds. Her nerves were ragged. The accumulated grievances of years spent catering to his whims, placating him in his tantrums, correcting him in his errors and worrying about the consequences of his idiosyncrasies had swollen in her like a festering wound under the strain of his long illness. The tensions of the last uncertain days had mounted unbearably. This harrowing expectancy, she reflected, was due to the fact that for her his death was of enormous import. It would mark her liberation. After years of self-suppression the imminence of personal freedom was almost more than she could bear. Momentarily she looked forward to his passing; she was consumed with inordinate and restless desire to be rid forever of the vain, petulant tyrant who had dominated her thoughts for so long.

During his illness she had had time to review the extraordinary progress she had made in his service—secretary, office manager, confidential assistant, in rapid succession. He had become dependent upon her shrewdness and intelligence, her talent for apt and quick decisions.

She was scarcely proud, looking back, of the deals she had clinched for him, or of the hard-fisted transactions she had consummated, though at the time there had been a certain gratification in her achievements and she had come to look forward to his commendatory, *"You should have been my son, Grace,"* which she knew to be his highest praise.

Well, she was thirty now, and could measure in retrospect the cost of her empty victories. Youth had gone, for one thing; not outward youth, perhaps, but the irretrievable youth of the heart. And so much of herself. Her enthusiasms, her faith in others, and her ideals had gone down, or were tottering under the blight of his influence. She saw the years of her early youth as a ravaged hillside, scarred and sterile. Twisting, driving ambitions whipped at her now, as they had whipped at him.

This was the gift he had given her, and all her sacrifices had only served, she concluded desolately, to mold her at length to the pattern of a man despised. She considered by what easy stages she had come to emulate him—from contempt to toleration, from toleration to approval, from approval to admiration, and finally to a studied effort to work her will, as he did, at any cost. Even as her spirit admitted its own inadequacy to withstand, she cried out against what this man had done to her, and in the despondent realization of what she had lost she blamed him for what she had become. And so the knowledge that he was dying came to her as an open door, a broken shackle. She had resolved passionately that, once free, she would revert painstakingly to what she had once been, that she would make a supreme effort to recapture old dreams, old aspirations.

"Grace, Grace! Good Lord, do I have to—" The sharp voice broke off.

"I'm right here, Mr. Darrow." She kept her voice calm; she knew she must not be goaded into exhibiting the monstrous glee that stirred within her. She looked down at his small and glittering eyes, the mean, meager strokes of his lips, his pinched and harried face. Yet she scarcely saw him; she was mentally apportioning her inheritance—so many thousands for annuities, so many to decorate the cottage he had left her.

"What was that fool doctor whispering about? After ten years he ought to realize I find it annoying—" He turned his head to look at her, twisting his furrowed throat painfully.

She tried to keep the coldness out of her voice, tinging it deliberately with commiseration.

"He said there seemed to be a slight change for the better, that he would drop in again later this afternoon."

"Fool 'em yet . . ." His voice faded; his flat eyes, opaque and fishlike, seemed to sink back into his gray flesh.

Yes, she thought, you would! Oh, indeed you would, if you could! The cottage slid from her mental grasp. The intensity of her recent thoughts had made it so utterly her own, together with a life of security and a prospect of fresh experiences, that the bare possibility of deprivation turned her cold with apprehension and panic rose in her like icy water.

It was unthinkable, now she had scented freedom, that he should live. With all her strength—and that, she reflected grimly, was considerable, thanks to him—she would will him dead first.

She bent over him and drew the covers up to his wasted chin.

"Try to sleep, Mr. Darrow," she said. Later she ushered in the doctor who had promised to return. As he moved away from the bedside, she approached, her face drawn in acute anxiety. It was anxiety lest the man in the bed should live, not lest he should die. As her thoughts ran, so, inadvertently, were her words uttered.

"He won't live, Doctor Sprague, will he?"

The eyes of the physician swept from the face of the sleeping man to hers, at this curious phrasing of her inquiry.

The doctor said, "It is a good sign that he is sleeping."

TOWARD evening life seemed to flow again through the brittle veins of the old man. She heard his voice, incredibly imperious.

"Bring your pad."

She sat grimly erect beside the high bed, her tablet on her knee, her pencil obediently poised, just as she had sat hundreds of times beside his desk. Unfeeling as an automaton, she took down the words that would deprive her of every material consolation she had been led to expect. When he had finished speaking, she turned to him, her face white.

"But you can't do this . . ." she said. "These were to have been mine—"

He looked straight through her. "Type this at once," he said. "Bring it to me to sign."

She obeyed his instructions; she was momentarily stunned and incredulous. When he had put his shaky signature to the paper he said, "Deposit that in the wall safe in my Telephone Carter. I wish to see

She did not put the paper safe. She did not telephone his ney. Later that evening the ol rallied. "Why hasn't Carter c he said, his voice high and weak

"They are trying to locate The lie came easily without cor thought. Her eyes followed t man's to the doorway. Carte standing there. "I just dropp sir," Carter said. She stood u face impassive, waiting for t evitable disclosure of her trea waiting for the old man to spea

But only the sound of quick low breathing came from the bed; then an ominous gurgling.

She crossed to the old man c and her hands went out in s pity; at the gesture he smiled ingly, as if in gratitude. In the exchange she knew that whatev had become was of her own cho that it had been no fault of his

The man in the bed sighed; pelled a serene breath and slid life to death.

She stood looking down at feeling nothing but the excit sprung from the surety that her was safe, that matters were a had been before the old man's cious whim had threatened her f

Her heart stirred, beating now as she recalled her reso change, to recapture the swe and the candor of the life sh turned from so long ago.

You can't begin too soon, the dinned inside her. *A moment li will never come again.*

She turned from the bed.

"Too bad," Carter said matt factly, "I hoped to go over som matters." They looked at each across the bed. "Did he leav message?"

"No. None—none at all . . . whispered.

Unexpectedly, she dropped h guished face in her hands.

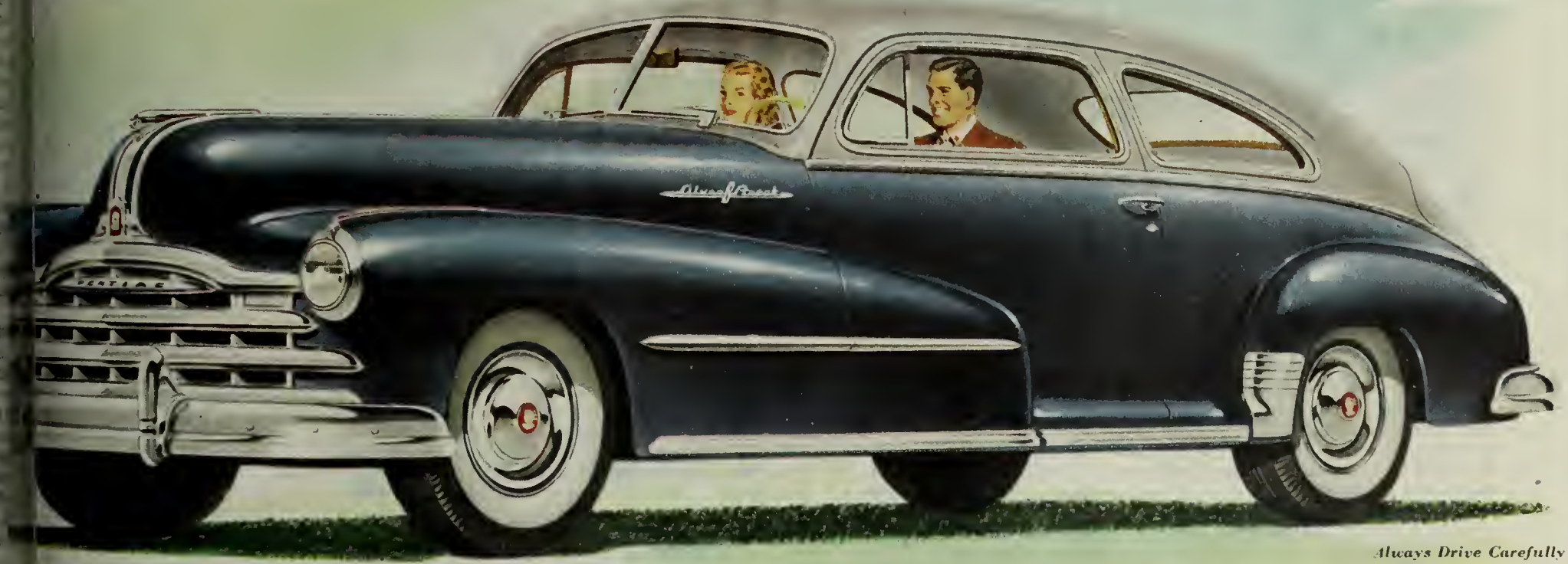
"I know what he must have to you," Carter said awkwardly crossed the room to her side and hesitant hand on her shoulder shrugged it off, knowing that was no comfort for her, that b own act she had imprisoned h in a solitary place, a place his sy thy could never reach.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

ne car made even finer

PONTIAC



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AC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

MY FRIEND JOSEPH

Continued from page 14

and I pretended to look at the books. We brushed hands and exchanged glances. We waited for a long time for the old man to move, but he sat on, and at last Molly said desperately with her eyes that she had to go.

"Not unless," I said.

"But *him*."

"Him or no him," I whispered. "I mean it."

Molly bit her lip, considering this. "All right," she said at last.

So I kissed her.

That was the first time we ever kissed in public. The old man was not watching us, and maybe it is not strictly correct to speak of a single unmindful old man as public, but that was how I thought of him. I thought: This is the first time I have ever kissed her in public, and because of that thought, that kiss became a very special one and even now, after an interval of more than ten years, I exactly remember it. Molly was wearing a new and unfamiliar perfume, and I have no doubt that it was a very cheap perfume, that she had too much of it on, and that it smelled terrible, but it smelled like a million dollars to me then. Just before she slipped out of my arms she jerked in closer than she had ever been before, holding very tightly. It seemed a moment of excruciating beauty.

She pushed me away very soon, but I caught at her hand. I had a question to ask her. It was a very important question and I asked it every time I saw her.

"Molly," I whispered. "What about Rags Gorman?"

"What about him?"

"You know, Molly. Has he been at you again?"

"He hasn't been near the house for a week."

"Thank God," I said.

I was mightily pleased. I was light-headed with relief. I felt as brisk and jaunty as a bee, and for the time being I forgot all about Joseph and Joseph's strange disappearance.

NEXT morning Jacobus was at my desk in Sports at nine thirty. Later, when Joseph was winning fights he was Jacobus' boy, now he was my thattaty-that Pole. Jacobus was very high. He was talking in terms of the front page. He wanted posters and photographs and headlines, and he wanted them *now*. This was out of my class, so I took him to Gus. I doubt if it was in Gus' class either, but Jacobus could never have guessed that. Gus picked a cigarette off the back of his ear, lighted it carefully, put his hands on his stomach and listened. Gus was fat and old and cynical, and nobody ever stampeded him.

"Is this the gorilla you told me about?" Gus said to me. "This Pole?"

"Yes, Gus."

"Well, we'll do what we can, Mr. Jacobus," Gus said.

That wasn't enough for Jacobus. Jacobus wanted a nation-wide search for the Pole. He wanted sandwich men. He wanted front-page photographs and finger-size headlines. Jacobus made it quite clear what he wanted. Jacobus wanted the moon. He talked quick and fast and very big, and as Gus did not interrupt him he got louder and bigger and more and more important. He got so important that he quite forgot himself and even went so far as to say that he would offer a reward.

"How much?" snapped Gus.

Jacobus shut his mouth with a snap and subsided to his usual size. "How much?" he said warily. "How *much?* Well, just say a reward. You don't have to mention the exact cash. Leave that to me. Say, you boys don't mebbe think I'm a piker, do you? I'm no piker. No, sirs!" And he snatched a wad of greasy notes from his pocket and slapped it on the desk. "Money's no object with Jacobus," he said. "Just take a look at that." But we had time only to catch a glimpse of the wad before he swooped on it, two-handed, and thrust it back into his pocket.

Well, we put a photograph of Joseph in the sports page and ran a feature story MISSING HEAVYWEIGHT, and one or two of the other papers carried a similar story, but nothing came of any of them; nobody wrote or rang Jacobus to say that they had seen the Pole, and so one day passed and half of another. Then on the evening of the next day, Saturday, that was, I walked out of the office door right into Joseph's arms. (Harry the doorman told me afterward that he had been hanging around for hours.) When I say that I walked into Joseph's arms I mean just that. He picked me up nose-high, shook me till I rattled, and shouted gleefully across the inch that separated our faces.

"Come home," he said, grinning. "Home with me."

I tried to question him, but it was no good. Joseph had room for only one idea at a time, and when it was an urgent idea like this one he just plugged it, and kept on plugging it.

"Home," he shouted, giving me another playful shake. "Home. See John!"

So I went with him. So I saw John.

John was seated in a cardboard box in the middle of the Pole's bed. John was a bird. I learned afterward that he was a blue Abyssinian duck and extremely valuable, but I did not know that at the time. He was a medium-sized grayish bird with blue wings and a white diamond patch on his head, and he squawked like a goose. When I took a couple of steps into the room he stood up and beat his wings at me. The Pole *chk-chkd* at him, lifted him and put him on his shoulder, and John sat quiet.

I stared at them and they stared back at me, unblinking, and I swear they both had wide grins on their incredible faces. I gave up, and sat down on the bed. . . .

Jacobus said he had always suspected that the Pole was mad. Now he knew for certain. "After the Williams fight I'll throw the big ape out on his ear," he said. He did not say this to me. He said it to Mrs. Stevens in Molly's presence, and Molly told me. "But meantime I got to keep him from getting lost again, and the only way to make sure of that is to have him here in the house with us."

"Sleeping?" Mrs. Stevens said.

"Sleeping," Jacobus said.

"And the bird?" Mrs. Stevens inquired.

"The bird too, I suppose. It's only till the fight. Only for a couple of days."

"I'll have you know, Mr. Jacobus," Mrs. Stevens said, "that I'll have no bloody bird in my house. And that, Mr. Jacobus, is final." Mrs. Stevens always called Jacobus Mr., and Jacobus had to call her Mrs. too. That was the sort of woman Mrs. Stevens was. Exceedingly proper. Jacobus had taken her on as housekeeper in Molly's mother's place when Molly's mother died, and Mrs. Stevens had never forgiven Molly, and never would, for being the daughter of her predecessor. She had so strong a sense of propriety that she even thought it indecent that Molly and she should be sleeping under the same roof, and she said so several times a day.

She was a big red-haired woman, handsome enough, I suppose, with an outstanding bosom and a wide muscular mouth, which she used from morning to night, mostly on Molly. She was at pains to tell everyone that she did not wish Molly any harm. All she wished was that Molly was dead or settled in an institution or teamed up with Rags Gorman; Rags Gorman the bookie, who, only a few years ago had been hawking rags in the streets and who now wore a coat with an astrakhan collar and financed all the racketeers in the district, including Jacobus. It was Mrs. Stevens, not Jacobus, who kept throwing Molly at Rags Gorman's head. It was Mrs. Stevens who had first got the idea that Rags needed a "housekeeper" and that Molly was just the girl for the job.

Give Jacobus his due, he didn't much like this idea. He never actually went to the length of opposing it—he was too scared of Rags Gorman, and I guess he was scared of Mrs. Stevens too—but he played for time; he said, "Wait till she's eighteen," and he came right out in the open over the new clothes t
Stevens wanted to buy Molly
He argued for a week, and in t
said, "All right. The costume
the fancy underclothes." Mrs
said the underclothes were the
portant of all. She kept on at h
it, and each day when I saw
told me how it was going; it w
running commentary on a fi
Jacobus always backing away,
and weaving, and Mrs. Steven
him all around the ring but
land a decisive blow. Molly w
underclothes of course, but I di
her to have them. I couldn't
nights and I prayed that she wo
those underclothes, and she did
bus finally stood his ground. H

Every now and again whe
really cornered he said no to
vens, but for every time he said
yes a hundred times or more,
when he insisted on getting his
he made a point of giving Mrs.
bit of her own way too, to keep h
Like over Joseph and the bird.

Joseph was duly installed in
bedroom, in line with Jacobus
the bird was locked in the loft
gym—which took the keen edge
Stevens' temper.

THE day before the Willia
Gus called me to his desk an
me a paragraph in the Evenin
This paragraph stated that a
valuable blue Abyssinian duck,
appeared from St. James's Park.

"'Any person having any i
tion,'" Gus read, "'please com
with the keeper of St. James's
with any police station.' That
my boy, is you."

It was always me when th
trouble and the Pole was in it.
waited till after the fight. It was
which put the Pole on the map
to everyone's amazement (e
Jacobus') he won in the fifth
knocking out Al Kid Williams
vicious a left uppercut as even
ever seen. I waited till the morn
the fight and then I tackled Josep
the blue Abyssinian duck.

I was very severe. I gave hi
lecture, in the course of which
him in a dozen different ways th
wrong to steal. I kept it very si
said that John was not Joseph
John was the public's bird. An
"So you've got to take him back t
you found him," I said finally.

"Why?" Joseph said.

I began all over again. I to
steps. Each short sentence was
and at the end of each step I sa
you understand?" And each time
said, "Yes," so I worked up to the
and said firmly, "So there it is. Y
to take him back to the park, Jose

Joseph hung his head. "Why?"

This might have gone on for
time if I had not hit on a simplif
"Joseph," I said, "I think you kno
the king, don't you?"

"Yes," Joseph said, bowing.

"Well," I said, "John belongs
king."

"God Save the King," Joseph s

There was no more argument.
same night Joseph and I took a
west to St. James's Park, and so
around midnight the king got b
duck. Joseph's next escapade
more serious.

It took place in September,
Joseph had beaten Tiger O'Mall
Vince Hammett and while Jacob
busy edging him into line for a c
the British title. I was mixed up in
troubles, but unfortunately I did n
them seriously. I had my own t

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COLLIER'S

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

at the time. Rags Gorman was beginning to put pressure on Molly, and I was half crazed with worry; I was sleeping only an hour or two a night, and I was negotiating desperately for a job on a union paper. If I got a job on a union paper I would be paid a living wage and I could marry Molly and thumb my nose at Jacobus, and Rags Gorman too. I thought endlessly of ways and means to land this job, I just hadn't time to waste on Joseph, and I have to admit that I never really bothered about him or his affairs until it was too late.

When Jacobus told me about Joseph's new pet I flatly disbelieved him. I thought he had been drinking.

"You're joking, Mr. Jacobus," I said.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Jacobus said.

He didn't. He looked like a man who is having trouble with his blood pressure. His face was purple, not so to speak, but really purple; there were veins fat as worms throbbing on his forehead; his lips hacked and sawed at each other; and his eyes scampered—ugh!—like rats across my own.

"He's got a lion all right," he said, nodding. He was making a great effort at self-control. He spoke with only a small part of his voice and dropped each word separately, like a penny in a slot. "A live lion," he said. "And what's more he's got it in my loft, and he's up there with it now."

I saw that I was expected to say something, perhaps even to do something. I said helplessly, "Where did he get it, Mr. Jacobus?"

"He says he found it."

"Where?"

"I think," Jacobus said, showing his teeth like a rat, "that he says he found it on a bus."

THAT was Joseph's story, and he stuck to it. I tried him hard, but he would tell no other. He was scared, but resolute. I talked to him like a Dutch uncle. I told him he could not possibly keep a lion, and I told him why. Joseph fixed his eyes on a spot several feet above my shoulder and shook his head at it. "This lion is a dog," he said.

I consulted Jacobus. "He says it's a dog," I told him.

"He's a liar," Jacobus said. "It's a lion and nothing but a lion. You see it."

So I saw the animal. It was a lion all right. I don't know a lot about lions and I was content to see this one briefly through a chink in the loft door, but at a guess I would say it was about a year-old lion. It hadn't quite filled out, nevertheless it was an ugly customer. It was the size of a big German shepherd tainly lion enough to do dama

I talked to Joseph till I ran saliva. He listened politely, an had finished he said, as far a make out, that he would do an earth for me, yea gladly, anyt but he would not give up the li

"I love this lion," he said.

That was probably true. I this time that Joseph had a great for loving all God's creatures a to admit that it was possible th really did love this lion, as much as I loved Molly, although in a way of course. I did not know say, and, not knowing, I got a argued. I should have known be try to argue with Joseph. "Y possibly love a lion. Be sensible "The lion is one of the fiercest beasts. It eats human beings understand that?" I made the with my mouth. *"Eats* them."

"This lion has a soft mouth, said.

"No lion has a soft mouth, "Think of the danger, man." I of it myself.

"This lion has a soft mouth a is no danger," Joseph said.

I pointed out in elaborate d how much danger there was.

"Not with this lion, Robert, said. "And this lion's nice soft

I got mad then and I spoke that I had never spoken to him b spoke to hurt, and I did hurt hin savage and sarcastic. I really le go and for good measure I thr home truth or two that was no to the point. Joseph hung his b trembled like a monstrous n child. I couldn't go on shouting I checked myself and clapped hi arm. "Now, Joseph," I said ge sensible."

He raised his head and looke and his eyes were like a whipped

"You'll get over it, Joseph," I

He shook his head. He sagge

And then the idea hit him. It quite visibly, like a kidney pun straightened up, his face jerked and he thrust his hand to his mo pulled out his new plate of dentures, a legacy from the O fight. "See, Robert?" he said, b ing this plate at me. "No dan my lion. My lion has false te me!"

There wasn't much you could a clown like that.

I went down to the gymnasi told Jacobus what the Pole had Jacobus didn't think it funny. H

"And that ain't nuthin' . . . wait'll y'get to the really warm months"

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a newly lighted cigarette to the floor and screwed it into shreds with the heels of his patent-leather shoe. "I'll fix him," he said, simmering. He lifted his foot and looked at the remains of the cigarette in a sudden new passion. "The big suching so-and-so," he said. "I'll fix him, see if I don't."

Jacobus did not fix the Pole, however. At least not immediately.

The truth is, Jacobus was afraid of the Pole. The Pole never spoke to Jacobus, and when he looked at Jacobus he scowled. I didn't blame Jacobus for being scared. If the Pole had scowled every time he looked at me I would have been scared too.

Well, Jacobus waited.

He had good reason to wait because just at this time he was engaged in a very delicate piece of fiddling. The British Board of Boxing Control was about to examine the question of Joseph's nationality and had summoned Joseph and Jacobus to appear before it at the end of the month. Jacobus had got documents from Rags Gorman's lawyer which purported to prove that Joseph was British, but all the documents in the world would not be enough if Joseph himself chose to be awkward. (*Unco-operative* was the word the lawyer used.)

Now Jacobus knew perfectly well that if he took Joseph's lion away from Joseph the odds were that Joseph would be extremely unco-operative. The result would be unfortunate. The board would decide that Joseph was not eligible to fight for the British title and he, Jacobus, would lose a nice fat purse. In the circumstances he could not afford to be on worse than scowling terms with Joseph. He therefore decided, according to Molly, to sit tight and do nothing at all about the lion at least until after the title fight. He merely bought Mrs. Stevens a fur cape, presented the Pole with a reinforced bar and padlock for the loft door, and settled down to wait till the B.B. of B.C. gave its decision. "I'll fix him then!" Jacobus said. "I swear it!"

"What's he going to do?" I asked.

"Tell the police," Molly said.

THE board met on the last day of September. The stewards asked Joseph questions on which Joseph had not been primed, and Joseph could not answer these questions.

"Although he's pure British," Jacobus said, "the truth is, gents, he don't understand English so good."

After discussion the stewards decided to examine Joseph with the aid of an interpreter, and the meeting was duly adjourned for three weeks. During these three weeks Jacobus signed a contract (provisional on the board's decision) for a twelve-round championship elimination fight at Harringay between Joseph and Jackie Wilson, the official contender; and sometime also during these three weeks Joseph, spruced and nervous, came to the office to consult me on a personal matter of great importance.

We talked in the corridor outside the reporters' room.

"I have troubles," Joseph said.

Joseph's troubles were small beer compared with those of everyone around him. Joseph's troubles were purely financial. He wanted more money for the coming fight. He told me this in a very roundabout way, and while he spoke he jigged from one leg to the other and raised his eyes only as far as my knees.

"I want a lot of money," he said.

"How much?" I asked.

"Twenty pounds."

"Let's get this straight," I said. "Do you want twenty pounds more than you've been getting or twenty pounds in all?"

"All of twenty pounds," Joseph said. "In my hand."

His eyes crept up and touched me warily in the face. "Is it reasonable, Robert?"

He was perfectly serious. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. I asked him what money he had been getting from Jacobus.

"A five-pound," Joseph said. "Each fight a five-pound. I want twenty. Is it reasonable?"

"What?" I said, for I just couldn't believe that even Jacobus was as mean as that. I stared helplessly at the Pole, and he fidgeted and dropped his eyes back where they had come from. I saw that he was waiting for me to tell him whether his request for twenty pounds was reasonable, and I realized also that I had not yet heard the whole of this story. "What do you want the twenty pounds for?" I asked.

"To buy a cow."

"A what?"

"A cow," Joseph said. "The butcher says I give twenty pounds I get a cow. A whole cow. Dead."

"You mean a carcass?" I said. I began to understand then. "The body of a cow. You want to buy the body of a cow for your lion, is that it?"

"The body of a whole cow," Joseph said. "For twenty pounds. Therefore I want twenty pounds. Is it reasonable?"

"It is reasonable," I had to say.

"Then you come with me," Joseph said, "and speak also to Jacobus, if you please."

So I went with him.

Whenever Jacobus heard what Joseph had to say his eyes got very shifty and he said, "Yes-yes-yes. All right, I said yes, didn't I?"

"I put the rest into gilt-edged for him," he said to me. "He wouldn't know what to do with it, so I save it for him. I put the whole lot into gilt-edged." He was still off balance, for he actually brought out his case and offered me a cigarette. "But, boysie," he said. "That's not for printing in your paper."

I had the guts of a cockroach.

"No, no, of course not, Mr. Jacobus," I said. . . .

I left Joseph at the gym and boarded a number thirteen bus at the corner of the street. I was about to go upstairs when I heard Molly's voice and, looking around, I saw her racing across the road from the gymnasium. She ran like a little girl in a hurry. She used the whole width of her skirt, her legs showed high up, and her unbuttoned raincoat streamed from her shoulders.

The bus was already under way.

"Hey, Mac!" I said to the conductor. "Just a minute, please." I grabbed Molly by the elbow and hoisted her onto the platform.

She said, "Phew! Thought I'd missed you," and leaned for a moment, panting on my chest.

The people in the downstairs were staring, so we went up top. It was quiet up top, and we had the back of the bus to ourselves. "I phoned," Molly said, "but they said you weren't at the office. I had to see you."

"Something's happened!" I said, bracing myself.

"Certainly has," Molly said. "You'll never guess, either. Something pretty terrible. Rags Gorman came last night and they left me alone with him and I had one bit of a time, I can tell you."

I had a landslide in my stomach, and I guess something must also have happened in my face.

"Keep your shirt on," Molly said. "I didn't let him get his hands on me, if that's what you're thinking. No, Robert, it was worse than that."

"Worse," I said. *"Worse!"*

"Worse," Molly said, nodding. "He actually wants to marry me! It's not just a line either. He really and seriously wants to marry me. He said it in front of Jacobus and Mrs. Stevens before they left us alone. He said he would come back tomorrow night for his answer, and they've both of them been at me ever since. Jacobus is mad at me for still calling him Mr. Gorman to his face, he's all for it now that Rags is talking marriage and Mrs. Stevens, you know what she's like, it's been nag nag nag, Rags this, Rags that, nothing but Rags all day long, what a gent he is and what a compliment it is to have a really important kind of gent like Rags actually wanting to marry me. In church too, vens says. Rags never said not church to me, but Mrs. Stev he said it to her. 'Your own m had a wedding in her life,' M said. You know her. You kn goes on about that. 'And you mother's daughter—' et cete dirt she rakes up—'here's yo offer from the richest man in t a real gentleman, a bookmake only he wants to marry you church too, and look at the h have, and the money, and th folks touching their caps to streets and nobody'll dare not t makes me certainly wonder,' vens said, 'you don't deserve it.'

Molly stopped for breath, le fall limply on my shoulder, "Oh, Robert dearie, I've had hell of a day!"

We sat on the top of that long time. We went all the w terminus and half of the way we talked continuously, but I d that we said very much. I re was all for getting married stra I said we had to, now. Molly could we, would I just please her how we possibly could whe even able to keep myself in

IT WAS an old argument; it and on. She was the practical when she was being most prac ways saw a deep strain of idealis deeper than any I possessed, ways loved her very dearly. I ing—no, eager—to take a chan gutter. But Molly wasn't. She too well. She knew what the g to you, and she wasn't going happen to me or to the nice c ing we had between us.

I tried to be masterful.

I told her that I wasn't going for any more nonsense. I had my mind what we were going t were going to get married.

Yes, *married.*

After we were married I wo her up north to my home and s live with my father and moth could afford to send for her. I once my mother got to know would love her, and that I kne would love my mother too, and I all sound very convincing—so that I almost believed it mys Molly didn't. She gave me a ca female smile and shook her head

She said decisively, "The only do is to tell Jacobus and Mrs. St their faces that I'm in love w They'll leave me alone then. I'll them the truth, and if they don' they can go jump in the river."

We finally agreed on that.

"After all," Molly said, "all t do is get mad at me."

This was not strictly correct could, and certainly would, try vent her from seeing me again, a might also bring pressure to bear I reckoned that henceforth I wo marked man. I would have to w step, keep to the lighted streets. no illusions about Rags Gor feared him almost as much as him, and I had a great respect f I thought to be his methods.

I put my arm round Molly's sh and held her very tight. "Don't I said, lying. "There's really not worry about." She felt extra-sm brittle, and I loved her unb "Darling," I said. "Oh, Molly I'll make this up to you someday, I will."

"It's okay," she said. "Reall All this is much worse for you. than it is for me." And she rai face to mine and gave me a smile me in the chest and hurt. She wa nificent.

"*I'm* not worrying," she said.

(To be concluded next week

SPORTING ODDS

It was the last half of the ninth of a Texas League game in the '30s between the San Antonio Missions and the Tulsa Oilers, the Missions at bat and the score tied. With the bases loaded and two out, Art Scharein went to third to coach and Sam Harshany came in as pinch hitter. The count ran up to two strikes and three balls. The Tulsa pitcher glanced at the bases, stepped on the rubber and started his stretch. At the peak of the stretch Art Scharein's voice came bellowing from third base, "Hold it, Buddy!" The pitcher dropped his arms and looked toward third. The game was over. The umpire called it a balk, advancing all runners one base and forcing in the winning run.

—David J. Perkins, Everett, Wash.

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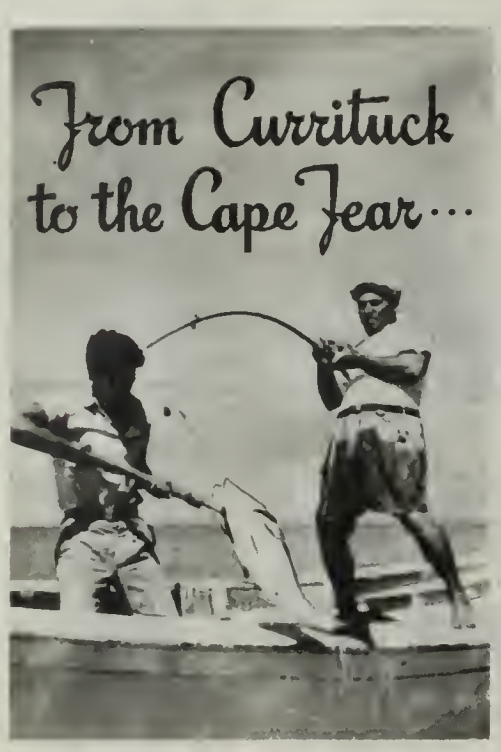
SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER and SHAVEREST

FOR COMPLETE CONVENIENCE—THE SCHICK SHAVEREST

Handy automatic wall-holder, handsome in any bathroom. Fits any Schick ever built (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe, finger-tip handy next to mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up the cord. *$7.95**

Shaverest—Trademark Schick Inc.



-the best fishing on the Coast

By all means, bring your fishing tackle when you head for North Carolina this summer. 300 miles of sounds, bays, inlets, and ocean make *fishing fun for the whole family* . . . You explore the Gulf Stream for sailfish, bonito, cero, cobia, and amberjack . . . cast the beaches and inlets for fighting blues and channel bass . . . troll inshore for mackerel, trout, sea bass, and stripers . . . or angle for many species from convenient coastal piers.

Make it a real vacation. North Carolina's resort-studded coast provides miles of clean, sun-drenched strand for surf-bathing and beach fun . . . calm, protected waters for perfect boating . . . lazy river plantations, where the spirit of other centuries lingers. Take a day—or a week—to visit Paul Green's symphonic drama, "The Lost Colony", in the land of America's beginning. A wide choice of accommodations insures comfort within your budget. Write now for colorful, animated coastal map and booklet, designed to help you plan a memorable seashore vacation.

THE WALKER BRAT

Continued from page 21

Professional Children's School, which she'd been attending in person and by mail, sporadically. In fact, it lacked two weeks before this intellectual event would take place.

Miss Walker startled Barto by saying she was quitting. No longer would she stand in Destiny's way. She was going on the stage. "Look, sweetheart," stormed Barto. "In two weeks you'll be educated. You'll have a diploma."

"What will I do with it?" shouted back Nancy. "Paper the wall with it?"

Barto threw up his hands. "Okay, dope—Daddy is through supporting you. You have two weeks to get a job. Try the dime stores."

Nobody in the entertainment world wanted Miss Inferiority, whenever she got nerve to ask. She bought a thousand or so records and began sitting up nights studying torch singing. Dewey, touched by her assiduousness, didn't insist on the dime store. Instead he sent her around to his agent's and had her sit in his office, just to watch people come and go, learn "actors were only human like Daddy and Mr. Mann." Barto & Mann were splitting $2,000 a week at this time in Hellzapoppin'.

One day it happened—the agent got Nancy a split week in a Bridgeport movie house. Nancy stalled about going; muttered something about railroads being sold out. Barto ordered her to get the hell to Bridgeport. She shuffled off—and was back a day later. "I still don't know what happened in Bridgeport," Barto says. "She won't tell."

A job on the Borscht Circuit in the Catskills lasted a week; then Miss Walker descended briefly into a Greenwich Village cellar, emerging quickly. For a time she sat with a band on a bar in Jersey City, shouting jive vocals into the mike 18 hours a day. Barto's agent began to avoid Barto.

Diagnosis now reveals Miss Walker was trying to make the world forget Helen Morgan. She was singing torch songs without an adequate ignition system. Besides she was lousy.

One day the flash came through that George Abbott wanted new faces for his forthcoming campus musical, Best Foot Forward. Barto had to drive his Lambchop to his agent's office.

Acquires That Walker Name

The agent sent Nancy around to the Abbott auditioning reluctantly, with a secretary in charge. He had other business; the Abbott office was not warned beforehand. When summoned to do her stuff, somehow the name of a Miss Walker was announced. This was not Nancy's name at the time—she was professionally tagged Myrtle Swoyer—but that of a Helen Walker, then an established singer, and since a Hollywood luminary.

Mr. Abbott, sitting in the orchestra and flanked by Dick Rodgers, was somewhat startled to see a watch-pocket female slink on stage, seize the mike (to keep from falling) and give out with something called Bounce Me Brother, with a Solid Four, rendering its rowdy message as if she were Duse doing Thanatopsis to music—seriously.

It is said the Messrs. Abbott & Rodgers fell from their seats with laughter. Then Mr. A. advised Nancy that while there was nothing in the show at the moment, there darn' well would be. And so the Broadway debut of our chunky heroine took place: She was Blind Date, a dense coed at Winsocki U. with 12 lines, and two songs specially tailored for her comic talents.

At nineteen, officially christened Nancy Walker by the now-grateful agent, she became a minor figure along Broadway. Of her work in Best Foot Forward, for which she received all of $75 per week, she says, "They pushed me on the stage—I was lucky to make it to the other side."

When BFF closed years later, the still-numbed-by-it-all Miss Walker found herself in Hollywood, hogtied for seven years by M-G-M, beginning at $750 a week. It was mutual dislike at first sight. It seems Miss Walker comes from a long line of people who when they hear fifteen minutes, are there in fourteen. "I found when they gave you a 6 A.M. call they meant anywhere from 24 hours up later!" she says.

"Then when you got ready to work, you'd have to wait for some ham bone to finish combing her hair in her dressing room. I raised a big stink about this at first. Then I'd just say to the casting director if he wanted me he knew where

"When I met her, your mother was a very beautiful woman"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

he could get me—Toots Shor, New York. They'd call me by phone, and in fourteen hours I'd be in Hollywood again, sitting around waiting for the louse to finish her hair."

After three years and three movie musicals (in which she played the same character), Miss Walker was paroled to New York for the part of Brunhilde Esterhazy, the gent-pursuing female taxi driver in the musical On the Town. It ran for a year and a half; and after returning to Hollywood to serve more time, she again graced the New York boards on an Abbott campus. She played Yetta Samovar, a female follower of Karl Marx, the lead of the ill-fated Barefoot Boy with Cheek. "It was supposed to be a John Held, Jr., musical satire," she says in retrospect, "but it turned out to be another college musical. What am I saying—where would I be without college musicals?"

When Mr. Abbott and Jerry Robbins, the triple-threat man of the ballet, announced they were preparing Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!, with Miss Walker in mind as leading ballerina, Miss Walker hastily enrolled in Mme. Daganova's School of the Ballet. For a year and a half while the authors struggled with the somewhat corny script, Miss W. struggled with the pirouette, *entrechat, sisson,* and other aesthetic twitchings. "I had to learn to do everything right, so I could do it wrong," she explains. "Otherwise I'd break a leg coming out of a lift, or fracture my arches nightly."

At the start it took a block a to h'ist Miss Walker to her toe the time Look, Ma, opened sl pretty accomplished ballet danc it not for her figure, which cau resemble a jet-propelled ice wag be a moderate Pavlova. Fo Look, Ma, calls on her to burl Dahnce, to be a galumphing M ped. Those in the know claim one has ever done anything v perfectly.

"Ballet dancers hate me," she "I never knew, for instance, dan are supposed to hurt. I've got ankles like an ox. One day the l limping after a long rehearsal. what was the matter. They s feet hurt, and asked if mine di said, 'Oh, are they supposed That's why they hate me. If I h up on my toes 68 times, I get never bothers me. I can even my toes in street shoes. It's just norance on my part."

A "quick study," she learns h syllabic parts in rehearsal simply ing them twice. "I can't act," "I get dressed, I go on. You p talk." Yet she is in constant de plays without music—some se

Her public relations with her most unbecoming a star, since dread of becoming what she cal bone," and is given to hero w her gifted contemporaries.

Nancy a Good Mixer

She likes to bat around the N bistros and shoot the breeze boys and girls; dresses simply wear hats; drawls and slouches she does on stage. Unable to ac all the money she makes and sp being constantly without cash, rows cab fares from friends.

When a musician called her a dope once during rehearsal, s up in a record library till she enough about all kinds of musi ble her not only to hold her ow make her own arrangements.

She reads anything from tras chiatry. I asked her if she ever what she'd read with others. "T what I know little about with a shlurps who know as little as I get into arguments? I shut up.

After all the years, Barto has lated a home in Hollywood. Nancy lives alone at a hotel d shows, she, Dewey and Betty l gregate whenever possible in th wood home to have fun. Bet eighteen, a miniature Nancy, l inch shorter than her big sister. oddly, also is a great reader, and spun philosopher. "When w gether," Dewey beams, "we n like three jumps ahead of a mid we have lots of laughs. Say, c add an inch to my height in you

While there are moments w Walker must sharply remind h old man of the fact that she no in diapers, she is not unaware o sons he taught her, and those w played hooky from. "I want to called In the Summerhouse, a about a frustrated girl; and I w back to Hollywood. I also wa married and have a kid and b up backstage. I want to bring h an equal, let her form her own because I don't want to be t myself when she grows up. I wa if it can be done again," says t ugly duckling confidentially.

Which naturally brings up t tion, what are the great-grandch acrobats like?

THE END

Work *refreshed*... Have a Coke

In Factories

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Coca-Cola
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Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

The pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola is a little minute long enough for a big rest. *Have a Coke* and work refreshed.

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It was a flashy Bible and there were some flashy schemes afoot to get it. B'r Charlie had one, the Widow Duck had another, but Uncle Henry, who had lived a lot around mules, was the smartest of them all

THE PEARL-HANDLED HUMBUG

BY ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

LITTLE BEE BEND plantation was in a swivet. Men were home from the war. Women were returning from the high-wage jobs in Shreveport. Giles had turned Prince into the pasture and was riding the turnrows in a secondhand jeep. Uncle Henry, the old lot man, was making ominous threats to "leave out and go to Texas." B'r Charlie, the preaching blacksmith, was crutching up and down the bayou, laying plans to launch a campaign for raising a solid two hundred dollars for a brand-new pulpit Bible. The Widow Duck was almost speechless. But not quite.

"How come us got to have a two-hund'ed-dolluh Bible?" she demanded. "What de matter wid be Bible we got?"

B'r Charlie squirmed. The wrath of the Senior Usher of Old Ship of Zion Church ever was an unpleasant thing, and from her present tone of voice, he suspected her wrath was accumulating around his little proposition.

"Hit's like dis," he explained, "I figger dat wid cotton sellin' at fawty cents, and de young folks comin' home wid dey high wages and all, well, maybe de Lawd is entitled to some er dat easy money."

"You mean, you wants to git a whack at easy money," she suggested.

"Not me," he protested, piously. "What I had in my mind was a present f'm de members to de Lawd."

The Widow Duck was more than a passing friend of the Lord, and if there were good things afoot she believed in giving the Lord His share. But a two-hundred-dollar Bible! It didn't sound right.

"Hit's a pearl-handle Bible," the preacher urged. "Wid pictures er de angels in colored robes and all, and de words spoke by de Lawd in red letters!"

"De Lawd gittin' mighty fine dese days," snorted the Widow Duck, "when He got to have a pearl-handle Bible."

"You tawkin' agin de Lawd?" B'r Charlie pretended outrage.

"You know who I'm tawkin' agin," she snapped. "I'm tawkin' agin old one-laigged, hypercrittin' you! You jest tryin' to git fine, yo' ownself."

"Not me," protested B'r Charlie. "Hit's for de Lawd. And you *(Continued on page 48)*

The Widow Duck pinned B'r Charlie to the floor. "One mo' word outn yo' fat mouf," she said, "and I'll bob up and down on you"

LITTLE LULU SAYS:

compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see

No other tissue gives you all the advantages of KLEENEX*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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...ots of tissues, but your nose knows *there's ...eenex!* A special process keeps your Kleenex ...luriously soft . . . so kind, so soothing to ...sh.

You won't find weak spots or lumps in Kleenex . . . the brand preferred in a national survey by 7 out of 10 tissue users. Kleenex gives you strength and absorbency you can *depend* on!

No other brand—only Kleenex—gives you the handy *Serv-a-Tissue Box* that prevents tissue-fumbling. With Kleenex you pull *just one* double tissue at a time—and up pops another, ready for use!

FOOD'S PARADISE

Continued from page 19

electronization. If really badgered to prove it wasn't a hoax, he would toss a preserved mouse to the nearest available cat which would invariably gobble it up.

Dr. Brasch and Dr. Frederick Lange, another German physicist, invented the capacitron in Berlin in 1930, while exploring the possibilities of using powerful charges of electricity to split the atom. Two years earlier they had impressed the scientific world by "capturing" a 20,000,000-volt lightning bolt in the Swiss Alps. It was then an unheard-of charge for man to handle and the experiment was hailed as perhaps the most spectacularly successful of its kind since Benjamin Franklin flew his kite.

Scientists Leave Germany

Hitler's rise interrupted their research, however, and in the spring of 1933, they both slipped out of the Reich to look for more congenial surroundings. After considerable shuttling about, Lange stayed in Europe, and Brasch came to the United States.

Brasch had noted that the Berlin capacitron developed an uncommonly intense supply of electrons and he believed this had great potentialities in medical and commercial fields. But it took years before he could get anybody in the United States to listen to him. Finally through mutual friends he met Lewis L. Strauss, then of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, of Wall Street. Strauss became interested in the capacitron as a possible weapon against cancer.

It was not until 1943, however, after Brasch met Maurice P. Davidson, New York attorney and colleague of the late Fiorello H. La Guardia, that definite plans developed. Davidson too was attracted by the machine's possibilities in medical research. About $100,000 was raised and Electronized formed with Davidson as president, the post he still holds.

Amidst wartime shortages it was slow going to collect the special instruments and equipment necessary to construct the capacitron but by January, 1946, the first test bursts were shot through the apparatus in the windowless Brooklyn laboratory.

Dr. Brasch is forty-two and a bachelor. When preparing for the Swiss experiment, he discovered there was no first-class eating place on Monte where they were going, and he good food that he spent six r Berlin restaurant learning he Dr. Huber, thirty-seven-ye chemist is married and the fa children. He came to Ameri joined the Winthrop Chemica in Albany, N. Y., and during considerable work in malarial the National Research Co joined Electronized in 1945.

Both scientists are distress their laboratory referred to (a invariably is) as "the old ice they could, they would conce that in wintertime the staff overcoats and surplus Army a to keep warm. This pique is sorial quirk; they are proud of tron and they fear people wil all they've devised is some n cold storage, which is not so.

The present capacitron, as sometimes puts it, "is a littl maker." Taking ordinary current and converting it to rent, it steps it up through rectifiers and condensers to an kick of 3,000,000 volts. Th released through a short, vacuum discharge tube at t which is a cathode device fu supply of billions of electrons. trical charge shoots the elect the tube and out the bottom t aluminum window into the su be treated like so many bullet

The trick of the capacitron stead of setting up a constan radiation as most other accel it fires in very short bursts. In inconceivable interval of 1/1, a second, it explodes its electr slice of beef. The meat is thu and the power is shut off befo ber of unwanted side reactior those causing off-taste or off- time to get started. Besides the microorganisms, the electr are negatively charged partic some of the changing action o —complicated protein structu in all living cells.

The capacitron's bursts can between 1/10,000 and 1/1,000, a second. In 1/1,000,000 of a s interval now used, a sunbea travel less than two city bloc

COLLIER'S "That the young man Gretchen met in the park?" VIRGI

t's really an awfully cute story . . . maybe I didn't tell it right"

DON TOBIN

eding electrons exert more th the surface of a substance o they don't injure the surface of a cherry for example— pass through. The depth of ration can be regulated and aimed precisely and pointed d or very narrow line of fire. nount of radiation on any and the time used to apply igidly controlled. This is im- the treatment of live tissue: e extremely high biological s of electrons, their energy in ntities can be carried through vacuum tubes. In the experi- rabbits, deep-seated cancers ved by bringing the electrons jection needles into the neigh- f the cancer. There was only amage to surrounding healthy use the radiation was restricted sed area.

Base Used as Absorbent

ntists use a piece of fluor spar, a man's fist, to let you see the ork. The end of the vacuum ining the aluminum exit win- used in a kind of concrete ich squats alongside the con- er and is used as a precaution liation. The fluor spar, whitish ucent like a big blob of cos- ry, is placed under the window base. The cork absorbs stray A metal base would absorb ut X rays would be generated cess.

n honks the all clear in the chamber. A bell rings on the ard to signal the circuits are operator throws a switch and crack like a rifle shot as the volt lightning bolt crashes into Behind a shield you watch the of the fluor spar transformed ously into a beautiful lumi- to an even depth of about ¼ of s the electrons drive into it. through the window the elec- ze the air, making a kind of pray. You smell ozone. An- rge and the electrons bore o the fluor spar, staining it this ue.

dment of calcite produces a in the clear quartzlike crystal you touch it you half expect it ur hand like a branding iron t it's as cool as a dog's nose. fades gradually to the color of e lollipop. "That's what we energy," Dr. Huber says.

ustrial pilot model now being d in the icehouse at a cost of ,000 will be 100 per cent more an the present capacitron and will be considerably smaller, to make it handier for factory installation. It will generate 5,000,000 volts of electricity instead of 3,000,000 but most of the present racket will be eliminated by immersing the condenser tower in oil, an excellent insulator, and sealing the whole business in a metal tank.

A 5,000,000-volt machine will have the penetrating power of one inch per impulse in a substance the density of water. With a window two feet in diameter, the industrial model will sterilize 40 pounds of such a substance in one burst. Its capacity will depend on how rapidly a conveyor belt can feed it. Operating at 10-second intervals, the new capacitron could handle seven tons an hour. Strangely enough, although the voltage is in the millions, actual current consumption is nominal; this is getting things on mass-production terms that manufacturers understand.

The capacitron's performance is not always happy. It takes the taste and color out of lettuce, for instance, and leaves it as soggy and wilted as a wet handkerchief. "So far all our efforts to preserve it have failed completely," Dr. Huber admits.

Bombardment leaves bananas bruised and mushy. Strawberries are difficult to handle; they bleach and their texture changes, while raspberries and blueberries come out fine. Milk and milk products, including cheese and butter, can be preserved but the process is trickier and most of these things acquire what the scientists call an "irradiated taste." Cream cheese acquires it right after treatment but it disappears on storage! Camembert doesn't have it but *its* flavor afterward is more like Cheddar. Oysters, shrimps and lobsters preserve well but they develop a somewhat smoky taste.

Dr. Brasch and Dr. Huber confess they don't know why these changes take place and they can't predict what will happen to a given product. "We reported our experience with lettuce to some growers," Dr. Huber recalled recently, "and they knowingly said, 'Yes, yes, that was to be expected. Lettuce is a headache to preserve. You can't can it, you know. You'll have the same trouble with spinach and cabbage.'

"But then we found that spinach and cabbage survived electronization very well."

To their surprise and amusement the scientists discovered that castor oil, which usually solidifies under radiation, remained liquid after being electronized but instead of emitting the sickening odor so familiar to schoolboys with the stomach-ache, it wafted a brand-new smell not unlike a field of fresh daisies.

At first, it was thought that an article would have to be treated throughout

Beauty and utility by the yard. Dirt and stains whisk off its lustrous surface with a damp cloth. Saran—something *basically different* in shimmering woven textiles—brings you a combination of colorful beauty and pliant strength never available before. You'll marvel at the way Saran fabrics stay new through years of hard use. Their fibers can't absorb grime or moisture. Their smooth surfaces can't scuff or grow threadbare. Colors are brilliant—they're *built-in*. That's why you're seeing Saran—fabricated by leading textile mills—in automobile seat covers, in furniture upholstery, in luggage, in public seating. That's why the Saran label stands for beauty that can "take it"!

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PERSONNAlly Speaking by BASIL RATHBONE

Star of Broadway Hit "The Heiress"

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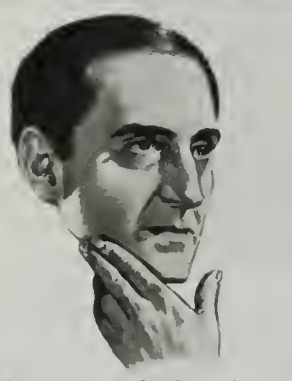


3—WHY ALL MEN don't rush out for Personnas and start enjoying smooth, comfortable shaves!

TWICE as many shaves guaranteed!

Yes, if you don't get *twice as many smoother shaves* from Personna than from your present blades . . . we'll buy you two packs of any blade you choose!

10 for $1 – 5 for 50c

SINGLE EDGE DOUBLE EDGE

PERSONNA Precision Blades

to be preserved effectively. Then it was found that weeks could be added to the shelf life of melons, apples, peaches, nuts, eggs and other things with durable skins or shells, simply by destroying the microorganisms on the surface.

But even if electronization should become a sensation commercially, its backers don't think you will be junking your refrigerator or abandoning your deep-freeze locker. Instead the systems may complement each other and ultimately make food preservation cheaper. Many items satisfactorily sterilized by electrons retain their taste, color and texture far better when kept at reduced temperatures. (Storage at room temperature with exposure to light was done deliberately to see how they would behave under adverse conditions.)

Some meats which otherwise turn purple stay appetizingly red if kept cold; refrigeration keeps string beans and peas from looking cooked. But where ordinary food might have to be preserved at minus 20 degrees Fahrenheit, electronized food could be kept at plus 10° or above, saving considerable refrigeration costs.

Rapid transport of electronized "perishables" could be done with little or no refrigeration, which conceivably could have a marked effect on the price of Alaskan salmon in St. Louis or Norwegian mackerel in Milan. Another dovetail development may come with a process called freeze-drying by which milk, for example, can be dehydrated and restored again almost exactly to its original state in contrast to the sad lumpy samples of the powdered variety that G.I.s used to curse in Army messes. One hitch to freeze-drying so far has been the necessity to heat the milk to sterilize it. Electronizing does it cold.

Once Dr. Brasch had Nelson taste a sample of electronized milk. "There's a difference all right," Nelson said, "but there are lots of people in the world who don't know what milk tastes like at all. Maybe they'd like this if they could get it."

One of the fields where the capacitron shows most promise is in the treatment of grains, flours, spices, plant extracts and other food raw material. "We have achieved preservation of these commodities by elimination of microorganisms of all types as well as infestations caused by insects, insect eggs or larvae," Dr. Huber said. "The great practical importance of a method which assures selective removal of insect infestations is obvious to everyone who is aware of the staggering losses caused, for instance, by weevil infestations to such important crops as corn, wheat, beans and nuts."

Damage From Weevils Heavy

In one year, according to conservative estimates based on U.S. Department of Agriculture statistics, weevil and other insect damage to grains in the U.S. exceeds $300,000,000. In Mexico weevils work so fast on beans, the nation's staff of life, that in three months after harvest, losses have been estimated as high as 85 per cent of the stored crop, according to data the corporation has worked up.

Commercial development of such other matters as the quick aging of wines and whisky, proved in the laboratory, will depend partly on devising a practical way to allow full electron penetration of the liquor; this might involve a radically new kind of container and it remains to be seen how commercially feasible such changes would be.

Whether your drinking water will be electronized instead of chlorinated in the future (incidentally avoiding that medicinal taste) depends largely on how much the adaptation will cost, but Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, president of the Chicago Board of Health, is, for one, interested.

His city now spends $4,016 per day to filter and chlorinate the public water supply, which comes from Lake Michigan. Dr. Bundesen sent to Brooklyn a raw sample of the Chicago River water, which not even the most rabidly patriotic citizen would drink unless bent on suicide. The sample had a coliform index (measure of sewage contamination) of 160,000 per cubic centimeter. When it came back, electronized, its coliform index read 0– per *100* c.c.—making it perfectly potable. However, chlorination is such a relatively economical process, that some engineers believe it will take long to replace it.

Tests have already indicated that the capacitron's contribution to medical science may be significant. The corporation, which has neither the facilities nor the money for independent exploration, is conducting no medical research as such but it has already turned over pertinent findings to various hospitals and laboratories. Nobody knows whether the capacitron may rival the betatron and continuous radiation in the treatment of cancer; the tests on mice and rabbits were good and they may challenge some foundation to probe the possibilities further.

May Aid in Vaccine Manufacture

The very manner in which electrons attack bacteria and viruses may prove valuable in the manufacture of vaccine. What the electrons do is to destroy the virility of bacteria, or their infectivity, as scientists call it. But the electrons in certain instances do not eliminate the antigenicity, the curious capacity which bacteria and viruses have of generating their own killing agent, their suicide properties, so to speak. It's the antigenicity which puts the potency in vaccine.

Dr. Ulrich Friedemann is one of the scientists exploring the capacitron's abilities, if any, to manufacture vaccine, with tests on animals in Brooklyn Jewish Hospital. Nothing conclusive can be reported now but success would mean possible development of vacc cases which have none now name one) but the making vaccines more stable. One c lems in Egypt during the rec epidemic was the fact th proper refrigeration, vaccin kept only a short time and had to be flown into the co tervals.

In the Army Surgeon Gene tories in Chicago, tests are co determine the process' efficie serving whole blood and plas (the more stable of the two) s ter; bombardment apparently membrane around the hem whole blood. Marked prog preservation of both these would be of enormous im warfare and disasters.

Another quirk of the capa ability to polymerize or soli plastics and other synthetic m employing the common "sizing," this might eventua you of the messy bunch of "bleacher press" you work rayon summer suit during a ball game. Sizing involves co with a liquid which hardens nates their flabbiness. If it co without heat via the capa molecules of synthetic mate approach the resilience of Ha It has even been suggested t could be invested with certain of steel but Dr. Brasch and say cautiously this is someth more distant future.

What that future holds is crystal ball at the moment. and better things are obviously entists' minds. Back of Dr. Br in Brooklyn hangs a framed a new capacitron, yet unbo "surge generator and dischar for 15,000,000 volts."

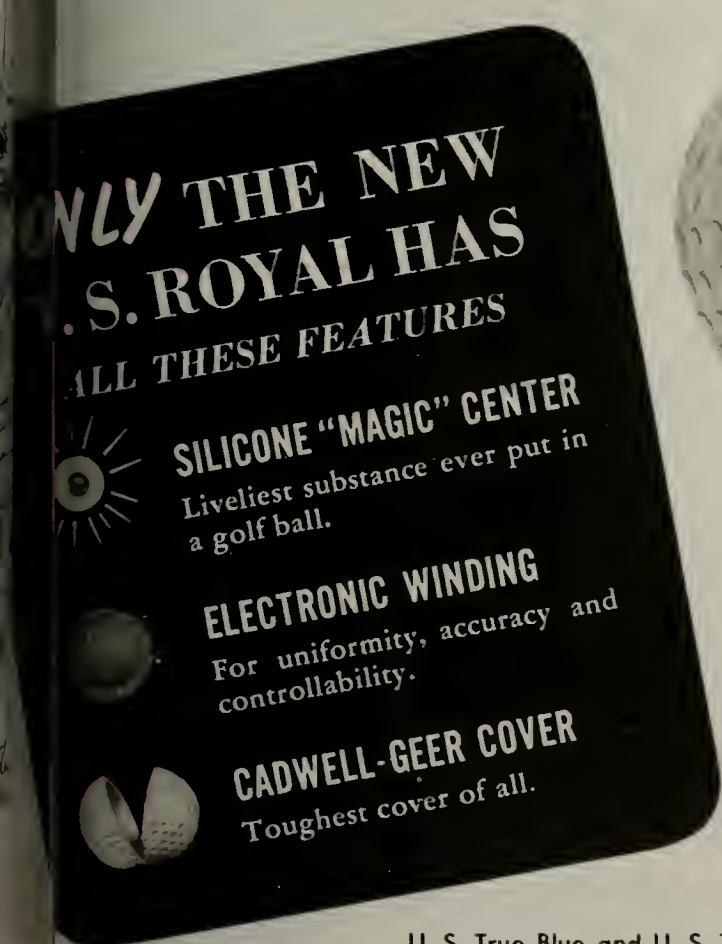
THE END

THE SHORE FLEET by GREGORY D'A

COLLIER'S "Yoo hoo, Albert! Here it is!"

What's all this talk about the NEW U.S. ROYAL GOLF BALL?

JUST THIS: Two outstanding advances in golf ball manufacture (Silicone "Magic" Center and Electronic Winding) give it greater distance, accuracy and uniformity than ever.



The fact is, our new U.S. Royal packs the *most real golf* we've ever managed to get inside that durable Cadwell-Geer cover.

It's livelier, longer. That's due to the new Silicone "Magic" Center, a remarkable development of the United States Rubber Company using General Electric silicone. And all that extra zing is held under absolute control because of Electronic Winding. This ball has the "feel" of perfection. You get a soul-satisfying "click"... a confident sense of all 'round playability... a wonderful putting accuracy.

U.S. ROYAL *Golf Balls*

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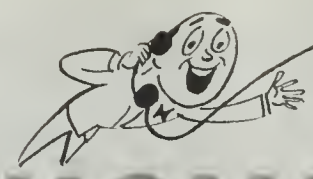

HOW IS THE STATE OF THE UNION? IT'S GREAT!

SPENCER TRACY is in it!

KATHARINE HEPBURN is in it!

VAN JOHNSON is in it!

ANGELA LANSBURY
ADOLPHE MENJOU
LEWIS STONE are in it!

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Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
Associate Producer Anthony Veiller
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER-PICTURE

ANOTHER HIT COMING FROM M-G-M CLARK GABLE, LANA TURNER, ANNE BAXTER, JOHN HODIAK in "HOMECOMING"

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ALLEN

EDITOR: Sincere congratulations for securing Robert S. Allen and his top-flight comment as a sustaining feature in Collier's. This moves me up from an "occasional" reader to that of a "regular."

MACARTHUR H. MANCHESTER,
Washington, D. C.

. . . I rise to a point of personal privilege: In your March 20th issue Allen speaks of John L. Lewis and of his "disassociation."

If my memory serves me well Mr. Lewis did not use that word at all. He said simply, "We disaffiliate."

Is it not so?

G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

Right, but "disassociate" or "disaffiliate," does it matter as long as you tie up the nation?

GREEN HOUSE

DEAR EDITOR: In the enclosed cartoon of George Green's (Mar. 13th) could you tell me of what use are the square and level? From the looks of the building, the tools have no practical use.

J. DEVLIN, Rockville, Conn.

The square and level were originally "green," too, but warped into proper shape.

VOTE FOR F.D.R.!

SIR: Those old New Dealers, Jim Farley and Jack Garner, agree unanimously that Franklin Roosevelt should never have run in 1940.

It would be interesting to hear F.D.R.'s wisecracks on the subject today, and while we're about it, to have him back to run against the field in 1948.

D. HOMER RICH, Maplewood, N. J.

WAILING WALL STREET

DEAR SIR: The picture illustrating Hard Times Come to Wall Street (Mar. 6th) bears the legend "a canyon called Wall Street ends prophetically in Trinity Church cemetery." For your information, Wall Street *begins* at Trinity Church cemetery: The number of the building shown in this picture is 1 Wall Street. It might have been pointed out that Wall Street begins with a prayer, and ends in the river.

Nevertheless I enjoyed the article.

HARRY POLIKOFF, New York, N. Y.

. . . TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF

GENTLEMEN: Orchids to Mr. Howard Whitman for his article What We're Afraid Of (Mar. 20th). I only hope that millions of Americans read Mr. Whitman's article and as a result, lift their heads, square their shoulders and look confidently into the future, knowing that, with God's help, they can put to constructive use a fear that might have been destructive.

ANN LAGLEDER, San Antonio, Texas

. . . I have just read Howard Whitman's article without any appreciable change in blood pressure. It strikes me that the author works much too hard in trying to scare us into believing we're scared.

WILLIAM S. POWER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Would it interest you at all to know that in a rural community, such as this one where I live, the people in general seem to greet much of the professional [illegible] press and radio) with incredul[illegible] snicker or a horse laugh? Fa[illegible] aren't paragons of virtue or su[illegible] some of the emigrant writer f[illegible] them, but their daily associati[illegible] imponderables of woods, field [illegible] can't help but impress them w[illegible] ficial stability. With Bossy [illegible] and Biddy laying eggs and old [illegible] to foal, some of the limelighte[illegible] of the world simply have to t[illegible] place. I've known farmers to [illegible] tear during Gabriel Heatter's ke[illegible] of my neighbors, when he hea[illegible] now hear H. V. Kaltenborn," ju[illegible] radio with a shouted, "No, I [illegible] won't!"

Not everybody cringes whe[illegible] headlines cry havoc. Mr. Whi[illegible] your tribe increase!

CLEM D. EASLY, B[illegible]

. . . The article gave me the cou[illegible] vest in a lifetime pen. . . .

WM. H. BROWN, Ma[illegible]

THE IGNOBLE REDSKI[illegible]

DEAR EDITOR: Re letter by [illegible] Blender (The Week's Mail, Ma[illegible] which he praises the "trustworth[illegible] and debases the so-called "pio[illegible]

As a (4 greats) granddaughter [illegible] Boone, I resent Mr. Blender' [illegible] about the men who underwent ur[illegible] ships to settle this great country [illegible] interest Mr. Blender, that the "[illegible] honest" Indians kidnaped my [illegible] grandmother, murdered (by slow [illegible] slitting the skin to ribbons) my [illegible] uncle; and that Boone himself [illegible] captive by them, and escaped. It [illegible] Indians didn't wish to share a co[illegible] they cared nothing for, nor care [illegible] ize or make livable.

MRS. H. G. WHEELER, San Anto[illegible]

INNOCENT BYSTANDE[illegible]

DEAR ED: Re your item that "pr[illegible] gamblers constitute Nevada's fo[illegible] est occupational group" (Keep [illegible] The World, Mar. 20th), a "pro[illegible] gambler is one who carries his [illegible] roll and covers other fellows' l[illegible] casino owner who risks his capi[illegible] all comers. You got our "deale[illegible] up with professional gamblers. [illegible] merely run the game and pay off [illegible] money. The gaming dealer is a [illegible] employee and is no more a pr[illegible] gambler than the girl who sells y[illegible] at the movie theater is a screen s[illegible]

Contrary to the belief of man[illegible] is not overrun with gangsters, l[illegible] professional card sharks.

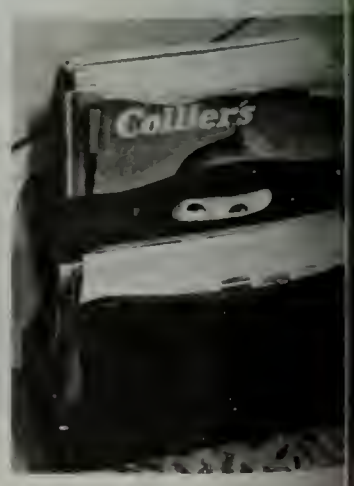
C. B. MCCLELLAND, Las V[illegible]

PEEK-A-BOO

DEAR SIRS: I happened to look at [illegible] zine rack—the enclosed photo sh[illegible] I saw.

We think that little Miss Valent[illegible] the most enchanting cover girl e[illegible] pear on your cover (Jan. 3d).

MARY E. BURRELL, Detr[illegible]



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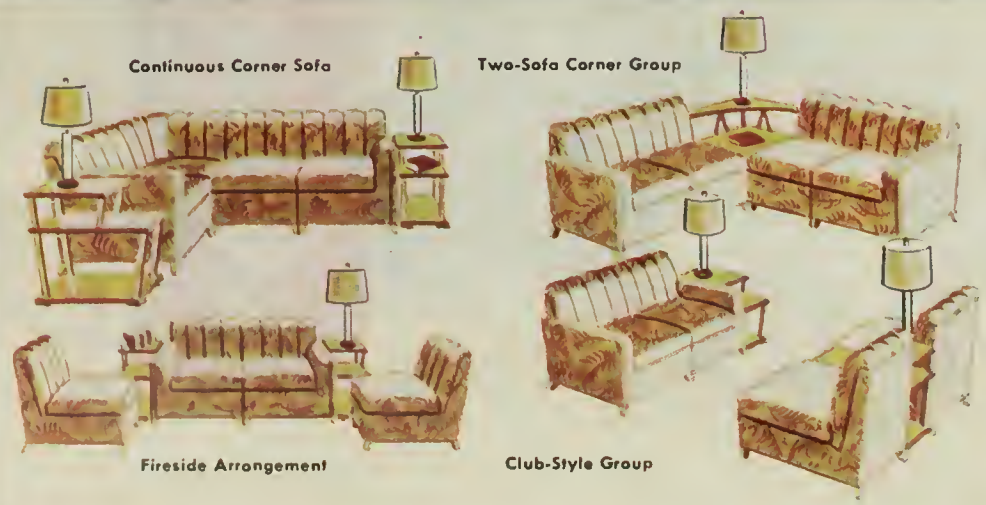
with KROEHLER Sectional Sofas



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. . . keeps your car running cool when days get warm!

Winter accumulations of rust, scale and oil muck in the cooling system means lowered cooling efficiency and possible serious engine damage. Now's the time to drain out anti-freeze . . . and give your car a Warner 1-2 Treatment.

Avoid expense and delay of engine repairs

The Warner 1-2 Treatment puts your car's cooling system in top shape for carefree warm-weather driving. It's simple, fast and *sure* . . . Warner Cleaner, *to thoroughly clean the cooling system*—Warner Protector, *to keep it clean.* Ask your service man today.

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1. Warner Cleaner—Quickly and thoroughly cleans cooling system of rust, scale, oil muck and dirt.
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Warner-Patterson Co., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5

IT USED TO BE AN OLD BARN

Continued from page 23

"You're telling me," George groaned.

I followed him back down the ladder.

"By the way, George," I said, "have you figured out how long all this is going to take?"

"Oh, we're still counting on getting in this fall," he insisted. "We're thinking of a late fall wedding, maybe Thanksgiving. That is, provided *she*"—I thought he put a little extra emphasis on the word she—"doesn't have any more ideas." . . .

George took his vacation in August, and we didn't see him for a couple of weeks, but Jim Bledsoe drove out toward Winton one Saturday afternoon, and he told us later that George was right there in his undershirt, working alongside the carpenters. Helen was right there, too, Jim said, sitting on a sawhorse and holding a set of plans in her lap. "She acted very pleasant," Jim said, "but I thought George seemed a little on edge; there was some sort of an argument going on when I got there about a breakfast nook. It seems they had the kitchen almost finished and she decided they ought to change it to make room for a breakfast nook, and George wanted to know why they couldn't eat breakfast in the dining room like any other meal, and she said, 'But, George, I've always dreamed of a breakfast nook,' and he said, 'Why didn't you say something about it before we got the studs all in?' and she said, 'But, George, I just thought of it,' and he said, 'You think too goddam much,' and she said, 'What did you say, George?' and he said, 'Nothing, dear,' and he kissed her on the forehead, but I felt a little uncomfortable and so I left. If you ask me, George is acting sort of strange lately."

I guess it was the first time any of us had really noticed the change that was coming over George. It was very gradual, but he seemed to get a little more moody and silent each day, and sometimes he would sit through an entire game without saying a word. He never mentioned the barn any more, and naturally none of us asked him, so I was a little surprised when he walked into the smoking car one morning recently and stood beside us in the aisle, his lips twisted in a thin smile. "Well," he announced, "the stuff's finally arrived."

"Why, George," I said, "that's fine."

"Everything we ordered," he said. "The plaster, the metal laths, the sheet rock, the paint, even the wallpaper that Helen picked out. It's all here." He paused dramatically. "We're sending it back."

"You're sending it back?"

"Yep," said George grimly, "we're sending it all back. Helen decided that wallpaper and plaster wouldn't look right with those hundred-year-old beams, so we're going to panel the rooms with old boards instead. We're starting all over again." His face was flushed, and there was a fevered look about his eyes. "This is the last time," he warned, "the very last time. If she thinks of one single solitary thing more—"

MARY looked at me in silence for a long time after I had finished.

"Is that all?" she asked at last.

"That's all," I said, "so far."

She stood up and put the homemaking magazine back in the rack.

"I'll get your supper, dear," she said thoughtfully. . . .

The phone rang two nights later just as we were getting ready for bed. Mary answered it, and then cupped her hand over the mouthpiece. "It's your friend George," she whispered. "He's at the Winton Tavern, and he wants to know if you can come over right away. He sounds a little drunk."

I drove over to Winton as fast as I could. George was sitting all alone at a table in the corner of the taproom, sipping an old-fashioned. There were several empty glasses on the table, but George gave no indication that he'd been drinking except that his words ran together a little and his voice sounded shaky, as though he were about to burst into tears.

"Sit down," he called to me. "Help me cel'brate." He beckoned to the waiter, and held up two fingers. "Big night."

"Now, George," I said, "pull yourself together."

"Oh, I'm together," he said, "but not with Helen. It's all over. We're through. Washed up. Fin-ee!" He drained his glass. "We're breaking our 'ngagement in the morning."

I waited until the waiter had set down two more old-fashioneds on the table.

"What happened, George?" I asked.

"What hap'ned?" He began to laugh hysterically, and then controlled himself with an effort. "You wanna know what hap'ned?" he began again, trying to keep his voice steady. "I'll tell you what hap'ned." He took a large swallow of his drink. "Helen had another idea, is what hap'ned," he said. "I put up with all th' rest. I let her have her breakf'snook. I didn' say anything when she tore out all the new flooring we just laid because she wanted a sunken living room. I didn' even object when she decided to build a circ'lar stairway in the silo. But today was the lashtraw." His voice was getting out of hand again. "Today she was talking with Jim Bledsoe's wife—"

He could not go on, so I finished it for him. "And she wants to build a wing."

"*A* wing?" George laughed hollowly. "*Two* wings! One on each side. A wing here"—he extended his left arm—"and a wing here." He held out his right arm. "See? Like a bird." He began to flap his arms up and down. "I'm o-o-*oon*-ly a bird in a gil-dud cage—"

"George," I said, "sit down."

"Look, I'm flying," he said, waving his arms. "I'm a li'l fledgling an' I'm quitting the nest. She can do over the godd'm nest any way she wants. She can get some straw, 'n' twigs, 'n' a piece of string—"

"Listen to me, George." I grabbed his arm, and pulled him down. "There's only one thing to do." I tried to catch his eye. "You've got to get rid of that barn. Do you hear me, George? Unload it right away. Find some sucker and give him a sales talk about the hundred-year-old beams. Tell him about the built-in garage, and the sun deck, and the breakfast nook. Tell him about the view. Tell him anything," I said, "only sell the barn."

"But wha' will Helen say?"

"Don't give her time to sa Marry her, and toss some trailer, and start driving to Flo stop until she's ready to s And if she ever says anythin ing over the trailer," I said, in the front seat and start dri

George nodded slowly.

I WASN'T too sure how mu had been able to absorb told him, so naturally I was when I read that he had taken I knew that Mary would be g everything had worked out, ried home with the item from paper. "I've got some good n I shouted as I came in the doo and Helen are married."

"I know," she said. "Georg

"He bought a trailer, and th ing South—" I paused sudden I asked, "when did George te

"He told me yesterday," "while he was showing me the the most beautiful barn, dear, said that some of those beam ally over a hundred years old. a built-in garage, and a sun de most adorable little breakfast the view!"

I had the feeling they say when a rabbit hops over th "Look, dear," I began rapidly, mentioning something about this house, I've been doing son lately, and I guess if you want t be able to afford a wing—"

Mary's face went pale. "Oh ling," she gasped, "we can't. house."

"Why isn't it our house?"

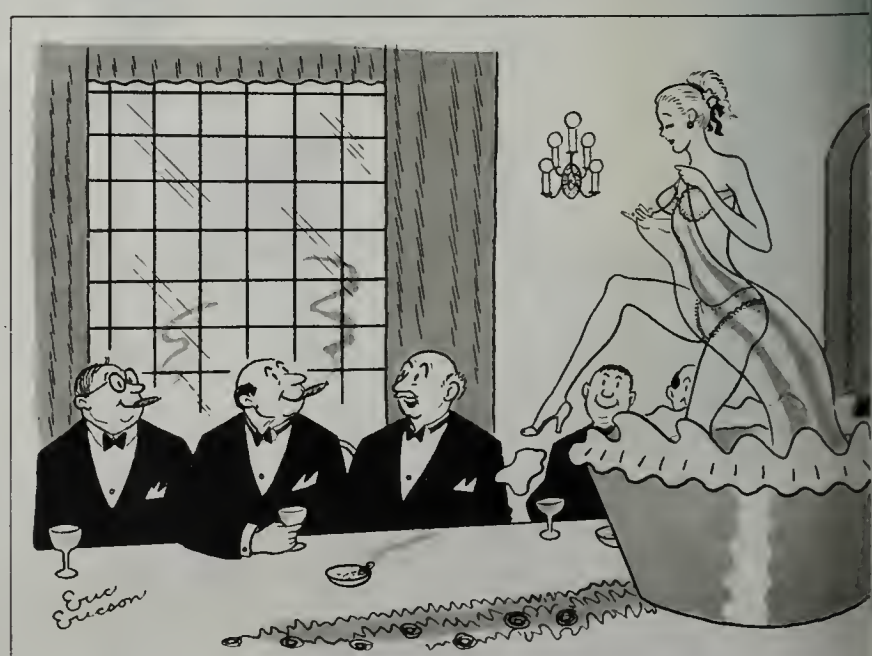
"I was saving it for a surpr said, her eyes filling with tears, you've made me spoil it. I sold

I just stood there; I didn't thing. Mary began to cry.

"I *had* to sell it," she insiste sobs. "It was the only way. how could I have gotten the buy the barn from George—?"

Do you happen to know o who wants to buy an old b beams are over a hundred year there's a built-in garage and o ern conveniences, and it has a view. The only reason I am sa myself is because I've just trailer, and my wife and I are Florida. We expect to be go while.

THE END



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THE PEARL-HANDLED HUMBUG

Continued from page 38

know de best ain't none too good for de Lawd."

The widow rocked in her split-hickory chair and thought. From where she sat on her porch she could see the feverish fight against Johnson grass in the broad cotton fields across the bayou. Men and women, mules and tractors, were hard at work, but the damp earth and hot sunshine were sending up more grass as fast as they cut it down. It looked as if the best the workers could hope for in the battle would be a tie.

"Look, Charlie," she said, patiently, "a pearl-handle Bible is like a pearl-handle pistol. Hit looks mighty fine at a Saddaynight social. But hit won't shoot no harder dan a plain old bone-handle twodolluh Special."

"But hit look so rich and pleasant."

"And dem angels in colored robes," she went on. "Dat must be de work er Satan. Ev'y member knows dat angels don't never wear nothin' but de whitest."

It was a fact, and B'r Charlie regretted bringing up the colored robes.

"And about de Lawd tawkin' in red letters," she went on, "you know de Lawd ain't got to put red letters on His sweet words. De Lawd's words is got certain stuff on 'em, and dey don't need to be in red letters. Amen? De Bible say, 'Ye shall know Me by de certain stuff on My words and not by de color derein.' So say de Sperrit, soul. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

Charlie's campaign had bogged down at the very start. He had lost and he knew it. Nevertheless, as he rose to leave, he put in a parting shot. It was lame, but it was the best he could do on the spur of the moment. "Well, hit's a heap er easy money floatin' about amongst de young members," he said, sadly. "Some favors spendin' hit for wine at de Dago's, and some favors spendin' hit for a handsome pearl-handle pulpit Bible. Me, I don't know which is de best. I'm fixin' to go home and pray and meditate about hit. So long."

FREQUENTLY, the Widow Duck was puzzled about her attitude toward B'r Charlie. She knew him for what he was—a fat-mouth hypocrite and a no-good to the ground. She did not trust him for a minute, and she never left any doubt in his mind as to what she thought of him, personally. But professionally, as the pastor of the Old Ship of Zion Free Will Church, he rose above his iniquities. He could wrap an impressive bass around the highest soprano voice in the congregation. When he got into his stride in prayer, he could ask the Lord for things that most people never even thought of wanting. And when it came to preaching, he was just about perfect for the church. He was not as evocative as Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, who had preached in Old Ship a time or two. Old Ship couldn't stand many sermons by the Splitter. The last time he had preached there the members got so happy they almost tore the church down. The Widow Duck, herself, had leaped backward over her bench and landed, feet first, with such force that she broke three planks in the floor. B'r Charlie could not make them tear the house down, but he had something.

"Maybe dat lyin' old hypercrit ain't lyin' dis time," she told herself after B'r Charlie left. The idea of people spending money for wine at the Dago's, instead of spending it for the Lord, had lodged in her mind and was leavening. "Two hund'ed dolluhs for a pearl-handle Bible is crazy," she decided, "but two hund'ed is a heap er wine dat you don't drink."

While the pastor was at home praying for guidance, the Widow Duck decided to get more direct, if less expert, advice. She went to talk it over with Uncle Henry. He was not notoriously holy, for a senior deacon, but he had spent most of his life around mules and he was smart.

Uncle Henry was in his kitchen mixing up some corn bread. His collard greens already were simmering on the stove. He had been in a bad frame of mind ever since the bossman sold off a lot of old mules and bought six new tractors.

"And you, Mis' Duck?" he grected.

"Po'ly, thank God," she replied, seating herself. "I come on committee business."

"Committee come to order," said Uncle Henry. "State yo' business."

"How much money us got in de treasury?" she asked.

"Not enough," said Uncle Henry. "We needs to hold two dollars and twelve cents mo'n we got."

"For what?"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "I been peepin' in de catalogue, and de cheapest us kin git a Daisy Hot Box stove for is ten dollars and a half, and us don't hold but eight thirty-eight in de treasury. Accordin' to de way she adds up, dat figgers to two-twelve. Amen?"

The Widow Duck shook her head. "I ain't studdin' 'bout no stove."

"You better start studdin' 'bout one," Uncle Henry warned. "You know Mamie T got powerful fat workin' over in Shrevepo't endurin' de war. And quick as wintertime come and she git happy and go to shoutin' and jumpin' and carryin' on, she liable to shake dat old stove apart and set fire to de church."

The Widow Duck smiled. This was the kind of church business she liked. "Mamie T kin jest quit eatin' so much," she ruled. "Ain't nobody got de rights to git dat fat."

Uncle Henry cut his eye at the Widow Duck, who weighed well over two hundred pounds.

"Say which about gittin' fat?" he asked slyly.

"Maybe dat old stove is about wored out," she conceded. "But dat wa'n't what I had in my mind."

"Say on, Senior Usher," prompted Uncle Henry.

"B'r Charlie," she announced, "is fixin' to buy a two-hund'ed-dolluh pearl-handle pulpit Bible."

Uncle Henry nearly fell over. "A which?" he demanded.

She repeated, adding the details of angels in colored robes and the Lord's words in red letters.

Uncle Henry gasped and sat down. "Dat lyin' old hypercrit is fixin' to put a humbug on somebody."

The Widow Duck held up her hand. "Henry," she said, coldly, "it ain't good for de senior deacon to put a bad mouf on de preacher."

"I bet I'll put a brick up side his head," snorted Uncle Henry. "Can't nobody call me a talker-agin-de-preacher, but efn dat one-laigged rogue speak to me about a two-hund'ed-dolluh pearl-handle Bible, I'll git de owl gun and run him plum to It'ly."

"I know how you feels," consoled the Widow Duck. "In my mind, I feel about likewise. But in my heart, I feel efn us collects two hund'ed dolluhs f'm de members, well, dat's two hund'ed dolluhs dey won't buy wine at de Dago's wid."

"What's wrong wid a little wine at de Dago's?" he demanded. "I likes a little wine, and so do you. De Bible say Paul used to take a nip ev'y now and den for his stomach-ache."

"A pint er wine, f'r fawty cents," admitted the Widow Duck. "But two hund'ed dolluhs' worth of wine! Henry, dat much wine is a sin. You'd jest git dronck and chunk yo' hat on de ground."

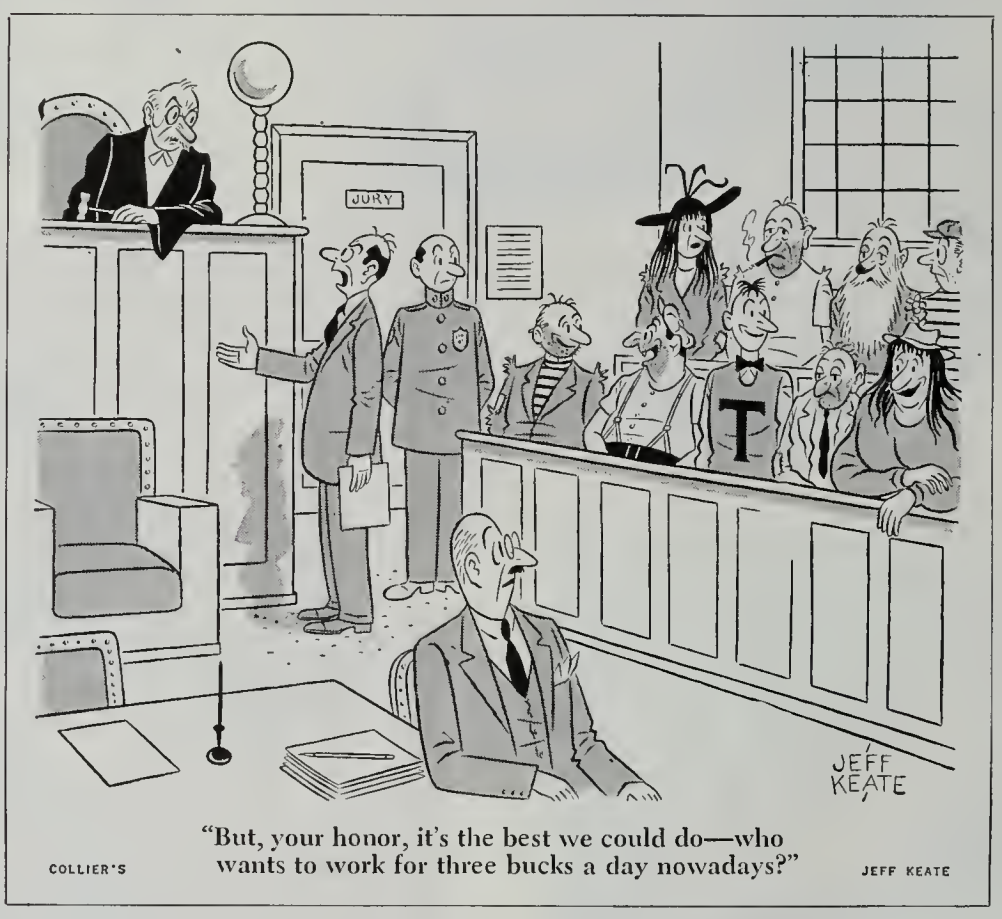
Uncle Henry was not moved. "A two-hund'ed-dolluh Bible is a humbug," he insisted, "and dat fat-mouf hypercrit is fixin' to work dat humbug on we's back."

"Charlie ain't fixin' to make nothin' outn hit," the Widow Duck explained. "Hit's for de church. All Charlie's gonter git is a sore fist f'm poundin' dem pearls on de covers when he git to preachin' hard."

"Humbug," repeated Uncle Henry, doggedly. "I got me about a hund'ed dolluhs and some odd, layin' back of a certain brick in de fireplace. And I bet you got—"

"I got a hund'ed and fo'teen dolluhs and a dime and a few odd coppers," stated the Widow Duck, "laid away in a certain coffee can."

"Den, how come I and you ain't down at de Dago's, buyin' us two hund'ed dolluhs' worth of wine?" he demanded.



"But, your honor, it's the best we could do—who wants to work for three bucks a day nowadays?"

The new viewpoint impresse Widow Duck. "Say on," she said.

"De Lawd hauled off and bles wid a little spare change," he con "And de Lawd didn't did dat jest f He knows de bossman is fixin' to de mules and buy tractors, and He I hates tractors. So He pleasured a little ready cash, so's I kin leave o go to Texas whar hit ain't noth mules. Now, I don't know what fixin' to do wid yo' money—"

"I'm fixin' to git old and crop stated, frankly. "And de Lawd k don't aim to set back and live o neighbors in my old age."

"Dat's right," agreed Uncle H "De Lawd tuck de patience to bles accordin' to we's needs. You reckon He fixin' to turn around a bless ev'ybody wid a two-hund'ed-d pearl-handle Bible, do you?"

It sounded so reasonable th Widow Duck was almost convince she was thorough and fair. She f B'r Charlie was not going to profi sonally, and there was a lot of fre easy money floating about Little "Dat's all okay about me and you told Uncle Henry, "but what abou which ain't as holy as I and you?"

"I only speaks for me," he said.

THE Widow Duck walked a studying in her mind. Usuall could come to decisions about c matters with such finality that n even questioned her opinion. Bu combination of easy money and a pensive Bible confused her. If it had something merely to tickle the fan the preacher, she would have settl question—and the preacher—with denness. "And I don't b'lieve de craves a pearl-handle Bible," she "He been makin' out purty good w one us got." She looked across the and saw a big tractor approaching "But on de yuther hand," she wer "us made some purty good cottor mules, but de bossman say mules good enough, no more." She looke ically at the plowed furrows and f them to be almost as well done as could do. This fact neither please displeased her. She waited until the tor came up, and she hailed the d who was wearing a pair of bell-bo Navy trousers and a skivvy shirt.

"You plows right good wid dat t Woodrow," she said pleasantly.

"Plowin' is mo' easy den bulld like I used to do in de Seabees, dov Trinidad," he said.

The Widow Duck moved in, imr ately. "I hyars," she said, casually, de Seabees kept y'all boys so busy, dozin' and goin' on, dat you didn't no time to spend yo' money."

Woodrow fell into the trap. "Us kept mighty busy," he admitted. "B ship service and de laundry and de B and all—I didn't git to bring home f few hund'ed dolluhs."

The Widow Duck pictured Wood loaded down with two hundred dol worth of wine, just chunking his ha the ground and staggering all over place. It was not a pretty picture. is assessin' ev'ybody to buy a new B for de church, Woodrow," she told blandly.

"Put me down for my share," he without hesitation. "I been kind of l off to take my cash money and my B and some veteran loan and all, and me a little farm up in de hills, quic prices come down to right. But I will chip in for a Bible." He engaged clutch and the tractor rolled on.

"Hit's a pearl-handle Bible," Widow Duck called.

"Put Callie down, too," he sho

dio "Ebony" Model 547—AC-DC Superheterodyne in handsome plastic cabinet. New type Alnico 5 PM ule dial. Built-in Super Loop Antenna. A powerful, magnificently toned set for every room in the home. Now only $16.95

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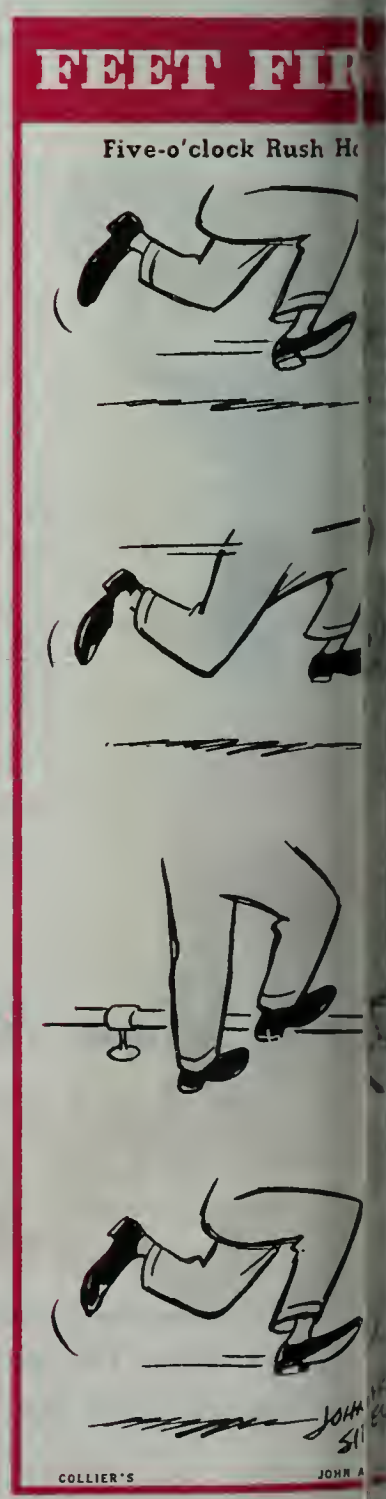

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Gals greet good-looking hair with open arms. For hair that rates receptions like this . . . for hair that's well-groomed, better-looking . . .

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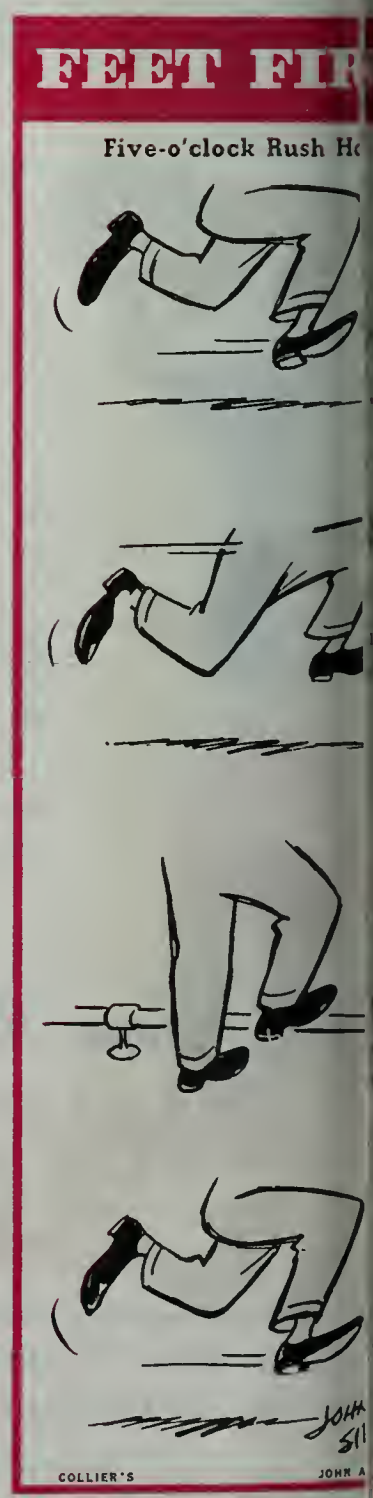

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to stimulate scalp...keep hair handsome

50 seconds to massage—Feel that tingle! That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from those dressings that contain nothing but oil!

Won't dry your hair—The alcohol disappears, leaving a fine, protective film of pure vegetable oils that *prevent* dryness. At the same time, you condition your scalp—rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb—Man, what grooming! What natural lustre! No greasy look—Vitalis contains only pure vegetable oils, *no mineral oil.* Get Vitalis . . . any drug counter or barber shop.

Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair handsome, stimulate your scalp. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

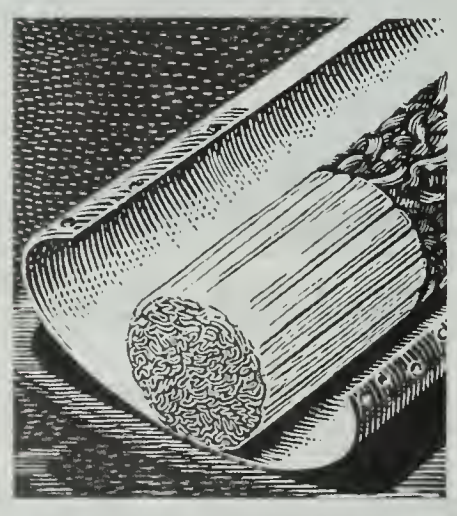
Helene Cornely

$100 a day New York photographer's model tells her "success story"

1 **Can you** see one reason why Helene's in such demand as a model? It's that bright, sparkling smile! There's a story back of it, too. One morning . . .

2 **Helene looked** in her mirror and saw cigarette stain beginning to dim her white teeth. She scurried to her dentist, heard this: "Young lady, switch today to Viceroy Cigarettes!"

3 **39,468 dentists** are now telling their patients—*Viceroys filter the smoke!* The nicotine and tars trapped* by the exclusive Viceroy filter cannot reach your teeth or mouth.



4 **Here's the trick!** It's the *exclusive* Viceroy filter (twice enlarged). Each puff of smoke passes through scores of tiny passages in this absorbent filter-paper tip. The result is . . .

5 **A cleaner,** filtered smoke. *Richer,* too, thanks to Viceroy's blend of fine, luxurious tobaccos. "And," says Helene, "how nice that no messy crumbs of tobacco can get in your mouth!"

Smoke Viceroys, and let Viceroy's exclusive filter-paper tip *filter your smoke.* For two full packs *free,* tear out this advertisement within ten days from the date of issue of this magazine and send it with your name and address to Viceroy, Dept. C, Louisville 1, Ky. (Offer limited to U. S. A.) You'll be glad you did!

**No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.*

Widow Duck suggested. "De Bible say, 'He which let de light so shine shall abide therein.' So say de Sperrit, Henry. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

Uncle Henry laughed. "Dat might be amen tawk," he admitted. "But I and you started in de dark about dis Bible, and we ended up wid a pleasant visit to Shrevepo't and a free Bible."

"Don't say 'Bible' at me," she snorted. "Dat thing is evil, f'm B'r Charlie's humbug, to dat slick-haired Mr. Tony over at de Atomic. Hit's evil plum to de ground. And neither hit ain't purty to look at, too."

"Hit ain't evil," declared Uncle Henry. "Hit's a humbug, all right. Quick as dat Mr. Tony started speakin', I knowed hit was all a humbug. Dat's how come I humbugged him outn hit wid dat ace er spades. But we got de Bible, and hit'll look right pleasant settin' on de pulpit."

"B'r Charlie," insisted the Widow Duck, "was fixin' to rogue up a hund'ed dolluhs for his own! I ought to wring his neck and chunk him in de bayou."

"You ought to do dat," Uncle Henry said, feelingly. "But you ain't."

"Nawp, I ain't," she admitted. "He still my pastor."

"Den what you aimin' to do?"

"I don't know," she said. "I reckon de onliest thing to do, is just give de Bible to de church, and say nothin'. Charlie is too dirty in dis thing to open up his big yap. But hit won't never be no pleasure to me."

"Maybe de young 'uns'll like hit," suggested Uncle Henry.

"Maybe," said the Widow Duck. "But don't think I'm fixin' to let B'r Charlie off about hit. He done evil, and I'm gonter pull him before de committee."

"I would like to be on dat committee."

"Nawp," said the Widow Duck. "I'm gonter be on hit, by myself. I ain't gonter have a big ruckus in de church and start people tawkin' agin de preacher. He bad enough, as hit is."

IT WAS black dark when they got to the plantation, and already the singing had started at the special meeting. The song was: Great Day, The Righteous Are Marching, and the senior usher and senior deacon marched down the aisle, together. The Widow Duck carried the Bible under her arm.

As befitted high officials of the church, they went straight to the pulpit. Uncle Henry edged B'r Charlie aside, stopped the singing with a gesture, and bowed. "Members," he announced, "we's fixin' to have a Give-and-Take service. We fixin' to give you somethin', and den we's fixin' to take somethin' from you. Amen?"

"Amen," assented the congregation.

"Senior Usher," Uncle Henry commanded, "hold up dat pearl-handle Bible, so all kin see."

She held it up in plain view. It was received with varying emoti from enthusiastic "Ah, we grunts of approval. B'r Ch long in identifying the book had hoped to sell, but he wa as the Widow Duck had cou stead of keeping his mouth thing which, to his own pers the less said the better, Cha raged and revengeful. He k crooked deal, and that he h two holiest and most-hated the middle of it. It was a gr get revenge for the many thi done to him.

Working himself into a st eous indignation, he leap "Hit's a humbug!" he shout ble is a humbug!"

"Keep quiet, fool," the W whispered into his ear. "Y scandalize de church?"

B'r Charlie had no intentio quiet. "Henry and Miss D humbug you outn a hund' he roared.

"Best shet yo' mouf," "whilst I'm still upholdin' y hand."

"Dey buyed hit cheap to s he yelled, and it was his fin on the matter.

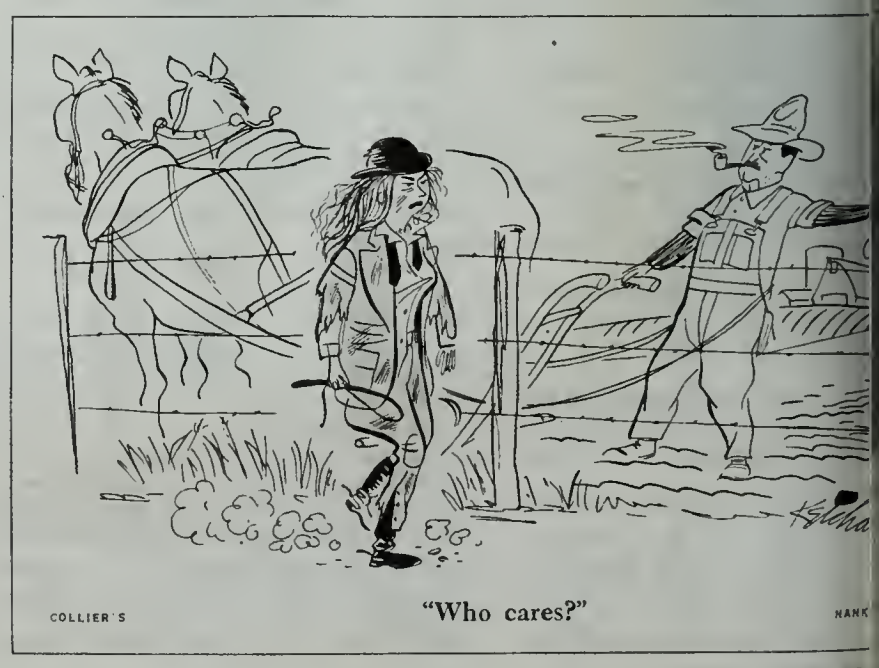
The Widow Duck raised th into the air and brought it the preacher's head with all The blow not only felled B'r it wrecked the Bible. Th mother-of-pearl bindings cra thousand pieces and the b grated as the force of the bl the binding strings and bro which held the pages together in red and black printing and pictures of the angels scatte the church. The Widow D upon Brother Charlie's back him to the floor. "One mor yo' fat mouf and I'll bob up a you," she threatened.

Uncle Henry watched the grinned. The congregation ap pleased, also. "Throw him Mis' Duck," called Woodro him coast down de hill." An offered to add her weight, if Duck needed help.

B'r Charlie, stunned by winded by the weight of the W and frightened by her threat and down, kept quiet.

"What I had in my mind," Henry, when the congregat quieted, "was to give y'all handle Bible, for free. Hit nothin', and f'm de looks of h dat's jest about how much s Some er y'all ladies kin sweep start de fire, next winter. And next winter, us got to buy a for de church, and we's two twelve cents shawt on a Dais now, who gonter give me de

THE END



COLLIER'S "Who cares?"

S PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

H business. ROSALIND RUSSELL receives make-up touches dy scene in *The Velvet Touch*, which concerns the intimate adven- Broadway's gayest star. LEO GENN, CLAIRE TREVOR, and Y GREENSTREET co-star. A Frederick Brisson Production.

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER for her distinguished performance in RKO's "The Farmer's Daughter," LORETTA YOUNG next will be seen in *Rachel And The Stranger*. Temperature-raising closeup shows her as *Rachel*, with WILLIAM HOLDEN. Also co-starred: ROBERT MITCHUM.

READING of *The Boy With Green Hair*, RKO's Technicolor special , finds co-stars PAT O'BRIEN and ROBERT RYAN rehearsing dramatic sequence for Production Chief Dore Schary. Stellar ll be played by BARBARA HALE, DEAN STOCKWELL.

RUTHLESS LADY. This drugged seaman will find his bankroll missing when he awakens. A gripping scene from RKO's *The Window*. Film's furious pace is augmented by beautiful BARBARA HALE, BOBBY DRISCOLL, ARTHUR KENNEDY and PAUL STEWART.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

What an Audience!

Blackie:

"I wonder how many people would tune in if we broadcast, Whitey?"

Whitey:

"Judging by our popularity, Blackie, I think we'd top every program on the air."

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK · SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VETERANS' SCHOOLS?

Continued from page 25

The training of dancing *instructors* is required in at least some states, because the theory of G.I. education implies that the student is learning to *become something;* that he is qualifying himself for a job or a profession. But the instruction is often not taken too seriously by the veteran students.

One school explains to its veteran students that they may drop out after 100 hours of basic instruction without taking advanced training, or at any time they believe themselves to be proficient.

Another school has advertised "Dancing lessons for 2 at the cost of 1." The advertisement failed to explain how the veteran's wife or girl friend could be trained free without charging Uncle Sam twice what the veteran's course is worth.

Too Many Dance Instructors

Let us consider the Johnny Johnson Dancing Studios of Chicago which have been approved by the State of Illinois to give a one-year course of teacher-training instruction for ballroom dancing. Its staff of seven instructors is approved by the state to train as many as 200 teachers at a time. If all the students of this school were actually planning to pursue the profession of dancing instruction, this single institution could turn out enough teachers in a year to man every dancing school in the entire city of Chicago.

Fortunately for the professional dance teachers, most of the thousands of veterans who have been attending this and similar schools have elected to stay out of this overcrowded profession—an outcome good for everybody concerned except the U.S. Treasury and the taxpayer who has footed the bill.

In case you think this particular activity hasn't played any part in boosting your personal income taxes, James E. Webb, director of the Bureau of the Budget says: "The typical course costs between $350 and $450 for tuition payments in addition to any subsistence allowances required." (That's right, he said *subsistence allowances.* If you are a veteran and haven't a job a pretend you're learning to be instructor, you not only can tuition paid, but your gene will pay you a subsistence al that you can earn while you l

The same general pattern r with a score of other activiti every big-city newspaper car vertisements of "G.I. approv of photography. In one city opportunities in the photogr are reported to be "virtuall ent," according to Mr. We Budget Bureau, 280 veteran rently enrolled in photograp with the federal government entire cost of their tuition.

In Chicago there are nine schools of photography and geles six. Scattered throughou try are scores of others, all e pretending to be engaged) in t erans at the taxpayers' expens fession that has long been ov

The Veterans Administrati been ignorant of the limited e opportunities in this field. manual of Occupational O formation points out that photographers in the United 1940, nearly 4,000 were unem adds there will be a "limited openings for highly qualified the next few years; keen c among new entrants."

Yet it has had to sit idly thousands of veterans have be ted to exhaust their educatio ment either by pursuing a deluding themselves into thi were being qualified to enter a that would greet them with and provide a lifetime "big pa

Photography is by no mea lated example of this sort of overcrowded fields. At the e more than 43,000 veterans wer instruction as radio and tele chanics. In Chicago alone the Television School has more students enrolled in variou

"Try the veal cutlet. We haven't had any complaints on that so fa

COLLIER'S

"It's nice of you to offer to carry me through the smoke and flames—but it's only a drill" BEN ROTH

ore than 5,000 others who school and then later dis- ning. Charging $495 for a se, this single institution has g "G.I. education" at a rate of $2,000,000 a year.

untry as a whole the train- nd television mechanics has he government about $40,- r plus an equal or larger tence allowances. What is ew trainees in this field?

ns Administration Occupa- k Information file has much subject, all of it pretty glum. irmen it says:

here were probably about servicemen in business for ll time and thousands more the field was overcrowded er of jobs and business op- nce the war) will probably han the number of wartime others seeking to enter or ield. In addition to newly ns, the armed forces trained often in well-rounded, full rams. Even many highly nay find it hard to make a d jobs."

s from the Manual

ic technicians, this Veterans n manual says:

whole overcrowded. At is an oversupply of men ectronic training . . . due fact that thousands of men o meet the tremendous war- electronic technicians . . . prospect in radio manu- e near future."

chnicians it says:

mployment in this occupa- ably still be under 1,000 in are now many more appli- enings."

and sorry truth is that the of veterans who have fallen y promises of elaborately television and radar school ve exhausted their G.I. Bill a doubtful chance in an is already overcrowded and being rendered more so as nal mills grind out their

You may well wonder how it is that the Veterans Administration prints elaborate manuals to show a lack of job opportunities in this and other fields, while at the same time it pays endless millions to support the schools which seem to profit by this great "educational" endeavor.

Again, the answer is to be found in the curious structure of our veteran laws. Under Public Law 16, designed to provide special benefits for disabled veterans, the Veterans Administration is *required* to provide advice and guidance for every veteran seeking so-called vocational rehabilitation. Disabled veterans must go to guidance centers, usually set up in colleges and universities, where they receive aptitude tests and careful, day-long counseling from experienced professional advisers. They are warned, before they leap into training for nonexistent jobs—jobs in highly competitive or overcrowded fields, or jobs for which their abilities or background disqualifies them.

But under the G.I. Bill (Public Law 346) veterans who are not disabled—the vast majority—have no such counsel and guidance. They may attend any school they choose so long as it is approved by the accrediting agency of a state. Only if they quit one school and want to switch to a second in a different field are they required to take job counseling.

In theory the nondisabled veteran can, if he requests it, receive job counseling right at the start. In practice this is virtually impossible because the counseling centers have been set up only for disabled veterans. So we have a situation in which the Veterans Administration, supposedly the guardian of veterans' rights, is required by one law to tell the truth to disabled veterans and ordered by another to permit the majority of veterans to go blindly down a trail of rhapsodic advertising and high-pressure salesmanship into training courses that can only waste years of their lives and millions upon millions of the taxpayers' money.

In the face of this, with the Veterans Administration in the position of a mere paying teller, it is not at all surprising that many have boarded the gravy train and entered upon glorious careers as high-pressure educators.

In southern Illinois, for example, a new barber college got started in the fall of

"Me for the life of Reilly!"

Yes! *Twenty-three* wholesome ingredients scientifically blended into a flavorful, nourishing food. Every vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vitality and growth. That's Gro-Pup, the only Ribbon-type dog food—so toasty, tasty, nourishing.

"Me for saving plenty!"

Why pay for water? by dry weight a box of Gro-Pup gives about as much food as *five* 1-lb. cans of dog food . . . many contain 70% water! *Gro-Pup is 92% food!* Save with Gro-Pup. Handier, no can to open, no spoilage, no refrigeration. (Made by Kellogg's, in *Meal* and *Pel-Etts*, too.)

The Biggest Box on the shelf

Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

Favored by a Million Men

About a million American men use Early American Old Spice After Shaving Lotion for that cool, clean, fresh "*good-morning*" feeling. You can enjoy it, too. In $1.00 and $1.75 sizes. *Prices plus tax.*

SHULTON

Rockefeller Center, New York

*REG U S PAT OFF

Like good food?

Don't appear rude

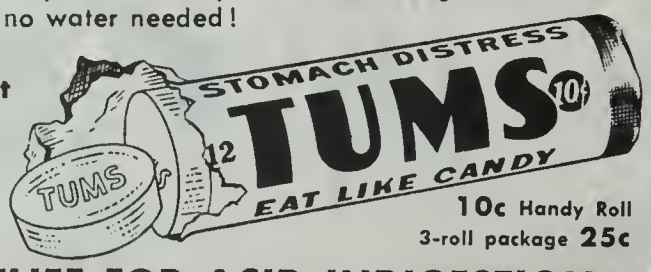
Always carry

TUMS

- TUMS neutralize excess acid *almost instantly* — relieve gas and heartburn fast!
- TUMS contain no soda. No risk of overalkalizing — and no acid rebound.
- TUMS are like candy mints — easy to take. Nothing to mix or stir — no water needed!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry

'TUMS'



10c Handy Roll
3-roll package 25c

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

NR TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25¢ box today.

1947, with state approval. Testifying before a subcommittee of the House Veterans' Committee recently, Henry J. Walker of the National Educational Council of the Associated Master Barbers of America, had this to say of his visit to this particular school:

"There were 60 G.I.s in that school of 26 chairs. It is an absolute impossibility for those boys to get out of that school and get a job any place, because they are not properly trained. They cannot hold it.

"In the State of Pennsylvania they have 12 schools with 800 students registered in those schools, and I understand that the Veterans Administration is paying $400 each for those students. The Veterans Administration up there, the regional office, the directors of the suboffices throughout that state, realize the condition. They don't like the schools. They know those boys are not getting proper training, and yet their hands are tied under 346. . . . They told me they could not stop it at all, because the state had recognized those schools. . . .

"Here is a school that was not in existence—they never before in the history of the city had had a barber school—and at the high point they had only 70 barbers registered in that city to practice barbering as licensed barbers, yet that school had 153 students registered in it, with 22 barber chairs and only three teachers.

"About four months ago at Pittsburgh there were 87 students who graduated from some of these schools—and remember, the schools graduated them. The Veterans Administration had paid them the tuition and the schools graduated them, and out of that 87, according to a state official himself, there are only 16 of those boys who have got jobs in barbershops. The rest of them are driving cabs or something of that kind, yet the Veterans Administration under the law has to pay that tuition to those schools for inferior training."

Greatest of all the opportunities for boondoggles—involving more veterans, more schools, more millions in wasted money and more mismanagement, corruption and fraud than in all other schools combined—is the flight-training racket. There is undoubtedly a legitimate field for a certain amount of flight training for veterans. But, in their urge to cash in on the great G.I. Bill of Rights bonanza, the operators of many flight schools have run leagues beyond any reasonable bounds in vocational training.

The opportunities for turning it into a racket have proved so attractive that everybody and his brother have been trying to get in on it, to the point where old-time flight-school operators (of two years' standing) solemnly berate the Johnny-come-latelies (their own graduates) who have set up competing schools.

Before the war there were a few hundred flight schools in the entire country. By November 1, 1946, the number had risen to 2,111. By November 1 further increase of 71.3 per cen curred, bringing the total to 3,(schools approved by vario agencies to offer flight training erans. Since that time the nu grown still further and today exceeds 4,000 schools.

Some 400,000 veterans have flight-training courses, with ab 000 currently enrolled. By th 1947 the cost to the government to nearly $200,000,000—after t of the program. At the current r penditure the flight schools w Treasury another $250,000,000 t

Dubious Value of Flight Tr

Let's see what the public getting for this half-a-billion do basic idea behind the G.I. educ was to provide vocational an sional training. In aviation mean, primarily, training and q the veteran for commercial fl small border-line group—some some ranchers, some ministers others—might profitably apply pilot's license in the pursuit of t tions. Flight-school operato much of the military or "prepa value of the training they give eran. Unfortunately, many of guments simply don't hold wate last war both the Army and the fused to recognize civilian flight as being of any real value in the field. People with private pilots who entered the air forces went the entire round of military flig ing just as everyone else did. T opment of jet and rocket propu made the disparity between civ military flying even greater tha Flight training in nonmilitary p virtually nothing to do with flying today.

Budget Director Webb says tional flight training has no ap value for national defense purp

To qualify for employment a with a commercial air line a must, among other requiremen completed the commercial-pilot or its equivalent, and the ins rating course. But, out of a 339,300 veterans who entered flight-training courses up to Nov 1947, 204,000 dropped out befo pletion of advanced flight trainin 16,300 completed the advanced In short. *92 per cent of all veter enrolled for flight training did no for commercial employment!*

But even the 16,000 have not come commercial fliers. The have long waiting lists of applic pilot jobs. One single company h than 12,000 on file. Thousands time-trained pilots hold com licenses. Thus it is apparent th of the millions spent and still bei

COLLIER'S "There's nothing to worry about. The only checks that are overdrawn are ones I wrote myself"

Glass-enclosed observation dome on a
BURLINGTON ZEPHYR

Glass-enclosed observation dome cars like the above are now in service on the Burlington's Twin Cities Zephyrs, and soon will be running on the new California Zephyrs. These fast, luxurious streamline Zephyrs, as well as most other Burlington main line trains, are powered by General Motors Diesel locomotives. Other principal Burlington trains so powered include:—the Denver, Nebraska, Texas, Pioneer, Mark Twain, Sam Houston, and Silver Streak Zephyrs, and the Zephyr-Rocket.

Ridin' high, wide and handsome!

Imagine yourself viewing the scenic beauty of the West from this spacious, glass-enclosed observation dome on a smooth-riding streamlined train.

Yet, this gives only a hint of the new and exciting things that are happening on the railroads today.

And it is no secret among railroad men that no small share of the credit for the super comforts and luxuries these trains provide belongs to the locomotives that head them.

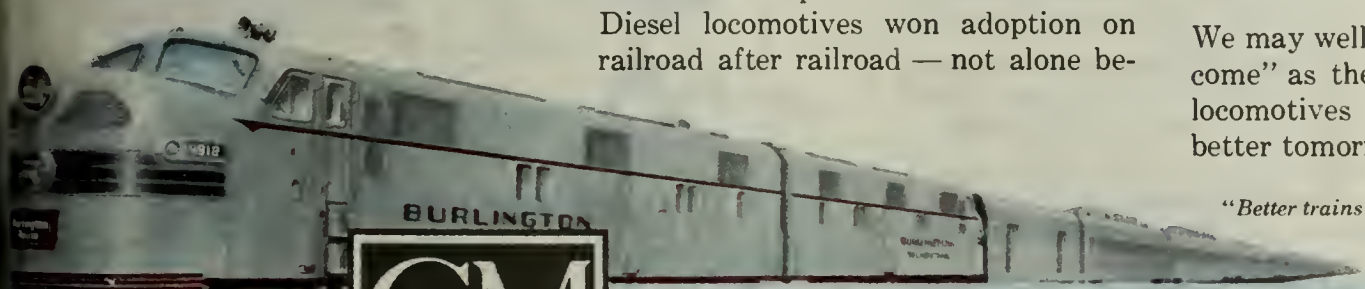
In most cases that means General Motors Diesel locomotives which today power more than 150 famous name trains—on more than a score of railroads — and these are by far the majority of the Diesel-powered crack trains in the United States.

These fast and powerful General Motors Diesel locomotives won adoption on railroad after railroad — not alone because they ushered in the streamline era but because they brought a new conception of smoothness to railroad travel, faster schedules and record-breaking *on time* performance.

They also brought the railroads extra earnings and substantial savings out of which to finance still further benefits that mean so much to passengers, shippers, investors and the railroads themselves.

We may well believe "the best is yet to come" as these General Motors Diesel locomotives set the pace for an even better tomorrow.

"Better trains follow General Motors locomotives"



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GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS

LA GRANGE, ILL.

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Fresh as a breeze!

You have odorless freshness every time because Sani-Flush gets toilet bowls really clean. Works chemically. Disinfects. Ugly stains and germy film go — without scrubbing. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush and take the guess out of toilet bowl sanitation.

Safe in all toilet systems — works in hard or soft water. Your grocer has it. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

KEEP TWO CANS HANDY

on flight training might as well have been poured down a drain. A lot of veterans have had fun learning how to maneuver one-motor runabout planes. Quite a few have killed themselves in the process. A tiny fraction have worked their way into the flying profession. The vast majority have simply succeeded in squandering their G.I. benefits.

As flight training has mushroomed, and as sharpshooters have rushed in to cut themselves a slice of the juicy melon, all sorts of corner-cutting, and even outright fraud, have crept into the picture.

In July, 1946, the V.A. issued an order to its various regional offices setting up so-called "maximum allowances" of $11.50 an hour for dual training flights and $8.50 an hour for solo flights in planes up to 125 horsepower. Immediately most flight schools raised their rates to the government to the maximum figure. They have been in the neighborhood of $10 for dual flights and $7 for solos.

It took the V.A. more than a year to wake up to the fact that many of these schools were offering the old rates to nonveteran students, who were not covered by the G.I. Bill, while socking the government for everything they could get.

In Illinois a score of such schools were found by the V.A. to be charging two rates, high for veterans, low for nonveterans. Many of the schools conceded the inequity (to use a polite word) of this practice. Recovery of some $20,000 was made early in 1948. Then some smart lawyers moved into the picture and the remainder of the sums in dispute has become tied up in a legal wrangle which awaits final decision either in the Veterans Administration or the courts.

But the charging of dual rates is by no means limited to Illinois. In Missouri, an examination of the operating costs of many flight schools has resulted in a rush to sign new contracts at lower rates.

Higher Rates for Uncle Sam

Here is an example of the way in which the government has been paying far more than private individuals for the same planes hired from the same flight schools: The Brayton Flying Service of Lambert Field, near St. Louis, has a contract with the Veterans Administration for a multiengine rating course. Under this contract a charge of $45 per hour is made for instruction requiring the use of a Cessna-UC-78 plane. This charge covers the plane alone plus whatever instruction the school may give a flier on the ground before he takes off.

In an effort to discover the comparative civilian charge I phoned the Brayton Service and was quoted a rate of 30 cents a mile for the use of the Cessna, *plus pilot,* for a business trip from St. Louis to Kansas City and return. There would be no charge for the overnight stopover in Kansas City. The UC-78 has a maximum speed of 125 miles an hour. If we averaged the best possible speed the plane is capable of, the cost to me for this flight would have been at the rate of $37.50 per flying hour. This would include the services of a pilot.

Thus, the government has been paying 20 per cent more for this plane, without a pilot, than civilians pay with a pilot.

The Brayton Flying Service is not unique in this regard. Similar charges, and similar discrepancies between civilian and government rates, can be found all over the United States.

As the number of flight-training schools has skyrocketed, a wild competitive scramble has gone on to enroll every possible student. In the process the promise of recreation has been held out as part of the training. One school has been selling its "vocational flight training" with the following advertising copy:

"Know the exhilaration of flying on crisp clear days or the thrill of flying through the night. Enroll now under the G.I. Bill."

Another such institution, in Florida, blandly sent handbills North inviting veterans to "come down to the sunny South" to study flying at government expense and on a government educational subsistence allowance.

"After your first week's training," it said, "we will repay to you $30 of travel expenses."

Other flight operators have indulged in the quaint idea that it wasn't really necessary to have veteran students after all. They could just bill the government for the training and let it go at that. On January 22d, the F.B.I. arrested the general manager of Airworthy Service, Incorporated, of Mobile, Alabama, on a federal warrant charging fraud in presentation of vouchers to the V.A. The following day the school "voluntarily" suspended operations pending the outcome of a complete investigation.

On February 10th, Judge T. Hoyt Davis, in Middle District of Georgia Federal Court, fined the Macon Airmotive Service, Incorporated, $3,000 after the firm entered a plea of *nolo contendere,* in response to a government information charging the making of "false bills, vouchers, accounts and claims" for flight lessons purportedly received by veterans. The Veterans Administration recovered $18,000 from this school, and Vaux Owen, Veterans Administration chief in Georgia, announced that this and two other schools had been stricken from the state list of accredited flight-training institutions and that ten other schools were being checked by state and federal auditors.

Many of these irregularities and frauds indicate sentimental financial practices on the part of the Veterans Administration. But the major part of the difficulty arises from the strange wording of the law, which leaves to the states the job of accrediting schools and leaves to the Veterans Administration only the forking over of the cash.

Veterans Administration's Regional Director Owen has pointed out at least one instance in which vouchers for primary training were submitted for a student who had flown more than 1,500 hours in the European theater during World War II. In St. Louis another Veterans Administration official asserts that scores of experienced fliers have taken private-pilot and commercial-pilot courses, even though they could secure CAA licenses on the basis of their military flying experience by the simple process of taking a test. His implication is clear: Some flight schools were billing the government for training not given and applying the government's funds against the purchase price of a plane.

Yet in this respect the law Veterans Administration v power. Although this practice about, as a matter of common k by both V.A. officials and flig tors, I have been able to obta formation as to a single instanc the Veterans Administration h cuted any flight-school operat eran for indulging in so obviou

The Law Presents an Obs

On February 12, 1948, I sub writing to the Veterans Admin letter containing the following

"Has the V.A. taken any posi authorizing or disallowing fligh for veterans who already hold li which the training they propos is a requirement?"

On February 20, 1948, the d the V.A. Information Service ington answered my question a

"V.A. *has not taken* any p disallow flight training for the referred to. V.A. does not never has had the authority law to take such a position. T specific in stating that the v privileged to enroll in any cou choice which the school finds h fied to undertake and pursue."

With its hands tied by a bone the V.A. finds itself in the positi tending an open invitation t school operators and airplane to indulge in a fast shuffle at th ment's expense.

While the taxpayers' funds flight schools at the rate of $25 a year, the U.S. Air Force, ha dwindling appropriations, has ar the grounding of nearly 8,00 Coast reserve pilots "because o funds." Throughout the nati have been similar cutbacks in th pilot-training program—a prog instructing military men in planes for military service.

We are confronted with a w ation. Uncle Sam can pour nea 000,000 a month into training ev Dick and Harry how to fly, how how to take snapshots or ho chickens, but he doesn't have money to maintain the skills o serve pilots.

A lot of sharp operators h mining your gold and mine, an it away all too easily. If the eco in Congress really want to sav let them put an end to many of vailing practices in veterans' tra

(This is the first of a series of ticles on veterans' training.)

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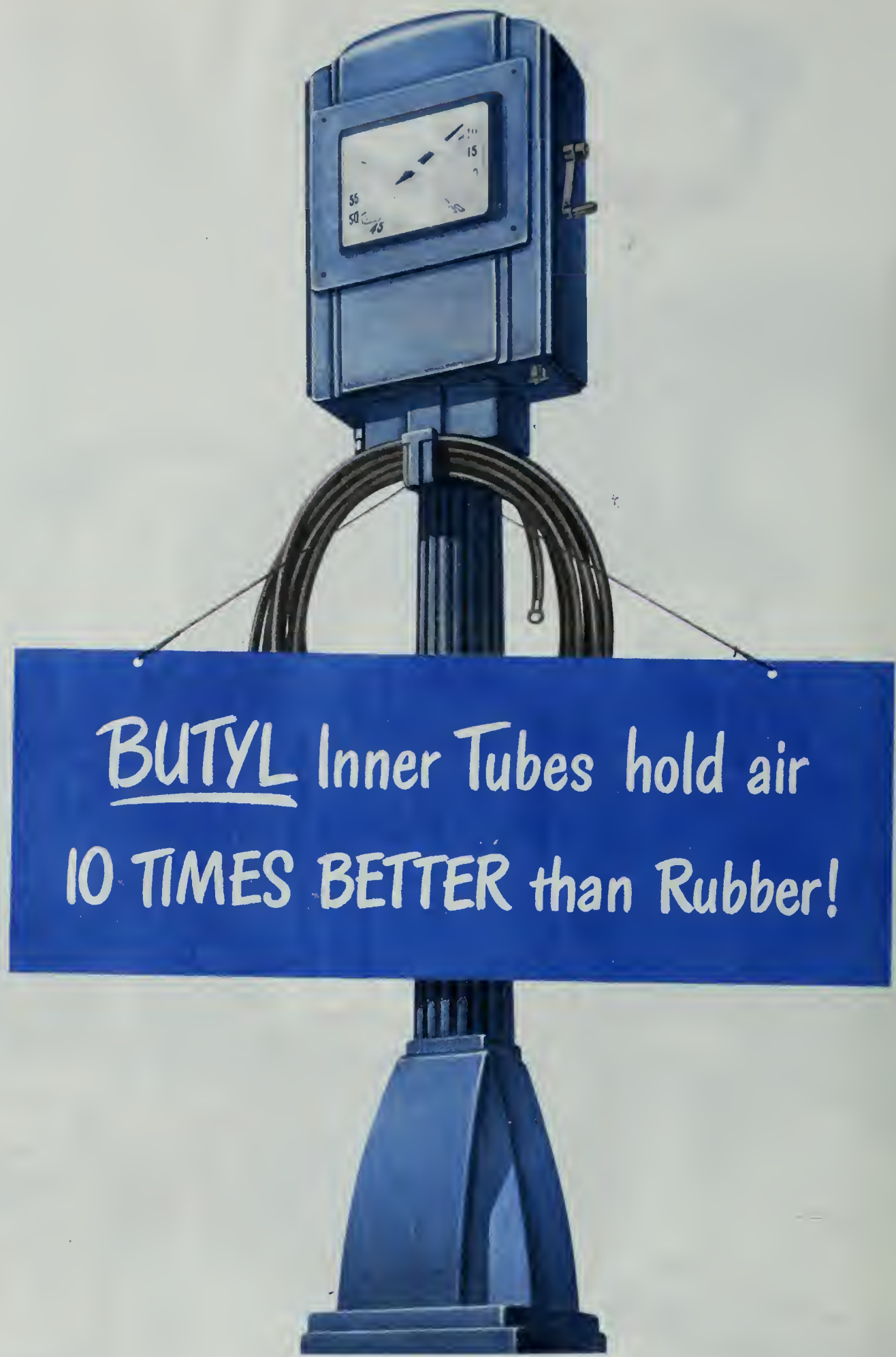

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Butyl

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THE PRICE

Continued from page 27

r coming out of the bar of the Hotel in Honolulu, or the gar- fo the same girl—her face differ- ir into the dining room of the na in San Francisco.

ud himself calmer and sad, and ove on again. In a little while e the edge of the clearing in d the native village of neat uts, with a clear view of the d the China Sea.

ne was a peaceful one, the de of crushed shell, pale in light. Children played near the there was an air of order and h told Abbot immediately that had not yet visited here. Puz- ne reluctance in himself, he lowly toward the houses and f the children where Emiliano lived. The child pointed to a n-thatched house, and Abbot, sed, went to it.

INO in native dress, with a intelligent face, opened the knock. To Abbot's question t he was Emiliano Menendez. ntified himself and the man's hanged, he became at once ctful but also fearful. Abbot hat had happened and asked ought was the best thing to do. ould welcome you here," said slowly, "but truly I think ould be safer if you stayed in a l show you near the shore. nd eat with us and after dark you there."

ntered the house. In its poor ould not see for a moment. dren looked up at him, curious y; he felt an inexplicable sor- m. Two women were tending in a brazier under a cooking older was apparently Menen- he younger, his oldest daugh- looked at Abbot with frank turned back to their cooking. t was with them, Abbot saw, he head of the house did or as all right. And for a mo- as aware of the mother think- her children and her home by the presence of himself, a . .

z was not anxious to have him e longer than necessary. There le, but each of them ate from plate balanced on the knees. t daughter, a girl of about seemed naturally demure, but several times Abbot caught her glancing up at him. Although he had not spoken to her, he found himself pleased with her, and with the delicate flare of the nostrils, the almost imperceptible slant of the large, dark eyes, the smooth skin.

What talk there was went mostly between himself and Menendez, but occasionally the other man addressed his family briefly in Tagalog. Over the food which he found he did not relish in spite of his hunger, Abbot mused that he could understand hardly a word of the conversation. And he wondered why they had ever sent him to the island. But he had thought that before, too. They would risk not only his life but his relative inefficiency rather than trust these people.

He sighed and raised his head to look at the girl again. When she looked at him he spoke to her in Spanish, asking her if she went to school? She shook her head. Then what did she do? She helped her mother.

As she colored faintly, he noticed the not altogether delicate way she ate—the white teeth slowly tearing the bread—but it made no difference to him.

The father, too, had noticed something. He rose. It was almost dark, he said, and they could with safety go to the shore. Abbot followed him out of the house, and along a footpath that led from the village. It ran through groves of pandanus trees and squat palms. They were standing before the sea and he was not aware of it, only of Menendez outlined against a smoother blackness. Not until then did he realize how dependent he was upon the Filipino in this darkness and strange terrain. The man didn't *have* to do what he was doing. It would be easier and probably safer for Menendez just to lose him, Abbot knew.

Something troubled the man, but Abbot did not know exactly what. A number of things, it seemed. A stranger interested in his daughter: a hunted stranger, too. . . .

"*Vamos arriba*," Menendez said. To Abbot, whose knowledge of Spanish was formal, the words meant: "Let us arise," —a kind of war cry or rallying cry. "But why here and why now?" Abbot asked himself.

When they started to climb a rocky promontory he knew what Menendez had meant: "Let us go up." Again he felt a kind of chagrin: He did not even speak Spanish in the idiom of the place.

The cave smelled of salt and dried seaweed. Moon tides doubtless flooded it, Abbot thought, and recalled with relief that the moon was at the quarter now. Menendez lighted a lamp made of a small bottle of kerosene with a wick stuck in the neck, and Abbot looked about him. Others had been there other times, for there was a crude bench in the place, a rolled-up *petate*, and a single blackened cooking pot. Menendez left the lamp with him and told Abbot he would return in the morning.

When Menendez had gone, Abbot blew out the lamp. Somehow he felt less desperate, certainly less aware of the place, with the light out. In the darkness he wondered about those who had been here before him. Who had they been, Americans or Filipinos? And what had become of them? He was the first Naval Intelligence man to be on the island.

He went to the entrance and looked out. The waves broke evenly on the beach and he could see their whiteness emerge, break and recede into darkness again, but in the darkness itself he could see nothing. Tomorrow night a PT boat would be off the estuary to try to make contact with him, but tonight there was nothing that he could see.

He was troubled by the enemy's seeming to know about him and yet not seizing him. He thought again of the child they had flung against a house, but this did not seem pertinent. What they were waiting for, he was sure, was for him to reveal his communications with his own people. Perhaps to do something as trivial as ambush the PT boat; perhaps eventually to seize himself and transmit some misleading message to those in the boat. This particular enemy was unpredictable and childish.

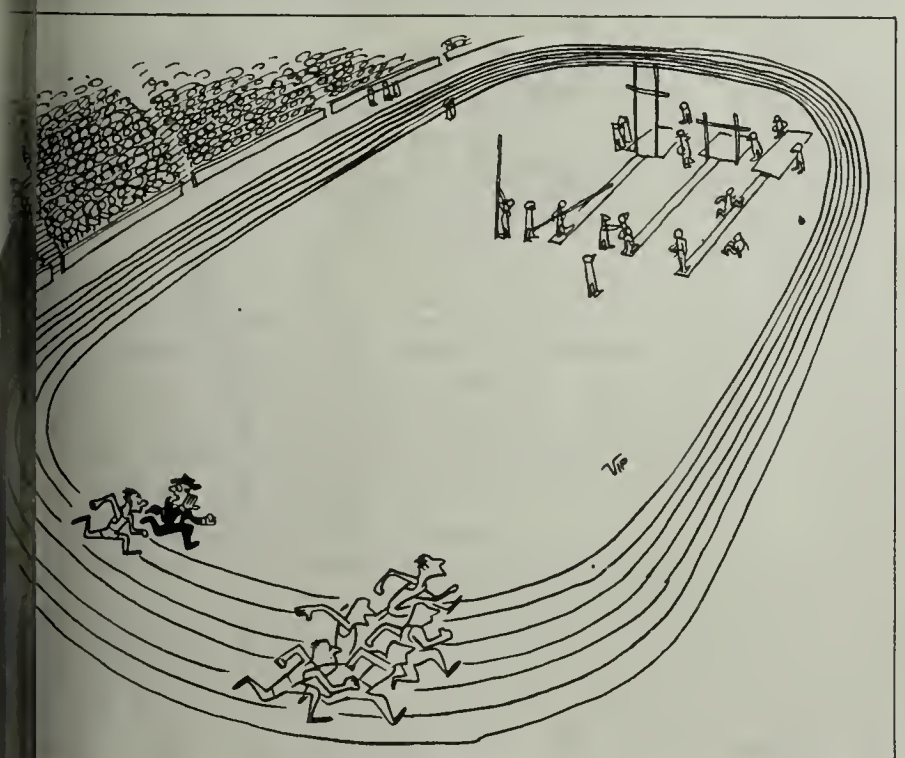
THE darkness, the rhythmic hushing sound of the waves put him to sleep quicker than he anticipated. Waking, he found it full daylight; he had expected Menendez at dawn. The sun was well up and he guessed it to be between nine and ten. This knowledge alarmed him. If Menendez had not appeared, there must be a good reason for it. There was, of course, a certain amount of concern for himself, perhaps less than average. But there was, if not a greater, certainly a more acute concern for those in the village, Menendez and his family particularly. And yet there was nothing to worry about there, he was sure. There was no evidence against them. It was only that perhaps there were patrols around and Menendez thought it best not to come to him now. Of course. But the concern would not vanish.

The day wore on and as hunger and thirst both began to bother him, Abbot looked more often from the mouth of the cave. There was nothing in sight, although he could not see more than a hundred yards either way on account of the huge boulders and miniature cliffs in the way.

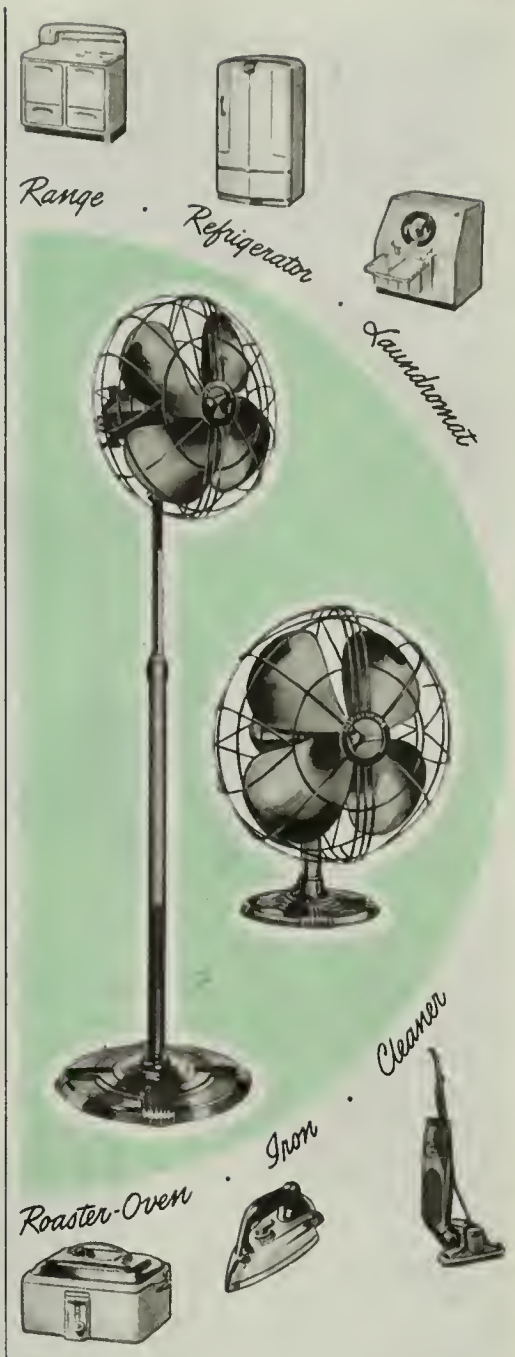
Early in the afternoon his thirst drove him down onto the beach. Hidden by rocks he dug with his hands until brackish water welled up into the hole. He leaned and drank directly from it. Only when he had slacked his thirst did he realize how directly and savagely he had gone about it. His grin was a twisted attempt to avoid sheepishness. "Just like in the books," he thought.

It was low tide and near by he found a few large, dark-shelled oysters. He smashed them against the rocks and ate, spitting bits of shell out.

It doesn't take you long to revert to type, he thought. Yet fear and being hunted had done worse things to other men, he reminded himself. He returned to the cave, only to find that eating the oysters had made his hunger sharper. It was not like eating them at the Mark



"Pssst—follow me" VIRGIL PARTCH



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Hanna with the *crème* Vichyssoise and the broiled veal chop to follow.

He grew annoyed with himself rather than with circumstance, and he conceded this might not be a bad thing. It seemed to him now that he had been annoyed with circumstance a good part of his life and that this was a pretty childish thing. He also thought of the girl, Menendez' daughter, but he put that thought aside. Not for the usual reason or reasons that men alone put aside the thought of women they have found attractive, but for some reason more obscure. A reason he could not name, but one associated in his mind with something dangerously close to rage and to panic.

AT DARK, when all day he had seen nothing but an occasional plane, he did two things: He went to the nearest coconut tree and ate the meat of one of the nuts; then he began a slow, gradual approach to the village, pausing frequently to listen. It was silent and quite dark. He could see an occasional small light over toward the village but could hear nothing, not even the usual night sounds of a rural community.

At the edge of the village he paused. It was a small community and from certain angles all of it could be seen at a glance. It was quite peaceful; Abbot could hear a few of the common reassuring domestic sounds, a child crying, another one laughing, someone grinding grain or coffee in a hand mill. His eyes, traveling the width of the place, encountered a gap. He had a good memory for terrain, for the shapes of towns, and now he knew there was something gone from this place that had been there the night before.

His belly began to gather itself into a ball long before his mind knew exactly what had happened. He found himself approaching the gap in the town without any longer thinking of his own safety. And finally he stood by the gap and smelled the odor of burning grown cold. The Menendez house had stood there the night before; now there was nothing but an oblong of dark ashes. The houses to either side were untouched; there was no confusion or disturbance: even the white shell road was unmarked. But, where last night a man, his wife and his children had lived, tonight was nothing. It was an object lesson to all concerned.

First of all, in shadow, Abbot was sick. Then he began to move, back along the way he had come a few minutes before. He never remembered thereafter much of the journey, he remembered only his own grief, racking and terrible, and how he had again stood by the rocky shore. They had let him escape, had let him wander, in order that he might reveal to them the sympathizers among the natives.

It seemed to him that only by some terrible violence could he redeem himself even in part. And the promise of violence sustained him as he waited by the shore for the light signal from the PT boat that was to pick him up. . . .

A week later he returned to the island on the same boat with two more accompanying it. The men that crowded the decks of the three little boats were hand-picked specialists. Abbot had pleaded for them, for the whole expedition with an intensity which was due to something else besides Abbot's stated reason. The reason he had given was that he felt some sort of blow must be struck to restore the morale of the natives on the island.

There was a lone sentry near where they landed and when Abbot, peering over the rocks of the shore, pointed him out to the CPO who led the men, the CPO said, "Shall I have two of the men tend to him?"

Abbot shook his head. "I'll go with them," he said and the CPO looked at him curiously in the dark.

A few moments later it was Abbot who stood up in the dark and silently clubbed the sentry at the base of his s the helmet, while the two me crawled with him, were silent in the silence and the dark, A feel their surprise.

They moved silently inla and the CPO leading the enemy slept in thatch-roofe Standing in deep shadow, c petty officers with Abbot tos cendiary grenades onto the largest building. It seemed to the hoarse, animal-like cries had begun before the gre thrown. The dark figures ra under the flames, and the lan standing all around the pl shadow of palms, shot them d fell in little heaps of three and one man, running, would st another lying wounded. T roared upward and scorched the palms. The CPO spoke to the third time without getting Then he tugged Abbot's sh said, "I think we'd better be of here."

"It's not enough," Abbot shook his head.

The CPO grew alarmed harder, finally turning Abb began to go back the way they when Abbot said, "I want to thing."

"What would that be, sir?"

"I'll show you. Come wit you?"

"I suppose I'd better," the He didn't like it.

THE path they had come which the other men were ing by, made a loop with the went through the village. A t roaring down that road and t hide in shrubs by its side until passed. It was filled with soldi

As they resumed their p through the surprisingly sile the CPO said, "I hope you g reason for this, sir."

"Good enough," Abbot paused once more by the bare s once stood the house of the family. Already in a week, t growing vegetation had begun the raw place in the earth, to vague outline of where the h stood.

Aware of the CPO's frettin knew he couldn't stay long. burned out a Filipino family said. "They helped me when alone."

"Yes, sir," the CPO said. So tension left him.

"Next time you hear some talking about liberty you can this."

"I'll remember it good, sir," said. For the first time, Abbot dark stain on the man's jacket, shoulder.

"You've been hit," Abbot sa

"Not bad," the CPO said.

"I must sound like a Fourth orator," Abbot said.

"No, sir," the CPO said. I meant it. "I know just what y But we better go now."

"Yes, we'd better go."

Nearing the shore, Abbot over something. In the beam flashlight, he saw the body of sentry he had slugged when the It was the first and last thing he countered on the island. Somec in a low, hoarse voice, "Douse and come aboard. Let's get to of here."

Abbot moved toward the sh wondered if what they had d enough and knew immediately t ing would be enough or ever Neither for the Menendez fam selves nor for what they had It would always be like that.

THE END

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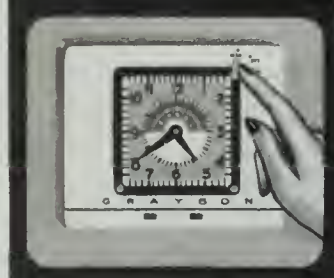

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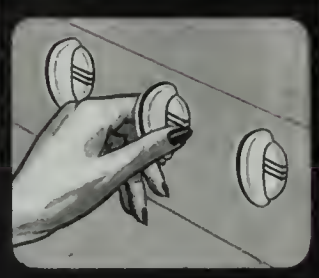

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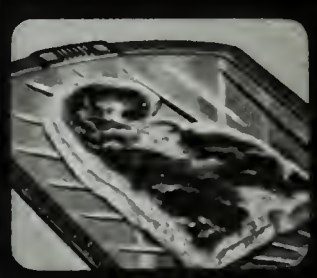

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THE VANISHING BEE

BY ROBERT B. WILLSON AND D. E. WHEELER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LYNWOOD M. CHACE

The truth about what would happen to every man, woman and child in this country if we killed off all our bees. If you think very little would happen, you have a lot to learn about the most important insect in the world today

K any average man, even an average farmer, what he knows about bees, and he'll y say that they're little bugs ake honey and beeswax and e to be annoyed. Maybe he'll aguely, about the bees and the Well, it's time he learned a ore, especially if he is con- with the production of food or the fact is that these little are among the most important 's inhabitants. They are the key to soil fertility and agri- prosperity; upon them de- hether we shall continue to be -fed people in the world, with s to divide among less fortu- ntries.

some assistance from other nd birds, and even from slugs ils, bees pollinate some fifty ral crops, including most of iliar fruits and flowers as well overs, the alfalfa and the other plants which provide forage der for cattle and hogs.

ut bees a great many of the e take for granted and have ay, including beef and most ork, would gradually disap- m the American table. Our system of agriculture, based rotation, whereby once in ree or four years a crop of r alfalfa is grown to restore and physical fitness to the soil, e impossible. There would be ny seeds.

such a disaster is not incon- , for there is a serious shortage in this country, both of the ated honeybees and of such ecies as bumblebees, mason carpenter bees, the so-called bees which will not live in de hives. The lack of wild particularly serious, as it can made up, in a hurry, by an us increase in honeybee pro-

years ago the Department of ure initiated the first program onsiderable jump in the na- e population, calling upon the er, the legume seed grower, hardist and the farmer to co- in solving the problem. They ed to develop more colonies, the bees healthy, and to direct trol their work of pollination proper placement of mobile Many sections of the country that more bees were at work r before, but in general the ere not reached, largely be- terials for building hives were

umber of bees required to American agriculture at a l of production is astronom- here are some 500,000 bee- in the United States, and the Department of Agriculture has asked them, for 1948, to try to increase the number of colonies to 6,087,000.

Since the population of a colony may run as high as 80,000 insects, that many colonies would mean more than 400,000,000,000 bees buzzing about the countryside. Every state in the Union needs more bees; some should have as many as 12,000 additional colonies. The need is especially great where legume plants are grown; the department recommends a colony of bees for each acre of clover or alfalfa. For a real bumper crop of seed three colonies are required.

Our Depleted Meat Supply

If the people of this country are to eat the meat they want and expect, our depleted herds of cattle must be built up to at least the 85,000,000 that filled our pasture and feed lots in 1945. That would be some 8,000,000 more than we had last year, when the per capita consumption of beef, and of other meats as well, rose to an all-time high. To do this we must have more feed for the cattle, and to get more feed we must have more legume plant seeds. At the moment, production of these essential seeds is so low that world requirements cannot be met in from five to ten years.

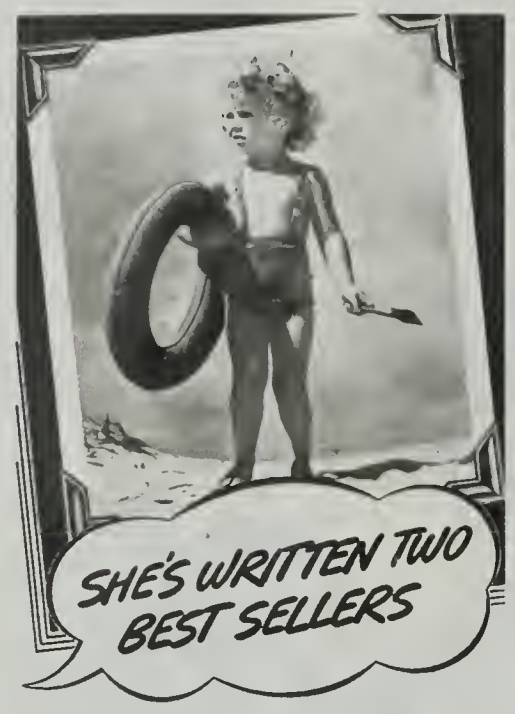
Agricultural experts are devoting much time and thought to stepping up seed production. The government is trying to do it with money. In 1947 Uncle Sam paid legume crop producers a bonus of $3.50 an acre, with a limit of $70 per farm. In 1948 there will be price supports for alfalfa, crimson clover and other legume crops.

These cash handouts will encourage farmers to plant more land in legume crops, but they won't increase the yield of seeds per acre. Only more intensive pollination can do that. Scientists working on the problem of clover-seed production at Ohio State University recently completed a three-year experiment in which they used two fields of clover, one pollinated by great numbers of honeybees and the other allowed to grow with almost no insect pollination. The field worked over by the bees produced 1,500 per cent more seeds than the other. Dr. James I. Hambleton, head of the Division of Bee Culture of the Department of Agriculture says:

"The decline in seed production is serious in those crops that require insect pollination. Utah at one time was our principal alfalfa-seed producing state. In its best year, 1925, Utah produced almost 25,000,000 pounds of alfalfa seed. This figure has dropped steadily until the current annual production is less than 4,000,000 pounds. Red clover and other legumes are in the same plight. A good stand of red clover as we see it in almost any locality carries enough blossoms to produce 10 or 11 bushels of seed per acre. But the average production for the country is only .9 of a bushel. Pollination is inadequate, to say the least, and the most immediate remedy for this is through the intelligent use of honeybees."

Dr. Hambleton and other experts are urging farmers and seed growers to follow the successful example set by many orchardists, who now insure bountiful crops by bringing in beekeepers with their hives during blossomtime. For this service, which gives the orchards the fullest possible pollination, they pay from four to eight dollars per hive. Since beehives can be moved about without injury or distress to the bees, this system could be used almost everywhere in the country.

Many large seed growers have begun to bring in colonies of bees when their fields are in bloom, and a few have gone the system one better by establishing apiaries of their own. In every instance where this has been done seed production has increased enormously. But the average farmer



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MOUNT IT WITH NUACE Snapshot Mounting Corners

is always a little slow to adopt innovations.

It was less than 200 years ago that a German botanist, Joseph G. Kölreuter, who was engaged in hybridization experiments, discovered the priceless service rendered to flowering plants by pollinating insects. To the farmer this service has always been free, and he has accepted it as his natural due. It is still difficult to convince most farmers that for every dollar the beekeeper makes on honey the bees perform at least $50 worth of service to agriculture.

The situation which could very easily result in beeless agriculture for the United States and thereby drastically lower our standards of living is not the fault of the bees. They are still the same industrious, prolific little creatures that they have always been. Man himself is to blame. With characteristic shortsightedness he and his boasted agricultural progress have upset one of nature's prime balances, and if we are to maintain our abundant way of life it must be restored. Up to some thirty years ago the balance between farm products and pollination by insects was undisturbed. Then came World War I and an increase in population, followed by an expanding national appetite and mounting exports of grain and animal products.

To supply the huge quantities of farm products needed, the cultivation of large new tracts of land was necessary. Forests were cut down and the land plowed. Fence rows on farms that had given shelter to wildlife were ripped out by the mile, and millions of acres of old-time wood lots were cleared, leaving vast areas on which machines operated to plant and harvest crops beyond all precedent. Invention and "clean cultivation" were the new magic, destined to bring multiplied production. Nobody doubted that American energy and ingenuity could meet the pressure of a hungry and fast-growing population, and even provide surpluses.

Farmers Defeat Their Own Ends

But pollination, the foundation of our best and most-liked foods, was either forgotten or taken for granted. It had always happened as surely as the sun had always risen; therefore it would continue to happen. So the farmer doubled, tripled and quadrupled his planting, and at the same time continued to destroy the basic means of a full crop return.

The new "clean cultivation" wiped out the nesting places of the wild bees and the other insect pollinators; they were made homeless and left to die, which they did by the millions. The work of destruction was further carried on by forest and brush fires, many of them man-set to clear land for planting, and by the nationwide building of automobile roads and residential developments.

Within the past few years, the pollinators have had to fight against a new enemy. Countless billions of honeybees, wild bees and other insects which helped in the big task of pollination have been murdered by the wholesale and careless use of powerful insecticides. These poisonous dusts and sprays, often scattered from airplanes over wide areas, kill the good as well as the bad insects. The Department of Agriculture reports that in 1947 DDT and 2-4-D, both of them certain death to bees, were more widely used than ever before.

It becomes increasingly apparent that these lethal sweeps in our fields and orchards will have to be controlled and regulated if the beekeeper and the seed-grower are to succeed in their efforts to increase bee population and legume crop production. Several states have already taken action to control the use of poisons but federal action may eventually be necessary. It doesn't make much sense for scientists of the Bee Culture Laboratory at Beltsville, Maryland, to work on the diseases of the bee while wholesale poisoning of the insects is going on at the same time.

With its wild assistant pollinators dwindling almost to the vanishing point, the country is now dependent upon the honeybee for about 85 per cent of the necessary pollination. And only the honeybee would have a chance to succeed at such a gigantic task, for no other insect pollinator lends itself to the manipulation of man, multiplies so prodigiously, is so well organized and industrious, and lays up such quantities of honey that it can be kept for profit.

The bumblebee, next best pollinator, is a happy-go-lucky insect who will have nothing to do with man and his hives and lays up a paltry quantity of honey. A bumblebee queen is considered prolific if she has a few hundred descendants at the end of a season, whereas a queen honeybee, busily laying her quota of some 3,500 eggs a day over a period of weeks, may have a hundred thousand.

Fortunately for man, of all the flower-visiting insects the honeybee is best equipped to preside at the "marriage of the flowers." Her body and legs are covered with hairs, some stiff, some featherlike, to which the pollen clings. It has been estimated that a honeybee's body can carry 100,000 grains of pollen. She has special "pollen baskets" on her hind legs, and her primary task is to fill these for home use, but a lot of the pollinating dust is distributed as the bee buzzes among the flowers.

Like the bumblebee (and no other insect) she confines herself to a single species of blossom on a trip, thus bringing about a maximum of pollination. Also, this is the reason why it is possible for a beekeeper to produce different kinds of honey: clover, orange, buckwheat, etc. To gather a pound of pollen, the bees from one hive must visit more than 8,000,000 flowers, and may gather as much as 65 pounds in a single season. The life span of a bee is about six weeks. At the end of that time she has literally worked herself to death.

The first honeybees to gather pollen and nectar from American flowers were brought to this country by English colonists who settled in New England in the early years of the 17th century, probably in the 1630s. These were German black bees, which were supplanted, about the middle of the 19th century, by Italian bees, the cleanest, the most industrious and the gentlest of all honey makers.

To the Indians of the Northwest the honeybee was known as "the white man's fly"; they believed that the bees led the pioneers on in their conquest of the West. What happened was that [illegible] honeybees escaped into the g[illegible] that covered most of the c[illegible] board, and there lived wild [illegible] into hives again by the advar[illegible] man. By 1800 they had beer[illegible] beyond the Mississippi, and [illegible] were not far behind.

Aboriginal Beekeeping M[illegible]

Before the honeybees wer[illegible] here the necessary pollination [illegible] care of by the native wild bees [illegible] insects, which were numerous [illegible] insure good crops of beans a[illegible] other vegetables used by the In[illegible] wind pollinated the corn, the [illegible] grain staple, and there was n[illegible] bees for his meat, for which he [illegible] upon buffalo, deer, bear, small [illegible] birds. He ate the honey of the [illegible] whenever he found it, but there [illegible] a great deal. A few tribes, mo[illegible] Southwest, succeeded in hivi[illegible] varieties of bees in hollow logs [illegible] plugged ends. Hives of this so[illegible] be found in Mexico, where t[illegible] keep a species of stingless wild [illegible] dribble of honey.

A beeless agriculture in t[illegible] States may seem unthinkable, [illegible] cultural experts are frankly w[illegible] the threatened extinction of wil[illegible] other pollinating insects. The [illegible] fearful of the terrible plague [illegible] the Isle of Wight disease, which [illegible] in the Isle of Wight in 1906, and [illegible] then has been destroying hon[illegible] Europe.

And suppose we do not s[illegible] building up our colonies of hor[illegible] the point where there are enou[illegible] handle the big job of pollinatio[illegible] would happen? What would w[illegible] eat in the United States? Wel[illegible] of fare would be sadly limite[illegible] have wheat and corn and other g[illegible] are pollinated by the wind, a[illegible] tables like spinach and potatoes [illegible] some mutton and lamb. Bee [illegible] needed to pollinate grass for sh[illegible] there would be almost no fruit [illegible]

Briefly, the American menu [illegible] something like that of China, [illegible] food is that of a beeless agri[illegible] and which gets along on fish, [illegible] mullet, with pork or fowl or a[illegible] soybeans for a feast. Compa[illegible] what we have now, it would be a [illegible] lacking variety and zest, and c[illegible] a minimum of the proteins, fats, [illegible] drates and vitamins that help [illegible] active, progressive people.

THE END

"And for Pete's sake, don't just make a mental note of that, Miss Johnson. I want it done"

9 out of 10 say IMPERIAL again!

91.4% to be exact! When purchasers of Imperial were questioned in a nation-wide survey, 91.4% proved to be *repeat purchasers.* Yes, nine out of ten say Imperial again!

It's good to know... IMPERIAL *is made by Hiram Walker. No wonder nine out of ten say Imperial again!*

90 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good. 86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH
AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

The demands of labor bosses like James C. Petrillo and the whims of showmen like the late Major Bowes added to the complications of life at a radio network

III

RADIO CITY was conceived as a all the allied arts of show busine the Music Hall's initial offerin badly at the box office, there was talk o the theater down, at least temporarily. Bu the Music Hall and its companion show RKO-Roxy (now the Center Theater), small hope of survival for Radio City.

In a conference with Owen D. Young, of the board of RCA, it was decided to last effort: We would present our case to Rockefeller, Jr.

As we entered the office of Tom Debe Rockefeller counsel, no one would have

Radio listeners have contributed to the NBC treasury by taking conducted tours. Here one group watches a guide demonstrating sound effects behind a glass

he Happiness Boys. We told story, omitting none of the

oise listened sympathetically ng a telephone conversation . Rockefeller presented our e most favorable light.

returned uptown, the driver ickety cab would have been d if we had told him that was really transporting was a for Radio City. For we had ise of John D. Rockefeller, additional credit of a quar- million dollars. With this, ther $250,000 credit from Electric, Westinghouse and managed to carry on.

financially fortified, I worked Music Hall staff on the new e put in a motion picture olorful stage *divertissement* by Leon Leonidoff, the of the old Roxy shows, a y orchestra, a ballet, the s and several standard va-

gh Samuel Rothafel (Roxy) from the scene now, ill and ken, it was he who deserved r credit for the success of the d Music Hall. For in making h, we reverted to a format ically, had been created by employed successfully at his er on Seventh Avenue.

Radio City Music Hall es- as the show place of the na- has not missed a day since e smaller RKO-Roxy (now e Center) became our big It could not continue to op- a movie house competitor. efore, decided to turn it into ate house. Later the Center he home of those ice shows ve brought it prosperity.

io City, broadcasting came rom the dingy, crowded stu- the "one-lungers" and the rinders" it had stepped forth stments of a major industry. sun was still clouded by de- shadows.

es of Unrented Offices

s in Rockefeller Center pre- he darkest picture of all. g space there today is as diffi- uying front-row seats for a y hit. But in the early 1930s, ve tenants were not only but actually lured in for a e of their gross, instead of at ate. Despite this, acres of mained unoccupied.

meanwhile, sponsors were and off the air and NBC's in- s uncertain. I was cheered xurious quarters; but a night- m continued to haunt me. It total of our yearly rental— If only some windfall lp us to meet it!

ectedly, we found that wind- e eagerness of the public to new studios. From its very Rockefeller Center was the rist attraction of the nation. not conduct tours through thought, and charge a fee David Sarnoff agreed with ome of my staff were pessi- They did not believe that a number would be willing cents each for a tour through ises.

But the radio listeners—heaven bless 'em!—came flocking by the hundreds of thousands, and, eventually by the millions. Since 1933, more than 7,000,000 paying guests have visited this network headquarters and gaped at its wonders.

During our first twelve months there, they contributed $350,000 to the treasury of NBC. This was only $30,000 less than our yearly rental.

In the meantime, the network continued to grow. In 1930, we had opened our new Chicago studios. I shall never forget one of the episodes which preceded that opening. While the NBC studios were being built in Chicago I became involved in an amusing incident with a Chicago union leader.

As soon as we announced our plans, the union boss demanded that we employ two of his men in our studios, even though their services were not required. However, I asked NBC's executive vice-president, the late George McClelland, to agree to the proposal, and, at the same time, to prevent these men from getting control.

Unfortunately George forgot about the matter, but the union boss did not. Without warning, he called a strike, not only against NBC, but against the entire Merchandise Mart, where we had rented space.

One day I told my friend Rex Cole, who was then with General Electric, about my catastrophe. I told him that although I had ordered an immediate settlement, nothing had happened.

"Hold on a minute," Cole said. "I might be able to help you. There's a fellow in Minneapolis who knows this man well. Maybe he can help you."

Rex immediately picked up the phone and within a half hour persuaded the Minneapolis man to bring his friend to New York the next afternoon. As soon as they arrived, I met them at the Hotel Roosevelt.

I found both men utterly exhausted. They had spent the entire journey from Chicago to New York playing pinochle.

I immediately noticed on the dresser a bottle of bourbon and two guns. I glanced at the weapons uneasily, and the union man explained.

"We put them there so we could talk."

Then he put on his steel-rimmed spectacles, produced a document from his inner pocket and proceeded to read the constitution, rules and regulations of his union.

I began to yawn. "I'm tired," I said. "Let's have a drink and then I'll run along."

The union leader, yawning also, did not answer, but merely pointed to the bottle.

"You're not a very good host," I remarked.

He laughed boisterously and poured me a drink. By the time I rose to leave, we had emptied the entire bottle.

"I'd like to meet you at my office in the morning," I said casually.

"Okay. What time?"

"Eight A.M."

It was the first time I had ever arrived at my office at that hour, but he did not know that. Just as I had anticipated, he was not there. I immediately phoned his hotel.

"You're late," I said.

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes," he growled, still half asleep.

And he was—bleary-eyed, unshaven, the victim of two long nights of drinking and card playing.

As he took a chair, the union boss, attempting to suppress another yawn, looked at me sheepishly and smiled. "You know," he said, "you're the toughest ——— I've ever met. How about settling this thing?"

I agreed to take on two of his engineers and within ten minutes he had one of his Chicago aides on the phone. "We're not going to ruin 'em," he told him. "Call off the strike!"

Petrillo Issues an Order

This experience reminds me of an entirely different type of "run-in" I had with another Chicago labor tycoon, James Caesar Petrillo. I had my first dealings with him in 1928, while he was the head of the Chicago local of the American Federation of Musicians, before he had assumed the national leadership of that union.

Petrillo had served notice on Niles Trammell, our Chicago vice-president and manager, that we would not be permitted to broadcast network programs there unless we hired a goodly number of local musicians for radio programs he wanted us to produce in Chicago.

To have acceded to Petrillo's demands at that time would have been a financial impossibility. Therefore, I made a hurried trip to the Windy City to have a talk with him.

"Deac," he said, "we don't want all this out-of-town music coming in here by wire. We gotta protect our home musicians."

I explained that we were trying to make of Chicago a radio center and, if we succeeded, it would mean that many more programs would originate there.

Suddenly I had an idea. "Look," I said. "I understand that you play a pretty good cornet. Well, you get together 100 of your unemployed musicians and organize a band. Then you can lead them on the radio and I'll pay the bill."

Petrillo pondered for a minute and then answered: "That's a deal."

He gathered 100 unemployed members of his union, and with himself conducting and tooting a horn, molded them into an ensemble. They performed over NBC for four weeks. Finally, one day Petrillo called me and announced, "We are satisfied you mean well, Deac. My boys have shown you. We'll go along with radio."

Petrillo, whatever else may be said about him, has always made a great fight for his people, many of whom became unemployed because of technological changes. Today he has kept pace with progress, and even the radio people take their hats off to his honesty.

Just a few weeks after the opening of our new Chicago studios, NBC acquired one of its most important key outlets—WTAM of Cleveland. I had made a trip there to confer with John F. Royal, who was managing that important station for Robert Lindsay, head of a giant utility corporation, the Cleveland Illuminating Electric Company. My mission was to implore him to broadcast more of our commercial programs.

But he told me that "NBC is not paying us enough to carry these shows." He preferred to make his own deals with our national advertisers and broadcast commercial programs locally. Out of these he could make much more money.

On my way downstairs from Royal's office, I met Ben Ling, in charge of public relations for the Cleveland Illuminating Electric Company.

"I can't convince John," I told him. "I'm going home."

"Your friend Mr. Lindsay is at home in bed, quite ill," he said.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"It's just worry over WTAM," Ben explained. "He bought the station as a

wes (seated) presented his Hour at NBC till an unfor- cident sent him to rivals

The Truth About Dandruff

...Itchy Scalp ...Falling Hair

WARNING! Watch out for dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair — warning signals that your scalp needs attention. JERIS has a special ingredient that stimulates the scalp. Use JERIS and you really get at the root of the trouble.

ROUTS LOOSE DANDRUFF INSTANTLY!

JERIS has "double-action". Its antiseptic ingredients kill the dandruff bacillus*, rout loose, unsightly dandruff instantly. JERIS also has a special ingredient that stimulates blood flow, gets at the *very root of the trouble.* For a healthy scalp and handsome hair, use JERIS every day. At drug counters everywhere. Request it at your barber's, too!

*(Pityrosporum ovale), which many authorities recognize as the cause of infectious dandruff.

JERIS
Antiseptic
HAIR TONIC

FOR BEST RESULTS . . .
- Use JERIS Antiseptic Hair Tonic every day.
- Use JERIS CREAM OIL every other day.
- Massage scalp briskly every day.

JERIS SALES COMPANY, 805 E. 140th ST., N. Y.

good-will gesture. He wanted to operate it as a service for the public. But now he is being attacked by almost every class in Cleveland. They think his protestations are hypocritical; that he took it over merely to influence the people in favor of his utilities."

After making sure that Lindsay was not too ill to see me, I drove immediately to his home and arrived there around 12:30 in the afternoon.

"Deac, I really wanted to help the people of this city," he remarked sadly. "But they don't appreciate it."

"I know something about the utility business," I said, "and have learned this very important lesson: A public utility should never make a good-will gesture where there might be a suspicion of a desire to control public opinion. The people are sure to misunderstand. They'll read a base motive into it every time."

"I think you're right," Lindsay agreed. Then, in silence, he stared at the ceiling for several minutes. Suddenly, he announced, "I'll sell you my station."

Before he could change his mind, I asked, "How much do you want for it?"

He answered, "Six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—the money we invested and our operating losses."

I jumped at it. "Sold!" I said, and we shook hands.

A few minutes later, I returned to Royal's office and told him the news.

"Well, I did my best," he said.

I studied him for a moment and then laughed. "I want you to be in New York ten days from now—as vice-president of NBC, in charge of programs."

Bargaining with Samuel Insull

The following year, NBC purchased another major outlet in an equally casual manner. We had long desired to acquire WENR, of Chicago, which was owned by the Commonwealth Edison Company, of which Samuel Insull, the utilities magnate, was president and dictator.

Knowing him for the imperious character he was, I looked forward to a difficult time as I entered his office in March, 1931. But I had one factor in my favor—a letter from Owen D. Young, an old friend of Insull's.

From the moment I faced him, I realized that one could not use a conventional approach. So mine was an unusual one. I had learned that the owner of the Stevens Hotel had installed his own electrical plant, refusing to buy his current from Insull's company. The magnate resented this openly and furiously.

I made some remark about Mr. Stevens. Insull's reply was bitter. "He's supposed to be a hotel man. What right has he in the electric business?"

"That's true," I answered. "But, sir, would you mind if I asked you a question?"

"What is it?" he grumbled.

"Why are *you* in the broadcasting business?"

His glance was cold but it finally melted. "That's a good question," he said, half to himself. After a long pause, he added, "The station's for sale, if you want it."

And then and there we closed one of the biggest deals in radio, for a consideration of a million dollars.

For an example of the sheer chance upon which many a big deal hinged, however, I can do no better than to cite the example of the late Major Edward Bowes, who mined the vast vein of amateur talent in this country and processed it into a big business.

He had originated The Amateur Hour on WHN, a local New York station. His jamboree of tyro talent won such acclaim in the metropolitan area, that in the thirties the Chase & Sanborn coffee company began to sponsor the show over NBC. The public response was so tremendous that at one time we had more than 100 telephone operators receiving calls from listeners in all sections of the country, casting votes for their favorite contestants.

The major was not only an outstanding showman and a lovable character, but also one of the shrewdest businessmen I have ever known. During the thirties, his hour became a siren song luring thousands of teen-age boys and girls to New York. Bowes decided to cash in on this national interest.

So he organized units comprised of the youthful newcomers and, fortifying them with professional actors, sent them on cross-country tours. A vast income rolled in from this source. This added to the weekly $25,000 eventually paid by the Chrysler auto people for his radio show, convinced the major that as a coiner of wealth, amateurs ran a close second to the United States Mint.

Naturally an attraction of such prestige was one to be cherished by any network. My orders to the staff were to "put out the red carpet for Bowes." However, at this period I was chairman of the board of RKO as well as president of NBC, and consequently, not always on the premises. Therefore my orders were not followed meticulously enough.

"Oh, I still think it was fate with me and Bob, too—but a temporary fate"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

AMERIC GREATE WINE VA

La BOHE
CALIFORN
WINES
La Boheme Vineyards Co., Fre

PULVEX
TWO KINDS
WITH 5% DDT
. . . for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.
OR WITH ROTENONE
. . . for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.
EITHER KIND: 25c & 50c

TEETHING P
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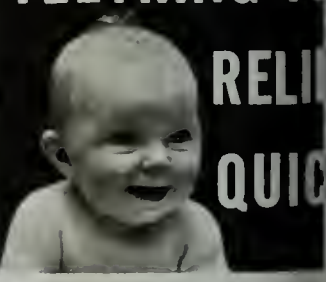


WHEN your baby suffer teething pains, just rub a fe of Dr. Hand's Teething Lo the sore, tender, little gu the pain will be relieved pr

Dr. Hand's Teething Lo the prescription of a famou specialist and has been u mothers for over fifty year bottle is usually enough f baby for the entire teething
Buy it from your druggist

DR. HAN
TEETHING LO
Just rub it on the

"Oh, I'm glad you reminded me. Yes, Mr. Feswick did call yesterday and wanted you to call him back immediately"

BARNEY TOBEY

y in 1936, we lost this valuable o our rival—CBS. And all be- what is still known at NBC as e over the tissue." It was di- ponsible for the tragedy, and I here for the first time.

ajor was on his way to attend a in our Radio City studios. In of the RCA Building, a minor unctionary halted the emperor ateurs as he was about to enter assenger elevator.

Major," he said, "but we have at all performers must use the ' elevator."

ndignity on Top of Another

a great man for the amenities, iderably miffed, but complied. nutes later, he went to his pri- room and, to his annoyance, at there was no toilet paper. ndably indignant by now, he d immediate action by the at- But the latter merely conferred her employee who, in turn, re- emergency call to still another. demand for a few sheets of tis- e entangled in the horrendous hich sometimes complicates the s of big corporations.

nany minutes of fuming, the ally beheld two gentlemen of en entering the rest room. Both esentatives of august organiza- th frosty dignity, the NBC man Bowes that because of a recent rule number such and such, it the parent company, RCA's, ovide the said paper. But, with teur, the RCA delegate insisted was still NBC's responsibility. ajor's blood pressure rose be- danger point, they argued the suave but stubborn restraint. er, Bowes did not await the de- nstead, he rushed immediately by telephone.

ns you are no longer in charge said to me in icy tones, "and nger can give me personal at- o I'm going to Columbia."

thus that CBS, our rival net- ned one of NBC's most prized

r colorful figure, one who hore than any other left his im- the early history of broadcasting, was the late Graham McNamee. He was the first of the great announcers and his work has never been equaled.

Although McNamee won fame in every realm of broadcasting, it was in sports that he made his mark. And, ironically enough, he knew practically nothing about the various games he described! But McNamee did succeed in conveying to his fans a sense of drama that no one else could give them.

It was primarily because Graham was such a spectacular showman that I scheduled him to broadcast one of the most stirring battles in heavyweight history, the Dempsey-Tunney "long count" fight in Chicago on September 22, 1927. I had sold the radio rights to Roy Howard and William Hawkins, Sr., of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, their first venture into this field. So it was up to me to make certain that nothing would mar the proceedings.

But no sooner had I arrived in Chicago than trouble with a capital T appeared on the scene. I learned that the Illinois boxing authorities had given permission to the local stations to carry the battle. One of these was WMAQ, now of NBC, but at that time with CBS. I was also informed that WMAQ intended to place its broadcast on the entire Columbia chain. So I immediately obtained an injunction against both.

This disposed of, I waited impatiently the arrival of McNamee. He had been attending an electrical show in St. Louis and reservations had been made for him on the Chicago & Alton Railroad. Had he followed instructions, he would have made it, with time to spare. But this would have been far too conventional for Graham. Instead, he chartered a plane and, with an eye to headlines, planned to land somewhere near the ringside. However, air transportation being somewhat more uncertain in those days than now, he came down in a cornfield in the middle of Illinois!

We waited until 6:30 on the evening of the fight—but no McNamee. We were frantic. There was no trace of him. A half hour later, Phillips Carlin, another of our ace announcers, now a vice-president of the Mutual Broadcasting System, called me from his hotel. "Graham should be here any time now," was his comforting message.

"Where is he?" I demanded.

THEY LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM...BROKE!
Meet the most kissable pair in history...those light-hearted, light-fingered lassies who'll steal away with your heart —and any other movable property! You're in for the laugh-of-a-lifetime with the gals who finally find its fun to be good!

Why are Allen-A's like...

a ghostly handshake?

Easy! ALLEN-A BRIEFS* *feel like nothing at all!* Phantom-light, styled for gentle, natural support. No binding. No chafing. Just grand comfort, with plenty of give where it counts. Try 'em and see!

an absent-minded professor's glasses?

Right—because *it's so easy to forget you're wearing them!* Free-fitting ALLEN-A MIDDIES give more coverage than Briefs, while the fine-knit ALLEN-A ATHLETIC SHIRT* absorbs perspiration, prevents sudden chills.

a good tap dancer?

You've got it! An ALLEN-A UNION SUIT is *light* and *mighty smooth in action.* Knit to fit snug yet easy. Summer weight, absorbs perspiration, neck to ankle. For top quality, comfort and fit in underwear, hosiery, sportswear, say "ALLEN-A!"

Allen A ®

underwear
hosiery
sportswear

**Shirts and Briefs are available in both combed yarn and Durene.*

Phil said he didn't know. Moving fast, I obtained a sports announcer from the Chicago Examiner and had him ready to take the mike. In the meantime, Howard, Hawkins and Aylesworth were having a more than mild case of jitters. First, the injunction, and now the missing McNamee.

At exactly eight o'clock, Phil called again. "Graham is here," he announced.

"Send him over immediately," I ordered.

Mac arrived, humble as usual, and apologetic. "Chief, I tried to do this right," he explained, "but I missed."

"Get in there at once—and do it!" I snapped.

And Graham did, turning in one of the most exciting jobs of his career. But the millions of his listeners did not even suspect how close their favorite announcer had come to missing the top sports assignment of his life.

When Mr. Hoover Was Cut Off

A classic episode involving "mishaps" concerned Herbert Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce, and therefore the moral as well as temporal guardian of radio. In those days, the telephone lines carrying sounds from a broadcasting station were sometimes operated in an erratic manner. So it was not surprising that Hoover was cut off several times during the delivery of a speech. Listening in at my home I, and several hundred thousand others, heard the engineers talking with him regarding the break in the wires.

Finally, one of the technicians announced, "Mr. Secretary, I think we have everything fixed now." Hoover shouted impatiently, "For God's sake, I hope so!"

Eddie Cantor, the comedian, is another of the vivid personalities I came to know at NBC. The popeyed funster is a very serious fellow when it comes to his professional activities. It is, in fact, because he is so earnest about his work that he once objected to the presence of studio audiences!

In later years, as you may know, Cantor was sometimes charged by critics with paying too much attention to his visible guests. It was said that he mugged, wore funny costumes and in other ways tried to win the guffaws of those who watched him broadcast. But one day he came to me and said, "Studio audiences spoil the performance for the listeners, because they laugh at things that the invisible audience cannot see or understand."

I told Eddie that he had something there; but that the laughter of a studio audience inspired a comedian to do a better job for the listeners. At that time studio audiences were still an innovation. We had none when NBC was situated on lower Broadway, and at 711 nue, only a few spectators we They crowded themselves i fortable chairs against the w

When we built the NBC Radio City a few years later, spectators became a major co Our biggest studio—8-H—w to accommodate 1,100 perso broadcasts such as those of canini and the NBC Sympho tra, Highways of Melody, etc., you rarely find even one Also most of the other 32 st new plant were equipped wit the visible audience.

For no comedian of the ai I have a more sincere affect Ed Wynn. He was already in the theater when he came was in this medium that he greatest height as "The Fire program sponsored by the T pany on behalf of its gasolin

Ed is one of the most se sentimental actors I have e Like all performers of any considers his professional pr important than money. So was certain when, one day, a tive of the advertising agenc of the Texas Company pr proached him. The latter re that his Crossley rating had also that the sponsor needed vertising costs. Therefore would have to be sliced.

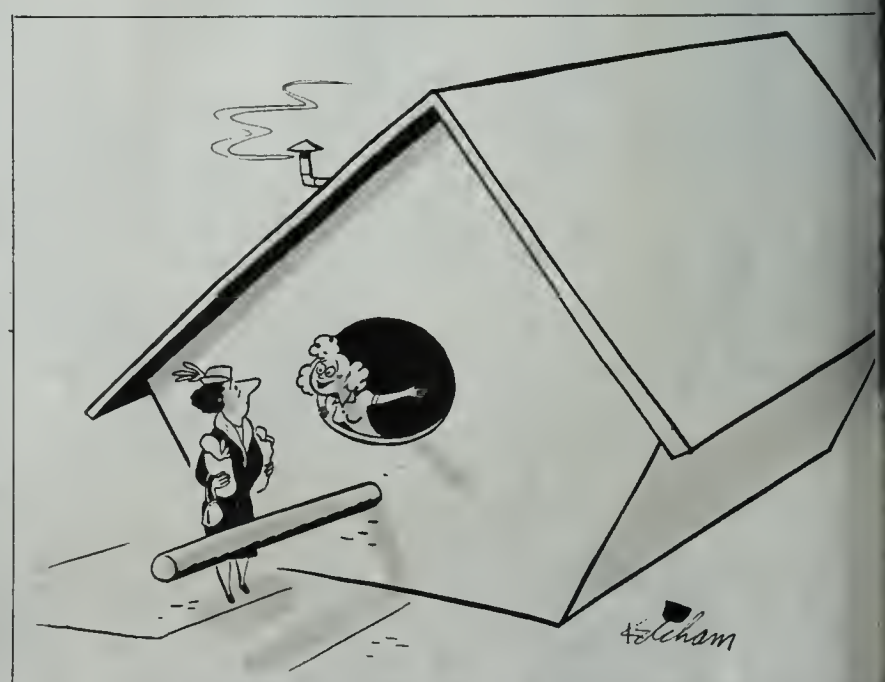
Wynn responded exactly a Andy once did under simil stances. Instead of accepting demanded that his pay be do fortunately, however, his de refused and one of the cleane liked of all comedy programs after went off the air.

Knowing Ed as I do, I'm if the agency man had told h Texas Company needed h would fail without him, and presented him with another hat and a gold medal, he w been happy to cut his price t In fact, I'm sure that becau nomic conditions he would h on it. But again a businessma a wrong approach to an artist!

I shall never forget the da to my office to tell me the new were filled with tears and for he could not speak. Then, w pathos of all the Pagliaccis in he said:

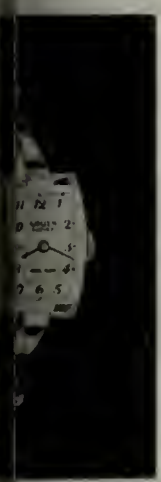
"Just think—I won't be The any longer!"

(Next week: Radio in po Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, E and F.D.R. Also a quick loo wood.)



"—and the unbelievable part is that John got the plans for only ten

COLLIER'S



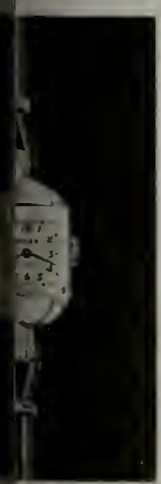
ra, $100.00

Veri-Thin Claire, $39.75

Mother's Day is May 9th

from your two men . . .

on Mother's Day



anet, $55.00

Veri-Thin Vassar, $67.50

Veri-Thin Cardiff,
14 diamonds, $250.00

"For always being there when we need you . . . for never reminding us how much you mean to us . . . for being the most important woman in our lives . . ." Whatever *your* thoughts on Mother's Day, the gift of a cherished Gruen watch will speak your gratitude and your love, more clearly than a million words. For here is a gift of enduring loveliness, a gift that will serve faithfully and be worn proudly, for years to come. Your Gruen jeweler has beautiful new styles in the famed Gruen Curvex, and the thin, thin Gruen Veri-Thin. Only Gruen makes the Precision Watch, only Gruen jewelers sell it. From $33.75, federal tax included.
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1875 **The drop of** a flag and the beat of a drum got the bangtails off at the first running of the Kentucky Derby—from a starting line scratched in the dust with a stick. The name Corby's was then 17 years old in Canada.

1897 **A radical** new, wire starting barrier was imported from Australia. Racing fans hailed this invention as the name Corby's reached its 39th year in Canada. Skittish horses which balked at the novelty were exiled to the outside of the track.

1930 **The mobile** starting gate came to Downs as the name Corby's cele 72nd year in Canada. Improved today, i stalls protect thoroughbreds from flyin Mechanical release gets them all off toge

1948 **When strains** of "My Old Kentucky Home" open the 73rd Derby at Churchill Downs on May 1, you can be sure of a fair start for a great race. And if the finish is close, cameras quicker than the keenest eye will pick and prove the winner. *Why not toast that winner with Corby's*—the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name? Popular-priced, too!

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CORBY'S

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86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois

GOVERNOR DEWEY

Continued from page 15

a lidates individually, to talk t problems that worry them th chances are they'd want to hly how to avoid war between list and collectivist nations of nd how to keep our own econ- ng full tilt without danger of depression. When I sat down rnor Dewey a few weeks ago e in the Capitol in Albany, I to ask many questions. The uickly blocked out the subject issues and tackled them ad lib. ectivist idea at the bottom of f our problems is, he said, a nt of mass production. It ly out of the belief of many they no longer have control n destinies. The fact that a y close up in Kokomo or nd throw them out of work n feel insecure and they tend ogether and demand govern- rvention to guarantee their ivelihood.

tilted comfortably back in his d the big desk, looking rested The pressure was off momen- we could take our time. After his silver cigarette holder, he cleaner exactly in the middle working it through the barrel, now and then against the light the polish.)

e great dilemmas of our time, , was how to retain the essen- m of the individual and still yearning for security of great f our people. But he believed ystem of government, intelli- inistered, was capable of solv- oblem by encouraging rather ering private enterprise. A strial mechanism in a free so- as ours is bound to have, he periods of excess and decline. telligent government, we need in experience the great eco- clysm of the last depression.

lder was now immaculate in- t. Dewey, who limits himself day, lighted a cigarette and in- obvious satisfaction, then e smoke from the exact cen- outh.)

rity Breeds Collectivism

espread feeling of insecurity, as only one of many factors ributed to the spread of col- ver large parts of the world. ctor was the terrific disruption en, too, he asked, doesn't his- that there has always been a by a new group to contest in power and compete with it ancy?

dle Ages, he said, saw the rise tilism and the guilds, which ol of government away from barons and turned over con- se who produced the goods. the living standards of the people to somewhere near the ards of royalty. It also gave oncept of individual liberties nterprise—in other words, de- nd capitalism.

entury, he said, the great effort e to drag down those who cre- h living standards to the level t productive members of soci- n't permit this to happen with- ing American democracy.

s esn't mean, said Dewey, that should not voluntarily entrust economic functions to government. out he had long favored the ce Seaway and Power project. bout the TVA and its possible to the development of other valleys, Dewey said he was all for such a development provided it was done on a local or regional basis—and was done in the slow, American way with plenty of time for discussion and compromise. In his view, it all depended on the speed with which you wanted to move and the care you took not to interfere with private enterprise.

He objected to what he called the hurry-up people who wanted to accomplish it by tomorrow at 9:30 in the morning. To do this, he said, they would transfer great powers to the national government and lose their freedom in the process.

As an example of how large regional enterprises could be accomplished slowly without outside interference, he mentioned the Ohio River Valley Compact to prevent pollution of the Ohio.

A Workable Human-Rights Law

By contrast with the people Dewey referred to as self-styled liberals who talk most and do least about human rights, he recalled his own part in backing the New York State Commission Against Discrimination in private employment. New York was the first state to pass such legislation; and the system, which has functioned smoothly and effectively since 1945, is often mentioned as a model for national legislation. One of the results which Dewey mentioned as particularly pleasing was the appearance of Jackie Robinson in big-league baseball.

Dewey's critics have often charged him with political expediency for shelving a previous state antidiscrimination bill in 1944. "This was done," writes Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, "on the same day that Lieutenant Governor Hanley was making a speech in North Carolina which led to a unanimous vote by the North Carolina State Republican Committee for a 'draft Dewey' movement."

Dewey believes that in this rejected bill, the leftists had tried to pull a fast one on him. The bill sounded, he said, as if it had been drawn on Union Square and designed not to help victims of discrimination but to punish employers. In addition to being unworkable, he said, it couldn't have got six votes in the state Senate.

In this connection, he believes the federal Fair Employment Practices proposal in its present form sounds very much like the bill he rejected. It is another example, he said, of the hurry-up attitude which attempts to force the federal solution of a problem which can ultimately be solved only by an evolutionary process in the areas directly involved.

To illustrate, Dewey pulled down a large map of the United States on the wall behind his desk and drew his hand over large areas of the South where he considered that great advances were being made against racial discrimination. For particular praise, he pointed to Kentucky where he recalled that a Negro had recently been elected to the legislature, another appointed assistant prosecuting attorney of Louisville, and to North Carolina where he mentioned an extensive program to improve Negro schools.

The British, Dewey said, are trying out the Socialist idea that you can turn over major basic industries and production to an all-wise and all-powerful government and still retain all of your essential human rights. He is completely convinced that this cannot be done. The real difference between a Socialist and a Communist, he said, is that the Socialist is an idealist who really believes it can be done while the Communist is a realist who knows it cannot be done and doesn't want it to be.

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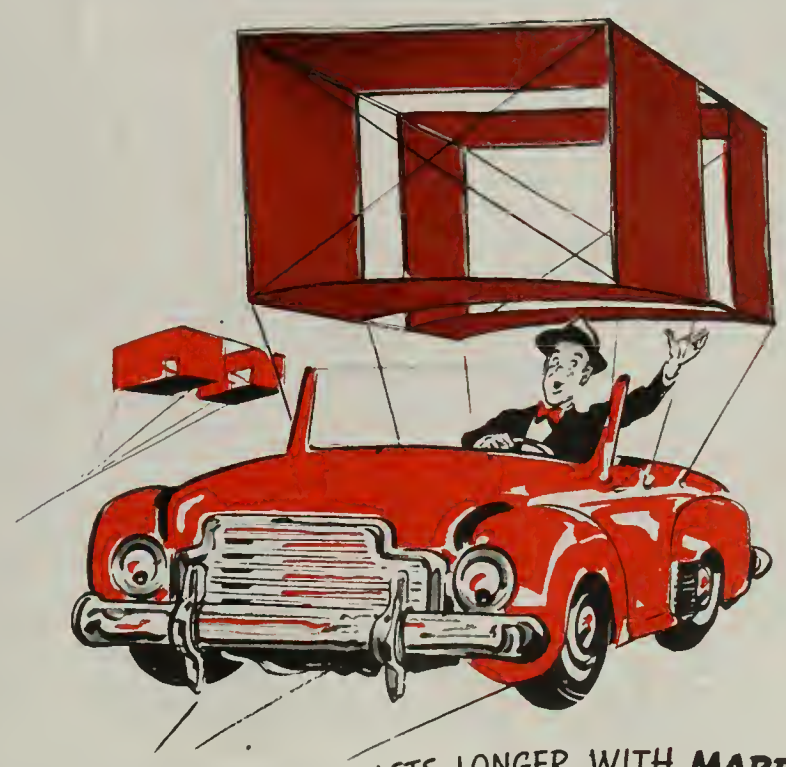

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won't find any Communism, said Dewey, is in Russia. It is state capitalism pure and simple. The Russian government is merely a more efficient form of the same tyranny imposed by the czars. The difference in income between a commissar and a common worker, he said, is fantastically greater than that between the owner or manager and the worker in this country. In the Russian army, as he recalled the figure, a lieutenant is paid 100 times more than a private. As for their tender regard for the common people, the Russian government did not bother to report war casualties below the rank of major.

Churchill's Idea Was Sound

Too late, said Dewey, we are beginning to understand why Churchill wanted us to invade Europe through the Balkans instead of across the Channel. With the Nazis diverted to the Western front, he said, the Russian army dallied along the way, picking political daisies as it went. As he sees it, the Russians gave the signal for the tragic uprising of Polish patriots under General Bor in 1944 and then refused to come to their aid in a deliberate plot to kill off the flower of Polish leadership.

As to whether or not the European Recovery Plan and the billions of dollars it would cost us can actually preserve the democracies in Western Europe, Dewey's attitude was that nobody could say for sure, but it was a chance we couldn't afford to miss. He felt very strongly, however, that in return for ERP, we should insist on a firm economic and defense agreement among the Western European states—to be followed by a degree of political unity. This, he thought, was the first step to be taken if, by a slow process of evolution, we were ever to reach the state of eventual world federation.

While aiding Europe, Dewey would not fail to give nationalist China the strongest help against the Communist armies of the north. There, he says, you have the real thing—war—going on right now. As for the Soviet intentions in the East, he was deeply impressed by a particular passage in the text of the State Department's release on "Nazi-Soviet Relations, 1939-1941." This passage quotes Stalin as remarking that it "was ridiculous that a few hundred British should dominate India."

Dewey declared that Russia is engaged in a vast conspiracy to rule the world, and he brought the subject close to home by saying that he had information that in Cuba today, the Russian Foreign Office maintains some 300 agents. In Mexico, during the war, he said, Russia kept some 200 agents, many of them of draft age.

In contrast with the Soviet Union which staffs its Foreign Office with the very cream of the country's young brains, he said that our own country had handled its foreign relations in a blithe, day-to-day, happy-go-lucky way which had already given us the short end of the diplomatic stick all over the world. Three of our last four Secretaries of State, he said, have understood very little about what went on in the world. Byrnes, he thought, knew the least; Marshall the most, though he still had much to learn.

On the question of Palestine partition, Dewey said unhesitatingly that he was afraid the use of an international police force was the only hope of saving the United Nations. Asked if he believed that American and Russian troops would have to be included in the U.N. police force, he said yes, that in this as in other measures we would be obliged at least to keep up the fiction of co-operation. Whether or not we could ever achieve an international police force powerful enough to stop the aggressor in another war, only time could tell. This, like world federation, he said, was a matter of evolution, and evolution was a slow process.

Dewey's position and responsibilities as governor gave him an important role in the war effort but did not permit him to have a direct part in the overseas operations which gave rise to most of the problems we now face in foreign relations. With the exception of a few months' jaunt through England and France with a friend back in 1925, Dewey has never been to Europe or the Orient. He has taken no occasion to inspect postwar conditions abroad, because he feels he has had too many responsibilities at home for an extended visit and that anything else would be a complete phony.

International relations, he said, is a very highly specialized field requiring a lifetime of study and experience. He emphasized that he was in constant touch with authorities on the subject and had the benefit of hearing their firsthand observations whenever they returned from their tours abroad. In addition, he is acquainted with numerous foreign statesmen who have visited this country, among them Premier de Gasperi of Italy, Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, General de Gaulle and Ambassador Henri Bonnet of France, and Winston Churchill and Lord Halifax of Great Britain.

Dewey's principal adviser on foreign affairs and his probable Secretary of State in the event of his nomination and election is, of course, John Foster Dulles, the prominent New York lawyer and churchman who was with President Wilson at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 and who has spent a great part of his lifetime in diplomacy. Dulles is also chief adviser to Senator Vandenberg. Far from being on the side lines in foreign relations, Dewey feels that in association with these two men he has shared in some events which have changed the course of history.

Dewey's friends feel, for example, that some of the credit for the eventual creation of the United Nations belongs to him. The original Declaration of United Nations was signed in 1942 in Washington by 26 nations. But in August, 1944, Dewey was said to have private information that the delegates to Dumbarton Oaks had met to form a four-power alliance to rule the world. It was his statement, insisting on international co-operation, it is asserted, which forced the Big Four to plan for the kind of world organization that resulted in the United Nations.

Dewey's record as governor will make useful campaign material. High spots include: substantial cuts in business and personal income taxes. The Ives-Quinn state law against discrimination in business and industry because of race or religion. A half-billion-dollar Postwar Reconstruction Fund accumulated from tax surpluses during the war—now allocated to new hospitals, highways, parks and maintenance. For veterans a $400,000,000 bonus, a $60,000,000 housing and education program and highly preferential treatment in state employment. For most employees, including teachers, wage boosts to private-industry levels. (Dewey left with local governments some of the responsibility for more taxes to pay other increased costs.) A forceful campaign to attract new or expanding business to the state. An expanded and improved public health and mental hygiene program. And many excellent appointments.

To the over-all problem of strikes by government employees, Dewey's reaction was to push the much disputed Condon-Waldin Bill which deprives public employees who strike, of their jobs, and provides for loss of seniority if reinstated. This not only alienated a bloc of the state's teachers and educators but failed to improve relations between himself and organized labor.

Some labor elements consider it an opening wedge for an attack on the right to strike. Dewey replies that the right to strike, like all other rights, depends upon the protection of the government.

In conversation, Dewey has an easy, friendly manner and talks in a natural, idiomatic style that is totally missing in his writing. In his speeches, he has little pride of authorship. From discussions with his friends, he gets a number of central themes, then picks the one he wants to treat and dictates anything that happens to occur to him on it. With this and background material whipped up by a research staff, the first rough draft is written by one or another of his advisers, depending on the subject. But this is only the beginning. The speech is then torn apart paragraph by paragraph in conference and may be written and rewritten half a dozen times before Dewey and all his advisers can agree on it.

Even after the speech has undergone the polishing process it may be junked and completely rewritten. This happened, for instance, to the speech on aid to China, on which Dewey and his men had worked till 3 A.M. In his office later that day, Dewey asked Charles Breitel, his young legal counsel, what he thought of it. "It's only Grade-B," said Breitel.

"Well," said Dewey, "we had fun writing it anyhow"—and started all over again. One of Dewey's advisers estimated he spends about 30 hours on every major 30-minute speech, in addition to the time spent by his staff.

Despite all this effort, perhaps because of it, Dewey's speeches have no personal style that can be easily described. The dramatic impact of Dewey's early "fighting speeches" as prosecuting attorney is missing. Facts and figures are handled very adroitly and statistical passages are often the best in the speech.

For emphasis, Dewey favors phrases like: "I can and I do say . . .", "It can and it must be done. . . ." He employs dramatic inflection and elocution gestures and reads his speeches like lines in an opera libretto. While he has a fine, rich baritone, his acting technique is closer to the silent movies than to the talkies.

"No, George, of course I haven't forgotten you!"

Thus in talking about, say, Sovi
sion or the shortcomings of the
Administration, his expression
blank, utter horror; while in sp
things of which he approves,
peace or prosperity, he beams
felicity.

One of Dewey's winning tra
frank attitude toward his own
of creating "popular appeal."
always worried a certain numb
friends and well-wishers, and
quently suggest various ways of
up the impressions the public ge
But he has refused various su
for informal photographs which
would give a "phony" impressic

Well-meaning Republicans,
to Dewey personally, also come
a constant stream of advice, a
concentrate on the mustache
started 23 years ago on his bic
of France. One prominent
banker who wanted him to grow
announced that he wouldn't lend
to anybody with that kind of m

Most people simply write, bu
the 1944 campaign the cartoo
Chicago newspaper came all th
New York to plead with one of
close personal friends to talk De
seeing a dentist. Thousands of
mostly women—had written in,
ing the slight space between
front teeth. "My paper is back
but what can I do?" asked the ca
"I draw Roosevelt with the long
chin and the uptilted cigarette h
draw Stalin with boots, musta
pipe. I have to draw Dewey with
between his teeth. And every ti
it costs him thousands of votes!"

"Some of 'em want him to be
six," sighs one of Dewey's back
more of a Roosevelt, or more of
poker-playing, whisky-drinking c
But since he's none of these thing
just have to be satisfied that he
the votes just the way he is."

Dewey is obviously in fine
condition, compact, trim and
bounce. He has the look of a su
man. He has a way of smili
pursed lips like a man tasting a
dish and finding it not bad.

Reading Habits and Prefere

Dewey has never been a grea
of literature; when he does r
pleasure, it's often a detective
Among the many economic ton
serious books he's read, Lincoln
Autobiography has always been
vorite. The point that impress
most was Steffens' observation
best people frequently do not pr
best government. Another favori
is, I, Claudius, by Robert Graves

"Society" has few attractio
Dewey. Albany's old Dutch patro
tocracy, expecting a Republican g
to improve the social tone, was
when Dewey refused to make the
tive Mansion a center for their e
functions. Though distinctions c
and attainment mean much to
reaction to social distinctions b
wealth and birth are "Fiddlestick

As for sports, Dewey learned t
his prosecuting days and used to
small day-sailer off Cape Cod.
winter he plays an occasional har
of squash. But his favorite game
Dewey is only fair at golf, but
kind of contest, he plays to win.

Once when a friend who, unk
Dewey, was a champion squash
let him win a set, Dewey told hi
better give him a handicap. The
then proceeded to trounce him.
he slices a ball, his language woul
your hair curl," says one of his go
panions. In male company, he al
to swap funny stories, many of t
man-car variety. Among his
Dewey is relaxed, companionab
they say, even gay, but little of thi

ERICA ON GUARD

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VETERANS TEAM WITH YOUTHS TO BUILD STRONG NEW NATIONAL GUARD

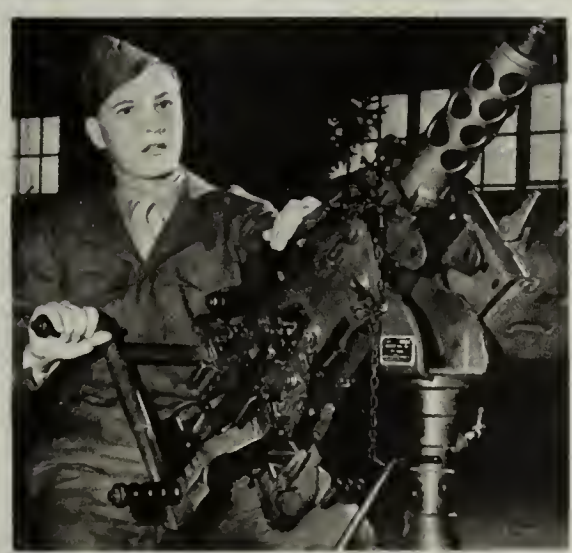
der-to-border . . . and coast-to-coast . . . veterans work hand in hand with other to mold the *new* National Guard . . . America strong.

this veteran and this 17-year-old Lansing l senior are typical members of the *new* Guard. They belong to Michigan's 119th llery . . . symbol of America's desire to and understanding . . . by being prepared.

l Guardsmen everywhere are doing *their* aping America's future . . . but there still acancies for ambitious, alert young men ears old. You help your country . . . and hen you join one of the well-equipped, iformed National Guard units which dot . . and you earn while you learn, too!

local organizations of leading business ional men, cities and towns all over Amer- eir National Guard material assistance . . . young men to join. You can help, too. ocal National Guard unit today.

IUTS GET INSTRUCTION on the operation of a 105 mm. er om their battery commander. Skilled leaders give Guardsmen te ata on the *new* National Guard's modern up-to-date equip- Training is conducted for a 2-hour period, one night a week. tion are available to qualified men. Veterans probably can obtain nk ey held upon discharge.



THIS YOUNG MAN, 18, works in a Michigan dry cleaning plant, spends his spare time preparing himself for a better job by training with the 119th Field Artillery. Spare-time training in the National Guard has helped thousands of men to success in their civilian jobs.

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of the United States

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—cool, comfortable casual footwear

Strips of supple leather, hand-woven into a pliant, air-vented upper. The inspiration for *that* came from Mexico's huaraches.

But the distinctive designs, the cushioned crepe soles, the long-wearing quality, and the modest price — those are our own ideas.

And we have a hunch they add up to your idea of shoes for summer fun and relaxation.

Slip on a pair of these popular Wove-N-Airs—and see the other handsome styles your Crosby Square dealer is showing now. *...The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

CROSBY SQUARE AUTHENTIC FASHION GRADE
AT POPULAR PRICES
PRE-FLEX AND AIRFILM SHOES, SOMEWHAT HIGHER

taneity comes through in his public appearances.

Part of Dewey's aloofness may come from his enormous respect for the dignity of his office. "Till he gets to the door, Tom may be cracking jokes and laughing like a schoolboy," says an old acquaintance who has accompanied him to many political and social functions. "But the moment he enters the room he ceases to be Tom Dewey and becomes what he thinks the governor of New York State ought to be."

Dewey's close friends have often chided him about his bluntness in asking questions or his brusqueness in expressing his views. "He never minces any words," says one. "Just slams right in with questions or advice. People don't realize he's just trying to be helpful. Sometimes it backfires."

There is still a considerable stiffness between the governor and the working press. "He makes you feel," says the representative of a newspaper friendly to Dewey, "as if trying to like you was an awful chore, but by God he's doing his level best." Formerly, most reporters felt he wasn't even trying, but relations have improved a good deal in the last few years, thanks, most newsmen say, to his director of press relations, Jim Hagerty, who has never lost the reporter's point of view and has more charm than he knows what to do with.

The governor has only tripped him up once, says Hagerty, and that was when he spilled some first-rate news about the State Bonus Plan in an impromptu speech before the American Legion. Luckily, Hagerty was able to get the story to the morning papers before deadline, but the capital reporters felt they had been let down. The press had been invited to the Executive Mansion the next day for a press conference, and the next day the governor was late. He announced himself by sailing his hat into the room from the hall, and asking repentantly, "May I come in, boys?"

How Party Harmony Is Achieved

Today, Dewey governs New York State by the same method he employed to gain control over the Republican legislative majority after losing to Lehman in 1938. He considers it his greatest contribution to the science of government. It will tell you a good deal about Dewey the administrator and how he might operate in the White House.

It started 10 years ago, he said with a grin, when he took seriously his role as the state party's "titular leader" and invited party leaders of the Senate and Assembly to meet with him periodically to plan party strategy. In deciding on any given measure all of the members had an equal voice and an equal vote, and all had to agree on it before it was adopted. If unanimous agreement was not reached in the first meeting, the debate was carried over to the next. But once the whole council agreed on it, there was no more question about it. Every member knew exactly how he was to back it up and help carry it through.

Before Dewey was elected governor in 1942, the meetings were held once or twice a month at Dewey's home in New York City. Now they take place weekly among the 12 to 15 regulars, about half of them Dewey's chief advisers and commissioners, the others party leaders of Senate and Assembly.

Every Monday night they are the governor's guests for cocktails and dinner at the Executive Mansion. After dinner they withdraw to a comfortable sitting room where they get down to business in earnest. Each man carries his own agenda—notes jotted down during the week—and the problems are brought up for discussion and decision by the whole group. The meetings generally break up shortly after midnight, but sometimes last till 3 or 4 in the morning.

"We have the doggonedest dogfights," says one of the members. "Everybody sits firmly on his own bottom," is the way the governor put it, and there is no coercion to bring a man into line. Sometimes, possibly to keep everybody on his toes, the governor has a way of springing a decoy proposal just to see how the various members will react.

"Again," says one, "he may come up in earnest with a suggestion that indicates ignorance about a subject. It's hard to tell when he means it and when he doesn't. But in either case, we give it to him straight. That's the way he learns." Another member told me, "Dewey won't take 'yes' for an answer. One of the greatest mistakes you can make is to agree with him too readily. He always wants to know why." In making up his own mind, say his advisers, the governor always asks two questions: "Is it right?" and "Will it work?"

Criticism of Inner Council

"Dewey's a steam roller," some Republican assemblymen call it, and resent what they consider undue pressure from the executive branch. Decisions by the inner council make little allowance for differences of individual opinion that may arise among the bulk of Republican legislators. But they go along. So far, the governor and his inner council have never lost a measure.

In Washington, Dewey believes, the Republican majority in House and Senate could be made enormously more effective if its forces were integrated and directed by much the same inner-council strategy he uses in Albany. As things are now, he said, there is no central council where Republican leaders can resolve their differences and put their strength 100 per cent behind any given issue.

Basically, the inner council is only a variation of the way Dewey has always operated. From his earliest days as prosecuting attorney, he has used the services of a staff of trained researchers to dig up, organize and report exhaustively on any problem that turned up. He has also made most of his decisions in consultation with a small group of advisers. But no one has ever doubted who was running the show.

"Dewey states the problem," recounts an adviser who has been with him since the racket-busting days, "and tells us, 'I have my own opinion. But first I want to hear what you've got to say.' After it goes around the table he'll say, 'Here's what I think,' and give you back a decision that's skimmed the cream from everything we've said. We can all recognize our contribution. Make no mistake about it, though—it's his decision."

Dewey's method for arriving at decisions through conference and research reveals a man who seldom if ever acts impulsively. An extremely intelligent man, Dewey is no intellectual.

"Primarily he's a man of action, a master of planning, timing and sizing up the calculated risk," says one of his inner council. "He would have made a great military commander—particularly in the attack." Dewey's public utterances as Presidential candidate seem more concerned with apprehending and interpreting prevailing opinion than in guiding or changing it.

A great believer in research, Dewey has been charged with availing himself of advance knowledge of opinion polls in framing a statement and, on occasions, using the poll method to check probable reaction to his statements before releasing them. This, of course, is merely a streamlined version of methods political candidates have always used on the sound conviction that the first duty of a public servant is to get elected by "playing it safe." To this, one of his closest associates replies, "It's his deep and abiding faith in the will of the people."

THE END

CAPTURE
FLAVO
THE DIFFERE
YOU CAN
One of the 12
from our fam
TAYL
NEW YOR
Cham
THE TAYLO
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nue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE DAY'S WORK

Continued from page 17

feel the peanuts," Mitch said. all the way from Chicago," said. "Do you want me to n my knees, right here in the

uth glared at him. "Will you e?"

ers shook his head. "You'd how, one thing at a time. We about lunch. At lunch we er going to supper with me, taking one thing at a time—" d her finger and swore again. George! Get me out of this

oment we've settled about

you," Cousin Ruth said. "If a hundred, I'll hate you. Be- have thirty minutes for lunch f gone already."

then."

right!" Cousin Ruth said. e out of this trap! And stay the window this afternoon." ain," said Mr. Beyers. "Got a

mple," he said. "Drop in a p! Out comes your hand, full "

nuts," Mitch said.

RUTH found a penny in her nd put it in the machine, but did not come out; neither did ts. Mr. Beyers and Mitch appointed. Mr. Beyers said d got another penny from her at, and shook the machine and t last pulled at Cousin Ruth's yelled and two men stopped. t one asked, "What's wrong, s guy getting gay? You want b him one?"

Ruth explained about her fin- e machine. The man said st like Mr. Beyers, and he hit ne and shook it, too, but she e loose. The other man took t and tried it, and a lot more pped, and then the cop from came and wanted to know oing on here.

tried to get Cousin Ruth loose, ldn't, either.

there was a big crowd of peo- one another and trying to see, er cop came. He tried to pull th out of the peanut machine reamed. The big man who had stopped first told the cop he better watch the rough stuff, the babe was a princess, because he had heard Mr. Beyers say so.

Two more cops came through the crowd, pushing people, and a man called them lousy Cossacks and a lady called the man a dirty Communist and bit him. The two cops wanted to know if this was the accident that had been reported, and then the ambulance came with the siren going.

Some men came to take pictures and ask Cousin Ruth what country she was princess of. She was mad, and yelled at them and at Mr. Beyers, and they took a picture of that and asked Mr. Beyers who he was, and he told them his name and that he was an architect who loved the princess, and Cousin Ruth yelled at him some more. "You clown! You planned this whole thing to ruin my career!"

Every now and then somebody put a penny in the machine or banged it, but Cousin Ruth did not come out. And no peanuts. The man from the ambulance said her finger must be swollen, and got some ice water and tried to pour it in the machine, but most of it got on Cousin Ruth and made her wet and madder. Mr. Beyers tried to explain that it was not his fault, but she would not listen.

The cops kept shoving people and telling them to move on, but nobody did, and at last a man came with some tools to take the machine apart. Cousin Ruth told him she was going to sue him, but he said to take it easy, he would give her the penny back. So she kicked him, pretty hard.

The man backed away from her, rubbing himself, and said, "Lady, don't do that again, if you want me to get you out of there."

Cousin Ruth glared at him. Then all of a sudden she stopped being mad and began to cry. Mr. Beyers put his arms around her and said to the people, "Please go away and leave us alone." Nobody did, and the men took pictures of Mr. Beyers holding Cousin Ruth.

The man finished taking the machine apart, and Cousin Ruth got her finger back. The ambulance man and the cops wanted her to go to the hospital, but she wouldn't. I guess she had forgotten about me and Mitch, because she pushed through the crowd without looking at us. Mr. Beyers followed, but she wouldn't look at him, either, or answer him.

Then the people went, too, and the cops and ambulance men and everybody,

"All right, Clancy! I'm on to your tricks down there!" LEW FOLLETTE

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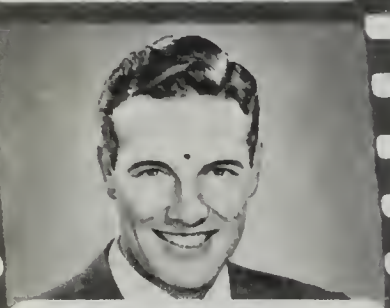
NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD... for FALSE TEETH WEARERS!

8 OUT OF 10 SCREEN PLAYERS WHO TESTED NEW COLEO PREFER IT!



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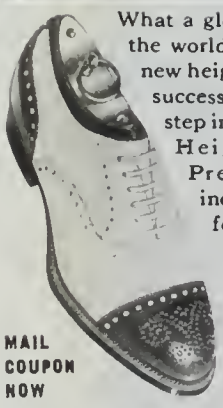

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but Mitch and I stayed to watch the man put up a new machine.

Mitch told the man, "That was our penny the peanuts belonged to. She was trying to get them because she's our cousin. I don't think she likes peanuts."

"Okay, okay," the man said. "Here's your penny."

He gave me one, too, and before I could remember whether I deserved it or not, he picked up his tools and went away. So I thought it would be better to use the penny for peanuts, than lose it or something.

WE STAYED there at the machine a long time before Cousin Ruth came back. Mr. Beyers was still following her. Cousin Ruth grabbed my ear again and said, "Didn't I tell you to go home? I'll fix you two for this!"

Mr. Beyers said, "Listen, I heard you tell that man you couldn't possibly work this afternoon, and he said it was all right."

"It won't be all right when they see the newspapers," Cousin Ruth said. "They'll probably fire me. That's what you wanted, isn't it? Why don't you go away?"

"I can't," said Mr. Beyers. "If you're not working, you can lunch with me. I can explain everything. Besides, you promised that if I got you loose . . ."

"You! Go away before I do something violent," Cousin Ruth cried. "And I'm going to take you two demons home."

I said, "We wanted some more peanuts. I got mine, but Mitch had two less than I did."

"Please listen," Mr. Beyers said. "I followed you from Chicago. I even tried to get that prince's job. I told them I'd work for nothing, and I pointed out that if I kissed you under those ideal conditions, possibly everything would *really* come to life, and—"

Cousin Ruth cried, "Mitch! Do you hear me? Are you coming, or must I drag you?"

"I got cheated out of two peanuts," Mitch said. "I guess this machine is busted, too."

I told Cousin Ruth, "Mitch can't go, and I don't want to go without him."

"Oh, can't he?" Cousin Ruth grabbed Mitch's ear and jerked him back from the machine and then she said, "Oh, no! Oh, ye gods, I couldn't stand it!"

"I can feel the peanuts," Mitch said. He was stubborn. "If you pull my ear again, I'll howl."

Cousin Ruth pulled at his finger, and Mitch howled like Rex.

A fat lady stopped and said, "Shame! Picking on the little one! Don't you know nothing about child psychology?"

Cousin Ruth put her hand over Mitch's mouth and he tried to bite her, so she stopped pulling and the fat lady went away. Cousin Ruth asked Mr. Beyers, "George, what shall I do? I can't go off and leave him, and I won't go through *that* again."

"You see?" said Mr. Beyers. "See how naturally you turn to me?"

"Oh, stop it!" Cousin Ruth said. "Can't you think of something?"

"Well," Mr. Beyers said. "We can stand side by side in front of him, so nobody can see what's wrong. If we can't think of anything better, we can keep it quiet until the stores close and it's dark and the streets empty. Then maybe I can pull the machine off the wall."

"I don't want it on my finger always," Mitch said. "Get that man to take the machine apart and give me my peanuts."

Cousin Ruth said, "I don't know what else *to* do. At least it will give us a chance to think."

"I don't want to think," Mitch said. "I want to get out. I'm going to howl."

Mr. Beyers gave him fifty cents to stop, so he did. Mr. Beyers and Cousin Ruth stood close together in front of Mitch, so that nobody could see he was stuck in the machine. For a long time Cousin Ruth would not look at Mr. Beyers, or answer him when he talked, but at last she said:

"I can't last all afternoon. I'm groggy already."

"Lean against me," Mr. Beyers said. "It's what I was made for."

He put his arm around her and held her up and said he could stand like that forever, and it seemed like a thousand years since he had had his arms around her, and in the meantime he hadn't been able to eat or sleep or work. Cousin Ruth told him it hadn't been easy for her, either, but there were certain things a man should never take for granted, or joke about, and Mr. Beyers said she was right, but there were certain things a man couldn't help, because in certain ways he was an idiot. So Cousin Ruth said no, he wasn't, and she had never intended to keep on with her career forever, but she just wanted to show him, even though it hurt her, too. Mr. Beyers said that in certain ways he was a fool, and she said oh, no, he wasn't, and he said oh, yes, he was, and she could have any man in the world, even a real prince if she wanted one, and he couldn't blame her for wanting someone better than he was, because he was a fool, and Cousin Ruth said he mustn't talk that way, and Mr. Beyers said why not, it was true, and she said oh, no, it's not true at all, and he said oh, yes, it is, and she said oh, no, it's not, and Mitch fell asleep.

I didn't know it until he bumped against me. He kind of blinked and said, "Hey, look! I came out, but the peanuts didn't."

I pulled at Mr. Beyers' coat, but at first he was too busy telling Cousin Ruth he was a fool to look around. When he did, he was frowning, but when he saw Mitch had come out of the machine he looked surprised.

"They're in there, all right," M said. "See if you can reach them."

Mr. Beyers put his finger to his for us to hush, and Cousin Ruth sa a sleepy voice, "No, George darling not true, and if you knew how mise I've been, you'd know it wasn't true then I'm stubborn, and I just want show you. Even when I saw you ou the window and knew you'd followe here, and knew I was going to give couldn't do it right away, because I what's the matter? Do your feet h

"Nothing's the matter," Mr. B said. He was trying to get into his r hand pocket with his left hand, bec he wouldn't let go of Cousin Ruth. took out another fifty cents and ga to me, and waved with his hand f to go away. "Nothing matters except we're together again. And believe darling, I'd have cut out my tong I'd dreamed my joking little remark

MITCH and I went away, and M said, "We can tell Father we ea the money, like he wanted us to."

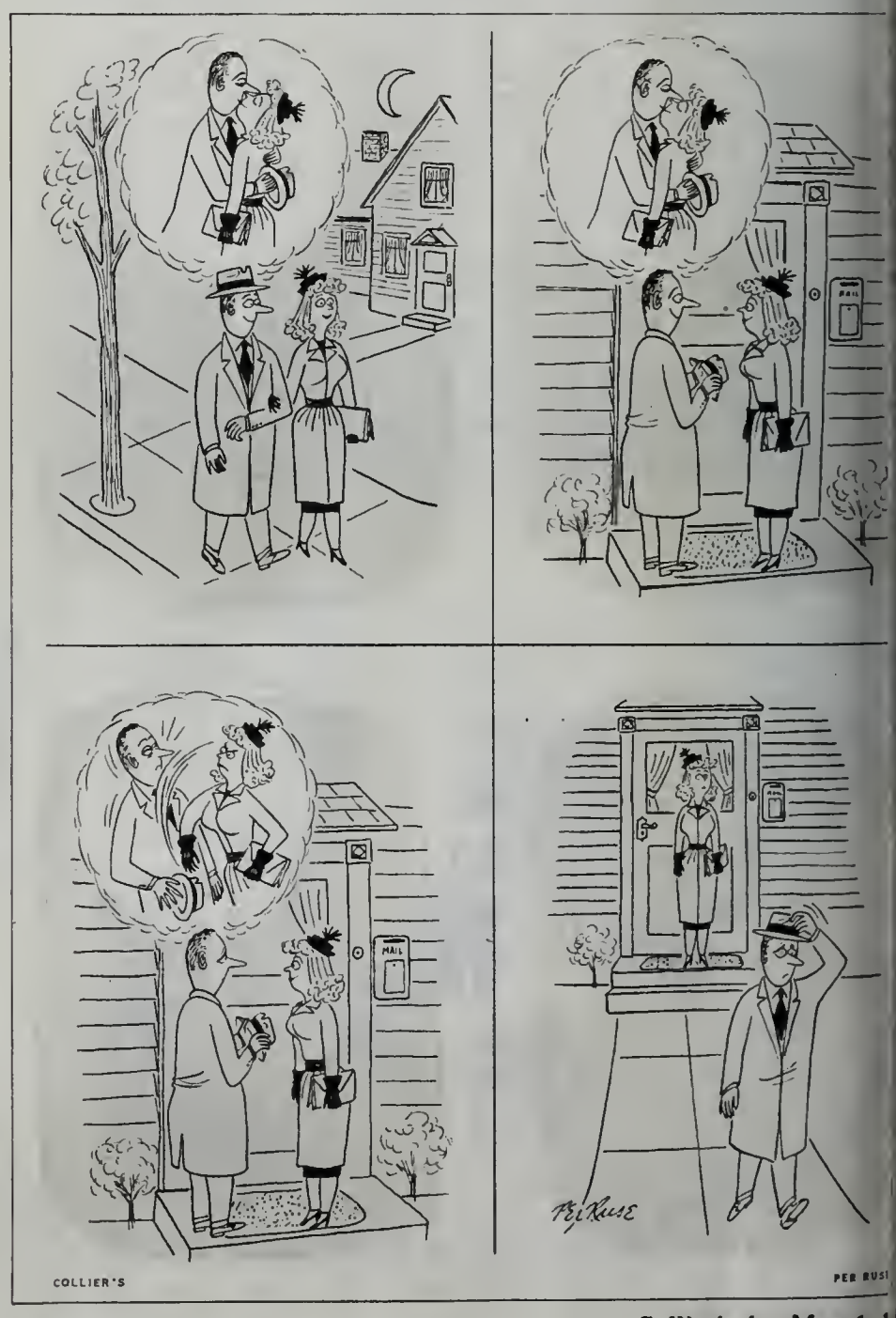
"He'll ask us what kind of a jo said.

"We could say we worked in a pe machine," Mitch said.

But we both knew Father would what kind of job that was, and w want to know all about it. We wa along thinking as hard as we could, at last I said, "It wouldn't be a fib said we worked at Knapp's store, ing Cousin Ruth. Not a real fib."

So we did, but we forgot about the pers. When Father read them he mad, but mostly at Cousin Ruth fo ing on his side and not staying in cago. Mother said he had only hin to blame, and next time maybe he'd us money for the show.

THE END



WASHINGTON
★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

H his name rarely appears s polls and dope articles, o more steam behind the can- eaker Joe Martin than ap- e surface. Privately, inner s now rate him the Number se.

ttle Bay Stater is conducting ampaign. Outwardly, he's of the hubbub, avoiding s and tending to his Con- itting. But, quietly, he's saw- ere it counts most. Example: 's potent boss Joe Pew re- a powwow of Republican e is for Martin.

hances, of course, depend pens to the spotlight runners lelphia convention. If they is possible, watch Martin.

ERS will do all right for is year, notwithstanding the odity prices. For one thing, e levels don't affect them vers sell a great deal more han in May. It's fall prices unt. Further, the crop out- s there will be a lot more to year than last, with domes- gn demand just as strong. here is every prospect that ltural income will equal 00,000,000.

Y, the White House is not about either candidate for mocratic gubernatorial nom- ther Frank Lausche, former or Ray T. Miller, former nayor, is deemed weighty in in November. The Presi- nal choice was Cleveland's r Mayor Tom Burke. He erful Republican opponent y a record majority. But r too smart or too content, a secret Truman nudge and own knitting.

is the deadline that C.I.O. il Murray has privately fixed ng the purge of all Wallace- C.I.O. officials. Murray is ing the drive on a definite e and under a definite for- and local units that don't themselves by a certain time ng to be taken over by an r installed personally by is has a double advantage. e rank and file within the o keeps its treasury from be- by the leftists, as they would o if the unit were dissolved. plans include administra- .O. Industrial Union Coun- York, Newark, Cleveland, ttle, San Francisco and Los

of the hot party row over Senator Arthur Capper's in- running for another term, O.P. leaders have quietly an arrangement under which and other top state party fig- delegates to the Philadelphia without a fight. . . . Repre- arl E. Mundt has the inside e Republican nomination to ring Senator Harlan Bush- th Dakota. . . . Thomas P. hief investigator for the Sen- ee that exposed the Garsson unitions scandal, is running s as a Democrat in Mary- ajor General Ralph Immell, former La Follette Progressive who narrowly missed winning the Wisconsin G.O.P. gubernatorial nomination in 1946, will try again this year.

THE top military-State Department Intelligence body—known as Central Intelligence Agency—is due for a drastic shake-up. It's much needed and long overdue. Brass-ridden from the start, CIA has been under fire for a year for inefficiency, stodginess and unimaginative and mediocre work. Complaints finally became so numerous, that President Truman directed Defense Secretary Forrestal to clean up the mess.

If the military had heeded Congress last year, the sour situation within CIA could have been avoided. The House wrote a provision into the unification act putting the agency under civilian control. But the high brass got the Senate to eliminate the reform provision. As a result, CIA continued under the musty and tradition-bound military rule. Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, present CIA head, is a former battleship commander who knows more about seamanship than about running a "super-spy" outfit.

CONGRESS will renew the reciprocal trade agreements that expire June 12th. There will be a lot of noisy warring over the issue, particularly from high-tariff zealots. But in the end the agreements will be continued in some form. However, it will not be an Administration victory. The credit will belong to two potent Republicans—Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Michigan, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Senator Eugene D. Millikin, Colorado, chairman of the Finance Committee. They've promised the State Department to back the agreements.

THE May 11th primary in West Virginia will bring an old, battle-scarred campaigner back to the political wars. He is tall, natty, seventy-year-old Matthew Neely, who has been governor, congressman and senator at various times in his stormy career. Neely is aiming for the Senate again, and will win the Democratic nomination hands down. But unseating Republican Senator Chapman Revercomb in the November election will be another story. Currently, Revercomb has the edge.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is under strong pressure to drop Federal Power Commissioner Harrington Wimberly. The Oklahoman's term expires shortly. Liberal Democrats are opposing Wimberly's reappointment on the ground he's utility-minded. As an illustration they cite his support of amendments to the Rizley-Moore bill that would boost natural gas rates an estimated $75,000,000 a year. A newspaper and radio station owner, Wimberly was put on the Power Commission through the influence of his good friend, oilman Robert Kerr. Wimberly was Democratic state chairman when Kerr was governor of Oklahoma.

ALTHOUGH author of a bill to limit senatorial tenure to a single six-year term, Senator Pappy O'Daniel is running furiously for re-election. A reporter asked him to explain the contradiction between his words and his action. "It's very simple," said O'Daniel. "I'm the only man in the Senate who's in favor of my bill. If I'm not re-elected there'll be no one here to push it."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

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a Warner Bros. Production
with Penny Edwards
and Dick Walsh

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Jack and Dick "fence in" Penny—who, like Dick, sports a new Marlboro with convertible collar. Jack's shirt is the famed "Range Rider."

Marlboro
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Marlboro Shirt Company, Inc., Baltimore 1, Md.

Collier's believes...

...THAT IGLEHEART SAID A MOUTHFUL

PRESIDENT of General Foods Corporation Austin S. Igleheart, speaking recently at the annual dinner of the Traffic Club of New York, said a mouthful, in our estimation, though it had nothing to do with either food or traffic. Mr. Igleheart was talking about management getting along with employees in these educated and restless times, and about how effectively or otherwise management performs that job.

The speaker's opinion was that results up to now have not been too good. He estimated that 35,000,000 people in the United States are still unconvinced of the merit of our profit-and-loss, free-enterprise system; also that only one worker in five gets any information at all about profits, wages and his employer's financial condition.

When management does make an effort to talk things over frankly and regularly with its employees, there is too often a tendency to use technical business, financial and economic language which is bound to be over many employees' heads. Said Igleheart:

> We are neither noblemen nor frock-coated fat cats. We are just human beings, with worries and problems like other human beings. We make mistakes, but our intentions toward other people are generally good.
>
> *Management has left open a wide hole through which its adversaries are driving half truths and falsehoods.* (Italics ours.)

It seems to us that this job of explaining itself to its workers and to the general public is about as important a job as management faces nowadays. If workers don't understand the system which produces their pay envelopes, and why it is the most fruitful economic system yet devised in the world, can anybody justly blame some of them if they fall for the hogwash of demagogues and doctrinaires? We can't; and we think that a good portion of the blame can be charged to managements which don't do an effective and persistent job of explaining what makes the economic and industrial wheels turn.

. . . PRESS PIPE LINES SHOULD BE PROTECTED: In Newburgh, New York, recently, a newspaper printed some pictures of some numbers-lottery tickets. Then the paper's news editor and the reporter who had covered the story refused to tell a grand jury where the tickets had been obtained. The two men were fined $100 apiece and sentenced to 10 days in jail for contempt of court. That is the way the law goes in New York State, and in 36 other states.

The case brought up an old question again: Should publications be immune from compulsion to disclose sources of confidential information—expose their pipe lines, as the reporters' phrase goes—just as doctors, clergymen and lawyers are free from compulsion to tell secrets imparted to them in line of duty?

We think the answer clearly is yes; the press should be protected in this manner. The press is the premier watchdog of American liberties. How important that role is, is demonstrated anew every time European Communists take over another country and instantly muzzle press and radio.

In 11 states, the press has such protection by law. These states are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Montana, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Such legislation is wise, necessary and forward-looking, we believe; and we'd like to see it adopted in all the other states as fast as may be. Publications which do not enjoy the protection of these "confidence laws," as they are called, are in considerable measure handicapped when it comes to discharging their duty to the people.

. . . WE'D BETTER DROP "UNCLE JOE": Ever since the middle of the World War II or thereabouts, a lot of Americans have had a feeling that Joseph Stalin, dictator of Communist Russia, is actually a nice old guy who rather likes us and wants to get along with us, no matter what the hard-boiled clique of Reds around him says or does. A lot of us have been affectionately or amusedly calling Stalin "Uncle Joe."

The nickname and the Stalin-benevolence legend had both better be heaved over the side now, we think, in the interest of clear thinking.

If any proof were needed that Stalin is just like his Kremlin pals as regards expansionism and power politics, that proof was forthcoming when Stalin wrote with his own fair hand the historic letter summoning little Finland to move in behind Curtain and be darn quick about it.

Stalin, of course, has been directing Russian moves right along. As long as he health he's the boss in Soviet Russia, an his government does or his emissaries sa or said without his approval. He is sma to try to lull the Western nations with a words now and then; but those words dor thing, as all of us should have realized lor

If we'll just quit calling this Red grab-ar Joe and take to seeing him for what he is ourselves a large favor in the matter of our thinking about Soviet Russia and l clarified.

. . . THAT HEART FEAR IS FOOLISH: Mayc O'Dwyer, of New York City, recentl; doubtless by no wish of his own, acted ou on the subject of heart trouble which people would do well to ponder.

Not feeling too chipper after more than of grueling work, Mr. O'Dwyer consul doctors. They found his heart to be not i of shape, and prescribed a long vacation. assured that if he would follow this a organ would return to normal—that the permanent impairment.

Well, suppose the New York mayor what too many people do when they su have heart trouble—worried about it secr nified the matter in his mind, steered clear for fear of what they might discover chest. The chances are that a valuat servant would have worked up a serious l dition, or a serious something else, whi have cut him down too soon.

It's plain foolish not to consult a doctor don't feel up to par, because you're afr diagnosis. It's especially foolish wh worried about your heart, because there ar symptoms which many laymen think indi trouble but actually don't. A chest pain the heart, for example, is generally no sig disease.

How've you been feeling recently . . dodging the doctor and thereby being a d

Collier's

MAY 8, 1948 TEN CENTS

Beginning

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

By SAX ROHMER

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Hate—With Russian Dressing

PAGE 20

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Wanda Hendrix's smile wins role in Paramount's "My Own True Love"—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Wanda Hendrix, Paramount Starlet, plays a leading role in Paramount's new picture, "My Own True Love." Wanda has smiled her way through only four pictures, but she's hailed by movie critics and fans alike as one of the year's best bets for stardom. She was a junior high school student in Jacksonville, Florida, when a talent scout discovered her in a local "little theater" play. He sent her to Hollywood for a screen test and she stayed . . . with a contract! Wanda's smile is as bright as her future—with Pepsodent Smile! "I've used Pepsodent Tooth Paste since my 'little theater' days," Wanda says, "and I won't change *now!*"

Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent Tooth Paste has helped your smile and career—send picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson, Chicago 4, Ill. If used in our advertising you receive professional model fees.

Wins 3 to 1

over any other tooth paste!

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

You'll find people all over America agree with Wanda Hendrix. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Liberty Films present

SPENCER TRACY
KATHARINE HEPBURN
VAN JOHNSON

ANGELA LANSBURY · ADOLPHE MENJOU · LEWIS STONE

in FRANK CAPRA'S

STATE OF THE UNION

Based on the Play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
Associate Producer Anthony Veiller
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

With anticipation whetted by advance reports, we sat in the projection room and had served up to us a perfect screen dish. The recipe: Take big stage hit by big authors, season with big stars, trust cooking to eminent chef Frank Capra, serve in M-G-M manner. The result: "State Of The Union" —piping hot!

Liberty Films produced this picture on the M-G-M lot for M-G-M distribution and it emerges as about the most exciting movie ever made, as topical as today's newspaper, as comical as a circus with a plot, as intensely romantic as the elopement of a beautiful couple. In response to queries "How is the State Of The Union?", the answer is "It's Great."

Spencer Tracy plays the famous part, which has been toured in the flesh from coast to coast. And he plays it, as they say, to the hilt. Is there a greater actor today than Mr. Tracy? We doubt if there is. Katharine Hepburn plays the woman who fights for love and family. Never has anyone seen this actress show more evidence of a unique talent than in this performance. It is a flower-sending job.

Van Johnson as the press agent is so good that we suggest M-G-M hire him to advertise the "State Of The Union." Angela Lansbury as the famous publisher—important. Adolphe Menjou as the campaign manager—dynamic. Lewis Stone as the great Thorndyke—stirring. Very astute examples of casting.

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, should be more than pleased with the wonderful adaptation which Producer and Director Capra has made of their play. They will be equally pleased with the sparkling screen version written by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly.

Let us state it very briefly—"State Of The Union" is the "must" picture of 1948.

COLLIER'S

May 8, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAI

MISLED

DEAR EDITOR: Who is the dolt who ferred, in your issue of April 24th, to " late Dr. Walter Damrosch"? Dr. Da rosch is still very much alive.

F. O. S., New York C

Dr. Damrosch is, at 86, a good deal m alive than the upstart who captioned photograph. Collier's extends its ape gies to Dr. Damrosch and a sharp rap the baton to its erring editor.

HORROR IN THE NURSERY

DEAR SIR: Of all the unadulterated bun ever read, Horror in the Nursery by Juc Crist was the limit (Mar. 27th). I, my t brothers and most of the people I kn have practically grown up on comic bo and, as far as I know, none of us have e killed anyone, stolen anything or gi hypodermics with fountain pens.

HARRY J. SCHWALB, Miami, F

. . . Why don't parents wake up?

GENE THOMAS, Dallas, Te

. . . Unthinking parents may read the ticle and launch an attack on the com I suggest that *first* they put their o homes in order, being sure that love, derstanding and security are there.

Since the story of Jack the Giant Ki appeared, action, excitement and a ta for blood have been enjoyed by child *and adults.* Some papas read murder m teries, I am told. Parents, teachers librarians must meet that need for an terest in so-called *good* thrillers before t ing away the *bad* upon which children now feeding.

MRS. DALE MORRIS San Antonio, Te

. . . The great majority of comic book viciously undermining every moral conc of our society in the most effective loathsome way possible—by infecting corrupting our children's minds.

If the parents can't prevent this n seous flood from entering their homes, l enforcement agencies must.

RICHARD L. VAN ZELE, Iowa City, Ic

. . . As an editor, I am inherently oppo to any legislative control of the pres even a bad press. Self-policing of comic-book field is good, but vague. F of all is intelligent parental guida toward sound reading habits.

C. G. HICKS, New York, N.

(Continued on page 78)

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40 Years Growth in 2 Years

The telephone was forty years old before there were six million Bell telephones in this country. Now there are twenty-nine million. The last six million have been added since these little tots were born — in about two years instead of forty.

Growth is not the only measure of the increased value of your telephone service. Many new developments, worked out in Bell Telephone Laboratories and now being put into service by your telephone company, are extending its scope and usefulness.

There is the extension of telephone service to automobiles, trucks, busses, boats, trains and airplanes.

There is the $200,000,000 program to extend and improve service in rural areas. Today there are 50% more rural telephones than when the war ended.

Then there is coaxial cable, no thicker than your wrist, which can carry 1800 Long Distance calls at one time. And along with it is a new system for transmitting telephone conversations by super-high-frequency radio waves. Both are designed so they can be used for Television as well as Long Distance calls.

And research on new electronic devices, now under way in Bell Telephone Laboratories, brings still wider horizons of electrical communication within view.

It's all a part of progress and our constant effort to make telephone service better and more useful for every telephone user.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

OLD ARM AND A HALF

BY BILL FAY

NOBODY begrudged Ed Furgol his 6 and 4 triumph in the final round of the 1945 North and South amateur golf tournament. It was one of those warm, human-interest stories.

When Furgol announced that he was turning professional to challenge the Hogans, the Nelsons and the Sneads—well, even Ed's best friends told him it was a crazy idea. After all, Ed's left arm was 10 inches shorter than his right. He couldn't bend his left elbow—smashed 15 years before in a childhood accident (Ed fell off a playground swing two weeks after his tenth birthday). Worse, you could encircle his upper arm—between smashed elbow and shoulder—with your thumb and forefinger. The muscle had wasted away.

Only Ed's pert, brown-haired bride approved. "We'll go to a few tournaments," Helen decided. "If we win some money—fine. If we don't, we can always call it a honeymoon."

It's been quite a honeymoon. Ed and Helen have driven 175,000 miles on the pro golf circuit the last three years. They've never stayed anywhere longer than two weeks and Ed has done remarkably well against the Hogans and the Demarets. Old Arm and a Half (as the pros call him) earned $14,167 last year by averaging 70.67 strokes for 104 tournament rounds. Only five pros—Locke, Demaret, Hogan, Oliver, Palmer—did better.

Ed's powerful right arm compensates for his withered left. He swings the heaviest driver in big-league golf —15¾ ounces. "That's about two ounces heavier than average," Ed explained at the recent Masters' tournament, "because I build up my club handles with gauze and tape to make a thicker grip for my overlapping right hand. The grip of my driver is thicker than a baseball bat handle.

"I need that thickness, because I don't have much 'feel' in my left hand and have to grab the club extra hard with my right—look here!" He held up his hands, thumbs together. The left thumb—squeezed thin by years of practice—was half an inch longer than the right.

It costs a lot of money to play tournament golf. Expenses average $250 a week. Ben Hogan spent $15,000 to win $20,000 last year. The Furgols netted less than $1,000 of Ed's $14,000 prize money. "We aren't extravagant," Helen said, "but still the money goes out in a hundred ways. For instance, caddy fees run from $30 to $50 a week, and we wear out a new car every year."

The pros figure that Ed is overdue to win a big tournament—perhaps the National Open. That would be something new—a national champion whose left hand never knows what his right hand is doing.

• Dizzy Dean's description of Johnny Mize, the New York Giant's home-run slugger: "When he hits that ball, sawdust comes outta the bat."

• The best day's work turned in by a track athlete? You'll have to rummage through the record books for a long time to find one that compares with Jesse Owens' performance at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the afternoon of May 25, 1935, when Jesse broke three world records. He broad-jumped 26 feet, 8¼ inches; sprinted 220 yards in :20.3; and skimmed the 220-yard low hurdles in :22.6.

Owens' broad jump startled the experts. Many of them predicted the mark would stand forever. But forever is seldom more than a decade in sports. Another lithe Negro jumper —Willie Steele of San Diego State College—is poised to break Owens' mark. Every time Willie takes off there's a possibility he may soar 27 feet.

Willie traveled 26 feet, 6 inches at Salt Lake City last June. He did it with a wrenched left side which kept him from the practice pit for five weeks prior to the N.C.A.A. meet. What's more, Willie miscalculated and left the ground four inches in front of the take-off board—actually, he jumped 26 feet, 10 inches.

Steele's soaring secret is his long, unorthodox take-off run: 168 feet. Most jumpers run between 115 and 125 feet. Owens—a man of great acceleration—raced only 107 feet before hitting the take-off board.

• The East has not produced a national tennis champion since Bill Tilden won the men's singles in 1929. You can't find a bona fide Eastern resident among the first 10 men in the 1947 amateur rankings. Yet every important tournament and Davis Cup match during the 1948 season will take place before Eastern galleries—thanks to the political cunning of the Eastern officials who dominate the United States Lawn Tennis Association. The situation isn't new. It happens every year.

Eastern officials excuse their monopoly with the stock phrase: "Grass is the only true test of championship tennis." It's a convenient explanation, because there are only a few grass courts west of Philadelphia, but it simply isn't true. Ninety per cent of the world's best players come from California. They learn to play championship tennis on cement, and they will tell you that cement is a more consistent surface than grass.

Protests are futile, however, because the Eastern dictators swing a legislative blackjack which forces Californians to compete on grass during the choice tournament months—July and August. The dictators on the ranking committees rate the players primarily on grass-court results.

Tennis is the only major sport which fails to rotate the site of championship events on a national basis. Only tennis—dominated by a clique of Eastern officials—reserves its finest tournaments year after year for small, socialite galleries at Rye, Seabright, Southampton, etc.

The best thing that could happen to tennis would be for all the Californians to stay home this year, or—better still—for the Californians to pass up Eastern grass courts and compete in summer tournament in the Middle West, South and Far West. Then the ranking committee would be forced to rate the players on clay- and hard-court results—fair enough, because 99.99 per cent of the nation's tennis is played on clay and cement. Also, the sections which produce the outstanding players would have an opportunity—finally—to watch those players in championship competition.

• John L. Sullivan knocked out Jake Kilrain in the 75th round of the last bare-knuckle championship fight at Richburg, Mississippi, July 8, 1889. The Boston Strong Boy, who could punch or drink with either hand, almost lost his heavyweight title when he swallowed a mixture of tea and whisky at the end of the 40th round. A ringsider reported: "Sullivan's stomach rejected the tea but accepted the whisky."

Boxing was a bloody, illegal spectacle in Sullivan's era, but it was superior to modern, legal, gloved fighting in one important respect—nobody got killed. The bare-knuckle brawlers could cut and stun, but they could not hit hard enough to kill. Modern fighters can hit hard enough to kill because they punch harder with taped, gloved fists. Proof: There have been nine ring fatalities in the last two years. Boxing historians have been unable to discover a single death traceable to bare-knuckle fighting.

• Mule-eared Talon, winner of the $102,500 Santa Anita handicap, would not look out of place in front of a milk wagon. The shaggy South American horse was shipped to this country in company with a sleek lead pony. On arrival, Talon was tied to a tree overnight by an inexperienced groom. The handsome pony dined on warm mash and carrots in a comfortable stall. ★★★

During the Charlotte (North Carolina) Country Club tournament, Ed Furgol is besieged by youthful autograph collectors

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

FUTURAMIC

The accent's on youth and sunshine—in the Futuramic Oldsmobile Convertible—or this Futuramic beach house designed by Vincent Kling.

White sidewall tires at extra cost

It's Futuramic in more than style . . . this smart new Oldsmobile "98" Convertible. Touch a knob . . . the top goes up or down. Push a button . . . the windows raise or lower. Another simple control . . . the front seat adjusts itself automatically. And when you take the wheel, what a Futuramic thrill is in store for you! You never push a clutch—never shift gears—as GM Hydra-Matic Drive takes over. And if, for safety's sake, you need an extra burst of pick-up, just step down on the accelerator all the way and . . . presto! . . . "Whirlaway" goes into action. This *plus*-performance feature of Hydra-Matic Drive gives you thrills such as you have never known! (Hydra-Matic Drive is available at extra cost in all new Oldsmobile models—both the Futuramic "98" and the Dynamic "60" and "70.")

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RAZOR NICKS, TOO!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The most famous of American "rain makers" was C. M. Hatfield, who, between 1903 and 1928, fulfilled virtually all of some 500 contracts to produce rain for parched farms and cities in southern California and received more than $500,000 for his services. Hatfield claimed that he simply released the fumes of secret chemicals contained in tanks he set up in the area under contract; and the public believed him because at least a little rain would almost invariably fall there within the time guaranteed. Finally, a noted scientist disclosed that Hatfield's success was due, not to fumes, but to his ability to determine, from weather charts, where and when it was quite likely to rain during the dry season from May to November. By accepting or rejecting a contract on the basis of these facts and by demanding 30 or 60 days in which to carry out his agreement, Mr. Hatfield rarely failed.

A new radio-set gadget, which may appeal to listeners who like to hear nothing but music, automatically fades out a program while the announcer or anyone else is talking. As the device can distinguish only between speech and music, however, it is unable to tune out singing commercials.

Criminologists in various parts of the world have developed some 75 systems of classifying and filing fingerprints. Of this number, the 51 most widely used are described in a book on this subject published, not long ago, in California.

Deaf Americans were the first to enjoy "talking" motion pictures which were made especially for them in the sign language as early as 1910, or 16 years before the film industry began producing movies with sound.—*By Robert M. Greenmun, Worthington, Ohio.*

In the past five years, women have been employed in all but three of the 451 occupations listed by the U.S. Census Bureau—firemen in municipal fire departments, and engineers and firemen on railroad locomotives.

Unlike wet insecticides that, when sprayed, settle only on exposed surfaces, a new exterminating agent is a dense fog—generated by equipment on a small truck—whose tiny particles, being dry and extremely light in weight, float into crevices, holes and other unreachable places. As it is effective in ridding outdoor areas of flies and mosquitoes, the method has already been adopted by a number of race tracks, ball parks and summer camps.

The escape of seven prisoners from Leavenworth Penitentiary on December 11, 1931, was planned and carried out so well that detectives worked weeks before learning how the criminals obtained the guns, bullets and dynamite bombs found on them when retaken, four alive and three dead, shortly after the break. Two of these inmates who worked in the shoe factory had discovered a paste they used came in barrels that, for an unknown reason, were not opened and searched at the prison gate. Following their smuggled instructions, an outside friend went to St. Louis and bought a barrel of the paste from the manufacturer, addressed it with a duplicate stencil and then, posing as an employee of the firm, shipped it to Leavenworth. Within a few hours after the barrel's arrival, the two plotters had maneuvered it to an unused part of the storehouse, removed the weapons and ammunition, and destroyed the barrel and all evidence connected with it.

Probably no other Broadway angel ever lost half as much money backing a show as Edgar B. Davis, a Texas oil magnate, who financed the writing and production of The Ladder in New York in 1926. Although the play, which dealt with reincarnation, was a complete failure, Davis so believed in its moral message that he kept the show running for more than two years, a whim that cost him $1,300,000.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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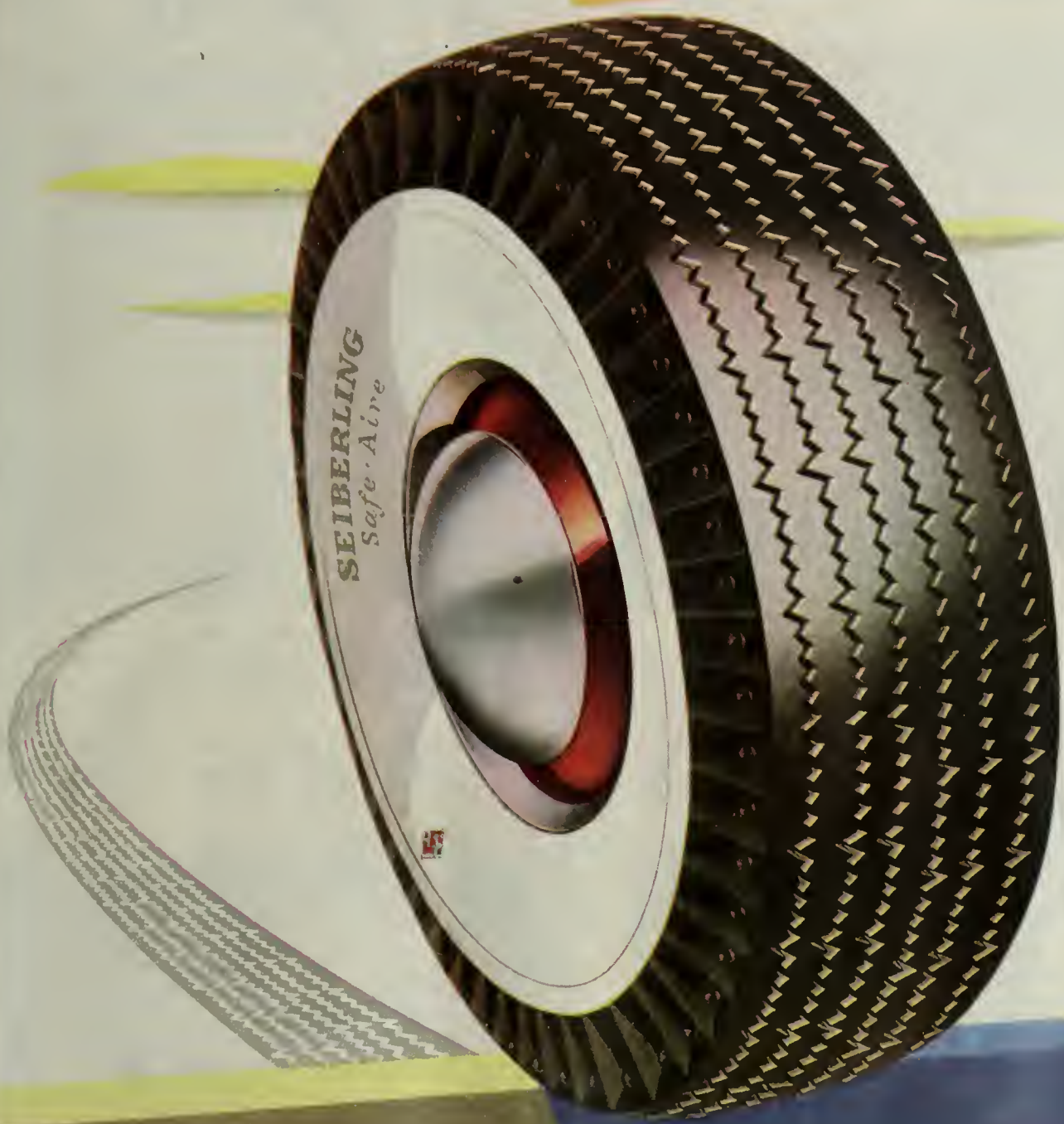

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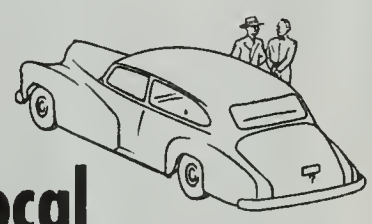

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NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
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KLAXON Horns
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DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

Mrs. (and Mr.) Ernest Lehman adorn a rocky point at Provincetown, Mass.

ERNEST LEHMAN wants it to be known his short short story, Clear Havana Filler (p. 64), is in no way autobiographical. "In the first place," he points out, "I don't smoke cigars. Second, I'm not contemplating getting rid of my wife.

"In support of point one, I can if necessary call on Mr. Patrick, proprietor of the cigar store in Provincetown, Massachusetts, where the story was written. He should be able to recall the day, last September, when a desperate author bicycled into town between the teeth of a nor'easter, to harry him with questions about cigars, after said author had discovered he'd written a story about clear Havana fillers, entitled Clear Havana Filler, without really knowing what in hell was meant by the expression 'clear Havana filler.'

"To support my second point," Mr. Lehman concludes, "I am enclosing a picture of my wife. The guy with her is me."

THE author of Code of the West (p. 40), Eustace Cockrell, says he's from Warrensburg, Missouri, where his early years were spent in mortal combat with education. "I was, however, one of the best pool players in town in the winter of 1927," he boasts. "Later I tarried briefly with a road-construction outfit, farmed, worked in two political campaigns, and for a publicity man in New York (he was my brother-in-law) and for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey (no relation).

"But it was no use," he sums up. "I had a sister who had married a writer, another sister who was a writer, and married to another writer. They told me it was nice work if you could get it and I was gullible. Well, I still think it's nice work."

Robert O. Easton

ROBERT O. EASTON last appeared in Collier's with the short story Bonaparte McPhail (Aug. 26, '44), and had what he calls the doubtful pleasure of reading it on a rainy hilltop at Nancy, France, in October '44, when 3rd Army Headquarters was stationed there. Mr. Easton, who is thirty-two and from San Francisco, joined up in 1942 with the Field Artillery and Tank Destroyers, later changing to the infantry, or dogfaces, to see Germany on foot. Prior to that, Mr. Easton got himself educated on both coasts, including Harvard.

Since his discharge in '46, Mr. Easton has been editing and copublishing the Lampasas Dispatch, a semiweekly paper smack in the geographical center of Texas. He has also been getting air for a new radio station. In his spare time he plays with his three daughters and does all the writing he can.

Of The Man Who Went Back (p. 18), he says, "It is in every sense a true story, based on experiences I had and persons I knew while a platoon leader with the 29th Infantry. I am sorry it doesn't do fuller justice to those living and dead whose story I have tried to tell."

WHILE on an extended reportorial junket behind the Iron Curtain to Russia, Alexander Kendrick wrung Hate—With Russian Dressing (p. 20) from personal experiences.

A Philadelphian, Mr. Kendrick worked on the news, editorial and literary sides for the Philadelphia Inquirer for some time, receiving a national award during the war for an editorial series called What Are We Fighting For? He has also spent a Neiman Year at Harvard on a fellowship to study government, economics and history. Right now he's in Paris standing by for crises for both radio and press.

FROM Seedlands, Coupar Angus, Perthshire, Neil Paterson (My Friend Joseph, p. 28) advises us that he's a Scot, an Edinburgh University M.A., thirty-two, and married. He professes no chitchat about his early days as a cowpuncher, dish wrassler, underground motorman and copywriter, mainly because, except for six years in the Royal Navy, he's always been a pro writer. "The kind who sits in despair at his typewriter all day before staggering to bed to toss all night," he points out.

At the moment he's toiling, he claims, like a Flaubert, on a 19th century novel to be called Thirza Gare. "It's a fat, full-blooded, robustious rollick of a story, with a vile and arrogant will of its own," he says. "It knows damned well that I'm out to tailor it into a neat best seller of 200,000 words, but it goes right on. . . . If I live to finish it, I mean to come to America for a grilled steak and some new underwear."

This week's cover: Mystery Girl. As an extra helping of Sax for the new Rohmer serial, Artist Vincent Guise chose Lillian Brokal, Conover model, to pose in the mood macabre. She lives in New Jersey, is married, and has had Hollywood offers. She had a hard time looking horrified for Mr. Guise because she and her husband had on that day finally found an apartment. . . . TED SHANE

"I want my husband to look as smart as he is...

...so when he chooses his new straw hat, I invite myself along!"

The Mallory Baku—$10. Others, $7.50 to $15.

HE: The Mallory Baku, eh? Gosh, it's light—weighs only two ounces, you say? Hmmm...

SHE: And don't overlook, my handsome heart throb, how that jaunty oyster band sets off your brand-new tan!

The Mallory Pana-Twist—$7.50. Other Mallory "Panas," $6 to $20.

HE: Dad always used to wear a Panama—but he never had one like *this!* Spark to that gay tropical band, will you, dear? Quick—what's the verdict?

SHE: Just a little more tilt—there! Now you look like a millionaire playboy if I *ever* saw one!

His hat's The Mallory Nassau Palm—$5.

HE: On the other hand, this nifty cocoanut palm is mi-i-ighty tempting! Comes in half a dozen colors? Let's see 'em all!

SHE: That one's almost *too* attractive, if you ask me—unless you'll agree to take me along whenever you wear it!

The Mallory Sailor Straw—$5. Others, $5 to $7.50. Hers, a Mallory too, is The Bonny—$11.95.

HE: Ah, the famous Mallory Sailor Straw—with the spiffy new narrow band! And, like all the rest, it's Cravenette showerproofed! Lady, I give up—*you* decide!

SHE: They're all so handsome, let's leave it to the daisy in your buttonhole. Baku, Pana-Twist, Nassau, Sailor—Baku, Pana-Twist...

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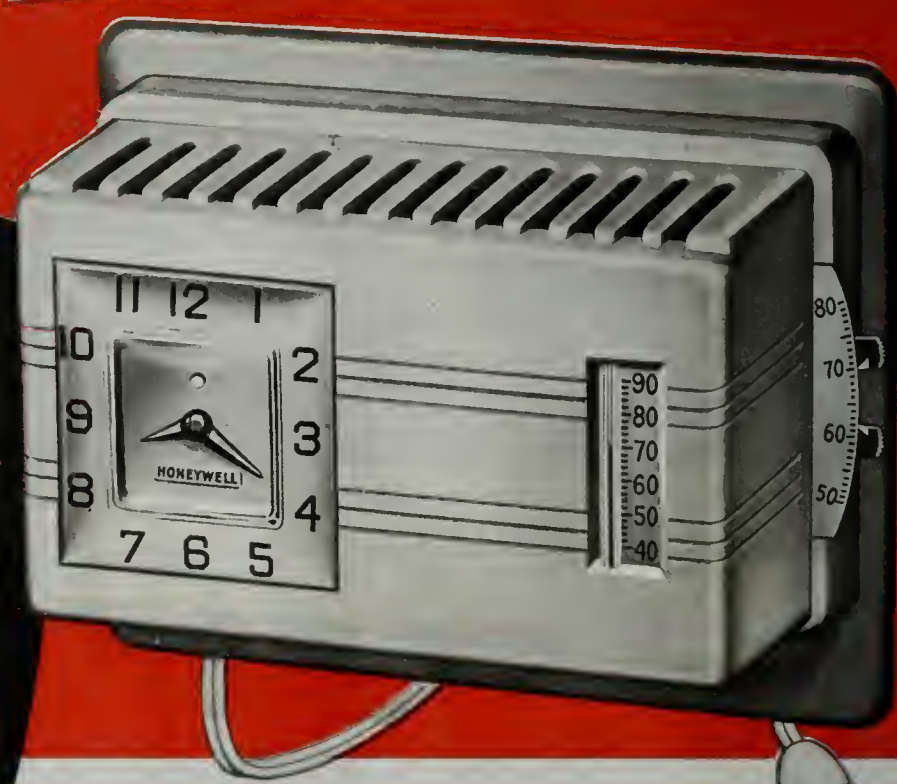

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a few minutes does it . . and

SAVE FUEL

(LOTS OF IT)

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TAKE IT WITH YOU IF YOU MOVE

HERE is amazing good news for every homeowner or home renter with automatic heat in his home. With a continuing fuel shortage staring the nation in the face, and with mounting fuel prices, Honeywell engineers went to work to help solve the double problem. Result, Honeywell announces the new "Plug-In" Chronotherm with its fuel-saving, comfort-giving features—and you can connect it yourself in a few minutes! This remarkable electric clock thermostat actually cuts your fuel bill 10% or more each season. For instance, if your average bill is $150, the "Plug-In" Chronotherm can save you $15 or more—if it is $200, the savings can be $20 or more, and so on. In other words, Chronotherm pays for itself and then keeps on saving for you, year after year.

At this point, we know you have two questions:

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SECOND—*"How do I get the new Chronotherm?"*

ANSWER:—Tell your heating dealer: "I want one of those new Honeywell "Plug-In" Chronotherms." He will set the Chronotherm for your heating system and then you can follow the simple instructions.

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The outlines of a face materialized in the crystal. They became the features of an old Chinese. "You called me, Doctor?" The voice though distant was clear

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

An old enemy of Western civilization returns in secret to America—and confronts the evil forces at work in our midst with a sinister conspiracy of his own

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

I

WHO'S the redhead?" Nayland Smith snapped. "The one lunching with that embassy attaché."

"Which table?"

"Half right. Where I'm looking."

Harkness, who had been briefed by Washington to meet the dynamic visitor, was already experiencing nerve strain. Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, spoke like a Bren gun firing, and thought and moved so swiftly that his society, if stimulating, was exhausting.

Turning, as if to light a cigar, Harkness presently discovered the diplomat's table. The grill was full, but he knew the attaché by sight. He turned back again, dropping a match in a tray. "Don't know. Never seen her before."

"Haven't you? *I* have!"

"Is she important, Sir Denis?"

"A woman who looks like that is always important. Yes, I know her. But I haven't quite placed her."

Nayland Smith refilled his coffee cup, glanced reluctantly at a brier pipe which appeared to have been rescued from a blast furnace, and then put it back in his pocket. He selected a cigarette.

"You don't think she's a Russian?" Harkness suggested.

"I know she isn't."

Smith surveyed the crowded, pan-

eled room. It buzzed like an aviary. Businessmen predominated. Deals of one sort or another hung in the smoke-laden air. Nearly all these men were talking about how to make money. And nearly all the women were talking about how to spend it.

But not the graceful girl with that glowing hair. He wondered what she was talking about. Her companion appeared to be absorbed, either in what she was saying or in the way she said it.

AND while Nayland Smith studied many faces, Harkness studied Nayland Smith.

He had met him only once before, and since then the years had silvered his hair more than ever, but had done nothing to disturb its crisp virility. The lean, brown face might be a trifle more lined. It was a grim face.

He spoke suddenly.

"Strange to reflect," he said, "that these people, wrapped up, airtight, in their own trifling affairs, are sitting on top of a smoldering volcano."

"You really think so?"

"I know it. Why has a certain power sent all its star agents to the United States? What are they trying to find out?"

"Secret of the atom bomb?"

"Rot! There's no secret about it. You know that as well as I do. No. It's something else."

"England seems to be pretty busy."

"England has lost two cabinet ministers, mysteriously, in the past few months." All the time Smith's glance had been straying in the direction of a certain party and suddenly he rapped, "Right! Thought I was. Now I'm sure! This is my lucky day."

"Sure of what?" Harkness was startled.

"Man at the next table. Our diplomatic acquaintance and his charming friend are being covered."

Harkness craned around again. "You mean the sallow man?"

"Sallow? He's Burmese! They're not *all* Communists, you know."

Harkness stared at his cigar, as if seeking to concentrate.

"You're more than several steps beyond me. No doubt your information is away ahead of mine. But, quite honestly, I don't understand."

Nayland Smith met the glance of Harkness' frank hazel eyes, and nodded sympathetically.

"My fault. I think aloud. Bad habit. There's hardly time to explain, now. Look! They're going! Have the redhead covered. Detail another man to keep the Burmese scout in sight. Report to me, here. Suite 1236."

The auburn-haired girl was walking toward the exit. She wore a plain suit and a simple hat. Her companion followed.

Coming out onto Forty-sixth Street, Harkness exchanged a word with a man who was talking to a hotel porter. The man nodded and moved away. . . .

Manhattan danced on. Well-fed males returned to their offices to consider further projects for making more dollars. Females headed for the glamorous shops on Fifth Avenue, the great bazaar of the New World.

In certain capitals of the Old World, men and women looked, haggard-eyed, into empty shops and returned to empty larders.

Nayland Smith, watching a car move from the front of the hotel, closely followed by another, prayed that Manhattan's dance might not be a dance of death.

Presently he stepped into a black sedan parked farther along the street, in charge of a chauffeur who looked like a policeman—and was one. After a few blocks Smith snapped:

"Have we got a tail?"

"Yes, sir," the driver reported. "Three cars behind us, right now. Small delivery truck."

"Stop at the next drugstore. I'll check it."

When he got out and walked into the drugstore, the following truck passed, and then pulled in higher up.

Nayland Smith came out again and they went on for two more blocks.

"Right behind us," the driver reported laconically.

Smith took up a phone installed in the sedan and gave brief directions. As a result, long before he had reached his destination the truck was still following the sedan, but two traffic police were following the truck. He had been in the deputy commissioner's office on Centre Street only a few minutes before a police sergeant came in with the wanted details.

The man had been pulled in on a technical offense and invited, firmly, to produce evidence of his identity. Smith glanced over the report.

"H'm. American citizen. Born in Athens." He looked up. "You're checking his story that he was taking the truck to be repaired?"

"Sure. Can't find anything wrong with it. Very powerful engine for such a light outfit."

"Would be," said Smith, dryly. "Investigate all his contacts. He mustn't know. You have to find out who really employs him."

He spent a long time with the deputy commissioner, and gathered much useful data. He was in New York at the request of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and had been given almost autocratic powers by Washington. When, finally, he left, he had two names penciled in his notebook.

They were: Michael Frobisher, and Dr. Morris Craig, of the Huston Electric Corporation's research laboratory.

MICHAEL FROBISHER, seated in an alcove in the library of his club, was clearly ill at ease. A big-boned, fleshy man, Frobisher had a powerful physique, with a fighting jaw, heavy brows—coal black in contrast to nearly white hair—and deep-set eyes.

There were only two other members in the library, but Frobisher's eyes moved rapidly behind his newspaper as his glance switched from face to face in an oddly furtive manner.

Overhanging part of the room, one of the finest of its kind in the city, was a gallery giving access to more books ranged on shelves above. A club servant appeared in the gallery, moving very quietly—and Frobisher's glance shot upward like an anxious searchlight. It was recalled to the main floor by a voice.

"Hullo, Frobisher! How's your wife getting along?"

Frobisher's florid face momentarily lost color. Then, looking up from where he sat in a deep leather armchair, he saw that another member had come in—Dr. Pardoe.

"Hullo, Pardoe!" He had himself in hand again. The deep tone was normal. "Quite startled me."

"So I saw." Pardoe gave him a professional glance, and sat on the arm of a chair near Frobisher's. "Been overdoing it a bit, haven't you?"

"Oh, I don't say that, Doctor. Certainly been kept pretty busy. Thanks for the inquiry about Stella. She's greatly improved since she began the treatments you recommended."

"Good." Dr. Pardoe smiled a dry smile. He was a sandy, dry man. "I'm not sure the professor isn't a quack, but he seems to be successful with certain types of neuroses. You might try him yourself."

"What are you talking about?" Frobisher growled. "There's nothing the matter with me."

"Isn't there?" The medical man looked him over coolly. "There will be if you don't watch your diet." Pardoe was a vegetarian. "Why, your heart missed a beat when I spoke to you."

Frobisher held himself tightly in hand. His wife's physician always irritated him.

"Let me tell you something." His deep voice, although subdued, rumbled around the now empty library. "This isn't nerves. It's cold feet. An organization like the Huston Electric has got rivals. And rivals can get dangerous if they're beaten. Someone's tracking me around. Someone broke into Falling Waters one night last week. Went through my papers. I've seen the man. I'd know him again. I was followed right here to the club today. That isn't nerves, Doctor. And it doesn't come from eating too much red meat!"

"H'm." Irritating habit of Pardoe's, that introductory cough. "I don't dispute the fact of the burglary—"

"Thanks a lot. And let me remind you: Stella doesn't know, and doesn't have to know."

"Oh, I see. Then the attempt is known only—"

"Is known to my butler, Stein, and to me. It's not an illusion. I'm still sane, even if I did have a beefsteak at lunch!"

The physician raised his sandy brows.

"I don't doubt it, Frobisher. But had it occurred to you that your later impression of being followed—not an uncommon symptom—may derive from this single, concrete fact?"

Frobisher didn't reply, and Dr. Pardoe, who had been looking down at the carpet, now looked suddenly at Frobisher.

His gaze was fixed upward again. He was watching the gallery. He spoke in a whisper.

"Pardoe! Look where I'm looking. Is that a club member?"

Dr. Pardoe did as Frobisher requested. He saw a slight, black-clad figure in the gallery. The man had just replaced a vase on a shelf. Only the back of his head and shoulders could be seen. He moved away, his features still invisible.

"Not a member known to me, personally, Frobisher. But there are always new members, and guest members—"

Michael Frobisher had bounded from his chair, and was crossing the library.

"That's some kind of Asiatic. I saw his face!" he shouted. "And I'm going to have a word with him!"

Dr. Pardoe shook his head, took up a medical journal which he had dropped on the chair and made his way out.

He was going down the steps when Michael Frobisher faced the club secretary, who had been sent for.

"May I ask," he growled, "since when Chinese have been admitted to membership?"

"You surprise me, Mr. Frobisher. Your complaint is before me. I have a note here. If you wish it to go before the committee, merely say the word. I can only assure you that not only have we no Asiatic members, honorary or otherwise, but no visitor such as you describe has been in the club. Furthermore, Mr. Frobisher, I am assured by the assistant librarian, who was last in the library gallery, that no one has been up there since."

Frobisher jumped to his feet.

"Get Dr. Pardoe!" he directed. "He was with me. Get Dr. Pardoe."

But Dr. Pardoe had left the club.

THE research laboratory of the Huston Electric Corporation was on the thirty-sixth floor—the top floor—of the Huston Building. Dr. Craig's office adjoined the laboratory proper which he could enter up three steps leading to a steel door. This door was always kept locked.

Morris Craig, slight, clean-shaved and very agile, a man in his early thirties, had discarded his coat to work in shirt sleeves before a drawing desk. His dark brown hair, which he wore rather long, had a rebellious forelock that sometimes fell forward, so that brushing it back with his hand had become a mannerism.

He had just paused for this purpose when the office door was thrown open and someone came in behind him.

So absorbed was Craig that he paid no attention at first, until the heavy breathing of whoever had come in prompted him to turn, suddenly.

"Mr. Frobisher!"

Craig, who wore glasses when drawing or reading, but not otherwise, now removed them and jumped from his stool.

"It's all right, Craig." Frobisher raised his hand in protest. "Sit down."

"But if I may say so, you look uncommon fishy," Craig remarked.

His way of speech had a quality peculiarly English, and he had a tendency to drawl. Nothing in his manner suggested that Morris Craig was one of the most brilliant physicists Oxford University had ever turned out. He lighted a cigarette.

Michael Frobisher remained on the chair just inside the door. But he was regaining color. Now he pulled a cigar from his breast pocket.

"The blasted doctors tell me I eat too much and smoke too much," he remarked "But I wouldn't want to live if I couldn't do as I liked."

"May I ask what has upset you?"

"Come to that in a minute. First—what news of the big job?"

"Getting hot. I think the end's in sight," Craig said.

"Fine. I want to talk to you about it. How's the new secretary?"

"Fine. Knows all the answers. Miss Lewis was a sad loss, but Miss Navarre is a glad find."

"Well—she's got a Paris degree, and had two years with Professor Jennings. Suits me if she suits you."

Craig's youthful face lighted up. "Suits me to nine decimal places. Works like a pack mule. She ought to get out of town this week end."

"Bring her along up to Falling Waters. Few days of fresh air do her no harm."

"No." Craig seemed to be hesitating. He returned to his desk. "But I shouldn't quit this job until it's finished."

He resumed his glasses and studied

(Continued on page 44)

In a dazzling, crackling flash, Nay land Smith saw a lump of solid stee not melt, but disintegrate, vanish! A pinch of gray powder alone remaine

15

LOW MAN ON THE WALLACE POLL

Senator Glen Taylor, Henry's running mate, is convinced he will be our next Vice-President

BY FRANK GERVASI

HANDSOME in a blue suit, white shirt and striped tie, Glen Taylor looked more like the actor he was before Idaho sent him to the Senate in 1944 than the world-rescue politician he is trying to be. Taylor had just announced his decision to run for the Vice-Presidency on the third-party ticket with Henry Wallace. Now Glen pondered the reasons for his move.

"This," said Taylor, "is the best job (the Senate) I ever had. Believe me I had to wrestle with my conscience before risking losing it. I knew I would probably kill my chances of being re-elected in 1950 if I threw in with Henry. I'm not a lawyer. I've been in show business all my life, living hand to mouth, often in debt. I can't leave the Senate and practice law, like most of these fellows do. It was a tough decision."

The immediate reason, he went on, was the Marshall Plan.

"I had begun to feel very self-conscious opposing the Marshall Plan practically single-handed," he said. "It was like talking against the wind. I figured that I might be wrong. So I went out and talked with people, even riding a horse from town to town to get publicity. The people came, in droves. After every speech I asked them to stand up and be counted if they agreed with me. They did, overwhelmingly.

"Well I came back to Washington and decided to step out where I could do some good, maybe, in putting the brakes on the drift toward war."

Washington insiders ascribe other reasons to the quondam Thespian's leap astride the third-party horse behind Henry. The latter exhorted Taylor for weeks to run.

"You've got to join me," Wallace begged Taylor on at least one occasion. "You won't be able to live with yourself if you don't."

Ultimately it wasn't fear of the occupational malady of politicians that catapulted Taylor into the third party. It was, apparently, a canny notion that he had just as good a chance of being elected Vice-President as he once did of becoming a senator. That notion has since become confident conviction. "I'm convinced," said he, "I'm the next Vice-President of the United States."

Wallace Is More Realistic

Not even Henry himself is quite as sanguine about the chances of a third-party victory next November as Glen has become in recent weeks. Wallace's Presidential ambitions haven't completely blinded him to brutal fact. Henry recognizes the difficulties of getting the third-party slate on the ballots of forty-eight states and of setting up in a few months the whole intricate machinery of electioneering.

Wallace admitted recently that what his candidacy would more likely produce in November would be a split in the Democratic vote, which would hand the election to the Republicans. But that will be all right with Henry. After four years of G.O.P. administration, he believes, the electorate will clamor for another New Deal in 1952. And Henry.

Wallace's private appraisal of the third party's possibilities in '48 and '52 rather than Taylor's ebullient op-

Senator Taylor, ex-cowboy crooner, records a campaign speech to be used eventually at Wallace-Taylor rallies

timism is reflected at campaign headquarters at 39 Park Avenue, New York City, a gray-faced mansion built in 1863 with walls designed to be thick enough to withstand the assaults of Civil War draft-dodger rioters and since then the home of Wall Streeters —railroad magnates and bankers— whom Wallace and Taylor deplore. The four-story house has a great iron fence, with a huge gate and, perhaps appropriately, a small cemetery full of dead cats, extinct family pets, in the rear. It shares once fashionable Murray Hill with the Union League Club, sanctum of Republicanism.

A Visit to Headquarters

As recently as mid-March a vast confusion rather than confidence in ultimate victory prevailed at Wallace headquarters. On the day we visited the place a tweedy woman with flat-heeled shoes implored a pair of painters to produce the right hues of chrome and turquoise for the *décor* of her front office. A tall Negro wandered aimlessly in and out of the foyer smoking a cigarette and holding a sheet of yellow paper in his hand. Three Japanese emerged from a room off the hall, looked self-consciously about them and went out.

Phalanxes of girls, youths and older men and women with arty magazines or brief cases clamped under their arms besieged the girl at the modernistic information desk with offers to help elect Wallace or with applications for jobs. A few disappeared up the baronial stairway to the upper floors. Sounds of hammering and the scrape and thump of heavy furniture being shoved or dumped into place punctuated the confusion of voices, mostly female, and the shuffle of feet.

On the upper floors, however, the third party's workers had things more or less under control. They separated mountains of mail into hillocks representing individual states, pecked out press releases on typewriters, spun mimeograph machines, wrote speeches and pamphlets.

None but the most starry-eyed lads and lassies believed, however, that the party would win in November. These pointed to the 2,400 to 3,000 letters received at headquarters daily, many containing checks for from $1 to $50 and more with which to "Save the World With Wallace," "Whip Wall Street," "Preserve Peace," "Rout Reaction," as proof of their candidates' vote-getting power.

The most optimistic professional in the place, a handsome young matron with a scrubbed face and soft blond hair, predicted a huge popular vote for Henry and Glen—"maybe as high as 20,000,000"—without a single electoral vote. The other pros were more conservative. They agreed, however, that Henry would poll at least 5,000,000 votes, their estimates subject to change upward, or downward.

What most bothered more sophisticated Wallace strategists like John Abt, chief third-party counsel, was actually getting the candidates' names on the ballots by election time. In theory the new party could present candidates in all forty-eight states. But in practice this was questionable.

As of March, Wallace and Taylor were assured of places on the ballot only in two states. The pair will run in New York as candidates of the already legally established American Labor party and in California as candidates of the Independent Progressive party. State laws required the signatures of at least 275,000 persons, representing 10 per cent of the total vote cast in the previous election on a petition requesting the state government to permit the appearance of a new party on the ballot. The Wallaceites got 484,000 signatures. Only 295,000 were validated.

The third party's difficulties in having its candidates recognized on the Presidential ballots of the remaining forty-six states may be insurmountable. In various Southern states, the Secretaries of State can arbitrarily prevent a new party from appearing on the ballots. Wallace and Taylor could sue to have their names or party included but by the time their suits were settled the election would be over. In other states, election rules are so complex the likelihood of a third-party ticket in more than 20 or 25 states is merely a dream.

In Ohio it is necessary to nominate Presidential electors—their names and not those of the candidates appear on the ballot—in a party convention. But the party must notify the state of its intention of holding a convention 90 days before the primaries which came in April. The Wallace forces should have filed their notification last January in order to run in Ohio. They didn't. Write-in spaces are provided on the ballots of all states except Delaware, but here's another catch. Ballots with write-ins can be invalidated, in many states, as "mutilated."

Similar difficulties exist in most of the other states, plus a new one added recently. In the majority of states no candidate may appear on the ballot if his organization *is connected with the Communist party or any organization in any way related with the Communist party.*

The ruling, although legally inapplicable to the third party, can be used by Wallace's enemies to keep him and his running mate off many ballots.

Trying to Get on the Ballot

Researchers of the Library of Congress who recently made a survey of electoral laws agreed that "with herculean efforts," the third party could get on the ballot in all but four or five states. If the third party fails to be recognized in most states it won't be for lack of effort. Third-party organizational conferences have already been held in at least seventeen states. Actual conventions have been held in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, Connecticut, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Louisiana. Others are scheduled.

Sober reflection on the obvious mechanical difficulties—and they aren't the only obstacles to the Vice-Presidency—fails to dampen Taylor's Maytime optimism about his November chances. Other troubles are inherent in the negative objectives of the third-party movement itself. Henry started out to achieve the political destruction of Harry Truman and defeat of the party which abandoned, to his way of thinking, the precepts of his idol, Roosevelt.

Wallace and Taylor should have attracted to their third-party standard the progressives of labor, the middle classes and the intelligentsia, who normally comprise what is known as the independent vote. Due to the character of Wallace's crusade they haven't done this and while Wallace doesn't seem to care so long as he achieves his purpose—defeat of the Democrats—Washington observers were surprised by Taylor's lack of prudence in accepting Henry's invitation to join him.

(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

At the reception desk in Wallace's Park Avenue headquarters volunteer campaign workers pass the third-party gospel on to curious visitors

Against a luxurious background in the old mansion a group of Students for Wallace meet to discuss strategy for the election of their idol

THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

BY ROBERT EASTON

For many G.I.s, existence was a miracle. But not for Blixen. For him it was a matter of arithmetic

MAYBE Blixen had done something wrong before what happened on Mud Hill; or maybe it was because his father used to punish him when he was a very little boy, so thoroughly that one day when Blixen accidentally broke a flowerpot he went to his father and said, "Please spank me, Daddy! I broke the flowerpot!"

At any rate what happened to him on Mud Hill doesn't happen to everybody. The platoon had pushed out into the trenches on the forward slope and been caught by a full-scale artillery barrage.

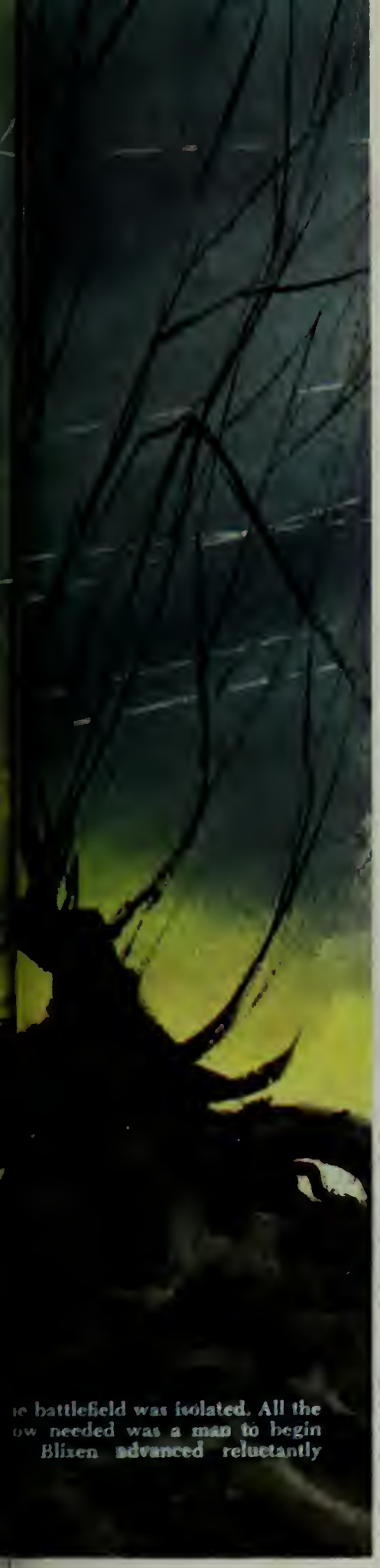
The enemy threw everything but Hitler at Mud Hill that afternoon, and it was a wonder more of our people didn't get the urge to leave than did. But for some reason only Blixen happened to be at that particular spot.

The shell struck a yard or two forward of where he was lying in the bottom of the trench, and burrowed downward until just its nose was protruding through the trench wall, resting as lightly upon the shoulder of Blixen as the hand of an old friend come up behind him on the street.

THEY found his gun and haversack under the nose of the dud where he had left them but the platoon saw no more of Blixen for over a month, till one day back in the rest area when the MPs brought him in.

Already he looked like a man condemned to Fort Leavenworth for 99 years.

Before the lieutenant could say a word he had blurted out, "Lieutenant



e battlefield was isolated. All the
ow needed was a man to begin
Blixen advanced reluctantly

Chambers, sir, I know I've done wrong! I'm ready to take my punishment!"

"Blixen, it's not my job to punish you," the lieutenant told him. "A fellow who'll go back on his buddies ought to have punishment enough from his own conscience. It's my duty to place you under arrest in quarters, pending trial by court-martial for misbehavior in the face of the enemy."

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant. I want you to know that I'm sorry."

"Tell that to the men you went back on, Blixen, not to me."

Blixen did tell it to the men.

They wanted nothing better than to forget about places like Mud Hill but Blixen wouldn't let them. Every day, in a dozen little ways, he kept telling them he was sorry; by standing back and never joining the circle at the stove, by saying please and thank you where please and thank you never were heard, by letting somebody else go first through the doorway or in the chow line. He told them by sweeping the quarters and keeping a fire going in the stove, so that when the men came in from training—training with tanks for the Big Push that was about ready to begin—there would be a nice home waiting.

But the men didn't hear Blixen telling them. If he'd never lifted a finger, if he'd just come in and put his feet up on the table and told them as-brassy-as-you-please what a time he'd had while he was away, and what suckers they were for not doing the same, they would at least have been entertained by Blixen. Then bored by him. In a week they would have forgotten he'd ever been away.

AS IT was, they said Blixen was a no-good bastard who deserved all he had coming. They remembered that he'd always used store-bought words, had never sold his cigarettes, shoes and candy or promised the girls he'd marry them someday and take them back to America. And he was always into a book of some kind. When a place was taken and everybody was looting reasonable items like pistols, watches, cameras, silverware and paintings, Blixen would be upstairs in the library stealing a peek into a book a hundred years old, looking as though he were robbing a bank. And there were worse suspicions. One time Sam Abels had come upon Blixen writing what was supposed to be a letter, but the lines all ran in a column down the center of the page. Sam thought it was poetry.

At any rate, by the time Blixen came to make his public apology, he had kicked himself so far into the doghouse people were glad to kick him the rest of the way. And the day of the court-martial drew nearer.

"Fellows," he said one evening, to the backs of most of the squad gathered in their customary circle around the stove, "I just want to thank you for taking me back into the fold the way you have. It's a lot more than I deserve. I want you to know that I appreciate it."

For a while nobody answered. Conversation continued where Blixen had interrupted it. Letters continued. Steve McDonough kept on carving his girl's initials into the stock of his M-1 and Jean Morel kept on cutting *his* girl's out. Finally somebody spoke up, "Blixen, you better save them store-bought words. You'll be needing them in a day or two. They're what them court-martial generals like to hear."

After that Blixen went around looking more than ever like a man condemned to Leavenworth.

The lieutenant mentioned the fact to Sam Abels, Blixen's squad leader, when they met over the straddle trench one morning.

"He's a funny kid," admitted Sam.

"What do you mean, funny?"

"Well," said Sam, "he's a lot like that guy was with that piece of string."

"What guy was that?"

"A guy Old Tobit used to tell me about," said Sam, though the lieutenant could have no idea in the world who Old Tobit was. "Said this here guy had him a hoggish habit of collectin' string. One day this friend of his saw him out in the gutter snipin' this string and he passes the word around, 'Old Joe's a string sniper!' Well they kep' a throwin' it at him and they kep' a throwin'—everywhere he went, uptown, downtown, the bank, the pool hall—'Old Joe's a string saver!' Till finally he couldn't stand it any more, laid down and died. Which sure was a greater crime than string savin'."

"You think Blixen's laid down?"

"Only man I ever seen do it standin' up," said Sam.

"Fellows been throwing Mud Hill at him pretty heavy?"

"Lieutenant, *he's* throwin' that mud all over *himself*." . . .

After supper the lieutenant called Blixen out into the courtyard of the farm where the platoon was quartered. They stood in the muddy straw and manure and looked up at the enemy searchlights, fixed along the sky over every road leading onto the front line—saying plainly that trying to conceal things from this enemy was no use.

"Looks like they know we're coming, doesn't it?" observed the lieutenant. "Right down to the roads we're coming on."

"They probably do," said Blixen.

"They think they do," said the lieutenant, "and that's just where they're wrong. It's where you're wrong, Blixen."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"*You* thought *you* knew what was coming to you on Mud Hill, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Blixen after a minute.

"You think you know what's coming to you now, a general court-martial for misbehavior in the face of the enemy, and you know what that means. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's just where you're wrong, Blixen. We're jumping off in the morning. You're going with us." Blixen's figure stiffened. "You're going with us as first scout. If you do your job, I can't promise anything but I think it will make some difference in those court-martial papers. I know it will make a difference to the platoon and to me. . . . *If* you do your job."

"I'll do the job, sir!"

"Okay?"

"Okay!"

Their hands met.

"One more thing," said the lieutenant easily, taking hold of Blixen by the arm. "Blix, if nobody made mistakes in this world there wouldn't be any wars and there wouldn't either you or I be standing here in a manure pile in this goddam country."

The words stumbled over one another in their hurry to get out of Blixen, "Lieutenant, you're a kind man. You're too good to me, sir . . ."

The lieutenant's grip on Blixen's arm tightened. "You'll be in there tomorrow?"

"You can count on me, sir."

"I'll be watching you, Blix."

THE artillery preparation began at 0100. The batteries emplaced around the farmhouse lifted the little building from its foundations and set it down, and started dust crumbling from the wattled walls and ceilings into the eyes of the men who had lain awake waiting for that crumbling to begin, waiting to know that all along the front for a thousand miles, salvo after salvo was crashing into the night, and this was the beginning of the Big Push that would end the war.

The platoon moved out at three, a file on either side of the tree-lined road, five steps between each man, moving under the bare limbs that were no more naked than those men, walking up under the arch of shells, against the backdrop of sudden flame and the crash of sound and the smoke from the hidden batteries drifting away over the beet fields. The men kept moving, up into a future where great guns were hidden and little men moved all alone, up past the vehicles waiting bumper to bumper, loaded with things to keep them moving up; past the tanks hidden behind the buildings, their motors idling like the purring of huge cats; past last month's shell casings, K-ration boxes, foxholes, and tin cans, burnt-out vehicles, a baby carriage, a solitary bird sitting on the ground instead of a tree and expressing to those men all the weird distortion of their times—when even birds forsook the air, while men moved up over the ruts in the mud which shone in the darkness like steel rails when the sky glared; moving up alone—those men—because all the mighty machinery must wait until they moved and put behind them the signposts at the crossroads bearing in code the names of the great divisions, each with its awesome sound — Master, Victor, Powerhouse, Driver, Basher, Thunderer, Latitude. . . . And somehow the reading of those names imparted an immense loneliness, because when you got right down to it and were moving up, those names were nothing more than a line of frightened men probing like a finger, nobody knew where or why.

BLIXEN followed with the rest, the outline of the man in front of him. That outline was Sam Abels'. Presently it spoke aloud. It asserted the dignity of the American individual against the imminent presence of death and against authority in the person of the colonel, who had issued solemn warning against so much as a whisper in that inferno of sound, for fear of disclosing his position to the enemy, and the colonel had prescribed a forty-pound combat load to insure no man's having breath enough left to whisper, let alone fight. It was all these in combination which led Sam Abels to say:

"God rest all mules and infantrymen! May lightning strike me if I ever lay hand in anger upon either of them poor critters again!"

"Shut up, you fool."

"Lump it." Sam was from Arkansas.

"Quiet back there."

"Quiet—hell! Tell this war to be quiet!"

"Nervous in the service, buddy?"

The line broke out with chatter and everybody felt better.

"Where's Blixen? Blixen still here?"

Blixen was. He had followed the backside of Sam Abels into a roadside ditch. With the relief of that goal attained the prattle redoubled. . . .

Meanwhile, back in the warmly lighted headquarters, the serious talkers had their fingers upon that ditch, to which their minds had brought the prattlers. On their operations maps in those brain centers of Basher, Masher and Furious the ditch was marked as a blue line upon the acetate: "LD," Line of Departure.

That was all there was to it. From the ditch all you had to do was walk out across an open field into the dawn. Parts of the field were bare, parts covered with dry winter grass. Fences ran here and there. One or two mounds looked suspicious and there was a wood scaffolding like an American signboard without any sign. Beyond were dim outlines of houses.

It was much like any field the world

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

SOVFOTO

An outdoor reading room in Buryat-Mongolia. Russian literature is stressing superiority of the Soviet system

SOVFOTO

Moscow's Gorky Street, packed with motorcycle units waiting to display their power in Red Square on May Day

Older women of the Red October "millionaire collective farm" in the Kirov region listen to a reading of the news

SOVFOTO

HATE

THERE is an American in Moscow who remembers vividly how he was tossed in the air by friendly Russians on V-E Day three years ago. A few weeks ago, the same American smiled wryly and said, "I wouldn't dare take that chance with the Russians now. They'd be only too glad to hoist me but I doubt whether I'd ever come down again."

Bitter and resentful hostility to the United States is infecting the whole Soviet social structure. Not long ago a citizen of Moscow walked up to me in a public place, looked me slowly up and down, and spat out the word "Fascist!" Then walked away.

The impact of the United States' present foreign policy on the Soviets has been enormous. In the year since the Truman Doctrine was enunciated they have engaged in a series of moves—defensive, they say—which have changed the political complexion of a large part of Europe. Under their rival Molotov Doctrine they have stepped up their timetable for consolidating the Soviet security system, organizing one central European state after another on the Soviet pattern and integrating their economies with the Five-Year Plan.

The Molotov Doctrine has been successful so far, but the Russian people have paid a high price. The cold war against America has brought an ice age to inside Russia. While it has improved its economic lot considerably during the past year, politically and psychologically the Soviet Union is passing through a time of uncertainty, suspicion, spy scares, fear of foreigners, ideological hardening and general internal tension.

The most important development has been the virtual retirement of Stalin from direction of the government, and the assumption of more and more authority by Vyacheslav M. Molotov and Andrei A. Zhdanov. The sixty-eight-year-old Stalin gave up the job of Minister of the Armed Forces a year ago. Since then Molotov, his Foreign Minister and principal deputy prime minister, has gradually taken over the duties of premiership, and Zhdanov those of secretary-general of the Communist party.

Stalin has become primarily a symbol. He attends some state ceremonies, but fewer and fewer. He receives high-ranking visitors, but again these are fewer and fewer. He is present when important treaties are signed. His signature is affixed to occasional decrees, and personal messages to other chiefs of state are in his angular handwriting.

But Stalin has not made any public addresses since his election speech in February, 1946, more than two years ago. He has not been in Moscow for the last two celebrations of the Soviet national holiday, which is November 7th. He cannot take outdoor winter appearances any more. He spends more and more of his time at his luxurious villa at Sochi, on the shores of the Black Sea, in view of his native Caucasus Mountains. The year before last he spent three months there. Last year it was more than four months, from the beginning of August to the middle of December. No other chief executive was absent from his desk for so long in crucial 1947.

In Stalin's absence, the statements of policy, the speeches, the treaty negotiations and international relations are handled either by Molotov or by Zhdanov. The latter has created the present ideological climate in the Soviet Union, cracking the whip on the literature, music and art he deemed to be "un-Marxist" or "servile to the West."

Both Molotov and Zhdanov are essentially anti-Western in their views. There is no doubt inside the Soviet Union that this is the Stalin succession, and that it is already functioning.

With Stalin's one-man rule now ended the Soviet government has been quietly reorganized, during the past year, to make it an even more effective instrument of the Communist party Politburo. There are now twelve deputy prime ministers, making up an inner Cabinet. All but one or two are members of the Politburo, too, and each has vast power over some phase of Soviet life.

The stocky, square-faced Molotov, who looks like a schoolmaster, has been grudgingly granted top

TH RUSSIAN DRESSING

BY ALEXANDER KENDRICK

An American correspondent, just returned from 14 months in Moscow, reports the U.S.S.R. is ridden with spy scares, internal tension and distrust of foreigners. Marshal Stalin has virtually retired. Molotov and Zhdanov, who are essentially anti-Western, have emerged

LEO ROSENTHAL

Foreign Minister Molotov is gradually taking over the duties of the premiership from Joseph Stalin

SOVFOTO

Andrei Zhdanov, rising to power with Molotov, is running the Communist party more and more

stature by the chancelleries of the world, during the past year. They have revised their previous appraisal of him as "the best filing clerk in Russia," a remark originally attributed to Lenin. The filing clerk reputation was in some measure due to Molotov's modesty.

I stood a few feet away from the Foreign Minister at his last reception at Spiridonovka Palace, on November 7th. As usual, he was drinking champagne toasts with everyone he met, although unlike the others he made one glass of champagne go a long, long way. As I watched, a pair of mauve-uniformed, heavily bemedaled Soviet officers came over. They were Marshals Meretzkov and Govorov, two of the very few wartime commanders who are still around Moscow.

They lifted their glasses, and Meretzkov said:

"We drink to you, Vyacheslav Mihailovich. You are a *narodny chelovek*—a people's man."

This is the highest praise that can be offered in modern Russia, but Molotov turned it aside.

"No, no," he said. "I am only a *gosudarstveny chelovek*—a government functionary."

"*Narodny*," insisted Meretzkov.

"No, no," said Molotov modestly. "*Gosudarstveny*."

There was a moment's awkward pause. Then Meretzkov brightened up, and raised his glass.

"Well, anyway, *narodny gosudarstveny*—a *people's* government functionary," he said.

Molotov's emergence has led Stalin to pay less and less attention to business even when he is in Moscow. Since his return from Sochi he has been seen in a theater box, sitting slightly behind the drapery, at least half a dozen times. His favorite opera is Tchaikovsky's Eugen Onègin, and his favorite ballet The Flame of Paris. He has seen each twice this season.

He also saw Muradeli's opera The Great Friendship, and his inability to whistle any of the tunes on the way out was responsible for the Communist party denunciation of modern music, and of Prokofieff, Shostakovich and other Soviet composers.

Two evenings before Stalin's birthday in December, Stalin and a group that looked like a birthday party dropped in at the Moscow Art Theater to see Konstantin Simonov's made-to-order play about American journalism, The Russian Question. This was undoubtedly the most precious array of Bolshevik brass ever to go skylarking incognito, for Stalin had his Big Six with him, Molotov, Zhdanov, Beria, Malenkov, Voznessensky and Kaganovich.

From where I sat, ten feet away, they seemed to be having the time of their lives. Beria slapped everyone else on the back. This seems to be his favorite gesture. Zhdanov laughed until his little round belly shook, and Stalin stroked his mustache in obvious enjoyment at the labored anti-American jokes in the play.

From where I sat I could see something that is not apparent at distances, under floodlights or in touched-up photographs—Stalin's hair and mustache are now virtually silver, or the color of steel, as Soviet writers like to put it.

The war has made him unmistakably an old man. He seems to be in good health, but it comes as a shock to watch his slowing, cautious movements, and his old man's gait.

Stalin's Strange Message to Moscow

During the 14 months I was in Moscow I definitely received the impression that Stalin was out of touch with many things. There is no other way to explain the message he sent from his sumptuous Sochi villa to the people of Moscow, on the city's 800th anniversary in September.

"One of the most serious ulcers of the large capitals of European, Asiatic and American countries is the existence of slums, where millions of pauperized toilers are doomed to misery and to a slow and painful death," he wrote.

"Moscow's service consists in that it has completely eradicated these slums and given the working people an opportunity to move from the cellars and hovels into apartments and houses of the *bourgeoisie*."

Thousands of Muscovites, who live in the most crowded conditions in the world, many in cellars, many in hovels, without adequate lighting, heating, cooking or toilet facilities, might be pardoned for complaining that Comrade Stalin doesn't seem to get around.

But, although Stalin is now taking it easy in governmental matters, he isn't completely idle. He is writing a treatise on world economics, with particular reference to the postwar positions of capitalism and Communism.

His current absorption in economics and economic analysis lies behind the recent downfall of Eugene Varga, the ex-Hungarian who for 25 years was the Soviet Union's leading economist. Varga was removed, and his Institute of World Economy liquidated, because he refused to recant his announced belief that world capitalism is not quite finished yet, that the Great Crisis in the United States is not just around the corner, and that capitalist states have enough sense to achieve self-preservation even if it means some measure of economic control.

The Varga case, which Soviet censors did not allow to be reported objectively from Moscow, is one of the best examples I know of the effect present American policy has had on Russian thinking. The issues involved have split Soviet economists into two camps. One of these, led by Varga, believes the Politburo is committing a historic and titanic error.

Varga wrote a work last year called Changes in the Economics of Capitalism as a Result of the Second World War. In it he put forth the thesis that during the wartime emergency the state had acquired "decisive significance" in the economy of capitalist countries, and that this influence would remain after the war. He expressed confidence there was no danger of an imminent collapse of the American economic system because at least ten years would be needed for the restoration of Europe's war-torn economy, with American help.

Finally, he asserted capitalist monopolies are not to be identified with the capitalist state, that they are often in opposition to the state, and that the state represents the interests of "the entire bourgeois class" as against the private interests of individual capitalists.

His assertions are a complete denial of orthodox Marxist dogma.

At a three-day "discussion" of his book—which in effect was a party trial—other Soviet economists charged he had denied the Marxist law of the development and collapse of capitalism, the law of surplus value, the law of capitalist accumulation, the law of the increasing impoverishment of the working class, and the inevitability of crises and unemployment.

When Stalin got back to Moscow, Varga was removed. Stalin believes the American crisis is not far off, and that it will be caused by inflation, overproduction, unemployment and lack of markets. He believes the Marshall Plan is a desperate attempt to stave it off, that it cannot be staved off, and that "capitalist planning" is impossible because the monopolies *are* the government, and will never control themselves.

At the same time he has always professed, publicly at least, to see no reason why capitalist and Communist states should *(Continued on page 75)*

Imported white organdy makes filmy Ceil Chapman gown for the pretty standee. Omar Kiam's lavender Skillman chambray, left, is overlaid with cotton net and banded with cotton grosgrain. The Galey & Lord cotton in Adele Simpson's gown, right, is spiked with gold thread (nontarnish, plastic-coated aluminum). It appeared in a special fabric display at Metropolitan Museum

COTTON GETS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

BY RUTH CARSON

FIFTEEN years ago when Hope Skillman, now designer of high-style cotton fabrics, started in business, cotton to most of us meant sheets, pillowcases, kids' clothes and house dresses. Utility stuff, definitely.

Today cotton is still utility stuff, but something has been added. Fashion has gone to work on it, like yeast on a blob of dough, till there's nothing about cotton that isn't light with style today. Beach clothes to evening gowns, the best designers here and abroad use it—in soft, sophisticated colors, in such stripes, plaids and checks as no kitchen apron ever saw, even threaded with a line of gold, more elegant than satin.

Paris goes dreamy-eyed over Christian Dior's new evening gowns of tucked lawn and lace. Mainbocher and Sophie in New York star cotton as leading fabric in their custom order collections. The postwar reappearance of Swiss organdy in this country is announced not by the showing of window curtains and kids' party frocks, but by as lavish a fashion show as New York has ever seen, exquisite gowns of the frothy stuff lilting along the runway to the pop of cameras. And selling, later on, in showrooms of our top designers, at up to two hundred and fifty per.

Bags, coats and suits flaunt gay cotton linings. And now that fluffy, feminine underpinnings have become the fashion again, cotton camisoles and petticoats deck the Fifth Avenue windows.

Even cotton work clothes don't escape the fashion spotlight. It was turned on them in a fashion show this year, starring the bus driver, the mechanic, the waitress, the surgeon—each garbed more efficiently and also more smartly than ever before, thanks to the talents of Helen Cookman, designer now hired by a number of industries to smarten up their workers.

All of which is a lucky break for Hope Skillman, who didn't know fifteen years ago that she was getting in on the ground floor of a fashion boom. In fact she didn't know anything at all about cotton, except that it looked like a good, sound industry to get into. It was grown in twenty states and was the main crop in fourteen of them. It was the livelihood, in whole or part, of some 15,000,000 people. It filled at that time more than four fifths of our fabric needs, bulking largest in clothing. It looked like a better bet for a girl who had to make a living than the art-magazine writing in which she had been dabbling.

Today, by dint simply of following her nose, a pert and pretty nose which she has kept close to the grindstone, Hope is head of her own business, which is converting unfinished cotton called gray goods into such distinctive and lovely fabrics that she is credited with being one of the leaders in putting cotton *(Continued on page 52)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DERUJINSKY, JR.

HATS AND BAGS BY JOHN FREDERICS

Top picture: Girl standing displays Tina Leser play suit of Everfast cotton with cotton petticoat. Girl reclining on Bermuda rock wears Frances Sider's elasticized swim suit of Ameritex bird's-eye piqué

Above: McMullen suit of Galey & Lord cotton with Crown piqué coat by Janice Milan. She also designed pale green sunback dress with bolero in Skillman cotton

Left: Yellow coverall in crinkled Fuller cotton by Janice Milan; Claire McCardell skirt, halter and bolero in blue shirting by Lonsdale; Tina Leser's bathing suit in printed lawn by Bates, with skirt and scarf to match; Frances Sider's plaid cabana dress in Everfast or Dan River cotton

WHO'LL SIT WITH THE BABY SITTER?

BY

EVERETT M. WEBBER

Sam could take a hint. All she had to do was beat him about the head and shoulders with it . . .

The rain seemed to have started again. I tried to shield my face from it and then opened my eyes. Jill was pouring water on me. "What happened?" I asked

I AM a person of calm, even temperament, but I was rather irritated when for the second time in ten days Miss Jill Cheyney informed me that she would be unable to baby-sit Butch for the evening. She lives in a studio cottage next door to mine at Land's End and I had gone over to get Butch, whom I entrust to her care in the afternoon when I am painting or drawing. She is only a writer and can watch him while she pecks away at these detective novels she writes.

Now, calmly putting a sheet of carbon between a couple of fresh pages, she said, "I am really awfully sorry, but I couldn't stay with him this evening." Miss Cheyney has greenish eyes and they did not look at all sorry. "And please do not talk so loud," she added. "He's asleep."

I leaned against the porch banister. "This is really quite upsetting. I assured Tabitha Drake I would see her tonight without fail. She was angry at my breaking that date the other evening when I learned at the last moment you wouldn't stay with Butch."

That was, of course, an understatement. Right over the phone, which is a party line out here, Tabitha had said, "That is a fine way to treat me. You can take your Bridal Wreath contract and jump off the bridge." And then as she hung up she added an explosive phrase although it is illegal to talk like that over a party line where ladies might be listening.

Tabitha was hurt, of course, because she had bought a new dress to wear to this party we missed. But finally she cooled off and commuted out to Land's End a couple more times to pose for my current picture for the Bridal Wreath Company, makers of fine lingerie, and my fattest commission.

Running the paper into her machine, Miss Cheyney said, "I am sorry, very sorry, but I have my own life to lead. Perhaps you could get someone else to sit with Butch."

She has a full lower lip and when she pulls it in that way even Butch knows it is no use to argue and he is only four, going on five. But I said, "You know he would howl if I left anyone else with him—even if I could get someone, which I can't."

"Then," she said, "I suggest that you take him with you. He would like to see the bright lights—and Miss Drake could put him to bed if he became sleepy. Does mayhem have a y in it?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I'm an artist, not a machine."

"I think I'll put one," she decided, "and the publisher can suit himself."

I said, "We plan to go to the theater, so it would be impractical to take Butch . . . Would you mind telling me why you won't sit with him? Is it a matter of money?"

"I have," she said, "a heavy date."

"You?" I said. I realized immediately that this was a *faux pas*. "I—I mean," I stammered, "that—"

"It's quite all right." Nevertheless her cheeks had colored and I felt awful as she pounded furiously at the keys.

Of course it was quite reasonable that she should have dates. She was approximately twenty-three years old; nice, brownish-red hair; good cheekbones and interesting features with pretty mouth and eyes; bosom, waist and hips in artistic proportions.

I had an inspiration. "What are you and your heavy date going to do?"

"Oh—sit around. Dance, maybe."

"Then," I said, "couldn't you do it at my house instead of yours? Or have Butch over here?"

"It so happens," Jill informed me, "that the gentleman in question is allergic to children. I am hoping to show him a pleasant evening—not to scare him away with grim portents of the future. Besides, he's coming to sit with me—not with a baby."

I said, "Very well. But if Tabitha returns my ring again, you will know whom to blame. Not only that, her former husband, Johnny Selfridge, is shining up to her and he is not the type of person I like for her to go out with. If I don't show up, she—"

"Have no fear," Jill answered. "This heavy date I have is with Mr. Selfridge."

There was some relief in that, of course, though not much. I rose from the banister and walked across the yard and through the hedge, leaving the box with the new Trousseau nightgown behind me.

The Bridal Wreath Company never knows just which color will appeal to me most to paint at any given moment and since they want the pictures to be perfect they always send several samples. These are intentionally a little too small for Tabitha because it makes a more interesting picture, but they just fit Jill and since there is nothing personal about the matter she accepts the ones Tabitha does not pose in. She used to, that is.

This time Jill cried, "And take your old whatever-it-is with you!" and she threw the box at me. It came open and the gown flew out and the wind opened it and sent it across the lawn like a woman dancing. By the time I retrieved it, Jill was in the house. . . .

FINALLY, I long-distanced Tabitha in the city and broke the bad news. This conversation made me realize more clearly than ever that I should never have let myself become emotionally involved with my model; she said I could dispense with her presence in the future.

I put on a cheerful front for Butch when he came home and we went down for a swim in the lake. He is strong and brown; his brown hair is lighter than mine, but his eyes are as dark as his mother's were, and usually he is sober and thoughtful. He gets a kick out of swimming, though, and he laughed while we splashed.

At sundown we ran shivering back to the house and fixed supper and ate it and cleaned up. Then Butch looked at his new animal books the nursery-school woman had given him.

About the time he went to bed Johnny Selfridge came driving up to Jill's in his king-size convertible and played Little Brown Jug on his horns. Jill called to him and he went in. Long after I went to bed I could see and hear them dancing to the record player. Then they shook up some drinks and sat out in the porch swing which muttered screech-scrawch, screech-scrawch as they swung slowly back and forth.

Selfridge made some wisecracks when a car passed and stopped down the road at a marrying justice's. We get lots of couples from over the line because we have no three-day waiting law and the justices are also deputy clerks and can give you a license and marry you in one fell swoop.

It was ten forty-one when Johnny kissed her. He kissed her several more times after that, and at ten fifty-nine he said he had a hard day tomorrow at the wheat pit and they walked out to the car.

Presently she said, "Well—tomorrow night, then."

She went in humming and I turned over the other way as she has on a few occasions forgotten to pull down the shade to get ready for bed.

I was not feeling cheerful. I analyzed my feelings to see why this was and I concluded that I not only was disappointed about missing my date with Tabitha, but that I was subconsciously frustrated because Tabitha wouldn't even come back for me to finish the picture of the Trousseau nightgown tomorrow and thus I wouldn't get to see her at all.

I awakened in the morning to a dreary drizzle. But Jill loves such weather and she was in a raincoat on her side porch pecking away, before the lady came to haul Butch to the nursery school in the little town down the lake a mile from Land's End.

In my studio I dispiritedly looked over the Trousseau picture. The head was only blocked in with pencil, as was most of the background. The scene showed a girl lying on a bed in the gown, her arms extended outward as if she were either stretching luxuriously or fixing to embrace someone. This, of course, was in order to sell the gown to women both singular and plural.

The gown is what is known in circulating-library bedroom scenes as diaphanous. I began to think: Now, supposing that girl in the picture were Jill. And supposing Mr. Johnny Selfridge were to see it, he would probably drop Jill like a hot tip from his worst enemy in the wheat pit.

After all, his divorce with Tabitha was over the way she did some posing in the altogether for artists in the city. If Johnny were worthy of Jill, I told myself, I would not consider such a thing as I had in mind. But he wasn't. And if he dropped her, why then if I needed a baby sitter I would have one as my just reward for getting her rid of him.

But supposing I did the picture that way. How would I bring it to his attention in an unobtrusive manner? Maybe if I had a little party. . . .

MULLING that over, I got out an opera glass with which to get a close-up of Jill and went to work. I didn't want the resemblance to be photographic—just enough to make Jill recognizable. Then of course I would change it a bit more before I sent it out as I didn't wish to cause her any embarrassment.

I didn't like the picture as it progressed, though. Oh, it was all right. An ordinary artist would probably have been pleased with it, but it just didn't hit me. The gown I had taken to Jill was lying on the couch and I kept thinking how it looked dancing in the wind.

Suddenly I knew what to do. I put it on a hanger and turned a small fan on it to make it shimmer. I started a fresh picture and I could tell by the way I felt as I slapped the paint on that I had something. I worked hard and fast, letting the scene go as it wished, and instead of Jill in a room I had her dancing under a silver moon with blossoms from a near-by acacia tree in her hair.

It wasn't a literal picture but an abstraction of what I felt as I closed my eyes to see her dancing the better. And much to my surprise a couple of elves presently appeared in one corner playing pipes, and satyrs and nymphs hazily danced in another.

I was about half through and pretty

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY

MARY MAYO

Congressman Homer A. Ramey, head of a subcommittee investigating practices of some veterans' schools, talks about the G.I. Bill with a group of veterans

LET'S STOP ABUSES IN VETERANS' SCHOOLS

PEOPLE who have no business trying to educate others have moved in on the G.I. Bill of Rights. They have ignored the clear intent of its provisions for veterans' education and through loopholes in the present law have established schools that are highly questionable in character—schools in which are taught subjects that are of no benefit to the veteran-student, and that milk the federal Treasury of the taxpayers' funds without giving any worth-while return, either to the veteran or to the public.

Some of these schools, for instance, have been teaching veterans to be dancing instructors. This is no complaint against legitimate dancing instructors, but so many veterans have been induced, often by high-pressure methods, to squander their educational benefits on such instruction that if all of them were actually to become teachers there would be enough to make the entire population of the United States completely familiar with both the rumba and the samba within a year.

As Collier's showed in an article on veterans' education last week, other schools—scores of them—have been set up to teach veterans horseback riding, chicken sexing and flower arranging.

In still other institutions that have been training veterans for recognized occupations—as bartenders, for example—there is clear evidence that courses have been stretched out, in many instances, from a reasonable few weeks to as much as seven full months. By so doing they have been able to extract from the Treasury the maximum possible amount of tuition, as much as $500 per student instead of the $100 or $150 their instruction may actually be worth.

Through advertising, scores of schools have enrolled tens of thousands of veterans for training in occupations like radio and barbering that cannot possibly absorb more than a small percentage of their graduates. In their haste to lay hands upon every available federal dollar some operators have not bothered to consider whether their graduates have any chance of putting their new learning to good use.

The extent to which these operations have grown up around the educational features of the G.I. Bill of Rights would shock the country if fully exposed. Investigation by the subcommittee on education of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, of which I am chairman, brought to light only a small fraction of the whole picture.

But even these explorations more than justify an estimate that the federal government is spending close to half a billion dollars a year supporting schools that fall far short of serving as benefactors of the veteran.

With Hospitals Short of Help

The squandering of such sums would be scandalous under any circumstances. To permit it to occur while veterans' hospitals have been forced to discharge essential help, because there is not enough money to pay them, is completely unconscionable.

Our subcommittee first started its investigations when 800 indignant veterans marched to the House Office Building in Washington last January to complain bitterly that the Veterans Administration had forced the Columbia Technical Institute, of Washington, D.C., to close its doors and leave them stranded. At first glance it appeared that some misguided bureaucrat might have acted arbitrarily in the matter, trying for some reason to injure a legitimate school and its veteran student body. But as our hearings progressed we were shocked by a series of strange disclosures.

We found that the Veterans Administration had requested this school to submit a financial statement to justify the tuition fees it was charging for evening courses. These charges may have been extreme. They may have been reasonable. The V.A. could only have determined whether they were one or the other after examining the school's financial statement.

But the authorities at the Columbia Technical Institute had flatly refused to submit such a statement. The Veterans Administration was thus jockeyed into the position of having to hold up further payments to the school. Then CTI officials, who had

STUDY OF SPECIAL PROBLEMS ARISING UNDER THE SERVICE-MEN'S READJUSTMENT ACT

(The Bureau of the Budget, February 9, 1948)

INTRODUCTION

...e no intention or prospect ... training occupationally.

DANCING LESSONS

Social or ballroom dancing is another training activity in which there is departure from the intent of the law that veterans should be assisted to reach legitimate occupational objectives.

Latest estimates indicate that several thousand veterans are taking dancing lessons at the expense of the Federal Government. Most of these veterans are taking social or ballroom dancing courses of close to 100 hours in length and instructor courses of about 200 hours in length. Costs for these courses are usually between $3.50 and $3.90 an hour. Thus, a typical course of 100 to 120 hours costs between $350 and $450 for tuition payments, in addition to any subsistence allowances required.

State accrediting agencies have attempted to confine their approval to "instructor" courses as a general rule. There is no method, however, open either to the accrediting agencies or to the Veterans' Administration to insure that veterans taking such course enter them with the idea of becoming dancing instructors or that they will stay in the courses long enough to become qualified dancing instructors.

In a number of instances schools have frankly stressed the recreational or social aspects of the dance instruction. One school explains to veterans that they may drop out after 100 hours of basic instruction without taking advanced instruction or at any time they believe themselves to be proficient. Another advertised dance lessons for two at the cost of one and urged veterans to learn rhumba, jitterbug, waltzes, and fox trots "in time for fall weekends and dances."

...GRAPHY CO...

This is part of the testimony presented at subcommittee hearings. It was taken from an official study of the G.I. Bill

Congressman Ramey discusses corrective moves recommended by his investigating subcommittee. Several measures that would amend the G.I. Bill of Rights have been introduced

BY HOMER A. RAMEY

U.S. CONGRESSMAN FROM OHIO

actually brought the crisis about, blandly announced they were being forced to close by the Veterans Administration.

In the course of our hearings it was disclosed that the principal owner of the school, and his wife, were not in Washington at all. Instead, they were living in Florida, leaving administration of the institution to an underling. When we finally got the man to leave his Florida home and come up to Washington he testified he "controlled" the school by mail, writing daily letters of instruction to his dean. For this remote-control job he was drawing a salary of $18,000 a year. His wife was getting eighteen thousand more. Small wonder the school's officials weren't anxious to explain the details of its finances to the V.A.!

It appeared to me that the people who ran this school had done a great injury to their 800 veteran-students by refusing the financial information. At the urgent behest of our committee the absentee owner finally assumed a less truculent attitude. He submitted the data we wanted and soon reached an agreement with the Veterans Administration that permitted the school to continue its training of veterans.

This case—and many another like it, revealed during our hearings—clearly highlighted the extremely limited power of the Veterans Administration to maintain forcibly anything like a decent standard among the thousands of schools offering training to veterans. As our hearings proceeded it became more and more apparent that the Veterans Administration was in the position of a mere paying teller, with virtually nothing to say about the quality of the education offered and very little to say about its cost. Schools of every sort—or anything that wanted to call itself a school—could enroll veterans and collect money from the Veterans Administration if they could simply be approved by a state approving authority.

To explain fully this situation I must go back to the writing of the G.I. Bill in 1944. Its educational sections, especially, presented a host of problems for which there were no precedents.

Some members of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee thought, for example, that they ought to allow the Veterans Administration to supervise closely every single school proposing to serve the veteran. The majority of the committee, though, believed this would be an almost impossible task, at least for the Veterans Administration as it was then constituted. They listened to testimony from many educational authorities and state officials, who emphasized that the supervision of education is traditionally a function of the states. They did not want our bill for *veterans' education* to serve as the opening wedge for a great bureaucratic system setting up federal control of *all education*.

So the act, as finally passed, provided that in each state an approving authority, usually the commissioner of education or board of education, would be given the task of judging the legitimacy of each veterans' training school and of supervising its course of instruction.

Even at that time there were some members of Congress who feared this system would constitute an open invitation to irregularities. Errett Scrivner, a member of Congress from Kansas, repeatedly stressed the magnitude of this danger. He warned us that, while most states would probably be vigilant in protecting the interests of their veterans, some approving authorities might be weak, or casual, or even corrupt.

I supported Congressman Scrivner in his view that we ought to write a tighter law—one that would legislate at least a modicum of supervision and control by the Veterans Administration, which would have to foot the bill. Four or five others on the committee felt as Mr. Scrivner and I did, but the majority honestly believed we had no alternative but to turn the matter of approving and supervising schools over to state officials.

Surely, they argued, we should be able to trust state superintendents of public instruction, or state boards of education, to safeguard the veterans' interests and to apply reasonable, or even rigorous standards in selecting schools for approval. The G.I. Bill, as it finally was voted by Congress, placed its faith in the men the people of each state select to supervise and regulate education.

Only Abuses Are Spotlighted

I would, however, like to point out here that the light of publicity is almost invariably turned onto the mistakes and failures. Many schools operating under the present law are beyond reproach. It is not these with which our subcommittee is concerned, and our faith has been justified in many states. I know from personal investigation that in Ohio, Michigan, New Mexico and Arizona, in some of the New England states, and in New York, the state approving authorities have done an honest and workmanlike job in examining and supervising schools of all kinds.

Unfortunately, however, an accumulating and overwhelming mass of evidence has forced the members of our subcommittee, most reluctantly, to the conclusion that many a state approving authority has failed in its trust and placed its seal of approval on institutions formed primarily for the purpose of exploiting this federal bounty.

Through evidence presented before our subcommittee at its recent hearings, we found that the number of schools for teaching flying have jumped from the few hundred that existed at the end of the war to nearly 4,000. Many are legitimate, well run and give both the veteran and the government a full and fair break.

But what could anyone say in favor of the Florida school that advertised widely in the North like this: "Veterans, come to Florida. Enjoy the sunshine. Enjoy the breezes. Bathe in the ocean while you learn to fly. Exercise your rights under the G.I. Bill and we will refund $30 of your travel expenses after one week of training"? Such a school appears to have little interest in training veterans to pursue flying as a vocation. It isn't looking for that kind of serious-minded veteran—the man who wants to study and practice to qualify as a commercial pilot. It is looking for a boy who is fool enough to squander his educational benefits for a Florida vacation.

What can be said in favor of the flying school in Mobile, Alabama, which is being investigated by the F.B.I. for allegedly billing the government for flight training it never actually gave veteran-students it had enrolled?

What can be said for the Macon,

(Continued on page 57)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

MY FRIEND JOSEP

BY NEIL PATERSON

The Story:
I first encountered JOSEPH outside London; he was boxing in a traveling side show. A huge, inarticulate man, known as the Pole, Joseph's viciousness in the ring was matched only by his gentleness toward the birds and animals he took to live with him. He spoke little English and seemed to have no friends.

At that time I was terribly in love with MOLLY, the adopted daughter of JACOBUS, the boxing manager. Jacobus, who lived with his domineering housekeeper, MRS. STEVENS, above his gymnasium, did not know that Molly and I were in love. Wanting to ingratiate myself, I told Jacobus about Joseph. Jacobus took him on, and Joseph, billed as Joe Hamilton, knocked out his first three opponents. It turned out that I was the only person the unpredictable Pole enjoyed being with—or would even listen to, so Jacobus asked me to look after him.

This was no easy task. After I talked him into returning a valuable Abyssinian duck he had stolen, Joseph turned up with a young lion. Desperately intent on keeping Joseph reasonably happy so that he would co-operate when the British Board of Boxing Control met to qualify him as a British subject and thus be eligible for a crack at the title, Jacobus didn't dare take Joseph's beloved lion away from him. He even brought Joseph to live with him and his housekeeper.

Mrs. Stevens was trying hard to force Molly to go and live with RAGS GORMAN, a successful bookmaker. Then, to everyone's surprise, Gorman actually proposed to marry Molly. If it weren't for my meager finances, I would have married her in a minute myself, to spare her from such a fate, and because I loved her. Meanwhile, she went home to another bitter harangue from Mrs. Stevens about Gorman while I, completely miserable, went to the newspaper office where I work and waited to hear from her.

Conclusion

THE next day was the longest I have ever lived through. Molly was to phone in the evening. She was to slip out and ring me whenever she got rid of Rags Gorman, and I sat waiting by the office phone for three interminable hours, from 8 till 11 P.M. A crowd of the boys came in then and sat down at the reporters' long table, and I could hardly bear to listen to their bright talk. I had to get out. I had to get to Molly. I left the office at a run, jumped a number thirteen at the traffic lights, and got off just opposite Jacobus' gymnasium fifteen minutes later.

It was then exactly twenty-two minutes past eleven, and there was nobody about.

I climbed the yard gate and, keeping to the shadow of the house wall, tiptoed up the flight of stone stairs that led to the kitchen door. I don't know exactly what I meant to do. I hoped to see Molly, but if I did not see Molly I think I meant to hammer on the door

(Continued on page 66)

The Pole picked up Rags and threw him down the stairs after Jacobus

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

The pick of the Portables

Powerful

Extra range and power are yours with the "Globe Trotter," amazing sensitivity, plenty of volume even for outdoor dancing. That handsome case is lightweight aluminum and plastic with a special, weather-resistant finish on the aluminum. Plays on house current (AC-DC). Plays on its self-contained RCA battery and turns on the second you lift the dial cover. It's a star performer with the marvelous tone of the famous "Golden Throat."

Pocket Size

Just 6¼ inches high, this tiny "Personal" gives you room-size volume. It's built like a fine camera, has rugged RCA batteries, tiny but sturdy RCA Victor tubes. Plays instantly when you open the handsome case. Choose *yours* in black, brown, red or ivory alligator-grained plastic!

the "Golden Throat"

FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY

Always buy RCA batteries . . . they're radio-engineered for longer life.

When you're in New York, see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL. Open free to all. 36 West 49th Street, across from Radio City.

Prudently Priced

Like all RCA Victor instruments, this stunning new portable is an outstanding value. It has fine volume and the glorious tone of the "Golden Throat." Plays on AC or DC house current or on its long-life RCA battery. Lightweight—in durable maroon plastic with non-tarnish golden finished trim and a handsome saddle of smart luggage-type covering. It's a welcome companion at home or wherever you go!

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"VICTROLA"— T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Clean that cooling system in spring"

Start your spring and summer driving season with a cooling system that is clean as a whistle.

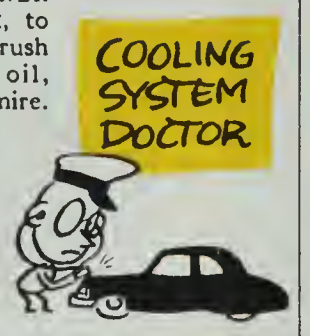
You can see the mud that winter leaves on and under your car. But you can't see the muck that winter driving can leave inside your cooling system.

Unless you have this cleaned out now, summer driving *may overheat your motor* and cause: (1) poor performance, (2) wasteful gas consumption, (3) possible staggering repair bills.

Mere draining won't help the situation. You should go to your Nor'way service man and have him do a complete job with NOR'WAY* preparations.

3-STEP TREATMENT

1. First thing, your service man will give your cooling system a spring purge with NOR'WAY CLEANER or QUICK FLUSH, to give the bum's rush to rust, scale, oil, grease and other mire.



2. Then he'll use NOR'WAY STOP LEAK to sure-seal any leaks.

3. Next comes NOR'WAY ANTI-RUST to prevent summer corrosion and clogging of the tiny passages of your radiator.

Ask for this spring cooling system treatment by name: *NOR'WAY.*
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOR'WAY
CLEANER • QUICK FLUSH
STOP LEAK • ANTI-RUST

Products of Commercial Solvents Corporation
17 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH

AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

Concluding the story of the first big radio network with a look at the political past—Al Smith, Huey Long and F.D.R. Also the Winning of the West—or how Hollywood's rulers made their peace with radio

IV

IN ANY objective study of history, the radio must have a place of honor beside the steam engine, the dynamo and the automobile as a fountainhead of social revolution. It has brought drastic changes in entertainment, education, religion and politics. Especially in the latter. And these are so profound that the political stage before 1920—the year of KDKA's broadcast of the Harding-Cox election returns—was just a primitive prelude to today.

The Coolidge-Davis campaign of 1924 was the first one to make any effective use of radio. It was an important element of strategy during the Hoover-Smith battle in 1928. It was not, however, until the Hoover-Roosevelt combat of 1932 that broadcasting became a decisive factor.

As head of the National Broadcasting Company, I had to maintain close contacts with officials of the government. My earliest ones were with Herbert Hoover, who, as Secretary of Commerce under Coolidge, supervised American radio activities. The impression I gained of him then has remained throughout all these years: Here was a fair-minded, amazingly able and utterly reasonable public servant, a just man who had at heart the best interests of both the public and the broadcasting industry.

My occasional meetings with Calvin Coolidge gave me ample opportunities to form an estimate of the man. I found him to be cordial but matter-of-fact, hardheaded and taciturn.

It was this latter characteristic which almost disrupted a broadcast that we had planned as a great human-interest presentation. On Inauguration Day, March 4, 1929, after escorting his successor, Herbert Hoover, down Pennsylvania Avenue, Coolidge was driven to the Union Station, where he boarded a train for Vermont. I had arranged with David Lawrence, our correspondent in Washington, for a microphone in the retiring President's railroad car, from where he would broadcast a few words of farewell to the nation.

Lawrence was awaiting the Coolidges as they entered the car and began the broadcast immediately. Turning to the former Chief Executive, he said, "Won't you say a word, Mr. Coolidge?"

To Lawrence's consternation Coolidge looked grim and said nothing.

Dave had to think fast—and he did. Being an old Washington hand, he knew that the charming Mrs. Grace Coolidge could handle her husband better than anyone else. So he turned to her: "Would *you* like to say a word, Mrs. Coolidge?"

INTERNATIONAL

The author (left) with Al Smith after a campaign broadcast in 1928

The gracious lady smiled and reached for the portable microphone. She responded vivaciously, talking of her regret at leaving Washington, and thanked the women of America for their good wishes. Mrs. Coolidge was doing so well as extemporaneous speaker that the amazed Cal was suddenly tempted. Without warning he grabbed the microphone from his wife's hand and spoke his thanks to the people for their help while he was in the White House. It was quite a lengthy speech for Coolidge.

During the 1928 Presidential campaign, I gained a close insight into the heart and the mind of another great political figure—Alfred E. Smith.

Although most of the "top brass" of radio were Republican sympathizers, and therefore for Herbert Hoover, I made extraordinary efforts to maintain the political impartiality of NBC. Then, too, there was the affection I had for the Democratic nominee—an affection that was shared by one of the titans of the broadcasting world, Owen D. Young.

Young was so deeply interested in

OUTDOOR TREAT

Wherever the sun shines on good friends, enjoying good sport together, you can always find Milky Way candy bars. For the fresh, outdoor air seems to add to that rare taste blend of the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center so richly flavored with real malted milk.

When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way

DID SOMEONE SHUT A DOOR?

THE NIGHT SEEMS ENDLESS . . . when you can't get to sleep. And as you twist and turn in your bed, you begin to feel uneasy.

So uneasy, that you start imagining things—things you'd *never* think of in the daytime!

But *why* are you so restless and jumpy? Why are you *sleepless*, for that matter?

It *might* have been that cup of coffee you had. One cup may be all it would take, if you're one of those affected by the caffein in coffee.

But don't be alarmed. You needn't give up your coffee drinking.

Just change to *Sanka* Coffee.

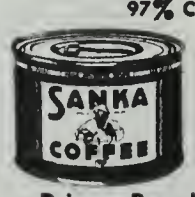
Sanka is perfectly *delicious* coffee—temptingly fragrant, rich and full-bodied. Yet Sanka can't possibly keep you awake, or jitter up your nerves, because 97% of its caffein has been taken out.

So drink *all* the coffee you want—just make sure it's *Sanka!* Sanka is all coffee, real coffee, grand, flavorful coffee. Start enjoying it tonight!

TUNE IN! The Hilarious NEW Sanka Coffee Show . . . starring funster Danny Thomas! CBS, Fridays, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN-FREE



YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

Drip or Regular • New Instant

Products of General Foods

Al's personal fortunes that he made suggestions, at the candidate's request, which were incorporated in the latter's speech accepting the Presidential nomination. I shall never forget the night in Young's apartment when we tuned in Smith's delivery of this address.

The candidate had spoken only a brief time when the great industrialist shook his head sadly. Speaking to no one in particular, he said, "Al, that won't do at all."

Young, like most of us, recognized that Smith was an outstanding American. But on this night, it became plain that he could not overcome the limitations of his background, at least on the radio. For Smith was essentially a product of the Big City, a hundred per cent New Yorker. His hoarse, rough voice, slovenly diction and an accent that was pure New Yorkese doomed him over the air waves.

Not Much Radio Aptitude

Al's deficiencies as a radio speaker saddened Young; so the great industrialist suggested that I take Smith in hand and, if possible, help him to improve his microphone technique. I worked with the governor faithfully for some time, but it was all in vain. He never could quite understand the "radd-i-oh," as he called it. His words, as they came over the air, simply failed to convey any intimation of his greatness.

Smith was also burdened with a typical New York provincialism. Broadcasting from Colorado, he spoke as if his remarks were intended solely for the residents of his own community. And even when he lifted his sights, Al's speeches had a limited appeal. He had received his early political schooling before the coming of radio, barnstorming from town to town and delivering the same talk with only slight local variations. Radio, however, demands something new each time.

Throughout his energetic campaign, Al seemed utterly oblivious of his radio defects. The flattery of his immediate advisers was responsible for this, for they insisted that the election was "in the bag." I had startling proof of his self-delusion when he came to my office on the day before the ballots were cast. Resplendent in brown suit, with four big cigars bulging in his vest pocket, the Democratic nominee parked his pearl-gray derby on my desk. Then, he drew a deep breath and said jubilantly, "Merlin, I have it! I'm elected!"

I knew that he was feeding himself a dream that would never come tr But being so fond of him, I did not da to tell him what I thought. I merely r marked, "Well, Governor, it won't ma ter even if you don't win, because I knc you really don't care."

Al looked at me in silence. Then, aft a moment, he said in the most self-con dent manner possible, "Merlin, all of n friends tell me that I'm in."

"The only trouble with politics," said, "is that sometimes your friends su round you."

The Al Smith radio story was one defeat; that of Franklin D. Roosevé one of triumph. Roosevelt was a virt oso of the microphone. With the e ception of Huey Long, he knew mo about its use as a political instrume than any other American public figur He could really tame the people with h magnetic voice, the charm of his pe sonality and his uncanny mastery radio oratory.

By the time the campaign year of 19 came along, F.D.R. was already an e pert. As governor of New York, he ha availed himself many times of our facil ties, but not until after his nominatio that summer did he develop to the fu those qualities which made him the cou try's Number One radio speaker.

That was a desperate period of Amer can history. The depression, with i sorrowful cavalcade of strikes, ban failures, bread lines and general unres had sown suspicions in the minds of me The radio spared no pains to maintai its reputation for impartiality. And b cause of our desire to play fair with a political factions, we were, in one sens unwittingly instrumental in bringin about the nomination of Frankli Delano Roosevelt.

At a certain stage of the drama-fille Democratic convention in Chicago tha summer, certain national committeeme combined against F.D.R., who was th leading contender. The movement gaine in strength and the Roosevelt leader were frantic. They sent a hurry call t NBC for time on the air. Their plan wa to broadcast speeches by outstandin figures who, while ostensibly addressin the country, would in reality be appeal ing to the national committeemen.

I knew that if I consulted many of m good friends in the newspaper and th radio fields about this request, they woul have advised me not to lift a finger t stop the anti-Roosevelt drive. But I be lieved that the F.D.R. chiefs had a righ

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

"You'll find it lots more comfy without these lumpy thousand-dollar bundles"

COLLIER'S

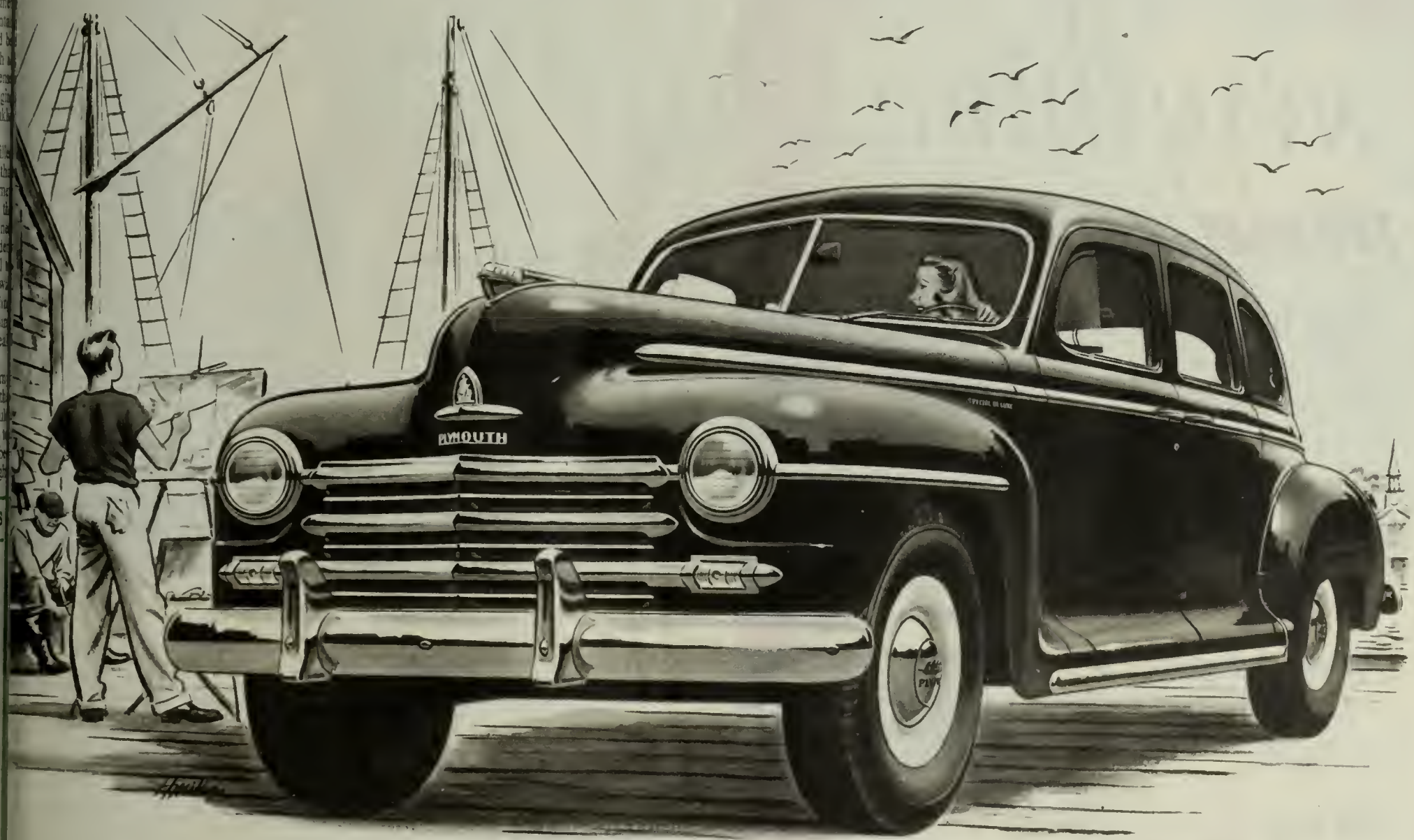
ook at the advanced features you get with PLYMOUTH !

cars have TIRES but in the lowest-priced field only
YMOUTH has SUPER-CUSHION TIRES on SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

fter-riding, cooler-running Super-Cushion Tires soak up road shocks, reduce ances of tire failure. But if trouble occurs you have the added protection new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels. Both are standard equipment with Plymouth.

All cars have BRAKES but in the lowest-priced field only
PLYMOUTH has SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES

There's hold on those hills with Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes. Light foot pressure holds your Plymouth smoothly and evenly as you take it down the steepest grades. These revolutionary new brakes are a third more effective!



asy-riding luxury and the great safety team f Super-Cushion Tires, Safety-Rim Wheels and afe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes are just *examples* f how low-priced Plymouth gives you top alue. You can see many others in the Quality hart at your Plymouth dealer's.

You'll note that Plymouth has 20 of 21 quality eatures found in most high-priced cars. You can ake your own comparison and see, too, that neither of the other leading low-priced cars has *half* as many of these features as you get with Plymouth. Won't you check the chart for yourself and find out just how much difference there is in low-priced cars?

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GODD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

• Your neorby Plymouth deoler will provide the service ond factory-engineered ports to keep your present cor in good condition while you're woiting for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Mich.

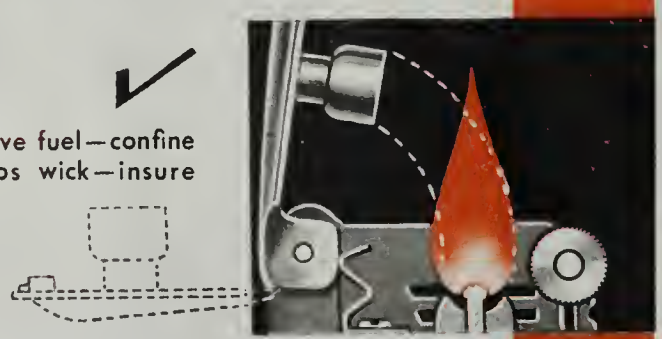
PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

If it's VALUE you want—
it's PLYMOUTH you want

RAMA SPIN the LIGHTER that STAYS LIT in the strongest WIND!

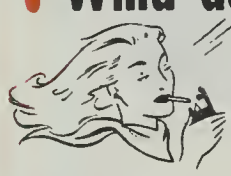
Everything...
YOU WANT IN A LIGHTER!

Sure lights: ✓
Two sealing cups conserve fuel—confine fumes around asbestos wick—insure instant lighting.



Fewer Fuelings: ✓
Sealing cups, plus precision-fit fuel cap, hoard fuel for more lights per filling.

Wind defiance: ✓
Airfoil windshield defies the strongest breeze.



Precision made—sturdy, all metal construction—handsomely finished in Chromium and rich tortoise enamel.

ALL THIS AND beauty TOO... RECORD-BREAKING VALUE AT $2.95

RAMA SPIN Trade Mark

STAYS LIT in the strongest WIND!

DEALERS: Write for trade information, giving jobber's name.
RAM LIGHTERS, INC., 7 MULBERRY ST., NEWARK 2, N. J.

to be heard—and so I did not consult them.

Instead, I phoned the late Arthur Mullen, Roosevelt floor leader at the convention, and granted his request to put him and Jim Farley on the air that night. And instead of assigning them a late hour, when they would be heard by only a few listeners, I gave them the best we had. They went on from 8 to 8:30 P.M. New York time, displacing our first important commercial account, the Cities Service Hour.

I was the only one in the studio with Jim Farley and Arthur Mullen as they faced the microphone that night. Both were so nervous and keyed up that, as they spoke, they dropped parts of their speech manuscripts. So, forgetting my dignity as president of NBC, I had to get on my knees, pick up the scattered pages from the floor and hurriedly reassemble them in their proper order.

Jim Farley would be the first to admit today that this incident demonstrated the political fair-mindedness of radio. He would also tell you that this broadcast was a decisive factor in holding the rebellious committeemen in line, until the delegates from California and Texas mounted the band wagon and assured F.D.R.'s nomination.

How the Fireside Chats Began

At no time in the history of our country was public interest keener in the doings of a new Administration than during the first months of Roosevelt's tenancy of the White House. I therefore believed that radio could render the highest service to the people if it could bring to them at *regular* intervals a report by the President himself on the state of the nation. I suggested this plan to Louis Howe, F.D.R.'s secretary. He was enthusiastic and discussed the proposal with his chief.

A few days later, Howe informed me that the President had turned my offer down.

"He thinks it's a first-rate idea," Louis told me, "but he does not wish to go on the air as a regular attraction. However, he will adopt your suggestion of using the radio to report to the people. He will do this whenever he has anything important to tell them; but he will choose his own time and do so at his own convenience."

This was the origin of the famous "fireside chats."

Several years later, I saw an especially vivid demonstration of New Deal power in action. It was on an evening in 1944 when Senator Harry Truman, following his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, spoke at President Roosevelt's request, on the same platform with Henry Wallace at a rally of the Liberal party i Madison Square Garden. Prior to th meeting I was sitting in a room at th Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with Hugh Fu ton, former counsel for the Truma Committee, and, in fact, the motivatin genius of that body. We had decided t remain there to listen to the Truman a dress over the radio. More or less in fu I had had 25 special campaign button manufactured especially for me. Thes bore the name of Truman, but not that o Roosevelt. Both Fulton, an intimat friend of the Missouri senator, and I pu one on. At that moment the senato came into the room, and, of course noticed the buttons immediately.

"Where's Roosevelt's name?" h asked. "Where do these come from?"

We laughed and explained that thes were special buttons, not for general dis tribution. Truman asked for some fo his daughter, Margaret, and we gave hin the remaining 23 buttons, which he put i his pocket before he left for the rally.

Hugh Fulton had spent six week traveling with the Vice-Presidential can didate, and, at his request, had writte Truman's campaign speeches on tha Western trip. Fulton had also prepare the Truman address for the Madiso Square Garden rally. He had done s because he disagreed with a pro-Wallac speech which my friend, Paul Porter, a ardent New Dealer and a member of th Democratic National Committee, ha written for Mr. Truman to deliver tha night in the interests of party harmony

However, Fulton and Porter could no get together on the content. So Mr. Tru man's final draft of the address, as h prepared to leave for the Garden, con tained some of the Fulton sentiments an many of Porter's pro-Wallace thoughts When Truman asked Fulton what h thought of the completed script, Hug said, "Harry, I would rather take a dos of salts than deliver that speech."

Nevertheless, Vice-Presidential Candi date Truman did deliver it. And toda he and the Democratic National Com mittee are certainly getting that "dose o salts" in their efforts to cope with th problems of party harmony and Henry A. Wallace.

Mention the New Deal to me and al most automatically I recall some of m experiences with one of its most virulent foes—Senator Huey Long of Louisiana. When I was chairman of the Colorado Public Utility Commission, at the age of twenty-eight, I met him while he was holding a similar post in his state.

Years later, after I had taken command at NBC, I learned that he had been elected to the United States Senate. Soon thereafter, we renewed our acquaintance

COLLIER'S "Of course, my secret ambition is to be a surgeon" HANK KETCHAM

"Let's raid this camp—they've the best of everything!"

It's a mighty thoughtful host who serves the whiskey
thousands are switching to . . . mellower, milder
Calvert Reserve! For Calvert's unmatched blending experience
always rewards you with a *better tasting* drink . . .
cocktail, highball or neat. Why not try it?

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

CALVERT RESERVE—Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

Add this to your piano—watch the party perk up!

What perks up a party—adds loads of fun? The Solovox!

The Solovox makes a star performer of any piano player, because it *adds instrumental solos to piano accompaniment.*

Pick 'most any instrument you can name—violin, sax, trumpet, oboe, cello, even organ. These effects and many more are yours with the Solovox.

It's amazingly simple. You play a choice of instrumental solos on the small keyboard of the Solovox with your right hand, while your left hand plays your piano accompaniment.

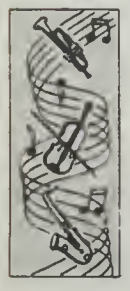
The Solovox makes piano playing more fun for everyone. It's perfect for duets!

What if you play only a few simple chords or a few melodies by ear? It doesn't matter. Your music all sounds wonderful, because the Solovox offers such a variety of musical effects. Any tune can be played dozens of interesting ways.

The Solovox can be attached to or removed from any piano in seconds. Does not mar the finish. It will not affect the normal operation. The piano can be played separately at any time.

Don't put off seeing and playing the Solovox.* Go to your dealer's soon. Learn how much fun it can be for you and your family—how easy it is to play. Or, send the coupon to learn how to get more fun out of *your* piano!

Solovox Made by the makers of the Hammond Organ



Hammond Instrument Company, 4244 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Without obligation, please send me full information about the Solovox. ☐ Check, if you also wish full details about the Hammond Organ.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ P.O. Zone_____ State_____

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1948

under somewhat extraordinary circumstances.

It was NBC's custom in those days to greet each station joining the network with a special gala program. Always, a high light of the ceremonies was the presentation of a few formal remarks by the two senators of the state. In line with this, we had planned an elaborate broadcast to welcome the addition of our New Orleans outlet. Our program men had lined up bands, vocalists, glee clubs and, of course, the two Upper Chamber solons. As was customary, the senators were informed that they would be allotted three minutes each.

The following day, "Scoop" Russell, our vice-president in charge of the Washington offices, phoned me, greatly perturbed.

"I don't believe Huey will agree to limit himself to three minutes," he told me. "That fellow likes to talk."

I did not want any trouble with Long. Therefore I went down to Washington and gave Russell these instructions: "As he speaks, you stand near the microphone. After three minutes, if I know Huey, he'll turn to you, while he's on the air, and ask, 'Is my time up?' Then, you yell as loud as you can, right into the mike, 'No, Senator, just keep talking!' "

The Senator Runs True to Form

I knew my man. Long did exactly as I had anticipated. Four times during his *48-minute* address he wanted to know whether his time was up! He held the air so long that the bands and the other musical features we had scheduled did not go on. However, the listeners did not mind.

Huey's audience was so captivated by his performance that night that, although he had spoken 45 minutes longer than his senatorial colleague, we received thousands of letters berating us for not having given him sufficient time! Some even accused us of having "cut him off the air."

Immediately after the broadcast, Russell informed him that I was in the next room. He dashed in and greeted me with a hearty slap on the back. "Deac, they're after NBC on the Hill," he volunteered, "but after what you did for me tonight, I'm going to protect you."

And he did. At that time, numerous bills were being introduced, any one of which might have disastrously hampered the development of radio. Whenever that happened, I would phone Huey, get him out of the cloakroom and call the matter to his attention. Most of the time he had never even heard of the proposed measure; but he would go onto the floor and launch a diatribe—and an intellige one—against it. He did this for year and was probably responsible for th scuttling of more antagonistic radio legi lation than any other man in Congres

Whenever the senator visited me i Radio City, he was accompanied b two ominous-looking bodyguards. The frowning huskies made me nervous an for that reason I always refused them ac mittance to my private office. Hue therefore, had them take seats in the ant room. However, I occasionally revenge myself for the discomfort caused me b his companions. Knowing that the mer mention of F.D.R. would send him int a lashing rage, I sometimes gave play to mischievous impulse by placing Roose velt's picture directly behind my desl It was a photograph the President ha sent me, inscribed, "To My Dear Friend.

So when Huey looked at me, he woul behold the smiling countenance o F.D.R. "The ——!" he would exclaim "He's an anarchist! I'll have nothing t do with him!"

Then we would settle down for pleasant little chat.

One day, while Huey was visiting me he mentioned the Rockefellers.

"You know, Deac, I could sell mor oil in Louisiana than the Rockefellers, he said. "If I could go on the radio fo them, and they gave me the freedom t say whatever I wanted to, I'd show 'en what a real salesman is like."

That was putting me on the spot. I would have been difficult for me to hav persuaded the Rockefellers to hire Hue Long.

"Well," I remarked, "I don't thin they'd like that."

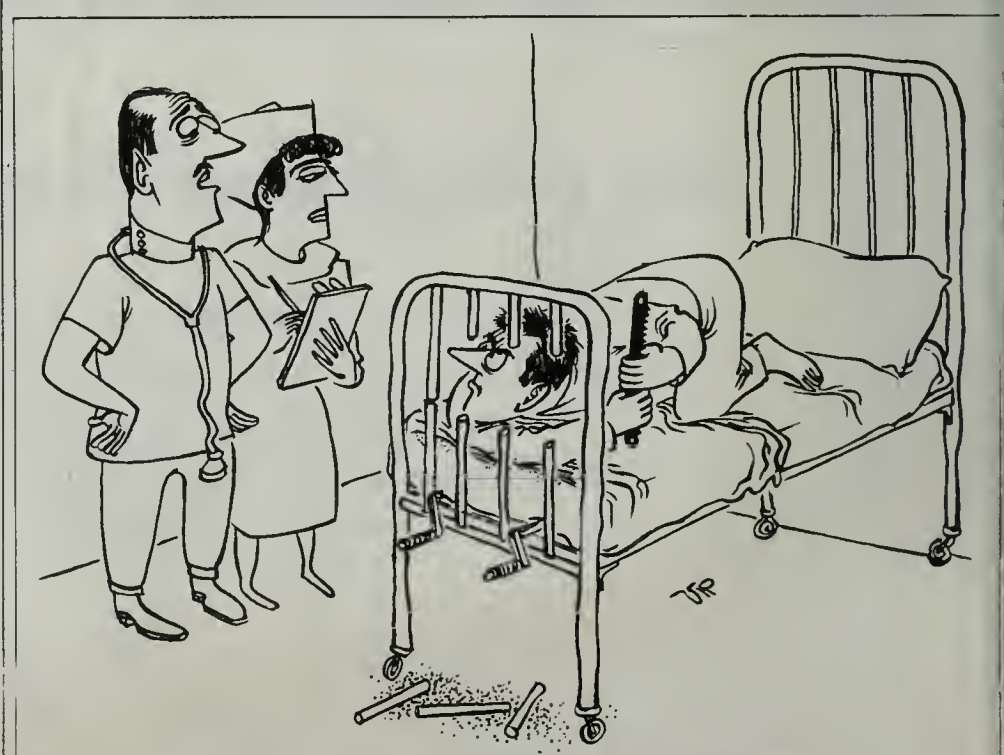
"Why not?" he demanded.

"You're a big senator, a famous man Huey," I said. "They wouldn't think i right for you to become commercial."

Huey grunted. "Well, I can get alon without 'em, anyway."

And he proved that he could. For ex ample, there was a small orange-juic company down in Louisiana, doing limited amount of business. Long wen on the air for it in a series of informa talks, comprised of political commen and grandiloquent dissertations on th virtues of orange juice. The listener re sponse was so heavy that within si months the sponsor was forced to buil two new factories!

A master demagogue, shrewd and con niving, and a man who might have be come a ruthless national dictator, Hue was blessed with many warmly huma and generous qualities. These, in combi nation with his mastery of the micro phone, made him radio dynamite. If h had lived, I doubt that Roosevelt woul



COLLIER'S "Don't you want to stay till you're well, Mr. Steger?" VIRGIL PARTCH

a HOME *where Laughter Lingers and Loveliness Lingers, too!*

The New "Dutch Boy" Paint is BLENDED to Stay Bright

Your home . . . that happy blend of beauty and protection . . . *keep* it beautiful and protected with the new "Dutch Boy" *Blended* Paint.

Here's house paint that not only stays *on* but stays good looking! *In Colors or White . . . it's BLENDED Just Right . . . to STAY Sparkling Bright!*

Specially BLENDED to Fit the Job . . .

Why is "Dutch Boy" Paint *Blended?* Because different types of service call for different *kinds* of paint. To give you house paints with the greatest beauty and protection, the white cannot be made like the trim colors . . . nor the tints like the porch and deck paint.

Now the "Dutch Boy" brings you the completely new line of outside paints described at the right . . . *each scientifically blended by paint experts to do its own special job especially well.*

"Dutch Boy" Blended Paints are the triumph of more than 30 years of continuous outdoor paint tests . . . the longest research project of its kind. So remember, your home's best friend is the "Dutch Boy" *Blend.*

See your "Dutch Boy" Dealer now . . . look for his name in your classified telephone directory.

1. BRIGHT WHITE Stays White — it's BLENDED!
"Dutch Boy" Bright White is *self-cleaning!* The surface continually renews itself . . . permits rain to wash away dirt. Sets a new standard for hiding and for a dazzling white finish that *stays* white!

2. TINTS Stay True — they're BLENDED!
"Dutch Boy" Tints go on crisp and fresh . . . and they *stay* crisp and fresh! Specially blended to assure lasting, uniform color, they *keep* their sparkling good looks!

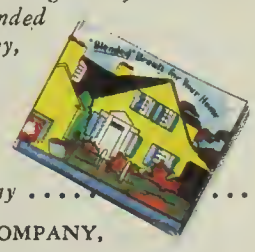
3. TRIM COLORS Stay Bright — they're BLENDED!
"Dutch Boy" Sash and Trim Colors add the finishing touch to your home's protection. They're blended to hold their gloss . . . to *stay* bright and gay! Ideal for garden furniture, too.

4. PORCH & DECK Stands Up — it's BLENDED!
"Dutch Boy" Porch & Deck Paint is blended for extra toughness. It stands up under heavy foot traffic and weather!

5. PRIMER Seals, Hides and Holds — it's BLENDED!
An undercoat of great sealing and hiding power that holds fast! When used under a topcoat of "Dutch Boy" Bright White or Tints you get a superior two-coat paint job, even on unpainted wood!

FREE *Color-Scheme Booklet!*

Over 40 full-color illustrations show you how to style your home for lasting beauty with the new "Dutch Boy" Blended Paint. For your free copy, address Dept. 37, care of the nearest office listed below.



. . . Mail Coupon Today . . . .

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY,

Dept. 37 (Address nearest office) New York 6; Buffalo 3; Chicago 8; Cincinnati 3; Cleveland 13; Pittsburgh 12; St. Louis 1; San Francisco 10; Boston 6 (National Lead Co. of Mass.); Philadelphia 7 (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.).

Please send me a free copy of your new color-illustrated booklet: *"Blended" Beauty For Your Home.*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "DUTCH BOY" WHITE LEAD

AN Easy Step..

FOR FRESH, COOL WATER

WITH STREAM HEIGHT REGULATOR

Westinghouse Water Coolers all have a Foot Pedal Control to operate the bubbler at the touch of a toe. This feature, plus the Automatic Stream Height Regulator, is planned for convenience and sanitation. In addition to six Pressure Coolers, Westinghouse also has a Bottle Cooler; seven models in all. All require only 14″ x 14″ of floor space . . . all carry the 5-Year Protection Plan. See them, and other members of this famous family, at your Westinghouse Supplier, now.

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS
Westinghouse
Maker of 30 million Electric Home Appliances

Tune in Ted Malone . . Every Morning, Monday through Friday . . ABC Network

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Electric Appliance Division Springfield 2, Mass.

have been elected for a third term. His fanatical hatred of F.D.R., added to his spellbinding ability, might very well have turned the tide against President Roosevelt.

No discussion of radio in politics would be complete without some mention of the freedom of the air.

One day, Morris Ernst, the New York lawyer, champion of liberal causes, asked for time on NBC.

"And what are you going to talk about?" I asked.

"I'm going to attack radio for its failure to maintain freedom of speech," he said.

As president of NBC, I gave him the time; but on the day he was scheduled to appear, I phoned Ernst and said, "When you deny that there is freedom on the air for all shades of opinion, don't forget that you yourself will be on NBC tonight without any kind of editorial restriction."

Ernst laughed as he hung up, and that evening, as he faced the microphone, he told his listeners, "I must confess that credit is due to Merlin H. Aylesworth, who has permitted me to say whatever I please."

Conceding to Public Opinion

Critics of radio sometimes decry the dearth of liberal commentators on the air today. This is no indication of a conspiracy to throttle free speech. Public opinion undergoes startling changes in this country and this change is always reflected in the media of expression. Radio is no exception. For the moment, it is not radio that has turned thumbs down on the liberals and the radicals, but the country itself.

News commentators are no ordinary mortals to millions of listeners. They are major prophets, endowed with a miraculous wisdom and a superhuman insight into the most complex problems of statecraft. Walter Winchell is a good example of this.

When he came to NBC, first on the Lucky Strike Hour, Walter created an immediate sensation because he not only editorialized, but he did so in the most vigorous manner possible. His opinions were always expressed in the most decisive terms. There was never any doubt as to where he stood on any issue.

As a result, during his early days on the air, there were a considerable number of people in the industry who were frightened by his bold manner. Eventually, the rising voices of these critics rose to an angry roar, which invaded the quiet of the presidential offices at NBC. "That fellow ignores all the rules. . . . He's a wild man. . . . No one can handle him" were some of the reports that came to me.

It seemed as if Winchell would not remain on the radio very long. So I invited him in for a talk.

Walter knew why I had asked him in. He himself brushed aside all conversational preliminaries by coming to the point. "Let me see your printed rules for commentators," he said.

"I haven't any printed rules," I told him.

"Then why are those youngsters downstairs trying to blue-pencil my copy?" he asked.

It suddenly occurred to me that some of those lads were neither old enough nor experienced enough to tamper with Winchell's copy or anyone else's. I determined to do something about that. But, even more important, here was an opportunity to discuss with Walter, in a long-range manner, his function in the radio picture. Here was a chance to offer a few observations which, if heeded, might save for American broadcasting one of its most potent influences.

"Walter," I said, "you must remember this: Radio is not only a new medium but a mighty one. It differs, however, from the newspaper. You, of course, are a newspaperman and you have a tremendous influence because you are syndicated so widely all over the country. But there is one point you must never lose sight of—the difference between the radio and the press. Your column in The New York Mirror and the other papers is one thing; your broadcasts are another.

"In order to read a newspaper, one must buy it; but we in radio go into the homes of the people uninvited, with the only purchase price the original cost of the set and its maintenance. Also, when you are on the air, entire families, including many children, listen to you. And it is to these home folks, to these children that you owe a special duty."

Winchell listened intently and I could see that he realized my advice was sincerely offered.

"Someday," I went on, "you'll become a very important factor in American radio. You'll probably be that even if you quit writing a newspaper column. I hope you'll remember that."

Winchell's actions on that day gave the lie to those who reported that he was "unreasonable" and "hard to handle." For he not only agreed with the principles I had outlined, but actually requested me to assign some competent person to go over his copy.

I promptly chose Don Shaw, of the NBC staff, for this task and their association was a long and harmonious one. There seldom was any difficulty and, if sometimes Shaw believed that certain statements might not prove to be suitable microphone fare, Walter usually accepted his verdict without complaint.

Since those early days, when Winchell was primarily a gossip and human-interest columnist, he has become a whirlwind force in national and international affairs. From a reporter, he has developed into a fighting torchbearer for the causes he espouses. Millions of listeners agree with him and other millions are driven to fury by his staccato words. But—and here's the real test—they all listen to him. That explains why his Hooper rating frightens even Jack Benny.

Not only politicians and news commentators posed questions of policy. There was also Hollywood. I was in a particularly ticklish position on this question back in 1935.

Hollywood Celebrates Lavishly

The society columns did not mention it, but a glamorous wedding took place in Hollywood on the night of December 7, 1935. Even for that city of lush superlatives it was a noteworthy event. For, with ballyhoo and fanfare, the arts of radio and of motion pictures were merged within the hearing of a coast-to-coast audience.

The occasion was the opening of NBC's Hollywood studios. John Royal, NBC's vice-president in charge of programs, and I had worked for weeks to make this a gala night. We were determined to air a program which would prove to the movie people that this radio business was no upstart.

John and I knew that what our listeners would expect that night would be a flock of picture stars. Therefore, we had lined up dozens of the biggest names in Hollywood. Then, to make certain that the inaugural broadcast would be a dazzling one, we obtained the services of that master showman, Al Jolson, as the emcee. Also, we engaged a young and promising singer named Bing Crosby, with an orchestra. My friend, Grantland Rice, the sports columnist, happened to be in town and we added him to the bill. And to top it all, another old friend, Will Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers' Association had agreed to make the principal talk of the evening.

Getting him was, indeed, a triumph. For the picture industry at that time was hostile to radio. It regarded the loudspeaker as its relentless enemy, one that should be curbed at any cost.

Winning Hands play GRAND SLAMS

Get that friendly feeling of confidence that comes only with playing clubs that you know are right. Louisville Grand Slams are made to rigid quality standards . . . by master golf club craftsmen. They will enable you to take a lead on your last year's score and hold it. See your Grand Slam dealer and swing out with winners in '48.

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Louisville GRAND SLAM GOLF CLUBS

ALSO MAKERS OF LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BASEBALL & SOFTBALL BATS

On the afternoon preceding the open-g, however, storm flags began to fly. ene Dunne, one of RKO's most popu-r stars, phoned me.

"Sorry, but I won't be able to go on night," she said.

Irene gave a rather indefinite excuse, timating that other stars might also find inconvenient to visit the NBC studios at evening. One part of me resented is, but the other was not quite so con-emnatory. As the president of NBC, I as the chief of a network; but at the ime time, as chairman of the board of KO, I was also head of a picture pro-ucing company.

A psychoanalyst might have said, Aylesworth is a split personality. He as schizophrenia of the pocketbook."

Some six hundred persons crowded nto the studios to view the festivities. hey cheered Jolson, applauded Crosby nd gave respectful attention to Hays and ice, as they did to the all-star program hat was piped in from other cities of he country. But they had no chance at ll to show any reaction to the movie tars whom we had invited. Not one of hem had shown up!

Will Hays spoke for 43 minutes, and lthough the glamor talent of the indus-ry had stayed away, he, as its official pokesman, predicted an era of co-opera-ion between the two rival arts.

This was all that Al Jolson needed. Ever a man for magnifying that happy eeling, he took the hint. With the sense of humor for which he is famous, Al poke into the mike:

"I am extremely sorry, ladies and gen-lemen, that the lack of time prevents me rom calling on the many, many great tars of the screen who are in our studios tonight. I extend to them my deepest apologies."

And even as he was speaking, Al was staring at the unoccupied chairs of the movie luminaries!

But Jolson's words had a surprising effect. The following morning NBC's switchboard in Hollywood was jammed with calls from picture stars. They wanted to know if they might perhaps appear on our network that evening!

Since that time, marred by occasional severances of relations, Hollywood and radio have had a close alliance. Today, actors gravitate between film and broadcasting studios, and the radio is one of the movie industry's most important means of exploitation.

Shortly after our gala Hollywood opening, I resigned as president of NBC.

For three years I had led a kind of double life, often finding myself on both sides of conflicting interests—radio and movies. Finally I persuaded David Sarnoff that it would be wise for me to retire from NBC.

"I want your help in selecting your successor," he said. "And I also want you to stay on as vice-chairman."

I agreed and Lennox R. Lohr was selected as president of the network. In 1936, I asked to be relieved of all association with NBC, and from then on devoted all my efforts to RKO.

A Columnist's Alphabetical Error

Just before my entrance into the complex financial maelstrom of radio plus movies, I played an unwilling role in a comedy of errors written by an old friend, Louella Parsons. One evening the celebrated movie columnist and her husband, Dr. Harry W. Martin, took me to the theater with them. During an intermission Louella asked, "What's going on, Deac?"

"I'll give you a tip," I said. "I may soon be both president and chairman of the board of RKO."

Louella, one of the keenest and hardest-working news collectors I have ever known, always carried a pad and a little pencil in her handbag. Sometime that evening, without my seeing her do so, she managed to scribble a note of my remark. Two days later, in her coast-to-coast syndicated column, there was this line:

"Deac Aylesworth will soon be president and chairman of RCA."

RCA was, of course, the parent company of NBC, of which I was then president.

David Sarnoff, president of RCA, and I received hundreds of telegrams the next day as a result of this item. Dave asked me to see him immediately.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"Dave, Louella is a very smart girl, but sometimes she doesn't get her initials straight."

Dave saw the humor of it immediately. He broke into hearty laughter.

I rushed to a phone and called Louella. She was still in bed and answered in a sleepy voice. Then, recognizing me, she exclaimed gaily, "How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine," I said, "and you are my friend!"

"You will always be my friend," she assured me.

"You have made a terrible error," I spoke sternly. "You have given me jobs at RCA instead of RKO. And they're not quite the same, you know."

She gasped and then broke into a merry laugh. "Oh, I always get my initials mixed up," she said blithely. "But don't worry about it, honey, because if you're not president and chairman of RCA, you certainly should be!"

A soft answer turneth away wrath. . . . After that, what could I say?

(This is the last in a series of four articles by Mr. Aylesworth.)

FEET FIRST

Knothole

Of America's leading Cigarettes one is

OUTSTANDING

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste—and *good* to smoke!

Pick up a PALL MALL—*see* the difference—*feel* the difference. Smoke a PALL MALL and *taste* the difference. For PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this *longer, finer* cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

-and they are mild!

How a Town became a Tie!

IN RENFREWSHIRE COUNTY, Scotland, there is a textile town whose fabrics have made its name—Paisley—known round the world.

These old-yet-new, characteristic Paisley motifs—in typical British colorings—have inspired our new Arrow Ties called, fittingly enough (as you will agree) "Paisley."

Arrow "Paisleys" knot and drape superbly, and fight off wrinkles like demons! Any Scot would consider these ties a tolerable bargain at $1.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark

ARROW TIES

Paisleys

She came in, all dusty, with hollows under her eyes. "Where you got hi

CODE O

BY EUSTA

He wasn't her man, but

GRANDPA was living down on Coronado Island in San Diego a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old—well, old as hell. He's asked me to come down and see him. I've been a writer all my life and I've got grown kids but it seemed Grandpa had found it out—about me being a writer—just a couple of days before. Came as a surprise to him but a pleasant one, he said. Because he had a story. And he wanted it set down, official.

I went down in the morning and he met me at the door and shook my hand. He noticed me dropping his hand gently—it felt like a worn-out cloth bag full of little sticks—and he grinned at me. He said, "That ain't much of a hand, is it?"

He took me around his house—he had a big house with a nurse and a couple of servants—and we sat down in the sun.

"Reason I asked you down," he said, "was that yesterday I found I was officially dead. Insurance people called up and asked me did I want 'em to pay off now or wait for formal interment. I told 'em to pay off, so you'll be gettin' some money one of these days, soon."

I started to say something, but he stopped me.

"To hell with that!" he said. "I want to get this down, or leastways, told. You don't have to do nothing with it. I just want to tell it."

He sat there a minute and then all at once he started beating his hand on the arm of the chair. "Ain't that it?" he cried. "Damnedest thing, fulla guts and passion and low comedy and now it ain't anything. I put it away too long. Oh, I can remember it all right. Clear. But there's nothing to it. It's like somebody else and of course it *was* somebody else. There ain't no more relation to me and the kid this happened to than me and the man acrost the street. Hell, this kid, this Amos Sanders, shut up in a cubbyhole in Bill McCauley's Oroport Saloon with fear and lust and the drizzlin' sweats, that was me, but it wasn't me and—"

"Look," I said. I knew what it was, the losing it. "I know what you mean, Grandpop, but go ahead and say it off and I'll put it down like you say it and maybe it'll be all right; you can't tell about that."

He thought about that for a minute and then he told me the story.

I WAS born in Brooklyn (he said) and I was twenty and I decided to come West.

I went to Kansas City and later to St. Joe and there I practiced playin' poker and I had some money and some patience and never drank when I played—hell, that was enough, just stayin' sober when you played, to make you wages. But I was good. I knew percentages and I got to know people pretty good and I never played a hand nor a game like it was to be my last on earth, which is a failin' of many poker players.

I won money in Kansas City and St. Joe and Dodge City and I was twenty-two years old and I rode into this town, set down in a bowl of moun-

"You go on home now, Miss," somebody said. "We'll take care of him"

THE WEST

OCKRELL

e him wrong anyway

tains, a played-out mining town, just a place to stop.

There was one big saloon left there, the Oroport, and in the boom days there was a stage at the back where I guess the girls danced—back when the ore was coming out like they say a hundred dollars a wheelbarrow.

But the girls was gone, the stage was boarded up, and up over it was a little room made out of heavy timbers and set up on railroad iron stilts. Bill McCauley, who owned the Oroport, had put his safe up there and cut a couple of slits in the timbers. On big nights, when there was gambling and money being spent, he had an old man—an old gun fighter named Willis Anderson—who set up there and looked out the slits with a carbine in his hands.

Bill McCauley figured fights inside a place was bad for trade, and old Willis had orders to shoot anybody who went for his gun or knife whilst inside. You got up there by a ladder that could be pulled up, and even when old Willis was dozin' he'd prop a gun through one of them slots and it had the effect of makin' the trade right meek. It was a well-run saloon and gambling hall if you didn't care what you drank.

I'd been in the town two-three weeks and that was because there was ranchers around had the fiercest curiosity ever I saw. You draw one card and chunk a big bet at 'em and there they'd come. They'd call with baby threes and they thought aces up was cash in hand. They called it "keepin' the kid honest." It was like shootin' sheep with a scatter-gun.

But still and all I wouldn't have lingered there if it hadn't been for the girl. Sydney Johnson was her name. Her paw had a pretty good cattle spread near the town. She was seventeen years old and got into town right frequent, being close by, and she was ripe and frisky and eye-rolling, and any man who had enough blood in him to support as many as two corpuscles would have had trouble not rolling his eyes back at her.

SHE made it to meet me on the street and talk to me and it was her paw himself that introduced us. She'd ask me things, questions, but it was the things she didn't ask that was bothering her; me too.

I remember once I met her on the street and we stopped and talked.

"Amos," she says, "I'm going to call you Amos if it's all right."

"It's all right."

"Amos, how come you wear low-heeled boots like you do? I thought everybody wore high-heeled boots."

"Well," I said, "it was told to me that high-heeled boots was a help in holding a horse you had roped in the corral and also if you got throwed you could leave the boot in the stirrup and not go bouncing your head along the ground if your horse run off."

She nodded.

"Well, I don't intend to rope no horse in a corral and I don't aim to buy no horse to ride that ain't as gentle as a kitten. I can't ride a horse very well and I don't much want to know how. I am aiming to get to Los

(Continued on page 79)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Script-reader's mother makes scene end happily

7 A. M. "Due on location at 9!" moans movie studio's beautiful script-reader. "And I feel wretched. I need a laxative...and my head's throbbing."

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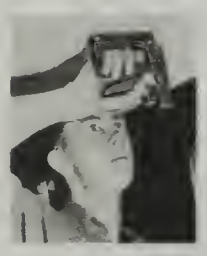

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SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Continued from page 14

the remarkable diagram pinned to the drawing board. He seemed to be checking certain details with a mass of symbols and figures on a large ruled sheet beside the board.

"Of course," he murmured abstractedly, "I might finish at any time, now."

The wonder of the thing he was doing claimed his mind. Here were mighty forces, hitherto no more than suspected, which controlled the world. Here, written in the indelible ink of mathematics, lay a description of the means whereby those forces might be harnessed.

He forgot Frobisher.

And Frobisher, lighting his cigar, began to pace the office floor, often glancing at the absorbed figure. Suddenly Craig turned, removing his glasses.

"Are you bothered about the cost of these experiments, Mr. Frobisher?"

FROBISHER pulled up, staring. "Cost? To hell with the cost! That's not worrying me. I don't know a lot about the scientific side, but I know a commercial proposition when I see one." He dropped down into an armchair. "What I don't know is this." He leaned forward, his heavy brows lowered. "Why is somebody tracking me around? I was followed to my club today. Followed here. There's somebody watching my home up in Connecticut. Who is he? What does he want?"

Morris Craig stood up, and leaned back against the desk.

Behind him, a deep violet sky made a backdrop for silhouettes of buildings higher than the Huston. Some of the windows were coming to life, glittering like jewels laid on velvet.

Dusk was falling over Manhattan.

"Astoundin' state of affairs," Craig declared—but his smile was quite disarming. "Tell me more. Anyone you suspect?"

Frobisher shook his head. "There's plenty to suspect if news of what's going on up here has leaked out. Suppose you're dead right—and I'm backing you to be—what'll this thing mean to Huston Electric?"

"Gratitude of the scientific world."

"Damn the scientific world! I'm thinking of Huston's."

Morris Craig answered vaguely. "No idea. Can't see at the moment how it could be usefully applied."

"What are you talking about?" Michael Frobisher was quite his old roaring self again. "This job has cost half a million dollars already. Are you telling me we get nothing back?"

A door across the office opened, and a man came in—a short, thickset man, slightly bandy, who walked with a rolling gait as if on the deck of a ship in dirty weather. He wore overalls, spectacles, and an eyeshade. He came in without any ceremony and approached Craig. The forbidding figure of Michael Frobisher disturbed him not at all.

"Say—have you got a bit of string?" he inquired.

"I have not got a bit of string. I have a small piece of gum, and two one-cent stamps. Would they do?"

The intruder chewed thoughtfully. "Guess not. Miss Navarre's typewriter's jammed up in there. But I got it figured a bit of string about so long"—he illustrated—"would fix things."

"Sorry, Sam, but I have no string."

Sam chewed a while, and then turned away. "Guess I'll have to go look some other place." He left.

"Listen," Frobisher said. "What does that moron do for his wages?"

"Sam?" Craig answered, smiling. "Oh, sort of handy man. Mostly helps Regan and Shaw in the laboratory."

"Be a big help to anybody, I'd say. What I'm driving at is this: We have to be mighty careful about who gets in here. There's been a bad leak. Somebody knows more than he ought to."

Morris Craig was slowly getting back to that prosaic earth on which normal men spend their lives. It was beginning to dawn upon him that Michael Frobisher was badly frightened.

"I can't account for it. Shaw and Regan are beyond suspicion. So, I hope, am I. Miss Navarre came to us with the highest credentials. In any case, she could do little harm. But, of course, it's absurd to suspect her."

"What about the half-wit who just went out?"

"Knows nothing about the work. Apart from which, his references are first-class, including one from the fire department."

"Looks like he'd been in a fire." Frobisher dropped a cone of cigar ash. "But facts are facts. Let me bring you up to date—but not a word to Mrs. F. You know how nervous she is. Some guy got into Falling Waters last Tuesday night and went through my papers!"

"You mean it?" Craig's drawl had vanished. His eyes were very keen.

"I mean it. Nothing was taken—not a thing. But that's not all. I'd had more than a suspicion for quite a while someone was snooping around. So I laid for him, without saying a word to Mrs. F., and one night I saw him—"

"What did he look like?"

"Yellow. Some kind of Oriental. Then, only today, right in my own club, I caught another Asiatic watching me! It's a fact. Dr. Pardoe can confirm it. Now—what I'm asking is this: If it's what we're doing in the laboratory, there, that somebody's after, why am *I* followed around, and not you?"

"The answer is a discreet silence."

"Also I'd be glad to learn who this somebody is. I could think up plenty who'd like to know what we're doing. But no one of 'em would be an Asiatic."

Morris Craig brushed his hair back with his hand.

"You're getting *me* jumpy, too," he declared, although his cheerful smile belied the words. "This thing wants looking into."

"It's going to be looked into," Frobisher grimly assured him. "When you come up to Falling Waters you'll see I'm standing for no more monkey tricks around there, anyway." He stood up, glancing at the big clock over Craig's desk. "I'm picking up Mrs. F. at the Ritz. Don't have to be late. Expect you and Miss Navarre, lunch on Saturday."

MRS. F., as it happened, was thoroughly enjoying herself. She lay naked, face downward, on a padded couch, while a white-clad nurse ran a buzzing apparatus from the back of her fluffy skull right down her spine and up again. This treatment made her purr like a contented kitten.

An aromatic bath completed the treatment. Mrs. F. was wrapped in a loose fleecy garment, stretched upon a couch in a small apartment decorated with Pompeian frescoes, and given an Egyptian cigarette and a cup of orange-scented China tea.

She was lying there in delicious languor when the draperies were drawn aside and Professor Hoffmeyer, the celebrated Viennese psychiatrist who conducted the establishment, entered slowly. She turned her head and smiled up at him. "How do you do, Professor?"

He did not reply at once, but stood there looking at her. Even through the dark glasses he always wore, his stare never failed to make her shudder. But it was a pleasurable shudder.

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San Diego
WHERE CALIFORNIA BEGAN

Professor Hoffmeyer presented an impressive figure. His sufferings in Nazi prison camps had left indelible marks. The dark glasses protected eyes seared by merciless lights. The silk gloves which he never removed concealed hands from which the fingernails had been extracted. He leaned upon a stout ebony cane.

Now he advanced almost noiselessly and took Mrs. Frobisher's left wrist between a delicate thumb and forefinger, slightly inclining his head.

"It is not how do *I* do, dear lady," he said, in Germanic gutturals, "but how do *you* do."

Professor Hoffmeyer stood upright, or as nearly upright as Mrs. Frobisher had ever seen him stand, and nodded at her.

"You shall come to see me on Wednesday, at three o'clock. Not for the treatment, no, but for the consultation. If some other engagement you have, cancel it. At three o'clock on Wednesday."

He bowed slightly, and went out.

Professor Hoffmeyer ruled his wealthy clientele with a rod of iron. His reputation was enormous. So were his fees.

He proceeded, now, across a luxurious central salon where some other well-preserved women waited. He nodded to a chosen few as he passed and entered an office marked PRIVATE. Closing the door he pulled out a drawer in the businesslike desk—and a bookcase filled with advanced medical works, largely German, swung open bodily.

The professor went into the opening. As the bookcase swung back into place, the drawer in the desk closed again.

Professor Hoffmeyer would see no more patients today.

The room in which the professor found himself was a study. But its appointments were far from conventional. It contained some very valuable old lacquer and was richly carpeted. The lighting was subdued, and the peculiar characteristic of the place was its silence.

Open bookcases were filled with volumes, some of them bound manuscripts, many of great age and all of great rarity. They were in many languages, including Greek, Chinese and Arabic.

Beside a cushioned divan stood an inlaid stool equipped with gum, lamp, bodkins, and several opium pipes in a rack.

A long, carved table of time-blackened oak served as a desk. A high-backed chair was set behind it. A faded volume lay open on the table, as well as a closely written manuscript.

The professor approached a painted screen placed before a recess and disappeared behind it. Not a sound broke the silence of the room until he returned.

He had removed the gloves and dark glasses, and for the black coat worn by Professor Hoffmeyer had substituted a yellow house robe. The eyes which the glasses had concealed were long, narrow and emerald green. The uncovered hands had pointed fingernails. This gaunt, upright Chinese ascetic was taller by inches than Professor Hoffmeyer. And his face might have inspired a painter seeking a model for the Fallen Angel.

This, not because it was so evil but because of a majestic and remorseless power which it possessed—a power which resided in the eyes. They were not the eyes of a normal man, moved by the desires, the impulses shared in some part by us all. They were the eyes of one who has shaken off those inhibitions common to humanity, who is undisturbed by either love or hate, untouched by fear, unmoved by compassion.

The impassive figure crossed, with a silent, catlike step, to the long table, and sat down there.

ONE of the curious objects on the table sprang to life, as if touched by sudden moonlight. It was a crystal globe resting on a metal base. Dimly at first, the outlines of a face materialized in the crystal, and then grew clearer. They became the features of an old Chinese, white mustached, wrinkled, benign.

"You called me, Doctor?"

The voice, though distant, was clear. A crinkled smile played over the parchment face in the crystal.

"You have all the reports?"

The second voice was harsh, at points sibilant, but charged with imperious authority. It bore no resemblance to that of Professor Hoffmeyer.

"The last is timed 6:15. Shall I summarize?"

"Proceed, Huan Tsung. I am listening."

And Huan Tsung, speaking in his quiet room above a shop in Pell Street, a room in which messages were received mysteriously, by day and by night, from all over Manhattan, closed his wise old eyes and opened the pages of an infallible memory.

This man, whose ancestors had been cultured noblemen when most of ours were living in caves, spoke calmly across a system of communication as yet unheard of by Western science.

"Excellency will wish to know that our Burmese agent was recognized by Nayland Smith in the grillroom and followed by two F.B.I. operatives. I gave instructions that he be transferred elsewhere. He reports that he has arrived safely. His notes of the conversation at the next

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table are before me. They contain nothing new. Shall I relate them?"

"No. I shall interview the woman, personally. Proceed."

"Nayland Smith visited the deputy commissioner and has been alone with him more than two hours. Nature of conversation unknown. The Greek covering his movements was intercepted and questioned, but had nothing to disclose. He is clumsy, and I have had him removed."

"You did well, Huan Tsung. Such bunglers breed danger."

"Mai Cha, delivering Chinese vase sent by club secretary for repair, attired herself in the black garments she carries and gained a gallery above the library where Michael Frobisher talked with a medical friend. She reports that Frobisher has had sight of our agent at Falling Waters. Therefore, I have transferred this agent. Mai Cha retired, successfully."

"Commend Mai Cha."

"I have done so, Excellency. She is on headquarters duty tonight. Excellency can commend her, himself."

"The most recent movements of Frobisher, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Craig?"

"Frobisher awaits his wife at the Ritz-Carlton. Nayland Smith is covered, but no later report has reached me. Dr. Craig is in his office."

"Frobisher has made no other contacts?"

"None, Excellency."

"Wait and watch, Huan Tsung. I must think swiftly."

"Always I watch—and it is unavoidable that I wait until I am called away."

Moonlight in the crystal faded out, and with it the wrinkled features of Huan Tsung.

Silence claimed the dimly lighted room. The wearer of the yellow robe remained motionless for a long time. Then he stood up and crossed to the divan, upon which he stretched his gaunt body. He struck a silver bell which hung in a frame beside the rack of pipes. The bell emitted a high, sweet note.

While the voice of the bell still lingered drowsily on the air, draperies in a narrow, arched opening were drawn aside and a Chinese girl came in. She wore her national costume. She was graceful and her large, dark eyes resembled the eyes of a doe. She knelt and touched the carpet with her forehead.

"You have done well, Mai Cha. I am pleased with you."

The girl rose, but stood, head lowered, before the reclining figure. A flush crept over her dusky cheeks.

"Prepare the jade pipe. I seek inspiration."

Mai Cha began quietly to light the little lamp on the stool.

ALTHOUGH no report had reached old Huan Tsung, nevertheless, Nayland Smith had left police headquarters.

He was fully alive to the fact that every move he had made since entering New York City had been noted, that he never stirred far without a shadow.

This did not disturb him. Nayland Smith was used to it.

But he didn't wish his trackers to find out where he was going from Center Street—until he had got there.

He favored, in cold weather, a fur-collared topcoat of military pattern, which was almost as distinctive as his brier pipe. He had a dozen or more police officers paraded for his inspection, and selected one built like himself, clean-shaven and brown-skinned, an Italian named Moreno.

This officer was given clear instructions, and the driver who had brought Nayland Smith to headquarters received his orders too.

When a man wearing a light rainproof and a dark blue felt hat—property of Detective Officer Moreno—left by a side entrance, walked along to Lafayette Street and presently picked up a taxi, no one paid any attention to him. But, order to make quite sure, Nayland Sm directed the cab to the Waldorf-Astor got out at that hotel, walked through the Park Avenue entrance and proceed to his real destination on foot.

He was satisfied that he had shadow.

THE office was empty as Cami Navarre came out of her room a crossed to the long desk placed befo the windows. One end of the desk h been equipped for business purpos There was a leather-covered chair a beside it a dictating machine. A cylind remained on the machine, for Craig h been dictating when he was called to t laboratory. At the other end stood draftsman's stool and a quantity of pe pencils, brushes and similar paraphern lia. They lay beside a propped-up dra ing board, illuminated by a tubular lam

Camille placed several typed letters the desk, and then stood there studyi the unfinished diagram pinned to t board.

She possessed a quiet composu which rarely deserted her. Her pla suit did not unduly stress a slim figu and she wore her hair swept straight ba to a knot at the nape of her neck. S wore black-rimmed glasses, and look in every respect the perfect secretary.

A slight sound, the click of a lock, b trayed the fact that Craig was about come out. Camille returned to her roo

She had just gone in when the door the laboratory opened and Craig walk down the three steps. A man in a whi coat, holding a pair of oddly shap goggles in his hand, stood at the top, ou lined against greenish light. With t opening of the door, a curious vibrati had become perceptible, a thing whi might be sensed, rather than heard.

"In short, Doctor," he was saying, "v can focus, but we can't control t volume."

Craig spoke over his shoulder:

"When we can do both, Regan, we give an audition to the pundits that wi turn their hair white."

Regan, a capable-looking technicia with gray hair, smiled as he stepped bac through the doorway.

"I doubt if Mr. Frobisher will wa any auditions," he said dryly, shutting t door. The vibration ceased.

Craig stood for a moment studying t illuminated diagram as Camille ha done. He lighted a cigarette, and the noticed the letters on his desk. H dropped into the chair, switched up reading lamp and put on his glasses.

A moment later he was afoot again, the office door burst open and a ma came in rapidly—closely followed b Sam.

"Wait a minute!" Sam was upse "Listen. Wait a minute!"

Craig dropped his glasses on the des stared, and then advanced impulsivel hand outstretched.

"Nayland Smith! By all that's holy—! They exchanged grips, smiling happil "Why, I thought you were in Isfahan, o Yucatán, or somewhere."

"Nearly right the first time. But it wa Teheran. Flew from there three day ago. More urgent business here."

"Wait a minute," Sam muttered, hi eyeshade thrust back on his head.

Craig turned to him. "It's all righ Sam. This is an old friend."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes—and I don't believe he has a bi of string."

Sam stared truculently from face t face, chewing in an ominous way, an then went out.

"Sit down, Smith. This is a great, gla surprise. But why the whirlwind busi ness? And what the devil are you up to?

Nayland Smith had walked straigh across to the long windows which oc cupied nearly the whole of the west wal He was examining a narrow terrace out

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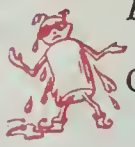

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side bordered by an ornamental parapet. He looked beyond, to where the hundred eyes of a towering building shone in the dusk. He turned.

"Anybody else got access to this floor?"

"Only the staff. Why?"

"What do you mean by the staff?"

"I mean the staff! Am I on the witness stand? Well, if you must know, the research staff consists of myself; Martin Shaw, my chief assistant, a Columbia graduate; John Regan, second technician, who came to me from Vickers; and Miss Navarre, my secretary. She also has scientific training. Except for Sam, the handy man, and Mr. Frobisher, nobody else has access to the laboratory. Do I make myself clear to your honor?"

Nayland Smith was staring toward the steel door and tugging at the lobe of his left ear, a mannerism which denoted intense concentration.

"You don't take proper precautions," he snapped. "*I* got in without any difficulty."

Morris Craig became vaguely conscious of danger. He recalled, vividly, the nervous but repressed excitement of Michael Frobisher. He could not ignore the tension in Nayland Smith.

"Why these precautions, Smith? What have we to be afraid of?"

Smith swung around on him. His eyes were hard.

"Listen, Craig—we've known each other since you were at Oxford. There's no need to mince words. I don't know what you're working on up here—but I'm going to ask you to tell me. Unless I have made the biggest mistake of my life, one of the few first-class brains in the world today has got you spotted."

"But, Smith, you're telling me nothing—"

"Haven't time. I baited a little trap as I came up. I'm going down to spring it."

"Spring it?"

"Exactly. Excuse me." Smith moved to the door.

"The elevator man will be off duty—"

"He won't. I ordered him to stand by."

Nayland Smith went out as rapidly as he had come in.

Craig stood for a moment staring at the door which Smith had just closed. He had an awareness of some menace impending, creeping down upon him. He scratched his chin reflectively, and returned to the letters. When he had signed them, he pressed a button.

CAMILLE NAVARRE entered quietly and came over to the desk. Craig took off his glasses and looked up—but Camille's eyes were fixed on the letters.

"Ah, Miss Navarre. Here we are." He returned them to her. "And there's rather a long one, bit of a teaser, on this thing." He pointed to the dictating machine. "Mind listening in to my rambling?"

Camille removed the cylinder. "Your dictation is very clear, Dr. Craig."

She spoke with a faint accent, more of intonation than pronunciation. It was a low-pitched, caressing voice. Craig never tired of it.

"Sweet words of flattery. I sound to myself like a half-strangled parrot. The way you transpose is simply magical."

Camille smiled. She had beautifully molded, rather scornful lips.

"Thank you. But it isn't difficult." She turned to go.

"By the way, you have an invitation from the boss. He bids you to Falling Waters for the week end."

Camille paused but didn't turn. "Really?" she said. "That *is* sweet of Mr. Frobisher."

"Can you come? I'm going, too, so I'll drive you out."

"That would be very kind of you. Yes, I should love to come."

She turned, then, her smile radiant.

"Splendid. We'll hit the trail early. No office on Saturday."

There was happiness in Craig's voice, and in his glance. Camille dropped her eyes and moved away.

"Ah," he added, "is the typewriter in commission again?"

"Yes." Camille's lip twitched. "I managed to get it right."

"With a bit of string?"

"No." She laughed softly. "With a hairpin."

As she went out, Craig returned to his drawing board. But he found it hard to concentrate. He kept thinking about that funny little *mone* peculiar to Camille: part of her. Whenever she was going to smile, one corner of her upper lip seemed to curl slightly like a rose petal. And he wondered if her eyes were really that beautiful, or if the lenses magnified them.

THE office door burst open, and Nayland Smith came in again like a hot wind from the desert. He had discarded the rainproof in which he had first appeared and now carried a fur-collared coat.

"Missed him, Craig," he rapped. "Slipped through my fingers—the swine!"

Craig turned half around, one shirt-sleeved elbow on a corner of the board.

"If you're training for the Olympic games, let me draw your attention to the wide-open spaces of Central Park. I *work* here—or try to." He was silenced by the look in Nayland Smith's eyes. He stood up. "Smith! What is it?"

"Murder!" Nayland Smith snapped out the word. "I have just sent a man to his death, Craig!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"No more than I say."

It came to Morris Craig, as a revelation, that something had happened to crush, if only temporarily, the indomitable spirit he knew so well. He laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Smith. Forgive my silly levity. What's happened?"

Nayland Smith's face looked haggard, worn. "I have been shadowed, Craig, ever since I reached New York. I left police headquarters a while ago, wearing a borrowed hat and topcoat. A man, slightly resembling me, had orders to come to the Huston Building in the car I have been using all day, wearing my hat and my topcoat."

"Well?"

"He obeyed his orders. The driver, who is above suspicion, noticed nothing whatever unusual on the way. There was no evidence to suggest that they were being followed. I had assumed that they would be—and had laid my plans accordingly. I went down to see the tracker fall into my trap—"

"Go on, Smith! For God's sake, what had happened?"

"This!"

Nayland Smith carefully removed a small, pointed object from its wrappings and laid it on the desk. Craig was about to pick it up, when Smith said sharply:

"Don't touch it! That is, except by the feathered end. Primitive, Craig, but deadly—and silent. Get your laboratory to analyze the stuff on the tip of the dart. Curare is too commonplace for the man who inspired this thing."

"I'm appalled! How did—?"

"It was flicked, or perhaps blown from a tube, into Moreno's face through the open window of the car. It stuck in his chin, and he pulled it out. But when the car got here, he was unconscious, and—"

"You mean he's dead?"

"I had him rushed to a hospital."

"They'll want this for analysis."

"There was another. The first must have missed."

Nayland Smith dropped limply into a chair, facing Craig. He pulled out his blackened brier and began to load it from a worn pouch.

"Let's face the facts, Craig. I must make it clear to you that a mysterious Eastern epidemic is creeping West. I'm here to try to head it off. No less than six prominent members of the Soviet

ernment have either died, suddenly, just disappeared—within the past few nths."

"One of those purges? Very popular h dictators."

"A purge right enough. But not car- d out by Kremlin orders. Joseph lin is being guarded as even *he* was er guarded before."

Craig began groping behind him for elusive pack of cigarettes.

"What's afoot, Smith? Is this anything do with the news from London?"

"You mean the disappearance of two the Socialist cabinet? Undoubtedly. ey have gone the same way."

"The same way?" Craig lit a cigarette. "*That* way?"

Nayland Smith took the fuming pipe m between his teeth, and fixed a ady look on Craig.

"Dr. Fu Manchu's way!"

"Dr. Fu Manchu! But—"

The door of Camille's room opened, d Camille came out. She held some ewritten sheets in her hand. Only the sk lights were on, so that as the two

"Hello—I have your party in New York now. . . . Kindly deposit $3,100,000.00 please"

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

en turned and looked toward her, it was fficult to read her expression in the adow.

But she paused at sight of them, stand- g quite still. "Oh, excuse me, Dr. Craig! thought you were alone."

"It's all right," said Craig. "Don't go, Miss Navarre. This is my friend, Sir enis Nayland Smith. My new secre- ry, Smith—Miss Navarre."

Nayland Smith stared for a moment, en bowed, and walked to the window.

"What is it?" Craig asked.

"It's only that last cylinder, Dr. Craig. wanted to make sure I had it right. I ill wait until you are disengaged."

But Nayland Smith was looking out to the jeweled darkness, and seeing othing of a towering building which se against the sky line. He saw, in- ead, a paneled grillroom where an at- active red-haired girl sat at a table ith a man. He saw the dark-faced spy nching alone near by.

The girl in the grillroom had not worn er hair pinned back in that prim way, or had she worn glasses.

Nevertheless, that other girl and Miss Navarre were one and the same.

IN a little shop sandwiched in between more imposing Chinese establishments, good-looking young Oriental sat be- ind the narrow counter writing by the ight of a paper-shaded lamp. The place was a mere box, and he was entirely sur- ounded by sealed jars, packets of joss sticks wrapped up in paper, bronze bowls with perforated wooden lids, boxes of ea, boxes of snuff, bead necklaces and other items of an evidently varied stock. The shop smelled of incense.

A bell tinkled as the door was opened. A big man came in, so big that the place seemed to shrink as he entered. He wore work clothes.

The young Oriental regarded him impassively.

"Mr. Huan Tsung?" the man asked.

"Mr. Huan Tsung not home. How many times you come before?"

"Seven."

The young man nodded. "Give me the message."

From some pocket inside his jacket the caller produced an envelope and passed it across the counter. It was acknowledged by another nod, dropped on a ledge, and the big messenger went out. The young Chinese went on writing.

A minute or so later, a point of light glowed below the counter, where it would have remained invisible to a customer, had one been in the shop.

The envelope was placed in a tiny cupboard and a stud was pressed. The light under the counter vanished, and the immobile shopman went on writing. He wrote with a brush, using Indian ink, in the beautiful, difficult ideograms of classic Chinese.

UPSTAIRS, in a room the walls of which were decorated with panels of painted silk, old Huan Tsung sat on a divan. He resembled the traditional portrait of Confucius. From a cupboard corresponding to that in the shop below he took out the message, read it and dropped message and envelope into a brazier of burning charcoal.

He replaced the mouthpiece of a long-stemmed pipe between his wrinkled lips.

On a low red lacquer stool beside the divan was a crystal globe, similar in appearance to that upon the long, narrow table in the study adjoining Professor Hoffmeyer's office.

Nothing occurred for some time. Huan Tsung smoked contentedly, reflection from the brazier lending a demoniac quality to his benign features.

Then the crystal globe came to life, like the moon emerging from a cloud. Within it materialized a gaunt, awesome face with the brow of a philosopher and green, fanatical eyes in which slumbered the fires of an imperious will.

Below in the shop, but inaudible in the silk-walled room above, a phone buzzed. The patient writer laid his brush aside, took up the instrument and listened. He replaced it, scribbled a few penciled lines, put the paper in the cupboard and pressed the button.

Huan Tsung, with a movement of his hand, removed the message. He glanced at it and dropped the sheet into the brazier. The face in the globe had fully materialized. Compelling eyes looked into his own.

Huan Tsung spoke: "You called me, Doctor?"

"No doubt you have later reports."

"The last one, Excellency, just to hand, is timed 7:26 P.M. Nayland Smith left Centre Street at 7:23. Our agent, following, carried out the operation, successfully—"

"Successfully!" A note of anger became audible in the sibilant tones. "I may misunderstand you. What method was used?"

"B.W. 63, of which I have a little left, and the feathered darts. I instructed Sha Mu, who is expert, and he succeeded at the second attempt. He passed the police car, undetected, and retired in safety. Nayland Smith was taken, without being removed from the car, to the Rockefeller Institute."

Huan Tsung's eyes were closed. His features wore a mask of complacency. There was a brief silence.

"Open your eyes!"

Huan Tsung did so, and shrank.

"They think Professor Lowe may save him. They are wrong. Your action was

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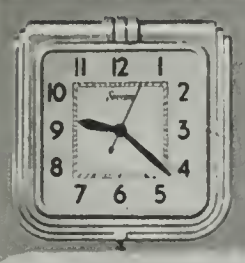
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ill-considered. Await instructions to establish contact."

"Excellency's order noted."

"Summarize any other reports."

"There are few of importance. The Emir Omar Khan died in Teheran this morning."

"That is well. Nayland Smith's visit to Teheran was wasted. Instruct Teheran."

"Excellency's order noted. There is no later report from Moscow and none from London."

Silence fell. The green eyes in the crystal mirror grew clouded, filmed over. Then they blazed again like emeralds.

"You have destroyed that which might have been of use to us. Furthermore, you have aroused a nest of wasps. You make our hard task harder. A disappearance—yes. I had planned one. But this clumsy assassination—"

"I thought I had done well."

"A legitimate thought is the child of wisdom and experience. Thoughts, like children, may be bastards."

Light faded from the crystal. Old Huan Tsung smoked, considering the problem of human fallibility.

NAYLAND SMITH whispered, "This is stupendous!" With Morris Craig, he stood under a dome which occupied one end of the Huston laboratory. It was opaque but contained four small openings. Set in it, rather as in an observatory, was an instrument closely resembling a huge telescope, except that it appeared to be composed of some dull black metal and had no lens.

Through the four openings, Nayland Smith could see the stars. Like Craig, he wore green-tinted goggles.

That part of the instrument where, in a real telescope, the eyepiece would be, rested directly over a solid table topped with a six-inch-thick sheet of a gray mineral substance. A massive portcullis of the same material enclosed the whole. It had just been raised. An acrid smell filled the air.

"Some of the Manhattan rock below us is radioactive," Craig had explained. "So, in a certain degree, are the buildings. Until I found that out, I got no results."

Complex machinery mounted on a concrete platform—machinery whose vibrations seemed to penetrate one's spine—had been disconnected by Regan from its powerful motors.

In a dazzling, crackling flash, Smith had seen a lump of solid steel not melt, but disperse, disintegrate, vanish! Concealed behind a partition, Camille Navarre had also seen it. A pinch of grayish powder alone remained.

"Keep the goggles on for a minute," said Craig. "Of course, you understand that this is merely a model plant. I might explain that the final problem, which I think I have solved, is the transmuter."

"Nice word. What does it mean?"

"Well—it's more than somewhat difficult to define. It's a method of controlling and directing the enormous power generated here."

Nayland Smith was silent for a moment. He was dazed by the thing he had seen, appalled by its implications.

"If I understand you, Craig," he said rapidly, "this device enables you to tap the great belt of ultraviolet rays which, you tell me, encloses the earth's atmosphere a hundred miles above the ionosphere."

"Roughly speaking—yes. The term, ultraviolet, is merely one of convenience. Like the name marmalade for a preparation containing no oranges."

"So far, so good. Now tell me—when your transmuter is completed, what can you *do* with this thing?"

"Well"—Craig removed his goggles and brushed his hair back—"I could probably prevent any kind of projectile, or plane, from entering the earth's atmosphere over a controlled area—if I could direct my power upward and outward."

"Neutralizing the potential of atomic warfare?"

"I suppose it would."

"What about directed downward and inward?" rapped Smith.

"Well—" Craig smiled modestly. "That's all I *can* do at the moment. And you have seen one result."

Nayland Smith snatched the goggles from his eyes.

"Do you realize what this means? It means that you're a focus of interest for God knows how many trained agents. I know, now, why New York has become a hotbed of spies. You don't appreciate your own danger."

Morris Craig began to feel bewildered.

"Do try to be lucid, Smith. *What* danger? Why should *I* be in danger?"

Nayland Smith's expression grew almost savage.

"Was *I* in danger today? Then, tell me what became of Dr. Sven Helsen—inventor of the Helsen lamp?"

"That's easy. I don't know."

"And of Professor Chiozza, in his stratoplane, in which he went up to pass out of the earth's atmosphere?"

"Probably passed out of same—and stayed out."

"Not a bit of it. Dr. Fu Manchu destroys obstacles as we destroy flies. But he collects specialized brains as some men collect rare postage stamps. How do you get in and out of this place at night when the corporation offices are closed?"

"By special elevator from the thirty-second. There's a private door on the street, used by Mr. Frobisher, and a small elevator to his office on the thirty-second. Research staff have master keys. All secure?"

"From ordinary intruders. But this thing is a hundred times bigger than I even suspected. If ever a man played with fire without knowing it, you are that man. Russia, I know, has an agent here."

"Present the moujik. I yearn to greet this comrade."

"I can't. I haven't spotted him yet. But I have reason to believe our own land of hope and glory is onto you as well."

Craig, in the act of opening the laboratory door, paused. He turned, slowly.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that London can't afford to let this thing fall into the hands of Moscow—nor can Washington. And none of 'em would like Dr. Fu Manchu to get it."

"Dr. Fu Manchu? I imagined it to be a mere name, to frighten children. If a real person, I thought he died long ago."

"You were wrong, Craig. He is here—in New York! He is like the phoenix. He arises from his own ashes."

A sense of unreality touched Morris Craig. He visualized, vividly, the fate of the man mistaken for Nayland Smith. But when he spoke, it was with deliberate flippancy:

"Describe this cremated character, so that if I meet him I can cut him dead."

But Nayland Smith shook his head, impatiently.

"I hope you never do meet him, Craig."

BACK in her room, Camille Navarre had just put a call through. She watched the closed door all the time she was speaking:

"Yes . . . Ninety-nine here . . . It has been impossible to call you before. Listen, please. I may have to hang up suddenly. Sir Denis Nayland Smith is in the laboratory. What are my instructions?"

She listened a while, anxiously watching the door.

"I understand . . . the design for the transmuter is practically completed . . . Of course . . . I know the urgency . . . But it is terribly intricate . . . No—I have quite failed to identify the agent."

For some moments she listened again.

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"Sir Denis must have told Dr. Craig . . . I heard the name Fu Manchu spoken here not an hour ago . . . Yes. But this is important: I am to go to Falling Waters for the week end. What are my instructions?"

The door opened suddenly, and Sam came lurching in. Camille's face betrayed not the slightest change of expression. But she altered her tone.

"Thanks, dear," she said lightly. "I must hang up, now. It was sweet of you to call me."

She replaced the receiver and smiled up at Sam.

"Happen to have a pair o' nail scissors, lady?" Sam inquired.

"Not with me, I'm afraid. What do you want them for?"

"Stubbed my toe back there, and broke the nail. See how I'm limpin'?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry." Camille's caressing voice conveyed real sympathy. "But I think there are some sharp scissors in Dr. Craig's desk. They might do."

"Sure. Let's go look."

They crossed the empty office, outside, now largely claimed by shadows except where the desk lights dispersed them. Camille discovered the scissors, which Sam examined without enthusiasm but finally carried away and promised to return.

CAMILLE lingered until the door had closed behind him, placing two newly typed letters on the desk. Then she took off her glasses and laid them beside the letters. Her ears alert for any warning sound from the laboratory, she bent over the diagram pinned to the board. She made rapid, penciled notes, glancing down at them and back at the diagram.

She was about to add something more, when that familiar click of a lock warned her that someone was about to come out of the laboratory. Closing her notebook, she walked quickly back to her room.

Her door closed just as Nayland Smith and Craig came down the three steps.

"Does it begin to dawn on your mind, Craig, why the intelligence services of all the great powers are keenly interested in you?"

Morris Craig nodded.

"Which is bad enough," he said. "But the devil who tried to murder you today is a bigger danger than any."

"My dear Craig, *he* didn't try to murder me. If the man who did had been caught, he would never have heard of Dr. Fu Manchu."

"You mean he'd have said so?"

"I mean it would be true. Imagine a linguist who speaks any of the civilized languages, and a score of dialects, with perfect ease; an adept in many sciences; one with the brains of three men of genius. Such a master doesn't risk his neck in the hands of underlings. No. We have to deal with a detached intellect, with a personality scarcely human."

Nayland Smith fell silent—and Craig knew that he was thinking about Moreno, the man who had suffered in his place.

"Suppose, Smith," he said, "you give your problems a rest for a while and dine with me tonight?"

"I'd be glad to, Craig. Let it be at my hotel. Join me there in, say, an hour from now. But let me point out it isn't *my* problem. It's yours! When you leave, get the man, Sam, to have a taxi waiting—and keep him with you. I take it he hasn't gone?"

"No. He's somewhere about. We're night birds here. But what good is Sam?"

"He's a *witness*. You're safe provided you're not alone."

"Safe from what?"

"Abduction! Being smuggled out by the mysterious subway which has swallowed up other men of use to Fu Manchu."

"Where do they go? What use can he have for them?"

"I don't know where they go," said Nayland Smith, "but I suspect. As for their use—the use that the ant has for the aphides. Except that Dr. Fu Manchu milks their *brains*."

Unnoticed by either, the door of Camille's room had been slowly and silently opening for some time.

"You're beginning to get me really jumpy, Smith. You don't intend to go out alone?"

Nayland Smith shook his head, grimly, putting on the topcoat which had brought disaster to poor Moreno.

"I have a bodyguard waiting below—a thing I never dreamed *I'd* stoop to! But Dr. Fu Manchu doesn't want *my* brains. He wants my life!"

"For Heaven's sake, be careful, Smith. The elevator man goes off at seven o'clock. I'll see you down to the street."

"Save yourself the trouble. You have work to do. I know the way. Lend me your master key. Whoever stays here on duty can do the same for you. And remember—stick by Sam until you get to my hotel."

The door of Camille's room began to close.

(To be continued next week)

"It's Father. Is it all right if he brings someone home to dinner?"

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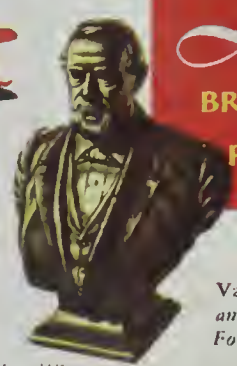

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Valentin Blatz — *Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers — Founder, Blatz Brewing Company, 1851.*

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COTTON GETS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

Continued from page 23

on the fashion map. "An artist who is a salesman," breathe leaders in the industry happily. "Wonderful combination."

When she started her own business five years ago, Hope went straight to style-setting dress designers like Adele Simpson and Omar Kiam, cotton samples of her own design in hand.

"They acted as though they had never seen the stuff before. Certainly they had never seen cottons like these—woven with satiny looking stripes and crossbars. They didn't even look like cotton. But they tried them.

"Then something surprising—to them—happened. They found cotton so easy to handle that production went along faster; something the cheaper-wash-dress people had known all along. Cotton doesn't slip like silk and rayon, or stretch like wool. One manufacturer told me it got so when he had two difficult jobs coming along he'd stick a cotton one in between, to keep the help happy. One by one they all said, sure, they'd make cotton dresses. They just loved them personally, seeing how the factory took to them, and the customers didn't complain."

Useful Fabrics Can Be Lovely

On the contrary, customers began to grab, once they discovered cottons that did in no way bring up thought of the kitchen stove, and that were as beautiful as they were useful. The more the customers grabbed the more interested the designers got. Till now, five years later, the job of cotton converters like Hope Skillman is not to sell their customers but to service them.

"A manufacturer calls up from the Coast, wanting a dark print for fall college blouses, no white in it. A Texas children's-wear buyer is asking for lavender. Pinky beige goes well there, too. Some designers will use colors that sell well anywhere. But Tina Leser, whose play and evening clothes are so exotic and individual, uses strong colors no one else can handle—she's a special-order problem."

Hope Skillman cottons are chiefly chambrays and madrases. They are noted for the sophisticated variations they play on cotton naturals like plaids, checks and—chiefly—stripes; and for their subtle colors. Colors run to the unexpected—gun metal, dusty brown, muted tones and shimmering pastels that can make the simplest dress distinctive. Playing refreshing new tunes with these simple notes, Hope has been able to intrigue designers in every field. Last year's recruit was a bedspread manufacturer, turning out de luxe quilted numbers in Skillman chambrays. This year's extra is men's jackets, in sturdy, corded cotton.

Besides getting her cottons used in all the best places, Hope adds glamor to the cotton industry by being a pretty blonde, much in demand for personal appearances at schools and stores. Such personal glory while touring the country brings young girls flocking to Hope. They want advice on how to be fashion personalities, too.

Her advice has a hollow, Hollywood ring. Work, she says, is the way. A movie star is the product of hard physical toil. Hope started her career in an even more unglamorous fashion, wearing old clothes, rubber boots and gloves, messing around in dye pots and learning chemistry from wise old Scotsmen in the business. She was the green assistant to a cotton stylist, assigned by a big fabric house to help pull cotton out of its rut.

Such work among the dye pots and in fabric mills formed a necessary background for the seemingly simple doodling Hope does now. She draws on graph paper, fills in with water color—a there's a new fabric design. The m does the rest, to her specification. Ho doesn't own a mill. She buys fabric fro gray-goods mills, commissions finishi mills to carry out her designs.

"That's only the surface, the part y see," she tells young girls who yearn do likewise, without even pushing up the Gibson Girl sleeves. "Underneath a bookkeeping, financial statements, traf routing between mills, credit checkin months of working ahead with clients and always the dye pots and the fabr mills. Nice, if you like it."

Everybody in the cotton busine seems to like it, and even to consider the product practically perfect. But they a working steadily to improve it just th same.

"We'll be getting finer yarns and new colors," they say, "and new finishes."

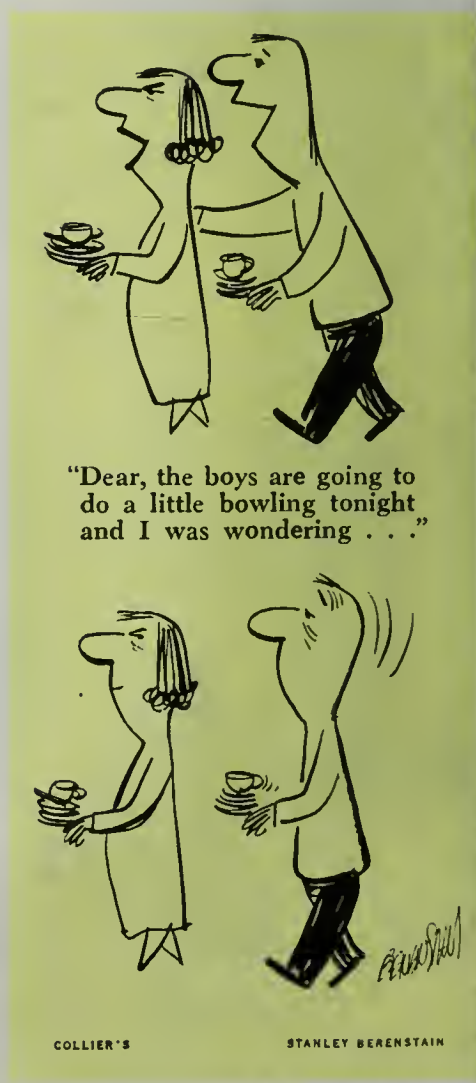
First finish to help make cotton popu lar was a shrinkproofing process that wa perfected about the time fashion start stirring among the cottons. Permane finishes on voiles and organdies kee them from losing their looks in lim collapse. Water-repellent finishes a valuable for children's clothes and upho stery, indispensable for raincoats an sportswear.

The only bad thing cotton people wi admit about cotton is that it wrinkle Not that they haven't been working o that. One company has brought out tweedlike cotton this year, chemicall treated to resist wrinkling; a system tha has worked best to date on fabrics lik linen and spun rayon, spongy enough t absorb the chemical instead of letting coat the surface as it does a smoot tightly woven cotton. For such cotton the best antidote is still a hot iron.

And well worth the trouble, say th cotton people, pointing to the old virtue of cotton. It's cool in summer, warn in winter.

Only they don't forget what fashio means to cotton. Nor the value of a artist who can sell.

THE END



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THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

Continued from page 19

over this time of day with one difference—the enemy was in this field.

Friendly artillery was going after him and he was coming back with his own. His first mortar shell landed a hundred yards short. His second was a hundred yards over. Prattle in the ditch ceased as the concentration centered and rained in. These were the big one-fifty mortars that bucket up the earth in gobs and splatter steel at grass-stem height. Somebody was hit. The radio went out. Contact was lost. The Great Confusion had begun.

LIEUTENANT CHAMBERS wriggled into the ditch between Blixen and Sam Abels and demanded, "What'd you fellows give for a Paris pass?"

"Half my interest in hell," said Abels grimly.

"And all of Texas," added Blixen roundly.

"Damn me," said the lieutenant, "USO must have been through here!" And then he said, "Blixen?"

"Yes, sir."

"See that wooden scaffolding out there?"

"Yes, sir," said Blixen not quite so roundly.

"See that clump of buildings at a greater range . . . oh, maybe five hundred yards?"

"Yes."

"See that red-roofed house at the right of them?"

Blixen's voice was not round at all; it was quite flat. "Yes, sir."

"That's our objective. You guide on that. And you're leading the base squad, so don't you lose it."

"I wish you *would* lose it," grumbled Sam Abels, "it and all them other sonofabitching buildings right in the bottom of the Atlantic!"

"What's the matter, Sam?"

"Well, it ain't patriotism knockin' my knees together!"

"All right, men, let's get this show on the road. Blixen, you lead. Sam, you cover him at sixty yards. Take off whenever you're ready." And the lieutenant was gone.

Blixen moved next to Sam Abels and held out his hand.

"I got two of them already," said Sam, looking at the hand. "What's this one for?"

"In case I don't come out of this, Sam, I want you to know that I've enjoyed soldiering with you," said Blixen earnestly.

"I ain't enjoyed soldiering with no human being yet on earth," snapped Sam. "Not even General Eisenhower. You going first or am I?"

A corps artillery serenade played over the surface of the field, the air burst clutching up the earth in tons and with it bits of buildings, roads, trees—fragments of all matter in that field, which mixed with smoke and flame into a brownish vapor that hung like a shroud above the field and hid the sun.

Now the tanks came up, firing at anything that looked suspicious. And everything looked suspicious. When they ran out of targets they put a round into the wooden scaffolding just to watch the pieces fly. Machine guns marked targets for them with orange tracer bullets that drew bright lines back and forth across the field. The first fighter bombers came dipping through the sunrise, scattered an instant's death and, darting away, left their crashing sound half a mile behind. Farther back the attack bombers were going after the bridges and the heavy artillery was placing interdictory fire upon all roads leading to that field; and the evidence of this was a mist of dust and smoke rising like a curtain toward the sky in the farther distances. The battlefield was isolated. All the show needed was a man to begin it.

Blixen swallowed. He straightened his helmet over his knit cap.

"Is you or ain't you?" demanded Sam.

Blixen half rose and began to move. Five steps, ten. . . . There was open ground showing behind him. He went at a reluctant walk, keeping that Saint-Lô crouch—that concession to human psychology which assumes that all bullets travel at a height of six feet rather than five and a half. Fifty clear yards opened behind Blixen before Sam Abels moved. For fifty measured yards Blixen was advanced farther into enemy territory than any living American. For those fifty yards that no man in the world would willingly have trod, Blixen led and the Army saw and credited this to Blixen.

The support tanks waddled out by ones and twos and the infantrymen among them. The tanks fired blindly. The men scrambled to get out of their way. Some of the men were running, some walking. Some shouted soundless words. Some trudged doggedly with set lips and furtive eyes. Some took this moment as quietly as if they were walking downtown. Still others fired their weapons at nothing and reloaded feverishly.

All moved bent with that terrible lumbago they had first contracted at Saint-Lô. And though they knew by experience it was wrong—though they had been trained a hundred times to do exactly otherwise—they crowded more and more together and the tanks crowded together; until tanks and men were moving forward in a confusion like a mob, afraid from within and from without and having no purpose but to move forward and destroy.

The tanks tried to fire over the heads of the men or between them. They took off one man's head. It became impossible to tell whether bullets were coming from enemy or friend. A bullet hit a phosphorus grenade in a man's belt and the man burned under white sprays of smoke that trailed like confetti.

FROM this confusion, order gradually began to appear, and yet it was a kind of disorder. Tanks and men were not going in the same direction. Someone had blundered.

Lieutenant Chambers climbed upon the nearest tank. He beat at the turret of it with the butt of his carbine until the tank commander's head came out. Chambers screamed and pointed with his carbine. The tank's 75 swiveled dangerously around. When it came in line with the lieutenant's carbine it fired. Fragments flew from the house with the red roof.

Now it became clear that the enemy was in the red-roofed house and in holes in front of it.

Chambers' tank ground forward.

Bullets came pinging off the steel around the lieutenant's hands. They plucked at his clothing. They tried to persuade the lieutenant to come along with them and die. The flat trajectory projectiles tried to blast him off and kill him with their shell sound alone, and the big mortars would have buried him alive had he stayed still to be zeroed in; but Chambers was on his way.

In football they say, keep moving and you don't get hurt. What they mean is, "Never stop to think of yourself."

When Chambers did stop to think, he was hit.

He rolled over twice and fell from the tank's deck and lay still on the ground.

His tank hesitated. It stopped, its ugly snout swiveling from side to side as it fired blind. Other tanks along the line ground raggedly to a stop and the men

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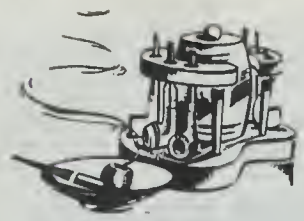

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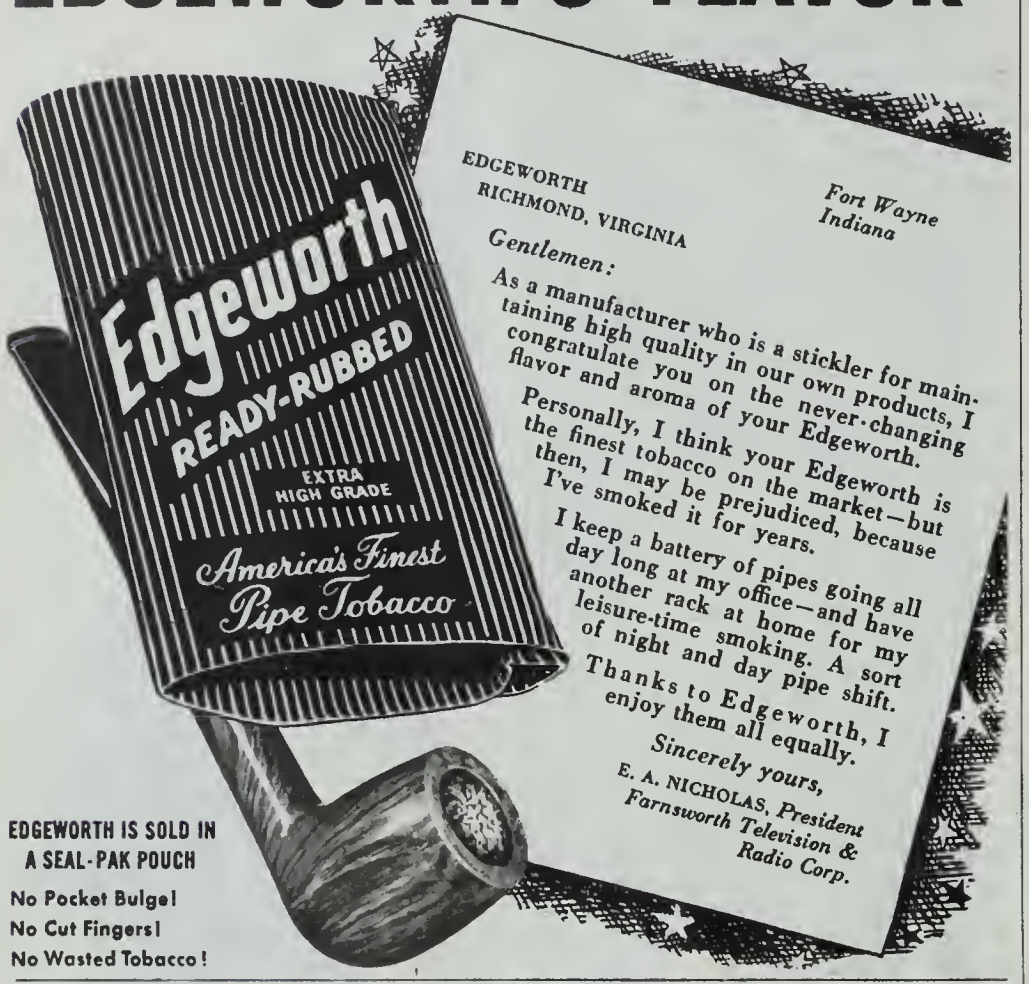

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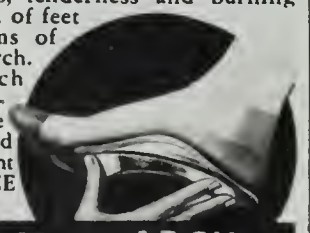

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began taking cover behind them and on the ground, and as they stopped, the mortars caught up with them and began to hurt; while the fire of the enemy's machine guns grew more and more accurate, scything over the field at shoestring height until it seemed every tank was stopped and every man pinned to the ground—every man but one.

Blixen kept right on walking. He went up to Chambers' tank. He climbed the deck and beat on the turret. He beat a long time before the tank commander's head came out and all that time the lead of Germany was directed at Private Blixen, the man who had gone back and who had now come forward.

Blixen indicated the red-roofed house with his rifle and screamed into the tank commander's ear. The 75 put one into the base of the building, and the whole side crumbled. The tank's motor revved up again into a dangerous snarl. So did others along the line. Blixen's tank moved forward and the whole attack with it; and as for Blixen, he could not be hit. Whatever it was Chambers had had momentarily Blixen had it now; and before the enemy found out they couldn't kill him, Blixen was among them. Blixen overran their machine-gun positions. Blixen obliterated their houses and their lives. And the men with their long, drab-gray overcoats and rakish caps came out of their holes and windows with their hands up to Blixen, shouting, *"Kamerad"*; protesting they had been looking for the first chance to surrender—they hadn't fired at an American soldier in the last three weeks.

WHEN it was all over, Sam Abels and Blixen met before what was left of the house with the red roof, and Sam said, "Now lookie there what you done to that house! Ain't that a shame?"

"What about the lieutenant?" Blixen asked him.

"Kaput," Sam answered with a shrug, "I reckon . . . By the way," he said, looking down at his hand, "I've been thinking over that little offer you made me a while ago and I've been thinking maybe if a fellow had three hands why, he'd be that much ahead of the game." He grinned, and held out his own.

That ended handshaking. Formality between those two dropped there as completely as the court-martial proceedings against Blixen were dropped, and Sam and Blixen spent time for pleasure in each other's company, as the Big Push carried them up into the heart of a continent. They fought for crossroads and high ground and little villages and for the cities that are big dots on the map and for the right of way around a henhouse, for which men die just as readily as they did at Thermopylae. They fought so fast and far Blixen was saying if the war didn't end pretty soon they woul seeing those Czech girls who dig the e from the footprints of the men they l and put it in a pot and plant marig in it, for marigolds never fade. Sam Abels said those girls surely wo have to hurry to catch the footprint was leaving over the face of the ea because he figured he was over the hu now and going down the back-hill sid

Blixen was getting to be quite the st teller. He had changed, opened up grown happy and had developed a br of nonsense all his own for sitting aro the stove and exchanging with other p ple's: and when other people saw Bli was a little selfishly human after all wanted room at the stove as much as a body—and could hold it—they were ready to accord him that place as the been eager to deny it before. They be taking pride in Blixen after what he that day in the field. Blixen was a ch acter, all right, but not a bad g Nothing he didn't know. A walking d tionary, that's what he was. And s questions were referred to his final thority as whether the stars come ou night or really were there all the ti and how much money the king of E land makes.

And so they went up across m fields into many dawns, through quaint little red towns all crumbled t red brick powder, and through to where every house surrendered six seven times with a sheet from ev window. They lodged in the barc castle on the crag, drank his wine, ate his gold plate and put their feet up on damask chairs and grinned at the blond nudes in the paintings. And t went on into the dark forests planted w every tree in order and not a twig waste on the ground, where the ba had had his shooting stand at the edge the clearing and the folk had labored the clearing to feed both deer and bar and they climbed the stubby old mo tains that had been holding up that t light sky for armies to march under si Caesar put his 10th Legion across Rhine, and they yearned for the sur they longed for some clear light to shed upon this gray and gloomy coun and upon the Gothic minds of these p ple who seemed to have been living i crypt for centuries, until their very f tures were of stone and the warmth h chilled out of their eyes.

They saw the imprisoned and the slaved and the displaced and the bo of those thrown in the quicklime and bones of those roasted on trays, a the hollow-faced children foraging in garbage cans by the mess lines.

Then they were pinched out of drive and rested. . . .

One afternoon Sam found Blixen in woods sitting against a tree, writing o

"Our mistake was in buying a new house. We should have bought an old house that wouldn't need so many repairs"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

those letters with lines all in a column wn the center of the page; and this ne when Sam asked what he was doing ixen told him he was writing poetry.

"I thought poetry was wrote in books."

"When it's good enough."

"Ain't yours?"

"I don't know," said Blixen. "What you think?" And he read:

"I'll touch your hand, then I'll believe
It's death that's let me love, spared me
To say to you and those who grieve,
Death gave me happiness . . ."

"Gee, that's all right," said Sam.

"Like it?"

"Sure. Fine . . . What does it mean?"

Blixen's face fell. "What don't you nderstand?"

"Well, I dunno," said Sam, "maybe u better start at the beginning."

"I simply mean," said Blixen, "that beuse some of us die, others are allowed live."

Sam plucked a blade of grass and conmplated it. "You mean it's a kind of ithmetic gets us to the pearly gates?"

"Yes and no. Arithmetic governs—ut on the other hand, you and I govern

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Or quite so intense
As the love some politicos
Have for a fence.

A fence is their passion,
A fence is their pride,
And when they're not mending
You'll find them astride.

—Richard Armour

ne arithmetic," Blixen explained. "Like he lieutenant."

"You figure him that way?"

"I do. Somebody had to go down here and somebody had to carry on."

"Well, how does that make us feel?"

"Good . . . Anything you understand s good."

"I wisht I could understand you," said am, looking narrowly at his blade of rass.

Blixen smiled.

Blixen's smile was regular in those reat days as the Big Push carried the latoon on its crest higher and higher tovard the day of victory—farther and farher into those valleys of blacker, richer oil than any the boys had seen since eaving home, farms so neat even the ards were swept by hand, people so inlustrious that even before the shells topped falling they were out in the fields, illing and reseeding the shell holes. The latoon saw those bombed-dead cities ike the cities of the moon, where now nd then some poor creature in human orm crept from the ruins and stared at "K" Company without fear, without uriosity, without anything, and went to oin some equally miserable creature in doing the only thing there was to be done, clearing away the rubble a piece at a time so the city might breathe again. They saw the identical interiors of so many houses they could not remember which kitchen they had slept in where, or where there had not been in the bedroom that same cheap chromolithograph of Jesus with his finger on his bleeding heart.

And so Blixen and Sam Abels and the others turned their backs on everything they lived by and headed into that strange old continent they loathed, with that fundamental loathing people who live in bright new houses have for dark old ones; and the year turned with them, hailing with its ever-increasing light the day of victory that was to come. . . .

Everybody but Blixen sweated out that day. The Big Push had broken the enemy's back. Like the snake in the grass chopped by the hoe, he lay writhing in segments for a thousand miles; and each of those segments—the military term was "pockets"—was still full of venom and dangerous. Good Americans were getting killed every day stamping them out. But that did not worry Blixen. He was like a man who has passed through the valley of the shadow, sure ever afterward that nothing can harm him. He comforted the boys with his law of averages. "Look at it this way. Casualty rates are running about three per cent. That means if we put a hundred men in the field, three are likely to get hurt. But of those three only one dies. And there you have your odds—one in a hundred."

But everybody was thinking *he* might be that unlucky one, after all this time, that unlucky one. Was there any reason in it? Was that one chosen because he was good or bad, light or dark? "This here's the time," said Sam Abels. "I repent me of every evil thing I ever done, and promise the Good Lord if he'll let me see the smoke risin' from my native land once more, I'll come and go with Him forever."

Who would be chosen, that was the question.

Only Blixen thought he knew the answer.

When word came K-rations were being issued it didn't bother him.

WHEN word came for the squad leaders to check everything and get a report into the supply room in the next five minutes, Blixen was not disturbed. And when definite information came down that the objective was the great industrial city notorious among all those segments of the enemy in its refusal to die, Blixen told the boys not to worry; the war probably would end before they ever jumped off in the morning.

They spent that last evening in a millhouse by a stream, one of those unbelievable May evenings when a breath of air is enough to make life worth living.

There were blossoms in the meadows. Cuckoos were calling from the wood. You could almost hear the growth in the earth and you could sense that gladness rising from the ground, the reaching of all living things toward warmth and light and heavenly room.

Blixen leaned back and stretched his arms high, breathing in all of that delicious air, and when he could hold no more he let it out with a gasp and brought one hand down with a whack between Sam Abels' shoulder blades. "Ole-buddy-ole-buddy-ole-buddy! What do you say about the ways of God to man in the beautiful springtime, eh?"

They were sitting on a log over the little stream that turned the mill wheel, and Blixen's enthusiasm nearly put Sam into the water, but failed to cheer him. "I'd say old God was on the ball," he muttered gloomily. "He ain't forgot how, though there was times last winter on Mud Hill when I figured He had."

"What you going to do when the war's over?"

Sam Abels spat into the stream and watched the splash floating away. "Don't ask me questions like that."

Sam really was feeling blue that evening. The spring didn't excite him. It made him feel all he was missing, made him remember the first lavender plum blossoms coming in the brakes back home, and a girl he had once had, by the name of Emmy Lou. "Where you gonna be?" he asked more out of courtesy than interest.

"Well, there's an answer to that," said Blixen. "I'll be wherever she is."

"Don't tell me!" said Sam.

"It's true," said Blixen. "Didn't know I had a girl, did you?"

"Most everybody has," said Sam. "I did myself at one time. She true to you?"

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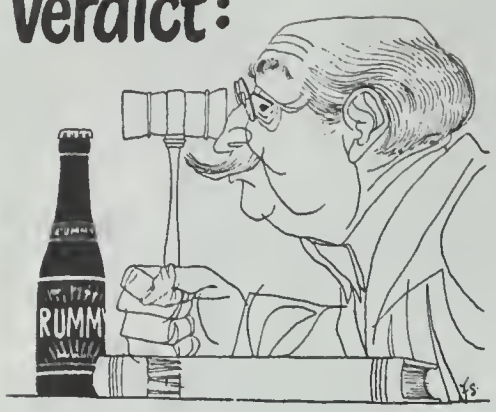

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COLLIER'S AL ROSS

"True as the stars above," vowed Blixen. "I even told her about going back at Mud Hill. That didn't make any difference. She's forgiven me."

"I had one once," muttered Sam Abels. "She quit forgiving me right at the beginning, when I joined the Army."

A hand fell on Blixen's shoulder. The Cajun platoon sergeant had come up behind them unnoticed on his silent feet, as he liked to do, and he said, "Blixen, there's a friend of yours over at the CP wants to see you."

"Friend of mine?" said Blixen turning around surprised. "Who?"

"The lieutenant."

"Chambers?"

The Cajun nodded. "Well, don't fall into the river. I thought he was dead too, but he ain't. He's big as life . . . Wants to see you."

Blixen's mouth opened and shut but he didn't say anything. He looked at the Cajun till the big sergeant grew uneasy, slapped his pockets and demanded a cigarette.

"What does he want to see me for?" asked Blixen, as though he didn't care at all what the lieutenant wanted to see him for.

"How'd I know what he wants to see you for?" flared the Cajun. "I ain't no mind reader. Maybe he wants to tell you the war's over. How'd I know what he wants to see you for?"

"Beautiful evenin'," said Sam Abels reaching up for a handful of it. "Makes a fellow feel like a civilian again!"

He produced the cigarettes and the Cajun was taking one when Blixen got up without a word and walked away.

"What's the matter with that guy?" demanded the Cajun.

Sam contemplated the reflection of the evening sky, slipping by on the water under his feet. He spat into it. "Ever strike you where that water would be next year this time? That piece of it right there?"

"Hell, no!" said the Cajun.

"Me neither," said Sam, "but it struck Blixen."

The Cajun thought about that a minute. "There's something funny about that guy," he concluded, and he and Sam turned and watched the shadowy outline of Blixen disappearing in the dusk. . . .

Before Lieutenant Chambers could say a word Blixen apologized. "Sir, I'm sorry. I thought you weren't coming back."

"What are you sorry about, old pardner? Put 'er there," said the lieutenant. He gripped Blixen's hand. "No, I'm like history. I repeat myself. You can't get rid of me," Chambers rattled on explaining that German bullets couldn't possibly kill a Virginia man, not saying what they would do to Yankees; and how much fun it had been in Paris taking measurements for Wac girdles. "You're looking good, boy!" he kept saying; but all the time it was Lieutenant Chambers who was looking good and Blixen like the one who had just come from the hospital. Lieutenant Chambers was the man with the sense of having passed through the valley of the shadow and now able to live happily ever afterward.

"Listen!" interrupted Blixen.

Away off there was a sound like doors slamming far down a corridor. "That's artillery!" whispered Blixen.

"Stop kidding," said Chambers. "Stop kidding me, won't you? That's not artillery. That's the fireworks celebrating the end of the war. It'll be over tomorrow. Haven't you heard?"

"The war's not over, Lieutenant," said Blixen very soberly.

NEXT morning they got ready in the woods at the edge of the meadow leading into the city and Blixen offered his hand to Sam Abels.

Sam was sweating things out. He was eating grass like a nervous cat and when he saw Blixen's hand in front of him he jumped. "Stop holdin' that thing at me!"

"Sam," began Blixen, "if anything happens to me I want you to know. . . ."

"G'way," said Sam, "I'm thinkin' . . ." He pointed to the tall buildings rising across the meadow against the dawn. The sun was just striking them and they looked, above the meadow mist, like some fabled city built up in the sky of battlements and turrets. "I'm thinking," said Sam, "that them tall buildings is a fine place for artillery observers and this here open meadow *not* a fine place for the likes of Sam Abels." He picked more grass and chewed.

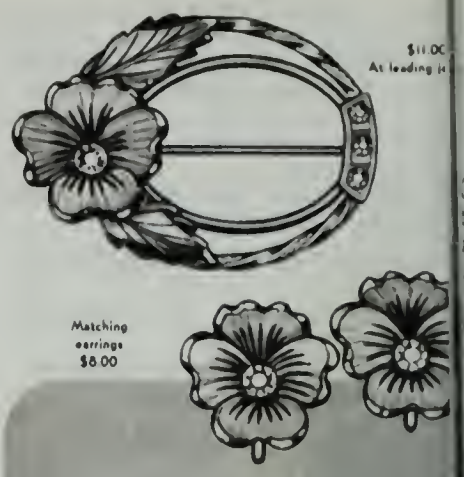
Sam was right.

Midway in the long meadow the barrage caught them. It wasn't very bad, and in the abandoned trenches where they lay a man was safe from everything but a direct hit—as safe as if he had been at home in bed.

This particular shell struck yards forward of the place where Blixen was lying. It burrowed down and down and down until its nose was resting upon Blixen's shoulder—the hand of the old friend who had caught up with him at last.

Every year they lay wreaths in Blixen's honor in various parts of the world. Under the arches of triumph the fires burn for him, perpetually.

THE END



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(R-14)

LET'S STOP ABUSES IN VETERANS' SCHOOLS

Continued from page 27

Georgia, school which agreed to pay back $18,000 to the federal government after a plea of *nolo contendere* to charges of fraud?

What can be said for flight schools that charge one rate, a high one, for veteran students and another rate, much lower, for giving the same instruction to men who never bore arms for their country?

What can be said in defense of flight-school operators who enroll experienced Air Corps veterans for primary flight training?

Who can seriously pretend it is proper for the government to pay out money to schools that permit veterans to apply the cost of training they never take against the purchase price of a private plane, or that use the kickback technique, splitting with the veteran who isn't attending classes?

Questionable schools of every description are flourishing like the green bay tree because state approving authorities have permitted them to operate without looking behind their educational façade.

To Make the Law Racketproof

Faced with this situation, our committee has spent many weeks seeking some way of amending the law so that racketeering and boondoggling would be eliminated.

We could, of course, take the easy way out and change the law so that the Veterans Administration would be the sole arbiter in judging the legitimacy of all schools. We are reluctant to take this course. We don't feel justified in punishing the careful and honest state approving authorities for the transgressions and mistakes that have been committed in some states.

We feel that centralizing control in the hands of a Washington bureau would be a dangerous and unjustified violation of the states' traditional rights.

For that reason we have recommended a different course to Congress. The recommendations are embodied in bills to amend the present law, introduced by members of our subcommittee, as we try to spell out, for state approving authorities, a definition of the kind of education originally contemplated when Congress passed the G.I. Bill of Rights.

We tell the states that "a school, other than an elementary or secondary school or institution of higher learning, shall not be deemed qualified and equipped to furnish education or training to veterans unless the courses offered by such a school are of a character *leading to an employment objective* and are adequate for that purpose."

Just what would these bills accomplish? In the first place the purpose is not to strike at our system of public high schools, colleges and universities. It is not among these institutions that kickbacks and other bad practices have been found.

But, for other schools, one of these measures (the Wheeler bill) would set up a minimum standard for approving agencies in every state. It would be up to each school to prove that its course of training will help to qualify the veteran for employment, that it will train him for something useful and that it will not merely waste his time and his educational benefits on the study of some expensive avocation.

The schools will be required to demonstrate that their courses are *adequate*. State authorities will know Congress intends that they look behind the high-sounding advertisements and the beautifully printed catalogues. Congress wants no more of ignoramuses posing as educators. We want no more of schools run by remote-control presidents, no more of vacation resorts posing as aviation training centers.

We want to make sure that both the federal government and the veteran get a full dollar's worth of instruction for every dollar spent.

As long as the state approving authorities are diligent in applying this simple formula the Veterans Administration will not step into the picture, except to meet the bills. But at the first hint of scandal, at the first complaint, the Veterans Administration *will have the right* —it will be its duty—to investigate. If any single state gets very far off the track, if it approves schools recklessly and without due examination and investigation, then the federal government, which pays the piper, will have the right to call the tune. After proper investigation the Veterans Administrator will have the power to disapprove such

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Jimmy Foxx on occasion could be as wily as a fox, and he demonstrated it once when he was manager of the St. Petersburg Saints (Florida International League). Foxx went in as relief pitcher in a game with Fort Lauderdale, and had two out, two strikes on the batter and a runner on third. As Foxx went into a slow windup, the runner broke for the plate. Quickly Foxx threw to the catcher, a perfect strike. A moment later the catcher tagged the runner coming in. The side was retired, only Foxx—and the umpire—knowing who had made the third out. The next inning, as Fort Lauderdale came to bat again, the "stranded" batter stepped into the batter's box. Foxx said nothing, and the umpire properly remained quiet. The batter connected with the first pitch—an easy one—for a triple. As he trotted into third base, to his amazement he was thumbed out by the umpire (on Foxx's appeal). Foxx's last delivery of the previous inning had been a called strike, retiring the batter before the runner was tagged. Hence, when he came up again he was batting out of turn—for an out.

—Jack Carey, Gainesville, Fla.

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schools and to strike them from the rolls.

A second measure (H.R. 6079, which I have introduced) would give the Veterans Administration the right to file a complaint whenever it finds reason to believe that a school is not giving education or training commensurate with the tuition it charges. The *state approving agency* would then hold a public hearing at which both complaint and defense could be fully aired. The final decision would remain with the state—to withdraw approval if the charges were justified, to exonerate the school, or to reapprove it under a new tuition schedule or a new setup of courses.

I think such amendments would go a long way toward eliminating boondoggling at the expense of the veteran. They would tell the states, clearly, where their duty lies without coercing and overregulating conscientious approving authorities. And they would give the Veterans Administration a Big Stick—which we hope it will seldom have to use—with which to correct abuses if they continue to creep in.

Where V.A. Responsibility Lies

These bills alone, however, cannot solve the entire problem. No law is bigger than the men who administer it. A great deal will depend upon the Veterans Administration—its diligence and its tact. The V.A. cannot throw the entire blame for the existing situation upon the states alone. The Veterans Administration could have done a great deal, in the last two years, to encourage the weaker state approving authorities to raise their standards to higher levels.

Whether Congress amends the law or not there is nothing to prevent the Veterans Administration from calling conferences of state approving authorities so that each could see what the other is doing and learn, through discussion, just where some methods are faulty.

Conditions such as those Collier's exposed in the case of some chicken-sexing schools could be eliminated this way. Chicken sexing is taught in less than a month in Kansas, while the Illinois a proving authority has accredited a cou that takes seven months. A chicken-se ing school in Missouri is able to tea this subject for $40, while Illinois a thorities have authorized a tuition char of $500.

There are other things the Vetera Administration could do with its pr ent powers. It has an established syste of job counselors who advise disabl veterans on the employment possibi ties in trades they propose to study befo they are allowed to enroll in a cour These counselors have on their des information concerning employment o portunities in every field—informati the government has spent vast sums gather and keep up to date.

Certainly there is no reason why th information could not be made avail ble to every veteran. If it were it wou be very difficult for high-pressure sal men to waltz young men into scho that offer training in fields already bad overcrowded. If the facts were ma public, common sense would dissuade t vast majority of veterans from squand ing their benefits and wasting years study in training that can only leave the jobless in the end.

Yet, I am convinced, administrati moves under the present law will not enough. Some clarifying legislati which spells out the duty for state a proving agencies is required. Unfort nately, Congress is faced with a host other pressing problems. There is serio danger that it will not act on the measu at this session.

That danger can be averted only Congress hears from the people, who servant it is. The few men and women Congress who have had the time to stu the problem know how serious the situ tion has become. Hundreds of millio of dollars could be saved and—more ir portant—tens of thousands of vetera could be protected if all the members Congress could be stirred to a realizati of the need for passing these simp amendments to the G.I. Bill.

THE END

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FISH-POND SAILORS

BY GRADY JOHNSON

You may think it's kid stuff, but members of a hundred model-yacht racing clubs in the U.S.A. will tell you that building and racing these beautiful little craft is quite definitely an exacting sport

Between races an endless amount of rigging, balancing, sandpapering—and bragging—takes place. Competition is keen and not limited solely to local meets. There are national and even international events for many club members

At Berkeley, California, members of the local Model Yacht Racing Club line up their entries in a specially built basin. Note boardwalk and starting platfor

ese girls are willing helpers as Nick Keough, of the n Diego club, gets his M class boat ready for a race

Gus Lassel, of the Los Angeles club, has built more than 200 model racing yachts, been praised by designers of large craft

George Atthowe, staff commodore of the Berkeley club, works on the hull of a new model

IF YOU live near any body of water three feet deep, you may witness the spectacle of a full-grown man dashing from his cellar and tossing a wisp of wood shavings into the air. He'll be testing the wind. And if it's right, he'll pop back into the cellar and return clutching a model sailboat—a little thing not more than six feet long. Then he'll hurry off to the nearest pond and set his bark a-sailing.

In the U.S. more than 50 such ponds have been built especially for the devotees of model-yacht racing. And around any one of them you may see, on a day when the wind is brisk, scores of adult followers, both men and women, jumping up and down, screaming, urging one little gay-colored boat to move faster than another.

This sort of thing has gone on, little noticed in this country since the first group of overgrown boys organized a club on Long Island and sailed Gowanus Bay in 1872.

A few years later the hobby had spread to Brooklyn, and around 1880 Central Park nurses watched their wards sail toy boats in the lake and flirted meanwhile with synthetic old salts out airing their sails. Two hundred and twenty-five years earlier retired seamen of the British navy—even admirals—were sailing models at a time when only noblemen could afford big yachts. Today the sport still is of greater importance in the British Isles than here, boasting 400 clubs.

America's hundred clubs sail almost everywhere, in bays and lakes—even in the reflection pool of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Detroit has an all-women's club. In 1921 many of the clubs were united under the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, which in turn became affiliated with the International Model Yacht Racing Union.

For a long time the sport was retarded by dogginess rivaling the swankest yacht club. Models were big enough for a child to ride, weighed up to 65 pounds, had masts seven feet high and cost up to $500. Their sail and hull dimensions were regulated by formulas as complicated as those for full-size yachts. Classifying them required a couple of hours' measuring. These vessels—Class A—still are sailed in competition.

But it's the Class M boats, whose main limitations are 50 inches length and 800 square inches of sail, that have caught the public fancy. Comparatively inexpensive and small enough for transporting in automobiles, they were originated in 1930 by Roy Clough of Marblehead, Massachusetts—whence the M.

When automatic steering devices were introduced, model yachts were off to the races, thousands strong. The number of clubs has grown steadily, and the sport gradually is being taken off rivers and lakes where rowboats and wading boots are needed to shepherd them, and put in special ponds having boardwalks alongside and starting platforms at either end.

The main differences between model yachting and real yachting are cost and where you get wet. The wind in a model's rigging sings as sweetly as in the real thing. Besides, you don't get seasick and it's hard to drown in wading water.

"Sometimes you get so interested you walk right off into the lake," says slender George E. Atthowe, Berkeley, California, insurance man widely known as a Pacific Coast model yacht racer.

Ten years ago Atthowe was rowing his young daughter, Lois, on Oakland's Lake Merritt when a model yacht blew alongside. Atthowe followed it. He's been following them ever since, winning cups and prizes with the boats he builds. His youngster was bit by the bug too. Now nineteen, she is secretary of the Berkeley Model Yacht Club, which races in a specially built pond perennially ruffled by winds whipping in the Golden Gate.

Most of the clubs want new members, especially juniors sixteen or over, and some clubs take them younger. They don't particularly want your money, as dues are nominal. They just want to see other people in the same boat with them.

Now Juniors Get a Break

In the past, adults have tried to hog all the fun. Old sailors insisted that the sport was too strenuous for children and building too exacting. Recently, a special class boat—a light, 36-inch, one-design class—was invented for juniors, and many clubs sponsor races for them.

Some old club members have the attitude of fading baseball stars. They want youngsters in the game, but if a newcomer appears to threaten their laurels the old skippers aren't telling all they know.

Atthowe experienced this, he said. "Somebody threw a blueprint at me and said, 'Make your boat like this, sonny, and if you ever get time come down and sail it.' "

Working twice the normal 150 hours, Atthowe, with no help or prior experience, finally turned out a ship that made the old-timers' eyes bulge. "Then they were cagey about showing me how to sail it.

"That boat," he recalls, "almost got me down. It would break tack and wallow like a sick duck. Finally, I just made up my mind that I was skipper and it would have to do as I said."

The popular M boats are fairly simple to build. But not like whittling a whistle for Junior. Specifications may be obtained from F. J. Santos, secretary of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, at 71 Calla Street, Providence, Rhode Island, or they may be obtained from local clubs. Hobby shops sell blueprints, materials and fittings, and libraries have books on the subject.

Builders may choose from several methods of construction, and there are various types of boats and sails best suited for wind in certain parts of the country. As with big yachts, the models employ deep-setting, lead-weighted keels, but all decks are covered and waterproofed.

Hulls have been made successfully from plastics, metal, sanded paper and shellac, or scooped out of wooden blocks. The longer the hull at water line the faster the yacht; bulb-shaped keels, tapered into exaggerated teardrops, create less drag than straight, knife-thin keels.

Several manufacturers offer complete building kits for the beginner. The cost of materials for a model M class yacht, plus sails, rigging and steering gear, is about $30. Don Lyon, secretary of the San Francisco club, believes the average beginner should start from scratch. Kits seldom allow for errors, whereas other construction permits experimentation and correction as long as the lumber lasts.

Club members swear that they have in their own way as much clean healthy fun as the owner of a 40-footer, and it's hard to find a model yachtsman who sees any point in beating a little ball over hill and dale, bouncing one back and forth, or kicking and throwing one. Their clubs sponsor week-end racing picnics, and they race against other clubs. They win cups and ribbons and, believe it or not, often go on to sectional, national and international championships. ★★★

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WHO'LL SIT WITH THE BABY SITTER?

Continued from page 25

well frazzled when Jill rose from her typewriter and went in. It occurred to me that if I were going to have a party and let Selfridge see this picture it would have to be tonight. I had to send it off tomorrow.

I took the receiver down to see if anyone was talking before I dialed. Somebody was. It was Jill. She was saying, "Miss Drake? This is Jill Cheyney—"

"Oh, yes," Tabitha said.

"I was just thinking," Jill went on, "of having a little party this evening. I thought if you'd care to come you might drive out with Johnny. And I'll have Sam over for you—"

Sam, of course, is me.

Tabitha said, "Thank you very much, but you can tell Sam his little scheme isn't working—"

"Oh, really, he doesn't know about it—unless it's he who took his receiver down just now and is eavesdropping—"

I resented very much being called an eavesdropper and I banged the receiver back in place. About twenty minutes later Jill came over with a dish under a napkin and I caught the aroma of chile, my favorite food.

She looked a little warily at me and said, "I was just thinking of maybe having a little party tonight."

"I am very sorry," I said, "but I have no baby sitter."

"I was thinking maybe we could have it over here. I would bring the refreshments and clean up afterward."

"Aren't you afraid," I asked, "that Mr. Selfridge would be scared off, envisioning you in the role of a mother?"

"Well, this way you and Miss Drake would be watching Butch and I would be along just for the ride, as it were—"

A car pulled away and Butch came in, yelling happily as he saw Jill. She said, "Hi, Butch. Long time no see."

Butch took off his slicker and said, "Hi, Jill. Long time no see."

They appeared to find that quite amusing but I was not in any mood to be amused. I said, "As a matter of fact, I was thinking of having a party myself. So I will furnish the refreshments and you can have the party over here." She looked a little confused at that. I asked, "How many are coming?"

"Just you and Tabitha and me and Johnny."

She left and as she reached the hedge I remembered something. I called, "Just one thing—I wish you to understand I wasn't eavesdropping."

"You weren't?" Jill said. "Oh, dear—who d'you suppose it was?"

I didn't dignify that remark with an answer and she said, "Well—I must get back to work. I have a couple of characters in my book who are getting rather out of hand—a model who is always posing without too much on, and an artist who is no better than he should be."

"That is great," I said.

"Your enthusiasm is overwhelming," she declared. "But to save you the trouble of reading it—it was the houseboy who done it."

And she walked on through the hedge.

JILL was getting Butch to bed when Tabitha and Johnny arrived. I was worn out from finishing my picture. Johnny is a big guy about six feet tall which puts him a couple of inches above me, and his two hundred pounds are all muscle and bone except for a slight pot which his tailor is doing all right by, and he is dark and handsome and cheerful with lots of teeth when he grins.

Not that I am wasting any time looking at him, of course. I see Tabitha is wearing my ring again—not an engagement ring, exactly, but the next thing to it as she always chucks it when she is mad. She is a butter-and-honey blond bigger than Jill but still just a good ar ful and she and Johnny are laughing they come in.

But right then as soon as I saw th lug I knew that I couldn't show h those pictures of Jill. I had been feeli worse and worse all afternoon as thought of it and now that I kn I wasn't going to I felt better. What if did cost me my baby sitter?

I bade them a happy welcome and J called, "I'm putting Butch in the ha Come tell him goodnight."

After we adjourned back to the livi room Butch began to howl. Jill sai "Oh, goodness! He took a nap at n house this afternoon, Sam, so he prob bly isn't tired. D'you mind if Johnny ar I dance while you and Miss Drake pl with him?"

Tabitha and Butch had got along we the few times they'd been at the house t

"What a mess—I've struck oil"
COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

gether, but tonight when we went back to his room she was restless. She said well, she guessed if I was going to tel The Three Bears she might as well go back and get in on the dancing.

Butch wanted another story when I finished The Three Bears. He would settle for nothing less than The Ugly Duckling.

I said, "Butch, I'm missing the party. You better go to sleep."

He began howling at that. He kept right on even after I said I would tell The Ugly Duckling. Jill came in.

She said, "Butch, for Pete's sake, Miss Drake is threatening to chloroform you." And to me she said, "Kindly go entertain your guests while Butch and I have a man-to-man talk."

I returned to the living room and from somewhere I heard Tabitha say, "I wish she'd slug that infernal brat—" And then I perceived that she and Johnny had barged into my studio and were standing with their backs to the door. "Well," she added, "I'm not surprised. After all, she accepts underwear from him, and a woman who'll do that won't stop at running around in the moonlight looking like that."

"Some stuff," Johnny said. "A pretty lush piece, this. I've been missing something."

Tabitha spoke in a small voice: "If you're just trying to devil me about her, Johnny, why—you can quit. The lamp's in the window. I've missed you so—"

Johnny said, "I dunno . . . Something about this gal sends me. Quite a figger. Quite a figger. By George, I bet she's

ot of fun when you get to knowing —"

stepped up and, keeping my anger ler control, I said coldly, "Defend irself, Selfridge."

He whirled around and I let him have olid one on the snout, which sent him ggering back.

OMEONE down in a well was saying, "Sam! Sam—" The rain seemed have started again. I put a hand up to eld my face from it and opened my s. Light blinded me. Swimming in ghtness was Jill's face. She was pour- water on me.

After a little time I said, "What hapned?"

"It seems that you hit Johnny," she d me, "and Miss Drake hung her left your chin. They are gone. What was ruckus?"

"Ruckus?" I remembered now. "They re looking at these pictures and mak- defamatory remarks concerning your racter for posing like that."

"I can well understand," Jill agreed mly.

"Johnny said you have a lush figure."

"Ah," Jill said.

"And," I added, "he is on the make you."

"Oh, but def," Jill said. "Well—I guess not needed here any longer," and it me to me as she got up from the floor me that Butch had hushed.

I said, "Do you reckon Butch is sick?"

"No. He was howling because I exined to him when I put him to bed t I was going on a long journey and t Miss Drake would probably be his ma from here on. Of course, it may e you a day or so to get over being d at her for hitting you, but love coners all. They say."

I sat up, drying my face on something hich I discovered to be the Trousseau ghtgown. "You're a fine mother," I eximed, "scaring a child that way. She lled him an infernal brat. She—"

"I'm not his mother," Jill said. "I wouldn't be as long as he had such a thickheaded—"

"You're going to be," I told her. "I'll phone the J. P."

Jill said, "Thank you, no. It'd be much cheaper for you to hire a baby sitter than to marry one, anyhow—"

"I'm not marrying you to baby-sit," I told her. "I'm doing it because I can't get along without you any more than Butch can—only I didn't know about it till I walked in here and saw Selfridge looking your picture over and saying—"

Jill said, "Sam, are you all right?"

I got up with considerable dignity as well as some difficulty. However, I found that I was surprisingly strong.. I subdued Jill with practically no trouble and kissed her. It knocked my ears down. I kissed her again. I knew then why it had burned me up for Selfridge to be around her. And why I hadn't wanted to show him her picture.

Releasing Jill, I picked up the gown from the floor and tossed it out of the way. She must have thought I was going to offer it to her again for she said, "I have a much nicer one in my hope chest, thanks all the same."

I was surprised that women still had hope chests and I said so.

"I started mine the first day I kept Butch. When you moved here a year ago," Jill said. "I thought, well, since I was going to marry you I'd better start getting used to working with Butch around, so I said, yes, I'd keep him, and then it occurred to me I needed—"

I said, "Since you were going to marry me?"

"Listen," Jill told me, straightening her hair, "you never had a chance. If tonight hadn't shown you what Butch and Tabitha thought of each other, I'd have thought of something else. Tell that J. P. to get ready while I help Butch."

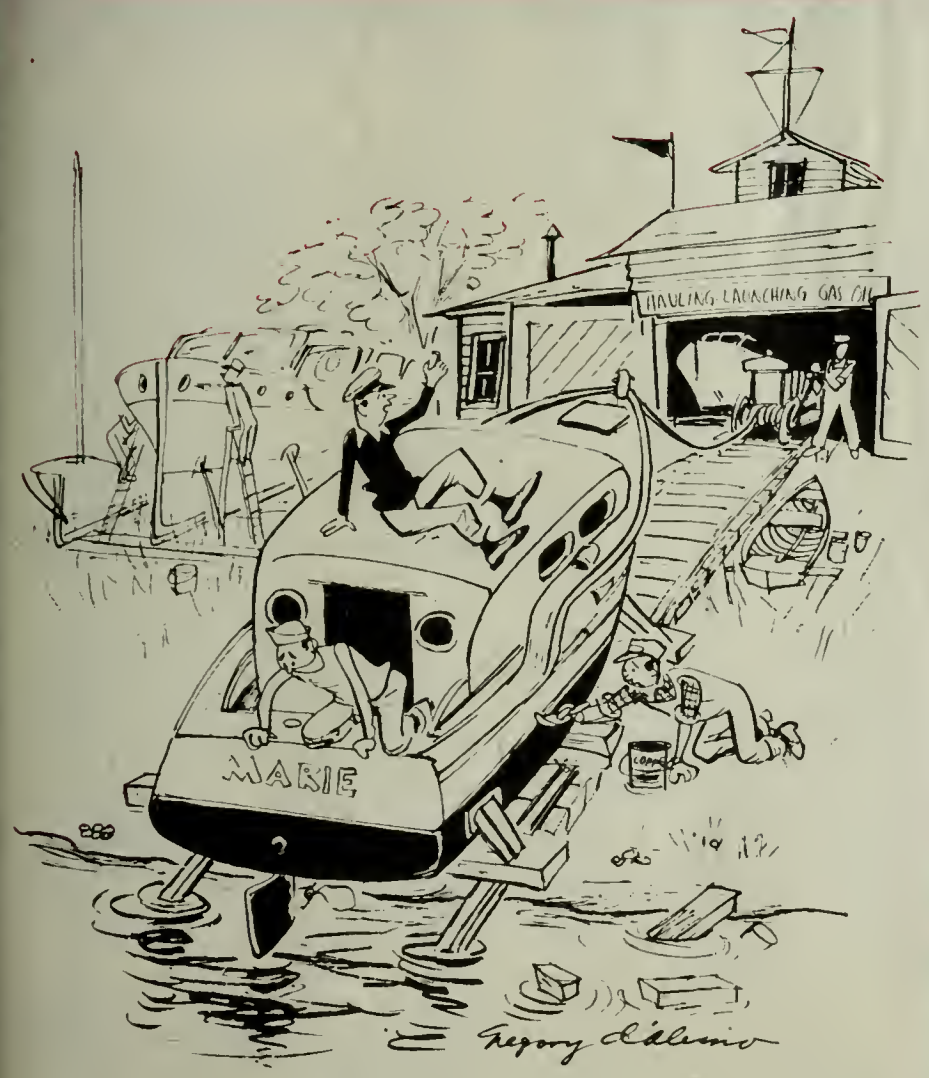
"Butch?" I said. "Is he going?"

"Unless," Jill said, "we get a baby sitter for him. And after all, why shouldn't he come? This is a family affair."

THE END

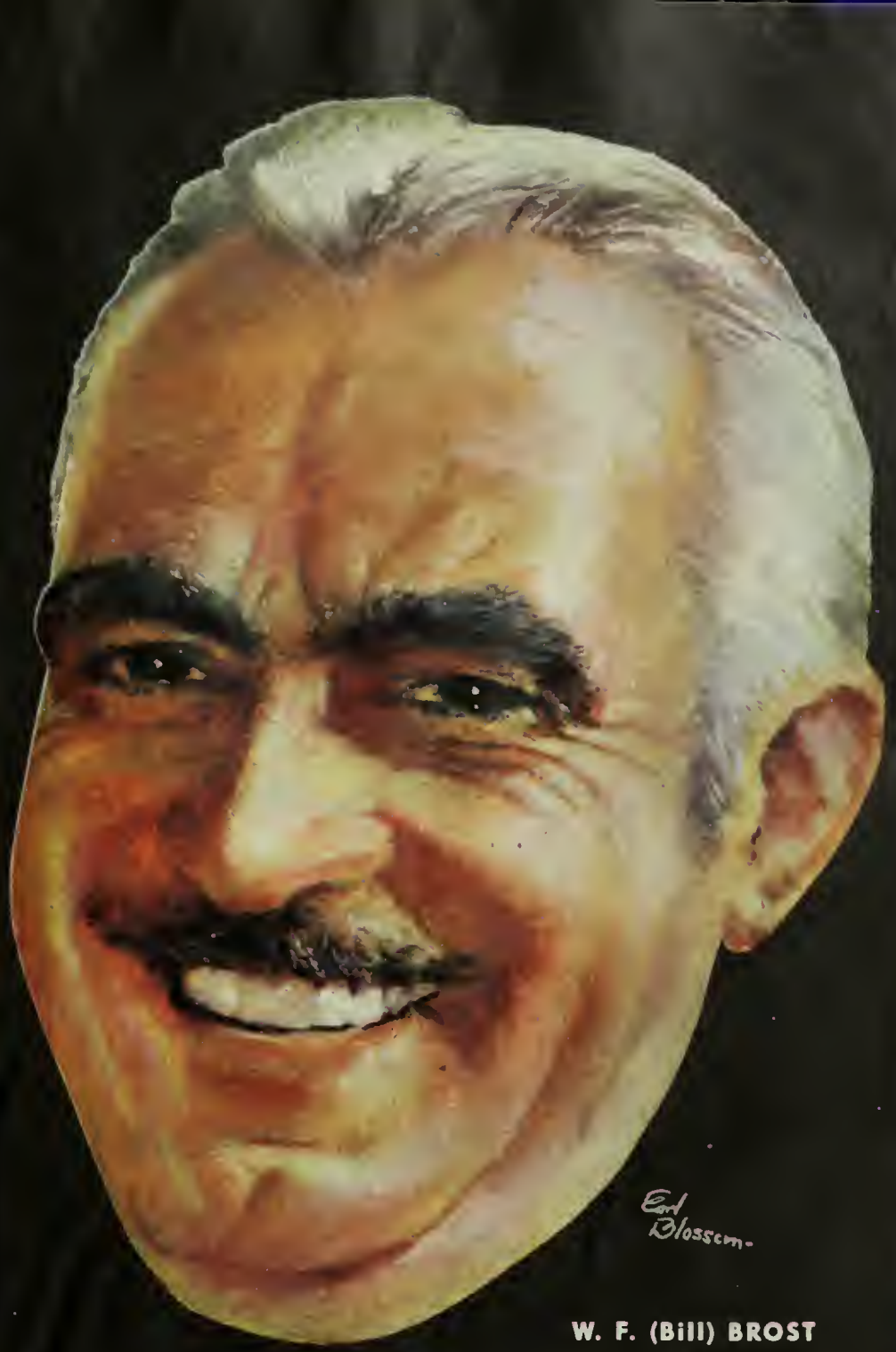
THE SHORE FLEET

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"The great launching—with a few extra slaps of copper paint"

COLLIER'S



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Harry returned to the table with an apologetic shrug. "What can I do?" he implored

CLEAR HAVANA FILLER

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

HARRY CRAMER was smiling expansively as they rose from the table after lunch. "Really a stroke of luck, running into you this way, Arnold. New York is so damned big. Have a cigar?"

He had stuck a large Havana filler between his thick lips and was holding one out to Arnold Gregor.

"No, thanks." Gregor's delicate features wrinkled with distaste. "I don't smoke."

Harry eyed him quizzically as he put the cigar back in his vest pocket. "That's right, you never did smoke, did you? I almost lost Louisa because of it. She hated my cigars—still does. Very fastidious girl, you know. I always said you would have been better suited to her." He managed a laugh that would pass as hearty.

"Don't be silly, Harry." The other man looked away uncomfortably.

"I don't *dare* smoke in the house." They were out on the sidewalk now. "It's been nice, Arnold, after twelve long years. You won't forget now, Friday night at seven?"

Gregor hesitated. "Are you sure —?"

"Of course I'm sure. Louisa will be delighted."

In the cab back to the office, Harry sucked on the big cigar with audible satisfaction. It had taken him only eight days to find Gregor. . . .

He waited until she had finished picking at her shrimp cocktail with finicky distaste and then he said. "Who do you think I ran into today, Louisa?"

"Must you talk with food in your mouth?" Her forehead split into well-grooved frown lines. "And you know I'm not good at guessing games."

"Arnold," he said casually. But her face didn't register. "Gregor," he said. "Arnold Gregor."

"Oh?" But she didn't seem particularly interested. After all, she *had* almost married him.

"Bumped into him on the street. He insisted I have lunch with him. I hate to admit it but he's handsomer than ever, and still a bachelor. Of course, all he wanted to know about was you."

"Don't drip on the tablecloth, Harry."

"You'd think the guy had never gotten you out of his mind. Twelve years is an awfully long time to carry a torch."

Her colorless cheeks flushed faintly. "What nonsense."

He paused for a moment, rehearsing the sentence in his mind carefully before coming out with it. "Maybe so, but what accounts for his practically inviting himself over for dinner Friday night?"

"Arnold is coming *here* for—for dinner?" Her lips seemed to tremble.

"I couldn't very well say no." He shrugged. "He'd only think I was being petty and ungracious."

"Ridiculous," she snorted. But she didn't tell him to cancel it.

WHILE he mixed cocktails out in the kitchen, he listened to them matching reminiscences, Louisa's flat voice rising with a strange new eagerness. Gregor's tone properly restrained. And at the dinner table he continued to scrutinize them from behind his curtain of hearty affability, watching Louisa's cool approval of Gregor's well-cut clothes, and the lean, smoothly shaven face with its crown of blond hair still thick and unmarred by time.

Gregor's pale blue eyes followed every move of Louisa's as she prodded the maid through her paces, and his face was as inscrutable as it had always been. Probably that was what had excited Louisa in the old days—and worried her just enough to leave her wide open for his own proposal.

The telephone rang in the foyer and Harry glanced quickly at his watch as Louisa got up to answer it. She returned with an annoyed expression. "It's for you. The office. Don't they ever go home?"

He went to the phone. "Yes?"

"Mr. Cramer, you asked me to call you at eight-thirty." Miss Carlyle sounded confused. "I'm at home—"

"Yes," he said flatly. "Thank you."

"But—but was there anything—is that *all*, Mr. Cramer?"

"Yes." He waited until finally she hung up and then he raised his voice at the dead phone: "Roy, this is a damned outrage. We have a guest—Yes, but . . . . All right, Roy, all *right* —Yes . . . . In a half hour."

He returned to the table with an apologetic shrug.

"What can I do?" he implored. "I've got to go down there or the whole case will fall apart. Will you ever forgive me, Arnold?"

The man was eying him steadily. "Well, if you really must—"

"Aren't you even going to wait for dessert?" Louisa sounded unsure of her reaction.

"Can't. Got to run. Be back as soon as I can. See you later, fellow."

He could feel Gregor's eyes following him as he hurried from the room . . . .

He kept the lights off and sat there with his feet up on the desk, the tip of the clear Havana filler glowing brightly in the dark. He wanted to do nothing now but relax and think, to plan ahead and enjoy in fantasy the wonderful freedom that was going to be his. It was no longer just an idea in the back of his mind. At last the gears were meshing.

There'd be the occasional extra ticket to the theater ("You two sit together. I'll take the odd seat.") . . . . the bar meetings for the three of them to which he'd come late ("That damned Stillwell case!"). And there'd be the times when he'd have to bow out of the evening completely and Gregor would fill in. It would take a lot of doing, but he was ready.

After the divorce there would be so many things he'd want to do—but there would be plenty of time to think about that when he had freed himself of the carping voice and the critical eyes and the confining strait jacket of her eternal fussiness. There would be plenty of time later for the trips, the races and, of course, for women, new and exciting and as unlike Louisa as possible. No more mistakes like Louisa. Let Gregor make that mistake now.

IT WAS after midnight and the apartment was silent as he let himself in: for a moment he thought they might have gone out. But then he saw the light in the living room, and Louisa sitting there in the green club chair glaring at him.

"Don't tell me you're home." Her voice rose testily.

His eyes searched the room. She was alone. But there was something strange about the apartment, something he could not quite define.

"Did Arnold just leave?" he inquired indifferently. There was an exasperated and exasperating silence. "Next time, I'll tell Roy to go to the devil when—"

She wheeled around. "There won't *be* any next time."

"What do you mean?"

"Once is enough." Red spots flamed in her pale cheeks. "I can't stand him. How could I ever have thought he was—?"

His mouth went dry and as he sucked in his breath he was aware of the odor; and all at once he knew what was strange in the room.

"Vile odor—vile man," she blurted out harshly. "He insisted on smoking one right after dinner."

Harry bounded from the chair. "But he doesn't—"

She brushed him aside. "He said he never enjoys a meal if it isn't topped with a cigar—couldn't live without them . . . ."

"But—"

"—And the minute he saw your humidor he was at it. Not one, but two. One for after dinner and one to nauseate me in the living room."

Harry's eyes wandered dazedly to the copper humidor on the mahogany table and then he looked at Louisa again, half listening to the bitter rasp of her voice as she straightened the ash trays and set each little piece on the end tables in its proper place; and he knew as he stared at her that he was seeing her as the inscrutable eyes of Arnold Gregor had seen her tonight and perhaps before, and as he, Harry Cramer, had seen her for twelve long years and would go on seeing her now for the rest of his life . . . .

"Harry, what are you doing?"

He didn't answer. He just bit off the dry tip of the dark Havana filler, spat it from his tongue and brought the flaming match to the other end.

"Harry!"

Then he took off his jacket and threw it on the sofa: dark stains of perspiration showed on his shirt.

She moved toward him. "You stop that—at once!"

He didn't even look at her. "Shut up," he said quietly.

"Harry!" she screamed.

He sank down in the soft, green club chair and began to suck on the big cigar, filling the room with rich white clouds of acrid smoke . . . .

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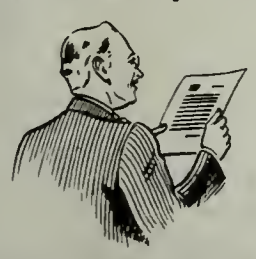

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MY FRIEND JOSEPH

Continued from page 28

and ask to see Joseph. If Joseph was not in I would ask for Jacobus. Somehow or other I would get into that house, and, once in the house, I would find out what had happened to Molly.

I peered through the glass panel on the kitchen door. A glimmer of light came from the fire in the range, and I saw that the room was empty.

I tried the door; it opened. I stepped inside.

THE kitchen led into a narrow hall, flanked with doors. I had never been in the house before, but I knew something of its arrangements from Molly. I held my breath deep inside me and edged across to the room which I thought to be the parlor. As I reached it another door was flung open, Jacobus' voice rattled out into the hall, and a broad band of light slid across the wall and exposed me. I closed my eyes in a kind of convulsion. When I opened them I saw Molly standing there in front of me, her hand on her throat. I breathed again and took a step toward her, and as I did so she wheeled and jerked shut the door of the lighted room, grabbed my sleeve, pulled me a few paces down the corridor, opened another door and thrust me in.

"Are you crazy?" she said angrily.

"I don't know," I said. "I suppose I am. Molly, are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be? What's the matter with you?"

"Rags Gorman?" I whispered.

"He's been and gone." She giggled, and I knew then that she wasn't angry; she was just tense and keyed up, like me. "You'll never believe it. Joseph—listen, Robert!—Joseph threw him downstairs."

"Joseph what!"

"Threw Rags downstairs," she said. "Yes he did, and broke his wrist for him too. So now Joseph's gone, of course, bag and baggage. And the lion's gone too. You know about the boxing board, don't you?"

"Oh, was that today?" I asked. "I'd forgotten. Today's been such a crazy day. What happened, Molly?"

"They decided Joseph was a foreigner of unknown nationality and they said he coulon't fight for the title. Jacobus was raving mad about it. He said Joseph botched the whole thing, and when he came home he phoned the police about the lion and a special truck came up from the zoo and they took the lion away. Joseph didn't know about it. He was at his elocution class, and when he came home Rags Gorman was here; he had just arrived. We were in the parlor, Rags and me, and we heard Jacobus screaming, you should've heard him, something terrible, he was screaming his head off, and Rags and me went out on to the landing to see what was wrong and the Pole had Jacobus by the throat, up this high, his feet off the ground, and he threw Jacobus right down the stairs, and then he picked up Rags and shook him like a rat and threw him down the stairs too, and when he threw *him* down the stairs he broke his wrist for him."

I felt the firm rim of an object behind my knees and sat down. It was the bed. I had hold of Molly's hand, and she had to sit down too. I was dizzy.

"Old Joseph!" I said.

"Shh!" whispered Molly, tensing up suddenly and digging her nails into my wrist. "Listen! What's that?"

I listened for noises in the house, but all I heard was the loud beating of my heart and a soft friction sound that seemed to come from Molly's knees.

"It's only your stockings rubbing together," I said.

"It must be the way my toes are," Molly said, "on the floor." She rearranged her legs, but they didn't stop shaking. I sat holding her hand. I could feel the beat of the blood in her finger tips and I was very conscious of her trembling legs. I began to tremble too.

"You oughtn't to have come, Robert," she said softly.

"I had to," I said. "I had to see that you were all right. You must have had an awful time."

"Oh, that," Molly said. "You don't know the half of it yet. You see, I told Rags Gorman I couldn't ever marry him. I said I was in love with somebody else, and when he pestered me to say who it was, do you know who I said? I said Joseph. I knew that Rags and Jacobus were so mad at Joseph over the boxing board that they just couldn't get any madder, and so I said it was Joseph I was in love with." And she giggled happily. "What do you think of that? Wasn't that clever of me, sugar?"

"Wonderful," I said. I felt a great surge of relief and an even greater surge of love. I pulled Molly to me. It was a very beautiful and terrible moment, and when I kissed her it was even more so.

I took a grip on myself. "I'll have to go," I said.

She didn't say anything. She just breathed on me.

"Molly—" I whispered.

"U-huh?"

"What if somebody comes in?"

"Nobody'll come in."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," Molly said. "So long as you're here you're safe. It's when you try to leave that they might catch you. Now that you *are* here you'll just have to stay, that's all—till they go to bed."

"But, Molly," I said, "do you think it's proper?"

Molly put her arms up and folded them firmly round my neck. "Don't be silly," she said.

So I stayed.

I STAYED for a long time. It was sometime around 5 A.M. when Molly let me out at the kitchen door.

I walked all the way home, and I guess I walked with a swagger. I whistled. All my troubles were miraculously gone, puffed away like dust in the high October wind that swirled my coat around me. For the first time in months I was happy. I hadn't a care in the world.

It was almost daylight when I reached my place.

It was on the second floor of a tenement building. At one time or another there had been a lot of girls in the flats—my own landlady had had four daughters—and the steps were neatly hollowed out in the places where the girls, over many generations, had sat with their boys. There was an especially comfortable big dent in the step next to the top, and when I reached the bend in the landing I saw that this dent was occupied.

"Robert?" said a voice in the gloom.

"Well, well. Joseph!" I said.

He came bounding down the stairs to meet me. A cone of light fell on to the landing from the 40-watt bulb on the floor above, and we were caught in this light like flies in an upturned wineglass. I saw every jutting bone in his face, and I saw his eyes.

"Robert," he said, "they took my lion."

"I know, I know, Joseph," I said. I had my first pang of conscience then, for I owed my happiness to Joseph and I had not thought of Joseph or Joseph's troubles for a long, long time. "Never mind," I said, "you'll get another pet. I know what, Joseph. I'll buy you a dog. A fine big shepherd dog. A dog is a much better pet than a lion."

"I don't want a dog," Joseph said. "I am unhappy about my lion, but I came to tell you about another thing. I am

ery happy about this other thing. It is eautiful and a surprise. Molly loves e. Jacobus' Molly. She loves me, obert!"

I stared at him and he stared back at e, grinning, nodding violently, mouthg his words like an apoplectic ape.

I saw him briefly as Jacobus must lways have seen him, not as a human eing at all but as a Thing—a monstrous nd a crazy Thing. I loathed him then, nd I wanted him to know it. I thrust my ace at him, hating him. "Don't be a ool," I said. "You crazy, hulking ape," said. "Who do you think *you* are for Molly to love?"

HE DIDN'T understand. "She loves me, Robert," he said doggedly. "She aid so."

"She said so," I said, speaking very oldly and deliberately, "only in order to et rid of Rags Gorman who wanted to arry her. Do you understand that? he wanted to get rid of Rags Gorman, nd the only way she could get rid of im was by saying that she loved somebody else; and when she was asked who it vas that she loved she had a particular eason for not telling the truth and so she ust said the first name that came into her ead, and it happened to be yours. In oint of fact," I said, "she is in love with ne." And I jabbed my thumb into my hest. "Me. Do you understand that?"

He understood all right.

I wish now that he had not understood o well and that I had not seen his face n that moment of his understanding. His face was piteous. He stood stocktill, searching my eyes, and then, sucking is breath into his teeth, he swung away nd bolted down the stairs.

When I heard the door slam below I ame to my senses. I flung myself at the anister rail and shouted after him. 'Joseph," I shouted, "I didn't mean it, not ike that. Joseph! Come back!" But I don't suppose he even heard me. . . .

The next day I searched for Joseph everywhere. Everywhere I could think of. The public parks, the Embankment, Rowton House, the Salvation Army hostels. I searched in all the likely places and I went on searching day after day, but I did not find Joseph nor anyone who had seen him. Molly had the bright idea that he might go to the zoo to be near his lion, but when we made inquiries at the zoo they told us the lion was not there.

The clerk whom we saw said he thought that some menagerie had claimed the lion. He said if it was important I could leave my name and address and he would find out and let me know.

"Will you *really*?" Molly said.

"Really," the clerk said. "I'll be glad to."

But he never sent that post card, and the result was that I did not learn where Joseph's lion was until three weeks later, when I also learned where Joseph was.

Joseph was in jail.

I read about it in the noon edition of my own paper:

BRUTAL MENAGERIE MURDER KEEPER KILLED

"Tragedy struck Harrap's Menagerie in broad daylight yesterday afternoon, when, as reported fully in our earlier editions, a man gained entry to the lions' cage and was driven into the eating corner by one of the young male lions.

"George Gavin Gould, the deceased, a keeper at Harrap's Menagerie, entered the cage and shot the lion through the back of the head. It is alleged that the man then attacked the keeper, raising him above his head and throwing him against the bars of the cage, and that as a result the keeper sustained injuries which proved fatal.

"According to the reports of eyewitnesses the man made repeated attempts to revive the dead lion. He refused to leave the cage even under the threat of firearms and tear gas eventually had to be used. He then collapsed on the lion's body and the police who made the arrest had great difficulty in disengaging his arms from the lion's neck.

"This tragic incident took place at three o'clock in the afternoon and was witnessed by a large crowd of holiday makers, including many children. See Stop Press."

The Stop Press read:

SEQUEL TO MENAGERIE MURDER

"Sequel to the tragedy at Harrap's Menagerie took place in Marylebone Police Court this morning when a man was charged with the willful murder of George Gavin Gould. He gave his name as Joseph Hamilton, age unknown, professional boxer, of no fixed abode, and when asked if he wished to make a statement said only, 'He killed my lion.' "

How I felt is not of much importance to anyone except myself, but I would like to say it, just once, and leave it at that. I felt terrible.

I WENT to see Joseph in Wormwood Scrubbs as soon as the authorization came through. They sat me down at one end of a long deal table, and after a little while they brought Joseph in and sat him down at the other end. We were asked kindly to keep our hands on the table, and the warder who asked us this sat down midway between us.

I had got so used to Joseph's face that I hardly ever noticed it. Now, I took a good look at it. I looked at it as I

"Of course, one of these days we plan to paste them in an album"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

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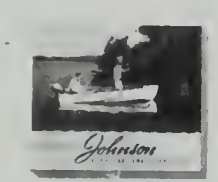

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"Dazzling, aren't they? I made 'em out of distilled water"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GR

thought a member of a jury would, and I was appalled by what I saw.

It was a horrible face.

The forehead was low and apelike. The eyes were obscured by monumental, fist-scarred cheekbones. The nose had been broken at the bridge and punched right back into its base; the nostrils were turned up; the mouth was puffy; the jaw aggressive and immense. Each feature, taken separately, was subhuman, and the combination of these subhuman features was something that had to be seen to be believed. It was a brutal face. It was undoubtedly the face of a murderer.

JOSEPH saw me staring and put his hand to his throat. They had taken away his collar and tie and he thought this was what I was looking at. He told me they had done this for fear he might hang himself.

"They think I'm criminal," he said. His eyes were dark and distressed, the pupils dilated, and they took hold of mine and clung tight, like lovers' eyes. "Me," he said. "Criminal!"

"Nobody could think that who knows you," I said. I talked louder than natural because I had been thinking precisely this myself, because I was embarrassed and unhappy and determined to be very much at ease. "Nobody could ever think that, Joseph," I said emphatically. "I have a message from Molly. Molly sends her love. All your friends are thinking about you. We're all standing by you, Joseph."

"I have no friends," Joseph said.

That was true, of course.

"Except you," Joseph said. "Only you, Robert. The rest is not my friends at all. They say that keeping man was a good man and I am bad, but he was a bad man. You know what he did, Robert? He killed my lion."

"I know, Joseph," I said. "I know. But, Joseph, the lion was going to kill you. The keeper saved your life."

"He killed my lion's life," Joseph said.

"But, Joseph—"

"No," Joseph said. "Listen, Robert. He killed my lion's life. That was a very bad thing he did."

What could I say?

"Nobody understands. But you will understand." His eyes pleaded with me. "Will you please understand, Robert? Please, Robert."

"All right," I said. I'd have said anything. "All right, Joseph. I'll understand. I promise."

"This then," Joseph said. "A lion is different." He wanted to get it right. There were just certain words that would carry the idea and he wanted desperately to find these words. He thought very hard. He tested phrases soundlessly on his lips. He stared right into me, scowling, while little beads of sweat gather his brow, and the big wall clock our precious seconds away. It several minutes before he spoke, and he said something like this:

"They took my lion away. The does not understand this. The lion not know that anything happens e what happens to the lion. The lion not know that there is anywhere except where the lion is. The lion not know that it has been taken from me. It thinks that I have taken away from it. When my lion me again it thinks it has found m pushes me into a corner. It does not me into a corner because it wish savage at me but because it wish keep me safe. My lion was keepin safe because it loved me, and the came and shot into it and killed it. you understand, Robert?"

"I think I do, Joseph," I said. you killed the man."

"I threw him away," Joseph said was angry, and I did not know if he going to shoot into my lion again, or me. I was very angry."

"But you didn't mean to kill him?"

"No," Joseph said.

I THOUGHT I had something the saw Joseph's point of view perfect was all a matter of interpretation. you and to me and to George G Gould that lion was a savage lion, a to do murder; to Joseph it was just own friendly lion, about to lick his I put myself in Joseph's place a thought with Joseph's mind (or trie and it all seemed perfectly reasona even the murder which was no murd all but an act of self-defense or, at w of provoked assault.

I thought I had got hold of someth important from a legal angle and I t hard, but without success, to get it on the lawyers. The solicitor was and tired and the barrister was yo and cold. They were not impression men and I did not impress them. I c not get them to see the importance of psychological point.

"Might conceivably be of use," barrister said to the solicitor, "to sup ment an insanity plea."

"But," I said, "Joseph's not mad."

They ignored me.

"I doubt, I very much doubt," solicitor said, "if you could make s insanity as the fellow exhibits into a v exculpatory plea."

"But I'm telling you," I said, "Jose not mad."

"I quite agree," the barrister s speaking only to the solicitor. " fellow is undoubtedly a lunatic, but am to bring his mental condition bef the court I shall clearly have the grea

fficulty in persuading them that he is a ng's pleasure lunatic."

"But," I said. I kept butting.

"Young man," the young barrister id, speaking directly to me for the first me, "are you trying to teach me the w?"

"No, sir," I said.

It was hopeless.

I had been banking on that visit to the wyers. So had Molly. When I told er what had happened she broke down nd cried openly in my arms. "It's all y blame," she said. "None of this ould have happened if it hadn't been for e." She was having a bad time. Ever nce the night she had told the lie about eing in love with the Pole they had been t her incessantly. Not Rags Gorman of ourse. Rags Gorman was out of it. But acobus and Mrs. Stevens. Nag, nag, ag. It was worse than ever now, beause now they really had something on er. Mrs. Stevens gave her no peace. I ould have killed that woman. She would ven force her way into Molly's bedroom uring the night just to tell Molly all ver again precisely what she thought of er. And Molly couldn't take it. She as getting thinner and whiter every day; he had violet smudges under her eyes; nd her skin was so fine you could see hrough it. She was beginning to have a angerously delicate look, and I did not ike it at all. "Everything they say about e is true," she said. "I spoil everything or everybody, and this is all my blame."

I held her very tight and scratched her ead and babied her. I told her it was razy to worry; what had happened asn't her blame, wasn't even her busiess. I told her that she was making a reat fuss about nothing. Oh, I said all e reassuring things. I even said that oseph would get off.

"Do you think he will, Robert?"

"Course he will," I said, my mouth in er hair.

"Do you *really* think so?"

"I'm certain of it," I said.

But I wasn't certain of course. At best, was hopeful. I hoped that they would amend the charge to manslaughter. . . .

I managed to get time off for the duration of the trial and I was first in the gallery queue both days and got the end seat by the dock; his was the one nearest to Joseph.

Joseph pleaded not guilty, but there was no argument as to the facts. Joseph had assaulted George Gavin Gould. He had picked him up and thrown him against the bars of the cage, and as a result of this violence George Gavin Gould had died. The defense called witnesses to prove that the deceased had been suffering from a disease called cardiac something, and the inference was that he had not taken a lot of killing. They put Joseph in the box and asked him simple questions. They asked, "Did you wish to kill this man? Did you mean to kill this man? Did you know that you had killed this man?" And each time Joseph said, "No." The counsel for the defense was not the one I had seen in the solicitor's chambers, the one I had seen then was only the junior; this one was a middle-aged man. He looked a distinguished and capable lawyer and I think he was. He made it quite clear to me, and I hoped he had also made it clear to the jury, that Joseph's action was unpremeditated and that he had never had the slightest intention of killing.

"This is a case of manslaughter," he said. "And manslaughter only."

THE question of Joseph's sanity was debated. Two alienists were called. One said that Joseph was suffering from "systematized ambitious paranoia," and that this meant that he was mad. The other disagreed. He admitted that Joseph had a paranoiac mental constitution, but he said that this was a common mental state; many sane people had it, and that all one could say about such people was that they showed a tendency to develop a systematized delusional insanity. "Compare this man's mental state to a soil," he said. "It is a soil which is prone to grow a particular weed, but I have found no sign that the weed has in fact grown in it."

The judge was a little birdlike man and he thrust his face over the bench and pecked impatiently at this alienist. "Your metaphors would no doubt be of interest to a horticultural society," he said. "But let us have the blunt facts in this court. Is he responsible for his actions?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then that is all we want to know," the judge said. "He is sane."

It was all over by the forenoon of the second day. The jury, after retiring for only eleven minutes, returned a verdict of guilty of murder, with a recommendation for mercy; and the judge, on passing sentence, declared that owing to the precarious state of the deceased's health he approved and endorsed the jury's recommendation, but was himself unable to give it effect.

"I sentence you, Joseph Hamilton," he said, "to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Joseph swallowed and leaned forward toward me. He opened his mouth, closed it again, and shook his head.

The policeman turned him unobtrusively and led him down the steps.

I watched the back of Joseph's head

COLLIER'S "The amazing thing is, they all came in one car" HANK KETCHAM

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Director of The Psychological Service Center, New York

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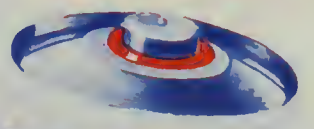

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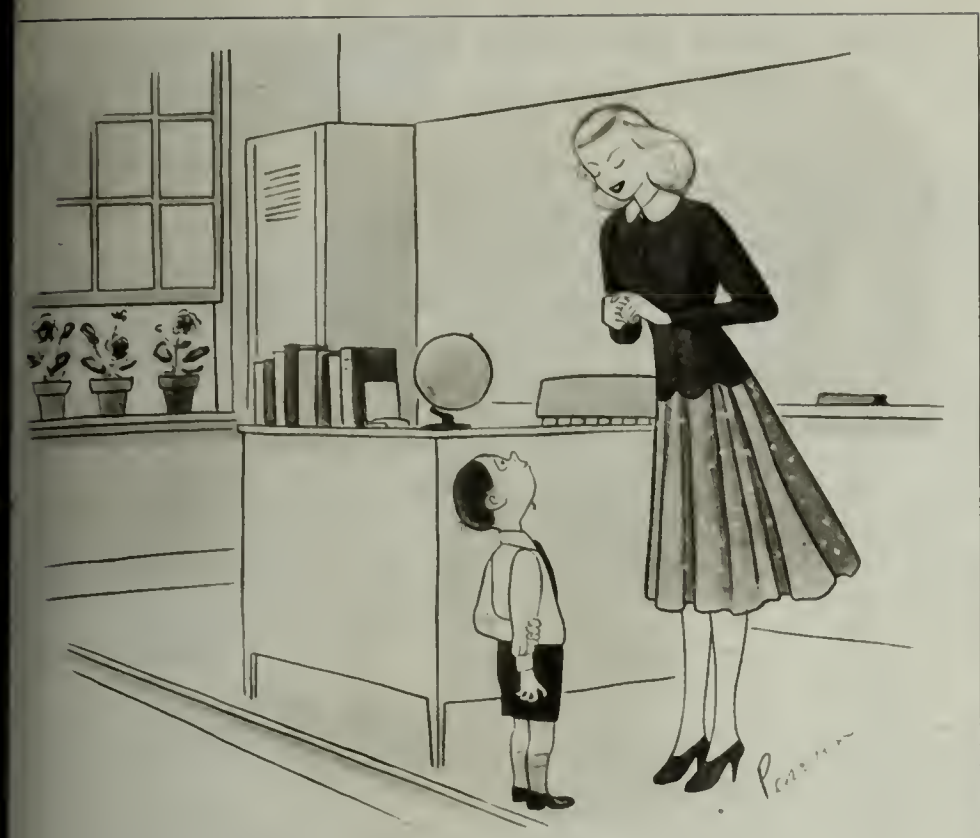

"That's very flattering, Bobby, and I think you're the nuts, too"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

or what seemed a very long time, and hen at last it disappeared from sight I ut my arms on the gallery rail and hid ny face in my arms and cried. . . .

Afterward, I went to Jacobus' place. I ad promised Molly that I would come raight to her with the verdict. I whistled t the foot of the back stairs.

Molly came down at a run, wiping her ands on her apron, her eyes hooked into ine.

"Well?" she said.

"Not so good, Molly," I said. I cleared ny throat.

"Go on, Robert, please. Tell me," she aid.

"They found him guilty."

She made a small noise inside her shut nouth.

"But they'll never hang him," I said. The jury recommended mercy and the udge did too. They say he'll only get few years. . . .

"Stop crying, Molly," I said. "There's nothing to cry about. . . .

"Darling," I said. "Darling, don't. t's not your blame. It's not anybody's blame. Joseph'll be all right."

She was crying terribly.

I took her in my arms. I didn't care if acobus or Mrs. Stevens saw. I didn't are for anybody. "It's all right, darling," said. "You mustn't take it like this. Be reasonable, sweetheart. This is not our affair. Why should *you* blame yourself?"

"Why?" Molly said, tearing herself ree. "Because I love him, that's why. . . .

"You fool," she said ferociously. "I *ove* him."

I knew immediately that it was true, but my voice went on in spite of me. "But you couldn't," my voice said. And t picked on the least of a thousand good easons. "You just couldn't, Molly. He's o ugly."

"Beautiful," she said, almost screaming. "He's got the most beautiful body n the world, and I love him, do you hear!" And she began to cry again, differently—quietly and hopelessly—her hands flat on her face. "He's so sweet," she said. "Oh, God. Oh, Joseph. I love him. I didn't know it, but I know now. Ah, Joseph."

I just stood there and looked at her. I couldn't say anything. There wasn't a single thing left for me to say.

"I'm sorry, Robert," Molly said.

Well, that's about all.

The following week Joseph's sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, which meant fifteen years with good behavior, and a day or two later I got word from the office that they at last had a vacancy in the subeditors' room. They offered me the job at eight ten a week, which was—or, rather, would have been then—quite enough for us to get married on. . . .

I THINK it only fair to say that there is probably not too much truth in this account of Joseph and Molly and Jacobus and Mrs. Stevens and Rags Gorman. I have told the truth as I saw it at twenty-one, but the truth as you see it at twenty-one is hardly the whole truth. I suspect now that I was not a very intelligent twenty-one; I saw only a little of what was going on and I understood only a little of what I saw. I had a melodramatic mind. I saw villainy where none existed, and it wouldn't surprise me to learn that Jacobus is really a nice little man, that Rags Gorman is an honest and enterprising bookmaker, and that even Mrs. Stevens has her good points. . . .

Molly married Rags Gorman. Yes, she finally married Rags Gorman after all. I didn't believe it at first. They live in a big house out Wimbledon way and have two fine boys. Molly does her shopping in a Daimler. I have seen her once or twice, though not to speak to, and I must say that she looks well. She is getting slightly plump, but it suits her. She is as pretty as ever, and in addition she has an amiable and contented look.

And Joseph.

I am allowed to visit Joseph once a year and do so religiously. He has settled down to prison life. He is "on the land," as they say inside, and it is just the job for him. He has charge of two fine Suffolk mares, shares the responsibility for the pigs, and hopes for the milk cows when the cowman completes his sentence next year. He is still fond of birds and has a wide range of bird friends. It has become my duty to supply him monthly with a sack of birdseed, and in return, he has called his favorite raven Robert.

I couldn't ever bring myself to tell Joseph that Molly had married Rags Gorman. I was under the impression that Joseph thought that she was waiting for him and that the news would be a great shock to him; but I was as mistaken about this as I was about everything else, for I learned recently that the Gormans have been visiting Joseph each year since their marriage, and Rags has promised to find him a job when he comes out.

I find it all very hard to understand.

THE END

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LOW MAN ON THE WALLACE POLL

Continued from page 17

Taylor ignored the tendency of non-Communist liberals to draw away from Wallace, a trend well established long before Glen declared himself in. Labor leaders like Phil Murray and A. F. Whitney showed no inclination to become lieutenants or even generals in Gideon's army. Neither did Walter Reuther, William Green, David Dubinsky and Jacob Potofsky. The Negro vote wasn't certain with respected Negro leaders like Walter White actively opposing Wallace. Even the New Deal intelligentsia, including Mrs. Roosevelt, Dr. Frank Kingdon, J. Raymond Walsh and others, shied away from the third party. With few exceptions the Wallace movement attracted only the leftist of the lefts.

The Specter of Unemployment

Defeat in November won't hurt Wallace, financially at least. He has an income from his hybrid-corn farm in Iowa. But it might send Taylor back to one-night stands and medicine shows. He may be out of a job even before November if enough voters in Idaho get together and have him recalled. Taylor's friends have frustrated such moves so far but another attempt, already under way, might succeed.

Taylor's political hopes, like Wallace's, were inflated by the favorable public reaction to his speeches. Both, but Taylor particularly, may have confused the clatter of applause with the shuffle of ballots falling into boxes. He, mo than Henry, is counting on the votes millions who do not dare wear "Wallac in '48" buttons now out of fear of beir tabbed as Commies or fellow travele but who, in the privacy of the votin booth, will vote for "peace and pro perity" in November.

Taylor's role in the third party's cam paign will be that of the rabble rouse the maker of disciples for the army c Henry the self-appointed Gideon. "I'r no issuer of profound statements," Gle admits. "I'll leave that to Henry." H won't need the cowboy hat and guita which earned him what attention an money he needed for election in Idaho The third partyites have lots of prob lems, but money isn't one of them Campaign headquarters started with a least $350,000 raised by Henry last yea at political rallies at which admissio was charged. Funds have been comin in steadily since.

Glen is perfectly cast for the part h is to play as vice-commander of Gideon' army. His bitterest political enemies ad mit that he can hold and sway a crowd a knack he developed early in life. Som of his talents, a sense of humor and a ability to silence hecklers without antagonizing them, Glen inherited from his father, Pleasant John Taylor, a tall, gaunt Texan, homesteader, part-time preacher, dabbler in Democratic politics, who fathered 13 children.

Pleasant John never did get anywhere

CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

A piece of paper is torn into four strips. Upon each of two strips a person is instructed to write the name of a Democrat, and upon the other two the names of Republicans. Each paper is folded twice and the four are mixed until no one knows which paper is which. The magician then asks that the papers be given to him, one at a time. He carefully and ostentatiously smells each paper. He divides them into two piles and announces that because of their perfume, these two papers bear the names of either Republicans or Democrats (take your choice).

The smelling procedure is followed in order to give the spectators something to think about and has nothing at all to do with the secret. The feat actually depends upon starting with one piece of plain white paper—a sheet from an ordinary pad is excellent. This sheet of paper is folded from top to bottom, creased then folded again from top to bottom and creased again. When unfolded the paper will contain three creases. Tear the paper along these creases and you will have four strips the same size. Two of the strips have three cut edges and one torn edge and the others have two cut and two torn edges. In handing over the papers out to be written upon, they are divided according to their cut edges. The names of the Republicans are written upon the papers which have only one torn edge. In the process of smelling, it is very easy to notice which two papers have only one torn edge, and which have two. All that is necessary to remember is which papers have Democratic names and which have Republican.

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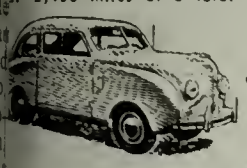

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politically, however, nor financially. His ten acres of truck land and his hillside pastures were unproductive. Glen, born April 12, 1904, in Portland, Oregon, and only a toddler when Pa took him to Kooskia, Idaho, helped his older brothers snag driftwood from the Salmon River to trade it in town for flour. Fortunately the whole family had dramatic and musical talent. The Taylors earned side meat and bean money by giving impromptu vaudeville shows locally.

The insecurity of life in the Taylor home became unbearable for Glen and one day, before he had finished the eighth grade, he set out to make his own way. He became a sheepherder, the closest he ever came, according to his political enemies, to being the cowboy of his press notices later in life. Glen did learn how to ride a horse. With a couple of sisters and brothers behind him, he had to ride daily to and from school, three miles each way.

Not So Good at Film Splicing

At thirteen Glen quit tending sheep to become manager of two movie theaters owned by an older brother in Kooskia and near-by Stites. Glen's job was to keep in good repair the wooden benches and chairs on which the audiences sat, and to splice the films, frequently with amazing results. He often had a kiss looking like a collision.

Glen found this business no short cut to financial security. At fifteen he quit and became a sheet metal worker's apprentice. Two years later he was lured into the legitimate theater by another brother, Ferris Taylor, who owned a patched tent and a traveling stock company desperately in need of a scowling, utterly hissable villain. Ferris played the heroic roles.

Glen practiced scowling assiduously but it was no use. He forgot to scowl when his picture was taken for advertising purposes. The local belles in the towns where the company played stood about the lobby photos of the cast and sighed over Glen's picture. Ferris, with an eye to the box office, swapped parts with Glen. The company prospered—at least its members ate regularly—and at eighteen, in 1922, Glen became a full partner in the adventure. But the company disbanded when a fire in Colorado took the tent, scenery and other assets.

Glen floated for a while, doing various theatrical chores strictly on the small-time level of showbiz, finally landing with the Slade Musical Comedy Company, which specialized in Rose Marie. While playing in Great Falls, Montana, in 1930, Glen met an attractive chief usher at the theater named Dora Pike whom he quickly convinced, first, that she should join the company as a singer and, second, that she should become Mrs. Glen Taylor.

Together they formed the Glendora Players, a venture born in the great Northwest at a time when the legitimate drama and vaudeville were dying of economic anemia and an overdose of the talkies. It was in those days that Taylor learned to ad-lib. There was never time, what with one-night stands and the business end to be managed in addition to the acting and producing, for rehearsals. Recently Taylor ad-libbed an eight-hour attack on the European Recovery Program which for length, as well as futility, surpassed anything ever attempted outside of an outright filibuster.

Those depression audiences finally got down mostly to kids, their tickets paid for in farm produce. Once a farmer brought his five youngsters, three fryers and one sack of potatoes to a show. The farmer asked Taylor which he would take to let the kids see the play—chicken or potatoes. Taylor looked longingly at the fryers, then said: "I'll take the potatoes—they're more filling."

The depression stirred in Glen an interest in economics. He read Stuart Chase's A New Deal, and King C. Gillette's The People's Corporation, which advocate subjugation of individual enterprise to the state. Taylor decided to get into politics and put what he had read into practice.

His first attempt, in 1935, was a flop. He tried organizing a farmer-labor party in Montana and Nevada, but failed.

He went back to the theater. The Glendora Players became the Glendora Ranch Gang, seeking radio work. Taylor turned to the guitar and banjo, his wife to the saxophone and piano. Billing himself as The Crooning Cowboy, he specialized in the sad songs of the range.

Meanwhile, Pocatello, with its railroad yards, an important labor town in the state, had become his home. Taylor had plenty of opportunity to talk with the laboring man. He went back into politics in 1938 as a candidate for Congress from Idaho, but failed again. In 1940, with no support from the local party machine, he won the Democratic nomination for U.S. senator from Idaho, according to one paper, "the greatest upset in Idaho political history."

Taylor ran on an isolationist platform. Idahoans are surrounded by a lot of mountains, but the peaks didn't obscure their view of what Hitler was doing to the world. Taylor was defeated in the election.

In 1942, with the war on, Taylor ran again. This time he was for all-out war. Again he won the nomination. He went to town riding on a pony, wearing cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat, and talking in a cowboy drawl. Tires and gasoline were rationed, so Taylor announced he would save both by campaigning on horseback.

Republicans charged that Taylor was transporting his horse over some of the mountain and sageland stretches in a trailer towed by his car. The car had to go along as transportation for his wife, Dora, and eldest son, Arod. Dora and Arod (Dora spelled backward) acted as advance agents to drum up crowds. Dismounting and slapping dust like a pony express rider just in from Sacramento, Taylor would grab his guitar and give a show with Dora and Arod pitching in.

"I'm going crazy, don't you want to come along?" he would sing.

A Narrow Margin of Defeat

His tactics were those of the medicine show man, only in this instance Taylor was selling his theories to cure the world's economic ills. He made a lot of sales, too. In fact, only 3,700 more sales would have made him a senator that year. But, defeated, Taylor hung up his boots and saddle, went to San Francisco, and took a job as a welder in a war plant.

At night, he wrote more than 3,000 letters in longhand to Idahoans, letters which set the stage for his return to Pocatello and the 1944 senatorial campaign. In the primaries, he edged out Senator D. Worth Clark and got the full support of the State Democratic Committee.

With new confidence, Taylor stumped the rambling mountain state from the irrigated valleys of the Snake to the mines of the Coeur d'Alenes. When a heckler asked him what he was going to do if he got "licked again," he replied:

"Run again."

Peace was his strongest argument. He also talked about the proposed Columbia Valley Authority but peace was what the people wanted to hear about, and Taylor didn't let them down. "The future peace of the world," he roared, "may be decided by the vote of the man you elect as senator."

On November 7, 1944, Idahoans gave former Governor C. A. Bottolfsen 102,373 votes, and the former Crooning Cowboy 107,096, including those of a lot of Democrats who hoped that once Taylor got to Washington he would forget about

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COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

crooning and playing cowboy. But they were soon spluttering over morning newspapers which carried a picture of Taylor, with guitar, singing the housing blues on the Capitol steps.

There was more indignation when Taylor returned to Idaho to help the Democrats in 1946 and wound up Election Night in a fist fight in the Hotel Boise in Idaho's capital city. The cause of the fray was significant. Taylor resented the accusation by Ray McKaig, sixty-six, nationally known Granger and Idaho Republican leader, that he had given the "kiss of death" to the candidates for whom he spoke. McKaig, who said he suffered a black eye and broken nose, declared that Taylor, who also claimed a black eye and broken nose, had swung first. Even Taylor's account of the fight seems to bear this out. With the Republicans rolling up a healthy majority, McKaig is reported by Taylor to have called him "the so-and-so who helped us win."

Reaction was mixed, with one leading Idaho Democrat commenting that "Taylor's supposed to be a fighting liberal, isn't he?" But the more conservative brethren felt that Taylor had been a little too liberal with his fists for the dignity of his office. Taylor went back to Washington for a "cooling off" period, then turned on the heat again last fall by starting a "ride" from Los Angeles to Washington to warn the countryside that war was coming. You could hear sighs of relief all over the state when Cowboy Glen changed horses in mid-continent for more modern transportation to get back to Washington for the special session of Congress.

Pagliacci with Marxian Ideas

This time there was not so much concern over the fact that he was using the nation as a stage, but that he was making his entrance from the left. Commented John Harvey, Idaho political columnist: "There's good reason to believe that Taylor is essentially a serious-minded sort of Pagliacci who wears the motley in the hope that it will advance the causes to which he is wedded. He has never attempted to conceal his Marxian inclinations."

Taylor—whose middle name he admits is Hearst, after William Randolph, the volubly anti-Communist publisher—is aware that he has exposed himself to attack by his opposition to the European Recovery Program and his rationalization of the Soviet Union's anti-Western foreign policy. He had words with Senator Tom Connally of Texas about h views, recently, on the Senate floor.

Taylor asked Connally, who had cri cized Russia's overuse of the veto at t U.N., whether he would want the ve abolished if a majority of the membe of the United Nations were Communis Connally retorted that he wasn't " much of an expert on Communism" the "gentleman from Idaho."

An ironical aspect of Taylor's a Wallace's opposition to the Europe Recovery Program is that the project essentially the one proposed by Walla himself when he came out against t Truman Doctrine of military and ec nomic assistance to Greece and Turk to bolster their resistance to alleged threatened Soviet domination last yea The European Recovery Program, ou growth of the Truman Doctrine, w devised by the Administration as an a swer to the criticism of progressives a liberals who felt that the governme had taken no positive action to help r store Europe's war-ravaged economy.

The Marshall Plan differed from t Wallace proposals chiefly in that Wa lace wanted aid to Europe administere through the U.N. This, politicians ma it clear, was politically impossible. B cause America would necessarily supp the bulk of the funds involved, the wanted administration to be in Amer can hands.

Taylor, after his eight-hour speec against the European Recovery Pr gram, introduced a bill of his own pr posing the expenditure of $5,000,000,0 yearly for five years for European r construction and rehabilitation, t money to be raised by "subscription according to ability to pay, the whol business to be administered by U.N. politics is, as experts say, "the art of th possible." Taylor hasn't learned it ye His bill was swamped, the only votes i favor being those of Langer of Nort Dakota, Pepper of Florida and, c course, Taylor of Idaho.

Ever since he came to Washingto friends and foes have been unable t decide whether Taylor is a Pagliacci, a Idaho newspapers called him, or a sin cere if misguided liberal. The consensu pictures him as a starry-eyed characte who will miss practical success by sup posing that people in general are mot vated by ideals as exalted as his own. I this estimate is correct Taylor is playin a part he has never attempted before bu which has had a long run as portrayed b Henry Wallace—Don Quixote, cha lenger of windmills.

THE END

HATE—WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING

Continued from page 21

e able to live together amicably in world. He is the author of the con- that Communism is possible in one try, without world revolution. But ese views are still held in Moscow, is no evidence of it in present et policy, which would seem to be nost significant result of Stalin's re- nent. Molotov and Zhdanov have oted the line that there can be no nanent peace between Communism the non-Communist majority of the i. They have officially declared the d is not one, but two, and they are g everything possible to hasten erica's "inevitable crisis."

heir wrecking tools are the Molotov and the Cominform. Both are in- ed to prevent the European Recovery gram from being put into effect, the inform through the action of the mmunist parties of Europe, and Molotov Plan through its network of e agreements and mutual aid pacts. in was not present at the Bolshoy ater last November 6th when Molo- flatly declared "We live in an era hich *all* roads lead to Communism."

At the Moment of Decision

here is a school of diplomatic thought Moscow which holds that Stalin's re- ment may be only temporary, that lotov and Zhdanov will go as far as y dare along the present route, and t if the critical moment should arrive hat is to say, the moment of actual ision for war or peace—Stalin will o forward with an olive branch and haps the restored head of Eugene rga.

Such an appraisal does not take cogni- nce, however, of the basic change ought in the Soviet mind during the st year. The new thinking has pene- ted too deeply to be easily discarded. provide the proper rationale for anti- nerican, anti-Western and anti-Mar- all Plan policy, the most virulent ti-foreigner program since the days of an the Terrible has been deliberately ned on.

Russia is going through a spy scare hiniscent of the purge trials of 1936. plomats and foreign correspondents, rticularly Americans, are frankly regarded as espionage agents. They live in a sort of social stockade, cut off from the world about them. David Zaslavsky, the poison pen of Soviet journalism, summed up the Soviet attitude when he wrote that "imperialism has created a new type of journalist combining the features of a reporter and a spy."

Russia's nemesis of spies, Colonel General Vassily V. Ulrikh, chief judge of the Soviet military tribunal, lives in the Metropol Hotel in Moscow, no doubt to be at the very center of the vast espionage network consisting of the five or six American correspondents who work or sleep there. We passed him in the hall daily, or met him in the elevator—a huge man with a beet-red face—but he never even said hello.

When the new Official Secrets Act was promulgated, however, stiffening penalties for divulging state secrets and making practically everything such a secret, General Ulrikh delivered a public address. In it he warned the nation against foreign "spies, diversionists, murderers and provocateurs." He called on Soviet citizens "never to forget their political vigilance."

"It must be remembered," he said, "that foreign spies are striving to catch in their nets those Soviet citizens who are not discriminating about their friendships, who allow careless conversations, who like casual friendships, and who grovel before Western culture."

The army and navy newspapers were filled with similar exhortations. Great publicity was given the case of a hapless economist who lost a document declared to be secret. He received a four-year prison term at hard labor from an MVD military tribunal.

A clerk in a government agency was sent away for five years for a similar offense, and half a dozen other cases were treated in a similar manner under the new act.

The most effective dramatization of Soviet spy consciousness was provided by the Hilton case. The military attaché of the British Embassy, Major General Hilton, went out for a walk one autumn afternoon along the Moskva River. He stopped on a railway bridge in sight of the Lenin Hills, and, as it happened, in sight of a Soviet chemical plant, which is

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considered to be a military establishment. He was hauled off the bridge by plant guards and accused of trying to take photographs. He was declared to be in disguise, because according to the Soviet version, he was dressed in old clothes and "on the whole did not at all resemble an intellectual."

The point of this story is that the general was carefully not searched by his vigilant captors, although he insisted on it and laid out the contents of his pockets to prove he did not have a camera in his possession.

All Denials Were Suppressed

Every American and British correspondent in Moscow reported the general's denial of the charge made against him. The Soviet censor refused to allow any story defending him to be sent out of the country, or indeed any information at all except a report of the accusation. Instead, Soviet newspapers printed editorials praising the workers at "Plant X" for their vigilance.

None of us in Moscow doubted the Hilton incident was staged as it was to "prove" General Ulrikh's point. On the thirtieth anniversary of the Cheka—the first Soviet security organization and the predecessor of the Ogpu, the NKVD and the present MVD—Pravda reported proudly the "Soviet people have increased their vigilance and are unmasking the attempts of foreign agents to lord it on our soil."

The same Cheka anniversary in December was the occasion for a new decree which made it impossible for foreigners to have any relations, formal or otherwise, with any Soviet organizations or their personnel except through the Ministries of Foreign Affairs or Foreign Trade.

Foreigners have not been permitted to travel on their own for more than a year inside the Soviet Union, and now even exit is forbidden via such places as Tashkent and Alma-Ata.

The February session of the Supreme Soviet, in ratifying the decree forbidding the marriage of Soviet citizens to foreigners, brought despair to 300 or more Soviet women who during the war married nationals of other countries. Most of the furor about "Soviet brides" has been raised on behalf of the 30-odd who wed American or British husbands. But Soviet girls were married to 75 Czechs, 200 Poles and 50 Yugoslavs. All of the men were either training on Soviet soil or had sought refuge there during the war.

Despite the close ties of their respective countries to Moscow, none of these eastern Europeans have been able to r cue their brides.

After the no-marriage law had be ratified the stranded women were told Soviet authorities they would get no vi of exit for a long time, if ever. The o way out for them appears to be divor and many are now taking that way.

I know three Americans who marri in the Soviet Union during the war a who have been compelled to remain the ever since because they do not wish leave their wives behind. They a afraid they will never see them agai They have given up normal and use careers at home to become victims of cruel law. They never know, either, wh the Soviet government will request the to leave and make their years of sacrifi a mockery.

These are private American citize who do not have reprisal authority b hind them. But in the now famo Chilean case the Soviet government m its match. When the Chilean ambass dor, Luis Cruz Ocampo, was recalle he notified his government he would n leave Moscow unless his son's wife, Soviet citizen, was permitted to go to The Soviet Foreign Office refused pe mission. Whereupon the Chilean gover ment said it would keep a dozen or s Soviet diplomats in Santiago until all t Chileans, including the Soviet girl, ha left Moscow.

In a surcharged atmosphere of th kind, even the slightest contact with fo eigners has become unhealthy for mo Soviet citizens. Soviet employees c foreign embassies or of foreign corre spondents have lately taken to failing t report for work, or resigning on thre minutes' notice. Soviet diplomats an journalists who have been friendly an useful acquaintances in Washingto London and Paris, or at internation meetings, suddenly develop amnesi when they return to Moscow. Or whe you meet them accidentally in the stree they smile and tell you how busy they are or that they have been in a hospital.

Soviet soldiers who were prisoners o war in Germany and were freed b American troops are classed as suspiciou characters. One of these came back fro the war and resumed his post as head o the Publishing House for Foreign Litera ture. But when he put out the Russia translation of a history of America political parties he was removed fro his job on the charge that he was a American agent who had been indoctri nated with "bourgeois ideas" while i American hands.

Of all the blows to normal relation between Soviet citizens and foreigners perhaps the greatest was that suffered b

"Yeh, but what good are three-dollar bills?"

COLLIER'S "If everything goes well, by the middle of next month we should make last month's ends meet" LEO GAREL

ssia's scientists during the past year. ey are now forbidden to have anything blished abroad, and communication th foreign colleagues is frowned upon. Two of the best-known scientists in ssia, the husband-and-wife team of na Kliueva and Grigori Roskin, who scovered the anticancer serum known KR and who have been praised exvagantly in the Soviet press, were cently given party trials and severely primanded for writing to American ientists.

Although all the representatives of ourgeois Western decadence" are utely uncomfortable in Moscow these ys, it is the Americans who are snubbed e hardest. There are two reasons for is. The U.S. is the force Russia fears e most and therefore must oppose the ost vigorously. But beyond that, the .S. has always occupied a special place Russian thinking as the home of good gineers, fine machinery, technical exellence and fascinating movies.

We had a fire in our neighborhood rently, and the Moscow Fire Department rrived with brand-new German equipment that had been liberated in Rumania. he elaborate setup included a telephone ne from a command point to the fire ighters on the roof, and an automatic ft which traveled up and down the tallst ladder, making it unnecessary to limb.

The neighborhood kids nudged each ther and said, "American stuff."

A whole Soviet generation grew up to admire the United States, but the job of eversing this attitude has not fazed the party functionaries and propagandists, or he Soviet writers and intellectuals, who are accustomed to meeting themselves coming back. All the stops have been pulled out in Zhdanov's propaganda program against the U.S.

The "Master Race" Motif Again?

Virtually only one theme is acceptable now in Soviet literature—the superiority of "Soviet man" and of the Soviet way of life over anything that America has to offer. Between vitriolic political articles in the Literary Gazette, attacking the President of the United States, the U.S. Secretary of State, or the British Foreign Secretary, Soviet novelists, poets and playwrights demonstrate in their creative works what they refer to as the spiritual ascendancy of the Soviet system.

The Soviet stage this season has been turned into an American rogues' gallery. The characterizations on parade include venal journalists, drunken soldiers, a lecherous sailor, a glamorous woman spy, an evil senator, and a Southern Negrophobe. Americans are shown as being nefarious, not only in the United States, but in Trieste, in occupied Germany and "Marshall Plan" France as well.

One or two American heroes put in an appearance, but they are defeated by the forces of reaction, of course. President Roosevelt appears as a character in one play, to confess that he is helpless against the Wall Street anti-Sovieteers.

The novelists write of Soviet citizens who have been to America, and who are not dazzled; of Soviet soldiers who return to their native land uncorrupted by all the Western decadence they have seen. Yet such novels have been officially criticized for not going far enough in their portrayal of the decline of the West. They are accused of not proving their point. Two new books that came under fire are Ilya Ehrenburg's Storm, and Konstantin Simonov's Smoke of the Fatherland.

Soviet magazines are replete with articles about American slums, the iniquities of Hollywood, the lack of education and medical care in the United States, the omnipotence of monopolies, the corruption of American politics and other shortcomings of "the culture of Truman and Dulles."

The Soviet press not only prints full details of lynchings, evictions, strikes and unemployment, real or imaginary, in the United States, but also news of air crashes, fires, explosions, earthquakes and other disasters, as if they too were indigenous to capitalism. Needless to say, nothing is ever printed about air crashes, explosions or fires in Russia, and there can be no strikes.

More of life in America is portrayed by carefully selected American novels. This season's crop numbers three translations: Tucker's People, by Ira Wolfert, which is about the numbers racket and gangsterism; Kingsblood Royal, Sinclair Lewis' work on the Negro problem, and Lewis' Gideon Planish, which satirizes the professional social reformer. The only American play on the Moscow stage this season is Deep Are the Roots, which is also concerned with the Negro question.

The slogan of the current campaign is: "No servility to foreign culture." Russia today is apparently completely governed by anti-Western, anti-"bourgeois" sentiment. To a large extent, this is reaction to anti-Soviet feeling in the West. But it is bound to have a permanent effect, even if there should eventually be an improvement in international relations.

The window that Peter the Great opened on the West has been slammed shut, and nobody is looking out of it now.

THE END

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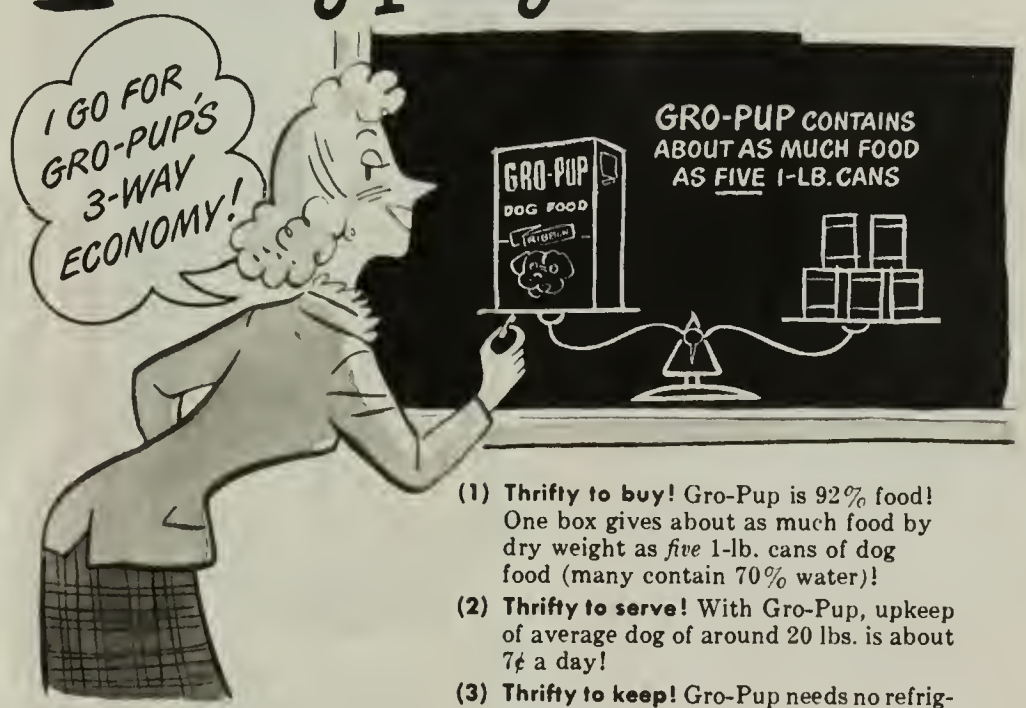

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

. . . No child has the brain power to supervise his own literature. The parents and teachers of America need to wake up and use a little common sense before the next generation is completely ruined.

MRS. G. D. DURRANT, Elkton, Md.

. . . Why not a Collier's Jr. magazine written in a child's language?

MRS. BEVERS, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Can Mrs. Crist and Dr. Wertham produce the young criminal who has formed his character on that of Shoulders, Mumbles, 88 Keys, B-B Eyes, Mrs. Pruneface, Flattop, Autumn Hews or Silvana? Nuts to the gloom-mongers and long live Dick Tracy! CONNIE STURGES, New York, N. Y.

. . . Could we have won the war without that greatest morale builder: the so-called Officers' Training Material, the relaxing, imaginative comic books . . . ?

GEORGE SUMNER, New York, N. Y.

OUR GAMING READERS

DEAR SIR: Bill Fay in the March 27th issue stated that Mr. Howard Hill has killed at least one of every species of North American big-game animal, presumably with his bow and arrow (Collier's Sports).

I'll bet the best dinner in New York that Mr. Hill hasn't shot more than two thirds of the 27 kinds of game which rate separate trophy lists in North American Big Game, the official record book. The same bet goes that nobody has collected all of them with a rifle—or even come close.

To indicate what you are up against, only three living men—and two dead ones—are known to have accounted for all four species of mountain sheep, let alone the really tough ones from a collector's viewpoint.

GRANCEL FITZ, New York, N. Y.

. . . After reading Bill Fay's article on Ralph Kiner I have come to the conclusion that the modern athlete might as well give up—he can't win. If Kiner betters Ruth's home-run mark the experts will say the French horsehide or short fences made it possible. Next they'll be saying that if Walcott beats Louis (officially) he couldn't have done it when the champ was in his prime, which nobody will ever be able to prove.

JOHN MAUREN, Portland, Mich.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

DEAR SIR: Your editorial blast at the Anti-Saloon League (That Once Was Enough, Mar. 27th) is a masterpiece of misstatement, misrepresentation and innuendo.

The main reason for the so-called failure of prohibition was that its enforcement was in the hands of its enemies rather than its friends. R. E. BLISS, Rochester, N. Y.

REVOLT IN THE WEST

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re Morton I. Blender's denunciation (The Week's Mail, Mar. 27th), it was the *cream* not the "scum" of which the "pioneer who pushed westward" was made. It is my impression that the scum who were forced to scram migrated eastward to Providence, R. I.

MRS. FRANK RUSSELL, York, Neb.

. . . What does M. I. Blender, Providence, R. I., know about "Western scum" when he lives in the East? There may be Eastern scum too, known as bellyachers who didn't have the guts to pioneer.

NED MAUSTON, Burbank, Cal.

KING OF THE MINORS

DEAR SIR: I wrote you recently concerning the item published on your page Keep Up With The World (Feb. 21st) and stated therein that Joe Hauser exceeded Babe Ruth's home-run record.

Is it not fair to Mr. Hauser and other sport fans that you publish a retraction?

HERBERT H. KELLY, Detroit, Mich.

Joe Hauser, the home-run king of the minors, topped Babe Ruth's total of 60 home runs in one season. In 1930, he knocked out 63 homers with Baltimore of the International League, and in 1933 with Minneapolis of the American Association he hit 69. His major-league career with the Athletics ended with a knee injury. Ruth's mark against big-league pitching still remains to be topped.

FORGOTTEN AMERICANS?

TO THE EDITOR: Re your editorial You Should Buy Savings Bonds (Feb. 28th), believe me, sir, these are *not* lush times for the white-collar worker. Every day sees the writer further in debt in the struggle to provide the bare necessities of life for his family. Now the U.S. Treasury is turning the heat on my employer to force me to buy these bonds—through the pay-roll savings plan.

I would like to see your publication present the plight of these forgotten men.

W. W. WEIR, Pitman, N. J.

Mr. Weir can read Lester Velie's article High Prices Make Cheap Living (April 3d).

THE TALKING MAN

DEAR SIR: Robert S. Allen's The Presidential Aspirants Speak Out, Mar. 20th, was an excellent idea, which should be carried further to find the right man.

An analysis of the views presented, checked and rechecked on a strictly scientific basis and reduced to the number of points out of a possible hundred, gives, as a measure of fitness for the Presidency, the following scores:

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., 17; Thomas E. Dewey, 45; Robert A. Taft, 45; President Truman, 0; Jos. W. Martin, Jr., 35; Harold E. Stassen, 38; Henry A. Wallace, 5; Earl Warren, 41.

Why not make this idea the basis of a Talking Man Contest the winner getting a complete white house with balcony attached, rent free for four years?

PAT SCAFLIN, Ponca City, Okla.

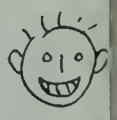
. . . I noticed four pages of Presidential candidates in Collier's. I am willing to bet $10 that you have not got the next President in the bunch.

ROY A. WOOD, Castana, Iowa

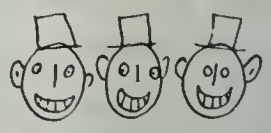
. . . I couldn't read the article; there were too many candidates around laughing at me.

Why do cameras portray only teethy men? One opens a paper or magazine cheered by the dentifrice-ad-like folk only to be disappointed by the legend beneath their names, to wit:

James A. High-Pressure: Has just murdered his wife and been hauled to the hoosegow. He's glad he done it.



Robert Mac Fumble: Got things in a jumble at the bank. He never could have accomplished it, if it hadn't been for his smile.



Top Hat Legislators Put Teeth in the Law.

Willie Muggins: Teeth knocked out by Mugg Guire.

I'm afraid of good teeth, so I didn't read the article.

HANNAH L. BAKER, Trenton, N. J.

P. S. Dear Mr. Allen,
I'm sorry.

CODE OF THE WEST

Continued from page 41

gcles before the railroad gets there go into the real-estate business."

How fascinatin'," Sydney said.

What?"

The real-estate business."

It'll fascinate me," I said, "if I can get there and buy some ground before railroads get there and if it goes up r they reach there."

I'll bet Los Angeles is some place. I'll you'll be lonesome there."

WELL, I'd never been lonesome except riding from place to place—er being one to consider a horse much npany in spite of the songs. But Syd- *had* kind of grown on me and I got to nking I would be lonesome for her.

"You suppose I could hire a rig at the ery stable and you and me could go ggy ridin'?" Soon as I said it I knew ere wasn't a chance of that. Her paw s awful strict and he'd been so savage th the few young fellows that had pined ound their place that they'd give up.

"Oh, Amos," she said, "there isn't anying . . ." And then she stopped and ars got in her eyes and she turned and alked away.

You know, it's funny about the men the Old West. Willis Anderson give e an idea about why they acted like ey did. Like their attitude about omen, there being bad women and ecent women and not none in between. nd their kind of unnatural gallantry. I ink that it wasn't that way at first, but it as like elsewhere, but then fellows back ast wrote books about 'em being like at and they read these books finally, or eard about 'em and got to acting like the ellows had 'em in the books. Kind of fe follows art, though I don't suppose ose books was much for art.

And that's important because it caused lot of what happened.

And what happened was that I stood here rendering in that hot sun and vatched Sydney walk away from me, kind of stumbling like she was blind, and decided it was time for me to go.

I went over to the hotel and got my stuff packed and went down to the livery stable and told them to get my horse eady and then I went to the Oroport to ell Bill McCauley and Old Man Willis Anderson goodby.

I bought drinks for them that was around, including Mr. Bigelow Johnson, and when they heard I was going on they complained about my leaving winner from them and so I set down with them for a last two hours and won seven hundred dollars more. There is nothing like having people trying desperately to beat you to make them easy to beat.

Then I went away from there. I went down to the Wells Fargo place, give them all but movement money to send along for me, and got my horse at the livery stable and headed toward the settin' sun, like they say. Only the sun wasn't settin' very fast and was up where it'd fry your brains out like it had them that lived there, I guess.

My horse poked along and I set up on him and thought about Miss Sydney Johnson, and I thought about her bottom bouncin' off up the street under them long skirts and her cryin' and it made me sad in an amorous sort of way. I didn't look up, hadn't looked up for a long time. I just set there bobbin' gently on my horse, feelin' kind of piny and terrible virile.

"Oh, Amos . . ."

I looked up. I knew Mr. Johnson lived out this way and I was goin' by his place and on the porch of the adobe house was standin' Miss Sydney Johnson, yoo-hooin' and wavin' her hand.

I rode up to the porch but I didn't get off my horse. I was scared to.

"Amos," she says, "are you leaving?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh." She stood there and I set there. "I came on home," she said. "Paw ain't coming till late tonight."

I didn't say anything. I was scared of my own feelings. Also Mr. Bigelow Johnson.

"Wouldn't you like to step down and get a glass of cold water?" Sydney asks. "And water your horse and let him have a little bite to eat? It's thirty-some miles to the next town."

"I aimed to ride while it's cool," I said. "I really ain't got the time."

Funny thing, I was standin' on the ground. The horse kinda edged into the shade and I kinda edged into the house.

She was handin' me a gourd full of water and I spilt it on my front and then I taken her around the waist and kissed her, with her helpin'.

"Oh, Amos . . ."

I had sense for just a flash. I knew if things proceeded and Mr. Bigelow Johnson came on us, he would nail my hide to his barn door and cure it with salt with me still in it. I bolted from the room and jumped my horse and give him the quirt. I run him for several miles through that sun and finally I slowed him down. I was in a turmoil. I'd have turned and gone back and married her if her paw would have let me. But I knew he wouldn't—me a Easterner, a gambler, in low-heeled boots. He wouldn't never let me.

IT CAME on night and started gettin' cool and then cold like it does in that foolish country and I figured that by the time the sun come up hot I'd be in the next town. I had decided by then to sell my horse and go on to Los Angeles by stagecoach. I had more money than I had figured I'd have.

Well, I struck a match to look at my watch and I heard the man say, "Don't make a move or I'll blow you in two."

I never made a move and I don't know yet what time it was.

"Stand down."

I stood down.

He come into closer range, then, holdin' a double-barrel scatter-gun and a-breathin' hard. He wasn't wearing no mask and for a minute it didn't figure.

Then I seen it was Mr. Bigelow Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson," I says.

"Don't you open your sweet-talkin' mouth," he says and he sounds like he's stranglin', "or I'll blow you plumb to pieces and stake down the remainders for the ants."

I never opened my mouth.

He put my hands behind me and tied 'em tight and put me up on my horse and taken a runnin' loop around my neck, snugged it up and got on his horse. "It'd be a pleasure," he said, "for you to run off."

He sounded like he was clean crazy so I didn't tell him he'd still have my head and half my neck did I try.

"Where you takin' me?" I risked finally.

"Back," he says. "And don't say nothin'. Not a syllable or I'll blow you in two."

Well, I was scared all right, and mystified too. He seemed so hipped on havin' me divided up I didn't say nothin'. I didn't even agree with him when he told me he rode a short cut—"like a madman"—to head me off.

He hustled me along at a good trot, makin' me quite sore for I don't jibe with a trottin' horse, and we passed his place about ten o'clock and got to the Oroport about one, I judge, for it was still lit up and they was three tables of poker and some fellows at the bar. It was Saturday night.

Old Man Johnson herded me in,

"Hurry, the movies are here!"

IT'S A GREAT DAY when the movies you've shot come back, ready to show! Everyone's eager, excited – so, hurry, set up the projector! As scene after scene unfolds, your delight and pleasure grow. With each passing year these movie records become increasingly precious.

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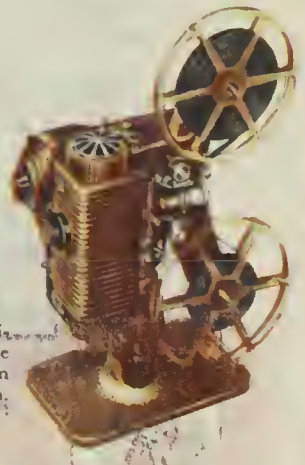

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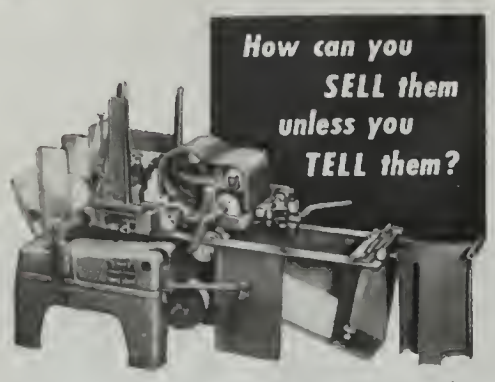

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The period of hard-to-get Merchandise is changing to a period of hard-to-get Customers—and it is time for all business men to consider what and how they will advertise.

Newspaper and costly mail advertising is dominated by big business. But if you have the ability to compile a mailing list and tell your story on a penny post card, this Elliott Cardvertiser will save your business because it will get hundreds of accurately addressed and perfectly printed post cards into your nearest mail box within one hour of the moment you conceive the thought.

May we send you copies of letters showing how the Elliott Cardvertiser has saved and built many retail businesses selling exactly what you sell?

The Elliott Addressing Machine Company
149 Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

RESET LOOSE HINGES with PLASTIC WOOD

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty...hardens into wood.

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

IN CANS OR TUBES

WON'T CHIP OR CRACK

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

A GOOD POINT TO REMEMBER!

SAF-T-HED THUMB TACK

GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

punchin' with his shotgun. We attracted some attention.

He went and spoke to Bill McCauley, and then he came back and herded me over to the safe room up on stilts, got old Willis Anderson to lower the ladder, and drove me up. He come up after me and taken a old pair of handcuffs from the wall and put one around the safe handle and the other around my right wrist though I was still tied up.

"Watch him, Willis," Mr. Bigelow Johnson said and then he climbed down again and went to the bar.

I INCHED over and looked down through a slit. Mr. Bigelow Johnson had quite a audience then and he taken a drink and turned.

"I brought this skunk back," he says, "to hang him official. He ruint my innocent daughter and rode off."

"Why, he's a big liar," I says to Willis Anderson who was watchin' out his slit. "I never done any such a thing. And anyway how's anybody going to hang anybody official? They ain't even a justice of the peace here."

Old Man Johnson had taken another drink and he was hollering now, workin' himself up. He was workin' up some others, too. Mostly ones I'd won money from playin' poker.

"That snake in the grass with them city boots and them lucky draws and them sweet-talkin' ways, comin' through here and winnin' our money—cheatin'—"

"I never has to cheat them morons," I said. I was plenty scared but I was kind of sore, too, by then.

". . . then rides out to my ranch and ruins my daughter, leavin' her a ravaged bundle of tears . . ."

Old Man Willis Anderson looks at me and he looks right interested, but not sore at me.

". . . ruinin' decent girls, rapin' helpless motherless females—"

"Let's hang him now!" somebody hollered.

I really got scared then. And I felt the cold sweat start on me and the handcuff cut my wrist, numb as it was from the rope.

Old Willis Anderson looked real interested at me.

"The murderin' drunken fools," I said and I guess I sobbed a little, thinkin' of Wells Fargo holdin' my money for me in Los Angeles and me only twenty-two years old.

"Funny thing about the West," Willis Anderson said. "Ain't got anything in it but trollops and angels. I'm a Kentuckian myself, been out here fifty years but it wasn't like that at home."

"You suppose they'll hang me?"

"I guess," Willis Anderson said. "They kind of got to."

I didn't understand that then but he went on.

"They'll get really drunk and probably hang you at sunup. Make it kind of official."

"I didn't do nothing to that girl," I said.

"You didn't?" He seemed disappointed. He climbed down the ladder, and through my slit I seen him go over to the bar and talk to Mr. Bigelow Johnson. Mr. Bigelow Johnson was red and his neck was a-throbbin' but I couldn't hear what he said.

Willis Anderson come back up the ladder.

"The girl was layin' in tears when Bigelow came home early. She give you full credit for her condition, which she allowed was changed." Willis Anderson rolled a cigarette. "Or so says her paw."

"She's a big liar," I said and I was cryin' then. "And you'll let 'em hang me."

"I can't stop 'em, son," he says. "They got to hang you. You ain't only violated a girl, son. You've violated a code of the West."

I sat up there numb and watched them get drunk and the clock over the bar crept around and crept around and they got drunker—even Bill McCauley who owned the bar—and they talked low now it was decided and every once in a while they looked up at where I was, though they couldn't see me, and licked their lips and turned and drank some more.

They was bums or they'd have been home—bloodthirsty stupid bums plannin' to hang me when it got light.

I prayed some and begged Willis Anderson to do something but he said he couldn't.

I told him to fetch the girl. He said they wouldn't expose her to the shame. "Lettin' people see her right soon like this after the talk . . ."

I looked down, and Bill McCauley's bald head was shining in the lamplight, and Mr. Bigelow Johnson's neck was gettin' redder, wattlin' up, and those others were lookin' up toward me, lickin' their lips.

She come in then, all dusty, dust clean up to her waist where she'd been in weeds with dew and then walkin' in the dust, and hollows under her eyes.

"Where you got him?" she yelled.

"You go on home now, Miss," somebody said. "We'll take care of him."

Her cheeks was red as apples and she looked at her paw. "If you'd left me a horse to ride, hadn't turned 'em out, I'd have been here sooner."

"Daughter, spare me—"

"You bring that weasel-mouthed rascal down here right now," she said, seein' everybody lookin' up at where I was. "And marry him to me." She stopped and taken a deep breath. "I'm going to have a baby!"

My mouth fell open and the hangin' bee started fallin' apart. I guess that's quite a line and it numbs folks better'n most any other there is. Miss Sydney went over and put her arms around her paw and kissed that repulsive face of his and said, still loud, "You're going to be a grandpa."

Fellow named DeWitt Tyler, a hanger-on around there, he said, "How do you know?" And Mr. Bigelow Johnson went over and hit him, and knocked him down. "That for you," he says. "Of course she knows."

I didn't know whether I was wakin' or dreamin'. They taken me down and untied me and give me four-five drinks, and Bill McCauley give me the loan of a —had it in the cashbox; somebody put it up for drinks years ago—and W Anderson got up and said that by power vested in him as a former t marshal of Amarillo, Texas, he nounced us, if we would both nod, and wife.

I nodded, glad to have a neck to and a head with it, and I guess that did, too.

She took her paw's horse and we out away from the rising sun. Hea west for Los Angeles. Last thing I h was Bigelow Johnson buying De Tyler a drink.

She was pretty in the dawn, there, the way she was, dusty and all.

"I told Paw that lie thinkin' he'd f you back and make you marry me," said. "And then I heard you trottin the place and I hollered but you di hear and I tried to catch up a horse couldn't. Paw had turned 'em all I had to walk and run to town."

"I see," I said.

"You take me along with you to Angeles," she says, "and I'll be goo you and take care of you and I can Paw's horse and saddle for enough to my share. I won't be bad." She blus but she didn't stop talkin'. "I'm qui girl when you get to know me."

"Damned if you ain't," I said.

"WELL," Grandpa said, "th about all. I thought it was kin interestin' though it come out flat. Syd was your grandmaw—we had a hell time for sixty years. And she never no baby till we was living in Los Ang and had been for five years. She your mother. And I guess Willis An son wasn't no official marrier at all I guess all your descendants is really quite legitimate, but they'll leave you money. We never got married ag Didn't think we could improve Willis."

I didn't say anything. Looking at wizened old man, trying to see seventy years or more ago.

"Some code," he said, "some We He grinned. "I never did no good pla poker after that. Always impatient get back to my wife or whatever you her and you know there is nothing a impatient man to be easy to beat."

THE END

"—and then put the fat into a frying pan and put in the meat, potatoes, salt and pepper, and moisten with beef gravy and cover—"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

TO YOUNG WORKING GIRLS — WHETHER IN LOVE OR NOT

When a young girl goes to work, she is apt to look on her job pretty much as a fill-in between maturity and marriage.

Whether in love or not, she's confident that a handsome breadwinner will come along . . . to provide her with a nice combination of bliss and security.

"So why," she may ask, "should I save money out of what I make?"

There are a number of reasons why—all good ones. For example:

(A) The right man might not happen along for some time.

(B) He might not be able to provide quite all the little luxuries a young married woman wants.

(C) Having money of her own is a comfort to *any* woman, no matter how successfully she marries.

So we urge all working girls—if you're not buying U. S. Savings Bonds on a Payroll Plan, *get started now.*

It's an easy, painless, and automatic way to set aside money for the future. In ten years, you'll get back $4 for every $3 you put in.

Remember, girls—having money of your own may not make you *more* attractive, but it certainly won't make you *less!*

P. S.

Women not on payrolls, but who have a checking account in a bank, should buy their Bonds on the simple, automatic Bond-A-Month Plan.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING — U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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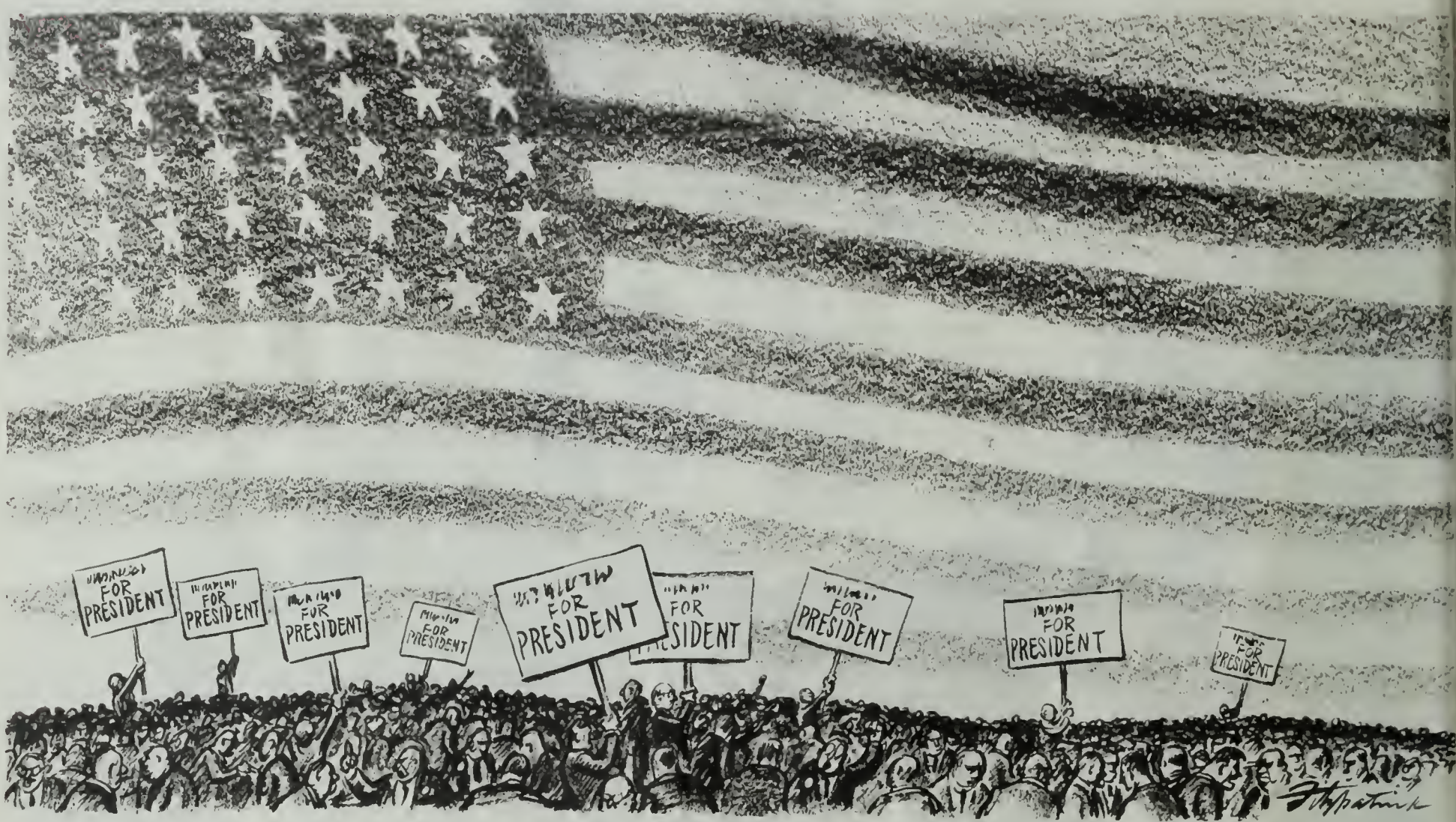
Collier's believes...



. . . AMERICA SHOULD COME BEFORE PERSONAL AMBITION

SIXTEEN years have passed since the Republicans have elected a President. Collier's is not now predicting they will win this fall. We as usual are nonpartisan. We are for country, rather than party. The polls of voters, however, indicate that Republican chances are good. Certainly their chances are better than at any time since 1932. But there is still time enough to mess up the coming Presidential campaign. Victory isn't sure for anybody yet.

President Truman is of course as certain of nomination as is possible in an unsure world. Any Democrat nominated this year has to accept responsibility for the record of his party during the last four Presidential terms. The Democrat in office seeking re-election is going to be blamed for a great many things for which he is in no way responsible. He will be blamed for Russia's aggressive imperialism. That is not just or reasonable, but it will happen.

It was not just or reasonable to blame Herbert Hoover for the depression in 1932, but he was blamed, nevertheless. So this year many people will be inclined to hold Harry Truman accountable for Joseph Stalin or for whoever operates in Stalin's name. A great many voters, discouraged by the world outlook, will be inclined to vote blindly against the man in office.

The easiest and surest way for the Republicans to squander their present good prospects is to repeat the 1920 Republican tactics. The Republicans had at least two good candidates in 1920 and neither was nominated. Instead, as successful managers predicted, a small group of cynical politicians trading in a smoke-filled room gave the nod to an amiable weakling who in the course of history did unmeasurable harm to the party and to the country. The American people in a mood of disillusionment elected Warren Gamaliel Harding in 1920. Once was enough and if the Republican managers think that 1948 is the year for a repeat performance, we hope and believe they thoroughly misunderstand the temper of the American people.

This year the Republicans have as candidates a number of men of great distinction. Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York has a record that compares favorably with that of any governor of the Empire State, including Governors Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and not forgetting the undefeated champion, Governor De Witt Clinton.

Senator Robert Taft is conceded by men who hate his politics and dissent from his opinions to be one of the most useful members of the United States Senate.

Former Governor Harold Stassen of Minnesota is beyond question a brilliant executive, a liberal, a citizen whose patriotism rises above party lines.

Senator Vandenberg of Michigan has the high distinction of having persuaded his party to adopt a nonpartisan attitude toward foreign affairs. He has the very great honor of being the nation's spokesman in the Senate at a time when the Republicans rule the Congress and a Democrat occupies the White House. Senator Vandenberg is not an avowed candidate for the Presidency, but he is among the group that at this moment Republicans must consider.

There is talk now that strong men such as Governor Dewey and Senator Taft, leading rival candidates, will each be strong enough to prevent the nomination of a rival, if not themselves to win the nomination. This is conceivable. Collier's does no think so ill of either Governor Dewey or of Sena tor Taft, or of former Governor Stassen, for tha matter, to believe that any such event is probabl We have too much faith in the intelligence, th patriotism, the essential good character of all c these candidates, to be willing to think that any on of them would put his own political preferme ahead of the welfare of his country.

We believe that in 1948, as at the time of th founding of the United States as an independent na tion, we are peculiarly blest in that many of ou political leaders are men of high character, of grea intelligence and of complete devotion to the pub lic welfare.

We have had our dark moments. Four years afte the Republicans nominated Harding, the Demo cratic convention established a new and we hope final low in petty partisanship when the McAdo and the Al Smith forces fought to the bitterest c ends and guaranteed the success of the candidat of their rival party.

We do not believe that the Republicans thi year will repeat the Republican and the Democrati mistakes of 1920 and 1924. We believe that out o an abundance of able candidates the Republican will nominate a man who will appeal to the intel ligence, to the character and to the imagination o the American people. We believe the Democrat also will nominate a man who puts the nationa welfare above all other considerations. Let us re peat—we endorse no man. We stand for the Com mon Good.

If this be idealism, we believe we will be con firmed and sustained by the candidates of bot parties.

W. L. C

Collier's

MAY 15, 1948 TEN CENTS

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GENERAL MAC ARTHUR

By George Creel

•

CANCER — THE CHILD KILLER

PAGE 64

ne only consulted her compact... But Lucy consulted her dentist!

case #1

Jane, nervous about meeting new people, wished her mirror revealed brighter teeth, a prettier smile.

Jane should have stopped wishing and started for her dentist's the first time she saw "pink" on her tooth brush—instead of letting it go until it became serious!

He could have told her how important firm, healthy gums are to sound teeth and a sparkling smile. And how to follow the regular home care routine so many dentists advise: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Silly of Jane—not to ask her dentist!

case #2

Lucy, when she met new people, was poised—confident of her smile.

Because she (wise girl!) took no chances with her teeth and gums. Seeing a warning flash of "pink" on her tooth brush, *she consulted her dentist—quick!*

After treatment, he said that hers was simply a case of soft foods robbing her gums of exercise—and for home care suggested "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

This advice, followed faithfully, soon helped Lucy to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile. *Smart of Lucy—to ask her dentist!*

ational survey shows:

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1

(over any other tooth paste)

f Bristol-Myers

Fre
Lero
1 M

brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush
n the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it.

The dentist knows best! See him for regular check-ups on your teeth and gums. He is the man best qualified to advise you.

Remember: Dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage regularly or in special cases. *(These facts were shown by a recent nationwide survey of dentists, conducted by impartial authorities.)*

So start today with Ipana Tooth Paste. Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. *Help him guard your smile of beauty!*

Ipana Tooth Paste *for your Smile of Beauty*

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Motorola

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I see hours of pleasure — miles of beautiful music—for you will own a Motorola Auto Radio. I see you tuning in hard-to-get stations clear and sharp—no matter where or how fast you drive. I see you marveling at its "living room" tone—and looking with admiration at the Motorola that Fits and Matches the car you're driving. You are to be envied—for indeed, there is pleasure ahead for you!

MAKE TODAY YOUR LUCKY DAY

See your nearest Motorola dealer for a demonstration. He's listed in your classified directory.

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COLLIER'S

May 15, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

COLLIER'S ABROAD!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: If the millions of readers of Collier's and other good American magazines would each week send their copy of the magazine to key individuals in Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Korea and Latin America, they would be using the most powerful of all forces to counteract Communist lies and be far more effective than official government propaganda.

Our magazines can be the machine guns of democracy and freedom. Let's send a flood of them abroad—immediately!

ALBERT CROISSANT, Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE MCMAHON PLAN

DEAR SIRS: You are to be congratulated for publishing No Miracle in the Marshall Plan (Apr. 3d, by Senator Brien McMahon). It is the most lucid, farsighted plan yet to be suggested by anyone, making heartening sense in a hysterical-minded world.

MRS. E. N. CLARK, Alexandria, Va.

. . . Were we to put as much effort into spreading the truth as the Russians have into subversion and distortion, I am sure that the need for military expenditures would soon diminish. . . .

JOHN G. MILLER, Peoria, Ill.

. . . I know this is no time for levity, but I wonder what the Jim Marshall Plan would be like. From his writings, he sounds like a pretty perspicacious gent, even if he isn't a professional politician. . . .

PHIL HUNSIGER, San Francisco, Cal.

WALLACE IN WONDERLAND

DEAR SIRS: Ditto, ditto, ditto to all the fine letters in defense of Henry Wallace (The Week's Mail, Mar. 27th). Since time began, great men have been persecuted, criticized and smeared. Maybe, after all, we are learning to recognize greatness in our time.

MISS JESSIE MOSELY, Jonestown, Miss.

. . . Congratulations on being fair enough to print a few bouquets for Henry Wallace after festooning him with such a generou amount of poison ivy. . . .

CHESTER HILLER, Elizabeth. N.

. . . I still feel the same about H only worse. . . .

GERALD HILLIARD, Holly

(Continued on page 8

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Q. Do you know what to do if there's an accident?

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Q. Do you know what not to do?

A. Don't try to *be* the doctor! Do whatever is necessary to save the victim's life, and to prevent shock by keeping him warm and quiet, *but no more.* Don't move the patient unless it is absolutely necessary. Don't give unconscious persons water or liquids. Remember, doing the wrong thing may be worse than doing nothing, and a good rule to follow is "If in doubt—DON'T."

Q. Have you a First Aid Book in your home?

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

DILLARD'S BIG HURDLE

BY BILL FAY

INTERVIEWS are embarrassing to Harrison Dillard, the slender Negro from Baldwin-Wallace College who's always breaking hurdle records. People want to know how Harrison does it, and he isn't sure himself.

"What can you say about a hurdle race?" he asks. "The gun goes off and you go with it. It's all instinct—a blur. Usually I'm past the fifth hurdle before I begin to feel the race. If I ever run a perfect race, I'll hit the tape without knowing I ran over a single hurdle."

Dillard doesn't even watch where he's going. Most hurdlers crouch at the starting line, heads up, looking straight down the track. Harrison cocks his head and stares at his right knee—a trick that relaxes his neck muscles.

Maybe relaxation is the secret. Dillard's muscles are supple, thanks to rigorous sitting-down exercises. He spends an hour every day on the floor, bending forward, touching forehead and knees. The bends loosen the back, tighten the stomach, keep his weight constant. He's been an even 152 pounds since June, 1942.

Harrison says records are broken between the starting blocks and the first hurdle. "After that, it's just another race. But if you can anticipate the gun—get into stride as it goes off—you're in."

This blithe disregard for hurdle hazards is understandable. He's fallen only once—and that was eleven years ago—even though his style is unorthodox. He drives over hurdles with a skimming 13-foot, 8-inch leap. Orthodox rivals take off approximately two feet closer to the hurdle and hop 11 feet.

Dillard holds the world record of :22.5 in the 220-yard low hurdles. If he makes the U.S. Olympic team—and how can he miss?—he plans to carry a home movie camera to London. "Never bothered before," he explains, "but I'd have somebody film the Olympic race for me. If I win there, I'd sort of like to know how it happened."

● Bill Schindler was in first place and riding high on the outside edge of the Velodrome midget-auto track at Coney Island. Let's put that another way. Bill was traveling 92 miles per hour on a quarter-mile oval banked at 80 degrees—when his right front wheel came off!

Nothing happened—for almost two seconds. Then the axle dug into the board track, the car flipped up and over, three pursuing cars zoomed underneath, and Schindler came down on three wheels. Bill was pulling out of the spin when—WHUMP—the fifth-place car bumped his tail. Down went the axle, up went Schindler, and this time Bill landed under 700 pounds of twisted metal and smoking rubber.

The double forward flip broke Schindler's right shoulder, smashed the right side of his chest, and severed his left leg at the knee, but Bill didn't worry about the leg. It was wooden. He'd lost the original two years before—crashing through the infield rail at Mineola (Long Island) at 85 miles an hour.

That Mineola accident was 12 years and 13 trips to the hospital ago. Bill still drives—faster than ever—but now he hobbles to his tiny car on crutches. He's the only active survivor from the pioneer field of sixteen drivers who pushed off in the midget-auto inaugural at Newark in 1934. Last year, at thirty-seven, Bill was top man on the Eastern circuit with 53 main-event triumphs.

Bill lives with his wife and two children at Freeport, New York, in a small stone house with a small mortgage. He hopes to pay off the mortgage this summer because the little cars are moving into the big city. After 14 years of racing before small crowds at abandoned horse tracks and county fairgrounds, the midgets are taking over the home of the Giants—the Polo Grounds in New York.

Promoter Alexis Thompson, owner of the Philadelphia Eagles, has gambled $250,000 on a 15-night program Mondays and Saturdays, when the Giants are away. The nation's top drivers will swarm into the Polo Grounds to challenge Schindler for $12,000 nightly prize money.

Schindler hopes to rev his $8,000 six-foot racer up to 110 miles an hour on the straightaway of Thompson's portable 500,000-pound track. "Guess I just like speed," Bill muses. "Racing isn't a business with me—it's a sport. I get a big kick out of it."

● Willie Hoppe still plays billiards four hours every day and he's still the master—at sixty. "Billiards must be like chess," Willie muses. "So many combinations and possibilities that each shot is just a little bit different. I've been playing the game 54 years, but I never stood on a soapbox—funny how that story follows me around—how I stood on a box to beat the customers who were waiting for shaves in my dad's barbershop."

Willie did beat the customers, but he sat on the edge of the table to reach the difficult shots. "That's how I happened to develop my sidearm shooting style," Willie insists. "If I'd stood on a box, I'd have used the regular pendulum stroke. It's the natural way to swing the cue."

Those were happy days in the Hoppe Tonsorial Parlor at Cornwall on the Hudson, New York. Before clipping a customer in the chair, Papa Hoppe would point to Willie and suggest: "Feel like a spot of pool or billiards, neighbor? Loser pays?"

That was the signal for Willie's brother, Frankie, to inquire if there was any objection to making it a three-handed game. Usually there wasn't. Willie would run half a dozen balls, then leave a setup for Frank, who would run half a dozen more, then leave an impossible shot for the stranger, who would miss. The Papa-to-Willie-to-Frankie combination paid off so well that Papa decided to put the show on the road.

"From the time I was ten until about sixteen," Willie relates, "we covered the country, poolroom by poolroom. Mama went along, too."

Most weeks, the touring Hoppes made $100. Once or twice, when Willie lost touch temporarily and Mama had to pawn her diamond ring, Papa reinspired Willie with a simple question: "Mama, do you think we ought to quit and put the boys back in school?"

Willie's formal education ended i fourth grade and he makes no effo to supplement it with books, news papers, magazines or movies. "Any thing that strains the eyes is bad fo billiards," he says.

What with prize money, exhibitio fees and business connections, Willi averages $25,000 a year—whic should explode the theory that peo ple who grow up around poolroom come to no good end.

Willie says he can continue in cham pionship competition for five mor years, and nobody questions it. Afte all, Willie still shoots a mighty goo cue for a fellow who never stood o a soapbox.

● Why golfers turn pro: Lieutenan Cary Middlecoff made his Army den tal debut in 1943 by filling 7,813 teeth He was graduated to extractions i 1944 ("pulled enough to load a bar rel"). In 1945, it was dentures, until whirring drill shot a speck of car borundum into the cornea of his lef eye. Cary spent nine months in th hospital, then was reassigned to ac tive filling. Final score: 12,093.

"When I got out," Cary recalls, " didn't want to see any more teeth Just wanted to play some golf." H entered the 1946 North and Sout Open and won it from the big-nam pros. Amateur Middlecoff (a prewa college star at Tennessee) received silver cup. The second-place pro ac cepted the $2,500 first-prize money.

Cary thought things over for almos 10 seconds and turned professional Now he's one of the best pitch-and-putt men in the business, but he stil talks like a dentist. While teaming with Jim Ferrier to whip Ed Furgo and Ellsworth Vines in the final roun of the International Four Ball tourna ment at Miami, Cary holed a 120-yard number-9 iron from the rough for a deuce. As the ball rolled toward the hole, Partner Ferrier overheard the following conversation between Middlecoff and the cup: ". . . a little wider . . . just a little wide . . . thaaat's it . . ."

● Peggy Lewis of Augusta, Maine, invented a new sport last summer—diving for lobsters. Peggy was swimming in Boothbay Harbor when she met a lobster crawling along the bottom. Peggy grabbed it behind the claws and paddled home.

Next afternoon, Peggy donned diving mask and rubber foot-fins and tried for another lobster. She didn't catch any. Noisy surface dives frightened them—sent them scuttling under rocks. Another thing, they swam forward only two miles an hour, but shooting backward—propelled by their powerful tails—they traveled about 16 miles an hour.

Eventually, Peggy worked out her effective technique: the silent dive; the stealthy rear approach; the deft grab for the body. Aided by her dad, Fritz, she snatched 30 lobsters in one afternoon in depths from 15 to 25 feet. Fritz grabbed the biggest—a 12-pounder.

Peggy says lobsters are harmless, really. "If you get a good grip on them, all they do is get mad and wave their claws."

Sounds like a snap. ★★★

An unusual action photo of Harrison Dillard, snapped with Ansco color film

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

news about nylon

IT'S NYLON, it's nicer! The nicest sweater you've come across in a long, long time. Put your cheek against it, revel in its soft, fleecy feel. Slip into it; see its well-made lines. Toss it in the tub —marvel at the way it dries without shrinking, stretching, sagging. No other fiber gives a sweater such fabulous washability, lastability, comfort! There's something new in sweaters . . . NYLON!

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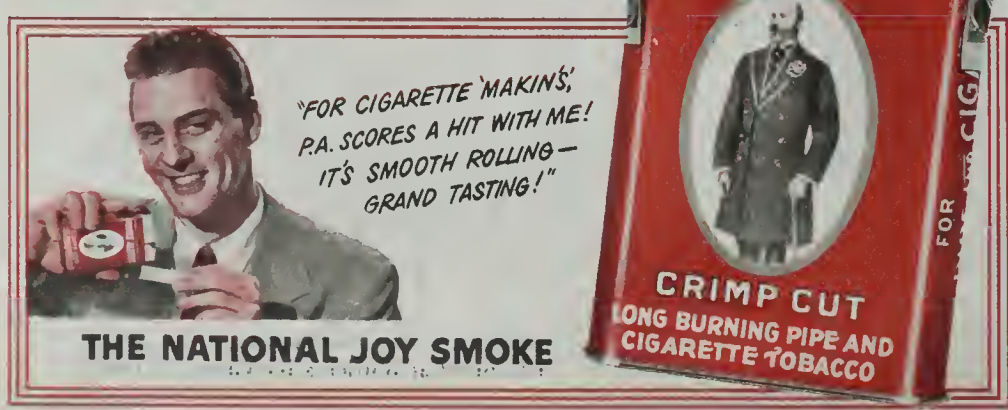

KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER

As a subject of international speculation, no spiritualist medium ever approached the record of Daniel Dunglas Home who, between 1852 and his death in 1886, demonstrated his chief power—levitation—in all the royal courts and noble houses of Europe. According to affidavits of hundreds who witnessed his performances in brightly lighted ballrooms, he would seat himself in a chair and then make it rise and carry him around over the heads of the spectators. How Home created this illusion is one of the greatest unsolved mysteries of modern times.

Special groups of people are exempt from jury duty in certain states. For example, accountants are exempt in Alabama and Florida, professional gamblers in Colorado and Mississippi, and chiropodists in California, Missouri and Rhode Island. In Nevada, exemption is granted to anyone who lives 60 miles from the court and pays $25.—*By Cecil Brown, Tulsa, Okla.*

For the first time in 60 years, the land areas of our 48 states were remeasured in 1940, with the result that, statistically, the country as a whole gained 3,352 square miles. In these revisions, the areas of 23 states were reduced by a total of 6,397 square miles, the losses ranging from seven in New Hampshire to 992 in New Mexico; while the areas of the other 25 states were increased by a total of 9,749 square miles, the gains ranging from eight in New Jersey to 1,246 in Texas.

Because of strong opposition, human bodies were not dissected and analyzed until 1543, when Andreas Vesalius, a Belgian physician, dissected a number of corpses and published his findings in the first scientific book on human anatomy. As bodies were difficult to obtain, the subject was taught, for the next 300 years, chiefly by means of male and female ivory figures, eight inches in height, whose external parts and internal organs were stained in their natural colors and could be detached to facilitate their study.

While on trial for bigamy in She field, England, on December 19, 192 the twenty-four-year-old defendant, Theresa Vaughn, confessed that sh although not divorced from her fir husband, had ceremoniously marrie 61 other men in over 50 cities in Gre Britain, Germany and South Afric Moreover, all these bigamous ma riages had taken place within fi years, or on the average of one eve 30 days.

Among the some 130 prominei Americans who have had U.S. postag stamps issued in their honor, Mol Pitcher was honored in a unique ma ner, made necessary by technical diff culties. In The Molly Pitcher Issue 1928, the stamp, instead of bearing picture of this famous Revolutiona figure, was an ordinary two-cent v riety with her name printed in blac across the face of George Washingto

Owing to the American habit of r ferring to a thing by some meaningle colloquialism instead of its real nam there are at least 150 of these wor in current use. Among them are do funny, flipmagildy, rigamajig, thin umabob and whatyoumaycallit.

The largest sum of money brougl in a disposal sale of race horses w the $1,553,500 paid for 60 thorougl breds, owned by Louis B. Mayer, au tioned at the Santa Anita track i California on February 28, 1947. Th second largest amount was the $1 300,000 obtained in the sale of 7 horses at Newmarket, England, i 1925.

At the national conventions held i the past 50 years, ten of the 13 R publican Presidential candidates we nominated on the first ballot, and on each on the third, sixth and tenth ba lots. Of the Democratic candidate eight were nominated on the first ba lot, and one each on the fourth, fiftl 44th, 46th and 103d ballots.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact a cepted for this column. Contributions mu be accompanied by their source of inform tion. Address Keep Up With the Worl Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17 N. Y. This column is copyrighted and r Items may be reproduced without permissi

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THE WEEK'S WORK

Sax Rohmer, creator of Dr. Fu Manchu

DUNCAN KEITH CORI

IN THE serial, Shadow of Fu Manchu (p. 20), the doctor is making his first public appearance since Hitler stopped blitzing his creator, Sax Rohmer, in London. It may have been personal at that. "Himmler thought so highly of the doctor's methods," says Mr. Rohmer, "that when Hitler seized power, all the German editions of the Fu Manchu books were confiscated and the plates destroyed." In any event, Rohmer wrote but one novel during the war: Seven Sins, serialized in Collier's in 1943.

Mr. Rohmer, who does most of his writing at night in his flat on Sloane Street, London, came to New York last winter with Mrs. Rohmer, for local color for Shadow of Fu Manchu, which takes place in and around Manhattan. The weather drove him to the Caribbean. "I liked Jamaica so much," Mr. Rohmer says, "I am sure there is pirate blood in me."

Since Fu Manchu's exploits have been translated into most languages, including Japanese, Chinese, Arabic and Braille, and also filmed, some folks have come to think Mr. Rohmer smokes opium. He assures us he finds inspiration only in a brier.

Mr. Rohmer is now back in New York with a play based on the theme of this new serial (the book version will be out in August). "I have my ideas about who should play the doctor," he says, "but your guess is as good as mine."

NEVER having had Breakfast in Bed himself, Jack Finney sought inspiration for the story of the same name on page 13 from a friend named Mr. Bob, who not only breakfasts in bed Sundays, but spends the entire day there. Seems that Mrs. Bob is given to "straightening up" that morning, which includes something called "plumping cushions." Not being allowed to sit on these till Monday morning (unless there are guests), Mr. Bob has the alternative of standing up all day, or of staying in bed.

"So he takes the only possible course," reports Mr. Finney. "When I arrived one Sunday morning and found him weak from lack of rest, because his wife had routed him out of bed, the story idea came to me. This is a true version of its origin, although it sounds preposterous to me."

JAMES POLING (Lillie's in the U.S.A., p. 24) is from Lima, Ohio, and late of the book business. "After fourteen years of trying to be one of Manhattan's Bright Young Men," he says, "I left being managing editor Doubleday Doran, and spent years aboard an aircraft carrier in Pacific."

After his release from our N Mr. Poling retreated to a small Ca dian fishing village to (a) reorient, write a book, and (c) fish. "The b was lousy," he says, "and my caught more bass than I. So I bec Eastern Story Editor for a Hollyw studio. I wanted a nest egg to retir free-lancing. But I reckoned with the British. When they taxed our tures, I was washed up on the be on the economy wave. Now I'm f lancing on half an egg. No tel what I'll hatch out of it!"

ZACHARY BALL and his laborator, Saliee O'Brien, be from Missouri, say they have a l of rivers and river lore by right birth. "There's something about sound of the name *Monongahe* they say, "that has always sent imaginations spinning away on boats or roaming around the Pittsburgh, where the keelers steamboatmen stopped by with th tales of the sights and the wickedr to be seen down-river toward N leans. What could be more natu than to get a daydream over a ty writer about a boy in old Pittsbu who has his faith in a riverman fat he doesn't know, tested? And ca River Screamer?" (Page 30.)

Ball & O'Brien report the foll ing story casualty: In the old da there was a bounty offered for h caught roaming the Pittsburgh stre The collaborators tried to open story with the incident, but it dic fit. Then they pushed it back to middle. Finally it had to go "We're holding it for future re ence," they say, "for more old Pi burghering."

This week's cover: Little Girl Bl ing Dandelion. Ariane Beigneux, w painted the melancholy miss, is fr Roxbury, Connecticut, of French p entage, and spent most of her yo life in her uncle's sculping stu learning to love art. The studio is n filled with Miss Beigneux' own pai ings. Since fifteen, Miss Beigneux been studying and winning prizes her work, which include the 19 Pulitzer prize in painting. During war she made Conté portraits of se icemen in New York; and in 1945 painting of a G.I. and his girl asl on a subway seat won a prize. Sh well known for her portraits. . . .

TED SHAN

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BREAKFAST IN BED

BY JACK FINNEY

Granted that Timberlake Ryan's lovely wife was dynamite, he still wasn't going to get up. Because the way he was fixed, dynamite couldn't move him

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

LIFTING the breakfast tray from his lap, Mr. Timberlake Ryan set it on the floor beside him. ıen, planting an elbow on his pil- w and propping his head in his nd, he pulled the blanket up over e shoulder and turned to grin at e beside him. "The life of a sloth the life for me," he said. He raised s other arm and without turning his ad, groped behind him for the table the side of the bed. "Radar me in," said.

Eve finished a last sip of coffee and rned to look at the table. "Left," she id, and Tim's hand moved to one de. "The other way," and his hand, overing over the tabletop behind m, changed its direction. "Further ıck," she said, and his arm extended. Still more." Tim frowned, and now, early flat on his back again, stretched s arm full length. "Drop," said Eve, nd his groping fingers descended to uch and pick up the cigarettes on e table behind him.

"Roger," said Tim, and placed a garette in his mouth. "Now, radar e the matches."

"Here—" Eve took a folder of atches from the other table at her de of the bed, and handed it to Tim. This is easier than radaring."

"Roger," said Tim, "over," and he ghted his cigarette.

"You'll set the bed on fire."

"You always say that, but somehow always disappoint you." His eyelids lowly began to close and the muscles round his mouth relaxed so that the igarette hung from his lips as though were about to fall.

"Enjoy yourself," Eve said. "And ast. Because it's ten thirty."

Tim opened his eyes. "So what? t's Sunday."

"Yes, but it's time to get up."

"Why?" he said. He reached out to the wall, tugged at the cord of the Venetian blind, and filled the room with sun. "Why is it always time to get up? You know, that's what's wrong with the world—people get up. Naturally, then, they're cranky and irritable and they go out and start wars. That what you're trying to do? You want to fight? Want to wrestle?"

"Anything to get you out of bed."

Tim grinned. "That, I assure you, would not be the best method."

"No, but really, Tim"—Eve shook her head, dismissing his remark, and frowned—"it's terrible just to lounge around and waste the day." She set her tray on the floor decisively. "We ought to get out and do something."

"What, for example?"

"Well, anything. Get outdoors. Visit the zoo in Central Park. Or one of the museums or something."

Tim turned to lie flat on his back, drew up his knees, and blew a jet of smoke at the ceiling. "You've just convinced me," he said, "that the smartest thing I can do is stay in bed till Monday morning."

"Well, you suggest something then."

"What about shooting some pool? At the Paradise Billiard Parlor on Third Avenue, ladies invited."

"I know!" Eve sat up, suddenly excited. "I *knew* there was something. Helen Beardsley is having a cocktail party. This afternoon. She said to drop in if we could. Tim, let's go!"

(Continued on page 40)

"'Quality of evening light,'" Eve said, after she had studied the design of the puzzle. "Eleven letters. It's crepuscular. They always use that"

1941

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BUREAU OF RECLAMATION

The spillways of the Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River in Arizona roared with the overflow in the spring of 1941, before the Southwest had to face a water shortage

The water shortage is spreading like a creeping paralysis. We are using up our underground supply faster than nature can replenish it. The Middle West and industrial East are feeling the pinch but in the semiarid Southwest the trouble is coming to a head

ARE WE SHORT

Good wells are hard to find. Only a dribble comes from this one at Fairfield, Calif.

RICHARD HAMAN, a rancher, walked out of the Nevada state engineer's office recently with a legal claim to "full possession and rights thereof" of water in the clouds over his ranch. Moisture is scarce and he intends to milk the clouds whenever they appear, by dropping ice pellets into them, and he wants no ornery neighbor miles down the road getting possessive with the Haman air lake.

At Los Angeles, County Supervisor Raymond V. Darby asks the California legislature to put up $1,000,000 for ideas on how to get sweet water from the sea, cheap. The legislature appropriates no money, but ideas pour in from drought-conscious citizens anyway. One of them: Hoist the Palomar Observatory's $6,000,000 Big Eye out over the Pacific and harness the sun's rays for the heating and distillation of ocean water.

These characteristic American shenanigans provide the lighter side to a grim predicament. Large chunks of our country are running out of water. Drought is creating havoc in the Southwest. But drought is only partly to blame.

At Sacramento, California, a newspaper puts a black border on its weather news, in mourning over the situation. The item says, "No rain for 42 days. No rain today or tomorrow."

Townsfolk in Santa Barbara, forced to ration water, rename their city Sahara Barbara. The well-to-do import water by tank truck to save their lawns, and pay $40 per two-hour wetting. A committee of vigilantes checks water meters for water hogging.

In California's fruitful Central Valley dairy farmers slaughter their cows, and cattlemen send steers out of the state by the thousand. No pasture. Beekeepers ship out their bees. No flowers.

1946

This picture of the same dam, taken in the fall of 1946, indicates the tremendous difference in the water supply available to the Phoenix area's irrigation system

RF WATER?

BY LESTER VELIE

But drought, even as war and pestilence, must pass. The kind of water shortage many communities face has nothing to do with drought. Far from passing, the shortage is, as one alarmed geologist described it, "spreading like a creeping paralysis." We are using up our underground water faster than nature can replenish it. Stored by years of rainfall it has become in some areas an exhausted resource. Chalk it up to overpumping. We are also running out of surface water—our rivers and lakes. Blame overpopulation.

In the Southwest some experts are already reckoning the day when the last newcomer will cross the Rockies heading west, because there will no longer be enough water for all. Some engineers in Los Angeles have even set the deadline—1968. This is only 20 years away.

"As cities count time," one engineer said, "that's practically tomorrow."

In Arizona, and in California's Imperial Valley, the deadline has arrived.

Confronted with this nightmare of failing water California and Arizona are waging their own cold war over the Southwest's last big water hole, the Colorado River. Prodded by Westerners, Congress has authorized $4,350,000,000 to dam and divert river waters to thirsting acres, and is being urged to vote another billion.

Surprised that water can be an exhausted resource? You shouldn't be. In the Texas Panhandle, as in California and Arizona, in the Dakota plains, and even in such Eastern communities as Cincinnati, Louisville and Brooklyn, men are learning a sobering lesson. Like oil and coal you can take water out of the ground faster than nature can put it back.

At Phoenix and Tucson in Arizona, and the irrigated lands around and about, men don't talk about war with

(Continued on page 74)

Orchard, near the a-building Friant-Kern Canal, abandoned when water gave out

The rain increased as Nora and Andrew left the diner and they had to run for the car

THE FLIGHT

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

THE offering was a sonata for piano and cello. A girl in an iridescent dress played the iano and a youth with bushy red hair layed the cello. The cellist bounced is Brahms, suggesting surreptitious essions of jam. The pianist waved her ands in a gentle, graceful way that as almost hypnotic. Her hands ecame two gliding ballet dancers abrbed in their own floating leaps, conmptuous of the tempo. The cellist etired after the duet and the pianist oncluded with Liszt's pyrotechnic La ampanella, very noisy. Andrew forot the music in watching her hands.

There was applause and the artists owed their way through folding oors. A fat woman wearing pinkimmed glasses and a corona of little olden curls stood up and said, "Now, efore we have sherry, I want to tell ou that the next concert is scheduled or the third of November. I'm esecially pleased to see more undergraduates here tonight. We *don't* want the Jordan Friends of Music degenerating into another faculty club. We *do* want everyone on campus who would enjoy these evenings to join us. It's a simple matter of paying dues of five dollars to the secretary, and, of course, the more dollars the more concerts."

"Let's be big and skip the sherry," Nora said in Andrew's ear. They got up and Andrew's folding chair fell down with a crash. The fat woman stopped them and said, "Dear Mr. Bent!"

"Dear Miss McDarmott," Andrew said. Miss McDarmott's round nose wrinkled as she subtly tested the air for liquor on his breath. She said, "Did you bring one of the little undergraduates? So nice." She beamed upon Nora. She said, "Aren't you Miss Stevens? Of course you are, you're one of my juniors. You will congratulate our gifted people of the evening before you go?" Nora and Andrew smirked and mumbled and drifted away. They edged out of the room and left the deanery by a side door.

Nora said, "Everyone thought you were drunk."

Andrew swung her around and lifted her off the ground and kissed her. "What the hell were we doing there?"

"I don't know. Miss McDarmott took a dim view of you, anyway." She got her breath and said, "There's lipstick on you."

"Let's go someplace," Andrew said.

They walked on. They came to Nora's convertible and Nora got in and said, "You drive." Andrew started the engine and switched on the lights. She gazed at him in the panel glow. She said, "I'd like to go and tell someone."

"Who?"

"John."

He backed the car out of the deanery drive and turned around and drove down the campus street to Jordan Avenue.

"It might be kind of grim," Nora said.

"I don't think so."

"He likes you."

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking that he knows you."

"I'm not sure," Nora said. "He's so sort of indecisive. He's so much wrapped up with his indecision that he never really thinks of anything else. I suppose he'll always be that way."

"He marches with an army."

"But I do want to tell him. He won't take the view everyone else will take, at least."

Andrew smiled. "No, he won't."

John Reeve had a fine, impressive mind, Andrew thought. His trick was to make the conventional conclusions of the day sound like his own ideas. Consequently he was listened to with respect. Dean McDarmott had a fine mind too, but she kept it smothered in curls and the deanery, and if it pleased her to look like a retired chorus girl she could look like a retired chorus girl, for she was not only a dean but dean of Jordan, the women's college that of all women's colleges had been the last to drop the word "seminary" from its name. Dean McDarmott had a fine solid mind and Dr. Drew, the head of Andrew's English Literature department, had a fine twisted mind, but of them all John Reeve had the finest acrobatic mind, a dancing mind, while Andrew had nothing but feeling, no mind at all, only feeling and Nora.

"You're grinning like a baboon."

"This is the day," Andrew said.

WHEN the car was parked, they went into John's apartment house of neat squared stone and up two wide flights of stairs to John's flat. John called from his bedroom, "Hi, have a drink." He came out to meet them in his shirt sleeves, knotting a tie.

"Andy and I are going to be married," Nora said.

John looked from one to the other of them. He said, "You've got it strung on banners." He had a small face and a small narrow body but he was handsome when he smiled. His smile was frank and honest and engaging. He was ten years younger than Andrew and not much older than Nora, and his boyish smile was the badge of his age. He smiled at Andrew. He said, "You slob," and shook hands.

"We only wanted to tell you," Nora said.

John turned and left the room. After a few minutes he returned with three glasses and a bottle. He said, "Let me make a toast that reality is only relative. It doesn't seem real to me. How are you going to do it?"

"We'll drive down to Maryland on Saturday," Andrew said.

"What about your people?" John said, looking at Nora.

"They won't be able to do too much after it's over."

"You won't tell them first?"

"Gosh, no."

"I don't know about that."

"Don't be silly. They'd make an awful scene. They'd try to have the police stop me."

"You're starting on the wrong foot this way."

"You sound like Miss McDarmott."

"You haven't talked to her, have you?"

"I mean you sound the way she'd sound if I did tell her."

"She's sharp. She sees more than you think."

"Well," Andrew said, "we'd better go."

"I'm sorry," John said. "I was trying to be honest. What do you want me to do, tell you I think it's wonderful? I think it's a hell of a mistake."

"You haven't talked like this before," Nora said.

"I haven't had any excuse to talk like this before. I said I loved you," John said directly. His eyes were clenched up and very bright. "So this is sour grapes. Don't pay any attention to it."

Andrew went into the kitchen and poured some water in his whisky. He came back to the living room and sat down on the couch. He was a quiet, rangy man, with graying sandy hair and an angular face, country features, wide cheekbones, jutting brow ridges and a long jaw. He felt that he looked old and slow and stupid beside John Reeve.

"You don't understand," Nora said.

"I understand you're infatuated," John said.

"No, we love each other."

Andrew watched Nora's face. She was slender and dark and self-possessed, attractive enough; any girl of nineteen is pretty. He thought she was beautiful. Her skin was delicate and she had the softest eyes in the world. Andrew thought that anyone catching her glance would look twice at her and then wish to speak to her. When Andrew watched her a mask slid off his features and he looked altogether different. He was aware of this and was not self-conscious but instead rather pleased that it should be so.

She was wearing a red suit with a white ruffle at her throat. Her dark hair was long and soft and fell freely in waves to her shoulders. She was quite intent. Andrew believed that he knew every expression of her body and inflection of her voice as he knew his own. He had never seen her before this fall but he believed that an absolute familiarity existed between them, as between a right hand and a left hand. It had nothing to do with reason, but was nearer to faith. He had once, when he was Nora's age, been earnestly concerned with the intellectual meaning of such concepts as faith and love. But he thought now that both were strangers to logic and that an intellectual meaning was of no importance. Love was the one quick look any life could get at the eternal. He remembered something from some medieval verse, but he couldn't recall the words.

"Sure, I remember," John said. "You came together over didactic poetry. You told me. You read Lucretius. Life is a mote of dust in a ray of sunlight. Nothing can stop its downward fall but it can swerve and join its path to another's. It's only a little thing and it only has that one instant that passes and is just as gone as if it had never been. What do you want, anyway?"

Nora said nothing. Andrew saw that John had succeeded in making her angry.

"You want to be together," John said. "This is a great thing. You'll wind up in five years with your head in the oven and the gas turned on. That's romance."

Andrew got up and said gently, "Shut up, John."

JOHN ignored him. He stood up straight before Nora. He was a trifle shorter than she. He smiled suddenly and thrust out his hands and clasped hers.

He said, "Okay, I'm a sorehead. But I've been trying to give you a sample of what you're going to get from everyone you know. They won't say it but they'll think it. You'd better get used to it. They'll think Andy's after your dough and they'll think you're an adolescent simpleton. They'll make book on how long it'll last. I'm trying to say that no one will exactly wish you well. You need to get into condition. You need to be untouchable. You're not so sure of yourself now or it wouldn't bother you when I tell you what I think."

"We don't want to fight what everyone thinks."

"That's tough. You'll have to."

"We're going away. We're going to sail on a coastwise steamer Saturday night."

"You're kidding."

"It's all arranged."

"Where to, Tahiti?"

"We don't know. Andy spent a year on one of the Florida keys. We might go there."

John turned to Andrew. "You're going to walk out on the college, like that?"

"The college won't miss me."

"It'll make it good when you want to get another job someplace."

"He won't want to," Nora said.

John said, "Who'll get up the grocery bill, your father?"

"He doesn't need to. I've got some money of my own." She smiled. Andrew felt the warmth of it. He was able to look placidly at John's blinking eyes and feel no embarrassment.

(Continued on page 79)

In a way, it was his first love—and, in a way, it was his last chance

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

GENERAL MAC ARTHUR

BY GEORGE CREEL

The stewardship of General MacArthur in Japan, since the close of World War II, is reviewed in an interview with a Collier's correspondent

RADIOED FROM TOKYO

IF GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR were a Presidential candidate in Japan his victory would be certain, for not even Hirohito could give him any real competition.

Entering the prostrate country as a dreaded conqueror, he is now hailed as a liberator, the hope of unhappy millions. Common reference to him as "the man behind the bamboo screen" (meaning the source of all light, strength and wisdom) is a tribute formerly paid only to emperors. His rare public appearances are events, and crowds wait before the doors of his office building for a fleeting glimpse. Most high officials are no less admiring than the masses. Prime Minister Ashida, in the course of a long interview, spent most of the time in grateful praise of the general.

In an afternoon of talk with the leaders of every major political party, only the lone Communist sounded a note of dissent.

Strangely enough, especially in view of the agitation of various Presidential aspirants, the Supreme Commander has never considered himself a candidate. As he sees it, all that his announcement did was to make clear his readiness for continuous public service.

Ardent supporters, fearful that eleven years of absence have made him a legendary figure, urged him to arrange a trip to the United States, confident of a triumphal transcontinental tour. He refused and will continue to refuse. If commanded to report in Washington, he will fly there directly and return as quickly, avoiding fanfare. Lacking any peremptory summons, he will stay on the job in Tokyo.

He will remain there because he regards the Soviet Union as the implacable enemy of democracy and believes implicitly that, just as years of appeasement have fed Russian arrogance, so is a stern stand the one and only way to check the Red menace and avert the danger of war.

MacArthur gave early expression to his belief that, since American arms had defeated Japan, America should and must have full authority over postsurrender policies. At the Moscow Conference in December, 1945, however, a Japanese control plan was adopted that made the United States one of eleven nations on a Far Eastern Commission. An Allied Council, with Russia, China, the British Commonwealth and the United States as members, was created to sit in Tokyo as an advisory body to Supreme Commander for Allied Powers.

The Supreme Commander States His Case

In a sharp statement, MacArthur let it be known that he had never received any communication or information from the conference during its session and did not know that Japan was being discussed until so informed by the daily press. Still more curtly, he stated that he had no iota of responsibility for the decisions made there. Nor was that the end of it, for when Russia demanded the island of Hokkaido as an independent occupational zone, SCAP turned down the request with icy finality. Out of this and various linked happenings, there comes the conviction that a major motive behind the MacArthur announcements is a supreme belief in his competence to handle Russian relations.

Aside from the implications with respect to the Soviet Union and his uncompromising insistence that Communism is no less totalitarian than Nazism and Fascism, nothing definite is known as to MacArthur's views on either foreign or domestic policy.

His determination to maintain silence proceeds in some degree from the War Department's prohibition against political activity but even more from a belief that his record in Japan affords full opportunity for the American people to judge him both as to capacity and ideology.

For two and a half years, he has been rebuilding a defeated, demoralized and disorganized nation,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

prooting ancient traditions and directing the lives nd thoughts of 80,000,000 persons along new lines. Every step in the process has called for the disclo-ure of his concepts of government and complete xpression of his political, social and economic phi-osophy. What need for words when deeds are sub-nitted for judgment?

Not even MacArthur's severest critics minimize he magnitude of the task that faced him when he et up his government in Tokyo after the formal urrender of September 2, 1945. The mere business of ground clearing was a gigantic undertaking in tself, involving the disarming, demobilizing and lisposing of 4,000,000 Japanese soldiers in the home slands and 2,500,000 abroad, the return of 2,000,-00 Japanese civilians from overseas and the repa-riation of 1,000,000 Allied nationals. Then came he disarmament and demilitarization of Japan and he 100 per cent permanent destruction of the coun-ry's war potential.

All of these things were done in less than a year and without the firing of a shot. Moreover, the rec-ord of the army of occupation has been almost en-tirely unshamed by scandal. As a result of fair treatment for a defeated people, fully expectant of brutality and terrorism, it has been possible to re-duce the occupying force to 140,000 from a high of 400,000.

Undesirable Elements Are Eliminated

Under explicit directives from Washington, SCAP's next order of business was to purge from public office, public life, industry, commerce, finance and agriculture, all persons who had been active exponents of militant nationalism and ag-gression, to suppress all ultranationalistic, terroristic or secret patriotic societies, to dissolve immediately and permanently all industrial and financial mo-nopolies and other large concentrations of private business control, to close if necessary all labora-tories and research institutes, to rid both religion and education of feudal characteristics.

Here were powers that gave MacArthur the right to turn the land into one vast prison cell. Instead of that, he has chosen to put all emphasis on the pre-ventative rather than the punitive. Of the millions screened, only some 250,000 have been arraigned, and in every case the accused was acquainted with the charges and given the right to present counter-evidence and file appeals. At this writing, the purge has been virtually completed, and the number either removed or barred is 223,373.

The cleansing of Japan's public life went hand in hand with the dissolution of the industrial and finan-cial oligarchy that permitted oppression and exploi-tation at home and promoted aggression and spoilation abroad. For years the economic life of the country had been controlled by the corporate and personal interests of 14 great families, working closely with the militarists. To destroy the struc-ture in its entirety meant chaos, and so SCAP broke up the monopolistic combines into competing units, bringing into existence widespread ownership of the instruments of production and trade.

With the purges in smooth operation, MacArthur turned to an inspection of the Japanese government. What he saw was a highly centralized police state without even pretense of local rule. A thought-control system had its spies in every home. Every prison was crowded with political offenders and, while the Diet was bicameral, the veto powers of the peers made the House of Representatives a joke.

On October 4, 1945, therefore, the Supreme Com-mander took the bold step of proclaiming a civil-liberties bill that ended totalitarianism, giving Japanese the right of free speech, free press, free-dom of religion and free assembly. Shinto was di-vorced from the state and, after being cleansed of its ultranationalistic and militaristic dogma, allowed to take its place with other religious sects. Some 5,000 political prisoners were released, many of them Communists; equal suffrage was declared and the voting age reduced from 25 to 20. The right of labor to organize and bargain collectively was rec-ognized, and an end was put to licensed prostitution and the binding of girls to brothels by contract.

If there had been any doubt as to MacArthur's intent to work for the democratization of Japan and the development of civil authorities that would lessen the need of military controls, it would have been removed by his next step. Rather than use fiat to get rid of the reactionary Diet, a carry-over from the Tojo regime, he called an election for April 10, 1946. Few voices were raised in approval, ma-jority opinion protesting it as premature and unwise, opening the doors to a return of the propertied gangs or else to the Communists.

The election was duly held and when the ballots were counted it was found that out of 36,000,000 registrants, 27,000,000 had voted, and approximately one million more women than men. The Commu-nists, who had expected to win a sizable number of seats in the Diet, elected only one. The freedom and honesty of the election were generally admitted.

MacArthur then pressed for a new constitution, and November witnessed its adoption—a remark-able and well-nigh incredible document, for, in the preamble, war is renounced as a sovereign right, force is disavowed as a means of settling interna-tional disputes, and the nation pledges itself never to retain a war potential.

Barging ahead, peers and the peerage are wiped out, with only the emperor and his immedi-ate household permitted to retain titles. A bicame-ral legislature is maintained, consisting of House of Councilors and a House of Representatives, but the Upper Chamber is that in name only and action of the councilors can be overruled by a two-thirds vote of the representatives. If the lower body passes a resolution of no confidence, the Cabinet falls. An independent judiciary is set up, with a Supreme Court and various inferior courts and the guarantee of trial by jury.

Greatest change of all, however, is with respect to the status of the emperor, for the constitution does away with his traditional divinity, setting him down merely as the symbol of the state and the unity of the people, deriving his position from the will of the people with whom resides sovereign power. Under pressure from SCAP, a second election was held in April, 1947, and again more than 72 per cent of the population went to the polls, the women making an equal showing with men. As before, the Commu-nists made a pitiful showing.

MacArthur proceeded to press for the speedier rehabilitation of Japan's economic life, although Washington's directive *(Continued on page 56)*

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

General and Mrs. MacArthur (center) help celebrate King George's birthday at the British Embassy in Tokyo. (Left) Lieutenant General C. H. Gairdner of the United Kingdom, Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger, U.S.A. (Right) Sir A. D. F. Gascoigne, head of the United Kingdom Liaison Mission

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

The Story:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, famous investigator from Scotland Yard, is in this country helping the F.B.I. to protect DR. MORRIS CRAIG'S vital scientific secret from the plague of international spies that has descended on New York—and from the clutches of the notorious DR. FU MANCHU, archcriminal, and world outlaw.

Craig is about to complete the construction of a device which will harness the tremendous power in the layers of ultraviolet rays far above the earth's ionosphere. The disintegrating power of this device would put its possessor in a position to stop, or win, any future war.

Nayland Smith realizes that CAMILLE NAVARRE, Craig's beautiful secretary, is playing some sort of double game, but says nothing to Craig of this. MICHAEL FROBISHER, president of the Huston Electric Corporation and Craig's financial backer, complains that he is being followed by Orientals, and that his country home, Falling Waters, has been broken into.

MRS. MICHAEL FROBISHER, being treated by the famed Viennese psychiatrist, Professor HOFFMEYER, is unaware that the "professor" is actually Dr. Fu Manchu, who has abducted the real Professor Hoffmeyer and assumed his physical and professional identity.

Agents of Fu Manchu are covering every move that Craig and Smith make, and Craig has finally become aware of the overwhelming potential for evil that his machine possesses.

II

CRAIG studied his nearly finished diagram with new doubt —almost with distaste. In the blind race for domination, many governments, including, according to Nayland Smith, that of Great Britain, watched every step of his experiments. And Dr. Fu Manchu was watching. The Huston Electric Corporation was not to be left in undisputed possession of this new source of power.

Assuming that these unknown watchers failed to solve the secret, and that Washington didn't intervene, what did Michael Frobisher intend to do with it?

For that matter what did he, Morris Craig, intend to do with it?

He had to admit to himself that he had never given a thought to possible applications of the monstrous force he had harnessed.

Brushing back that obstinate forelock, he dismissed these nonproductive, disturbing ideas and sat down to read two letters which Camille Navarre had left to be signed. But other diversion intruded.

A pair of black-rimmed glasses lay on the desk. He knew they were Camille's—and he was surprised that she had not missed them.

He had often wondered what defect marred those beautiful eyes, and so he removed his own glasses and put hers on. Craig's sight was good, and his own lenses magnified only very slightly.

But Camille's didn't magnify at all! He satisfied himself that they were, in fact, nothing but plain glass. He signed the letters and pressed a button.

Camille entered composedly and crossed to the desk.

"It was so stupid of me, Dr. Craig," she said. "I must have left my glasses here when I brought the letters."

Craig looked up at her. Yes, she had glorious eyes. He thought they were very deep blue, but they seemed to change in sympathy with her thoughts or emotions. Their evasive

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

She was at the end of endurance. The eyes grew larger—merged—became a still sea in which she was drowning

color reminded him of the Mediterranean under scudding clouds.

She met his glance for a moment and then turned aside, taking up the typed pages, and the black-rimmed glasses.

"That last cylinder was rather scratchy, and there are one or two words I'm uncertain about."

But Craig continued to look at her.

"Why wear those things at all?" he inquired. "You wouldn't miss 'em."

"What do you mean, Dr. Craig?"

"Why wear two bits of plain glass in front of such lovely optics?"

CAMILLE hesitated. She had not been prepared for this discovery, and her heart was beating very fast.

"I suppose it must seem strange. I know they don't magnify. But somehow they help me to concentrate."

"Avoid concentration," Craig advised. "I greatly prefer you when you're relaxing. I have looked over the letter—"

"I did my best with it."

"Your best is perfection. Exactly what I said, and stickily technical." He looked up at her with frank admiration. "Your scientific equipment is marvelous."

Camille veiled her eyes. She had long lashes which Craig felt sure were her own.

But all she said was, "Thank you, Dr. Craig."

Carrying the signed letters and her glasses she moved away. Craig turned and looked after the trim figure.

"Slip out now," he advised, "for a plate of wholesome fodder. You stick it too closely. So long as you can give me an hour from ten to eleven, all's well in a beautiful world."

"Perhaps I may go out—although I'm really not hungry."

She went into her room and closed the door. For a long time she sat there, the useless glasses in her hand, staring straight before her. . . . He was so kind, so delicately sympathetic. He almost apologized when he had to give orders, masking them under that affected speech which led many people to think him light-minded, but which had never deceived Camille.

Of course he was brilliantly clever. One day the people of the world would wake up to find a new genius come among them.

He was so clever that she found it hard to believe he had really accepted her explanation. It was only postponing the evil hour. Camille had never, before that day, met Sir Denis Nayland Smith, but his reputation made discovery certain.

MEANWHILE, Craig was tidying up prior to going out to join Smith. He arranged pencils, ink and like impedimenta in some sort of order. The board to which the plan was pinned he lifted from its place and carried across the office. Before a large safe he set it down, pulled out a key ring, manipulated the dial and unlocked the safe.

He placed the plan inside and relocked the steel door.

He returned to his desk and pressed a button on the switchboard.

"Laboratory," said a tired voice. "Regan speaking."

"I'm cutting out for some dinner, Regan. Anything you want to see me about before I go?"

"Nothing, Doctor."

"Right. Back around ten."

He stood up—then remained quite still for a moment, listening.

The sound of a short, harsh cough, like that of a dog who has swallowed a fragment of bone, had reached him.

Crossing, he opened the office door and looked out. The landing was empty. "Sam!" he called.

Sam appeared from somewhere, chewing industriously.

"Yes, boss?"

"Did you cough?"

"Me? No, sir. Why?"

"Thought I heard someone coughing. Stand by. I want you to come along with me in a minute."

Craig returned, took his jacket from a hook and put it on. He called Regan from the laboratory, borrowed his key, then left to join Smith. . . .

"It may be best," said Nayland Smith, "if we dine in the restaurant here. I expect calls, too."

"Must say I'll breathe more freely," Craig admitted. "I never expected to slink around New York as if crossing enemy territory. What news of Moreno?"

Smith knocked ash from his pipe with unusual care. "I went there after leaving you. His wife had been sent for. Nice kid, very young. Only married six months. This Maddison Lowe is probably the ace man in his province, but he's beaten this time."

"Have they identified the stuff used?"

"No. It's nothing on the order of curare. And there are no tetanus symptoms. He's just completely unconscious, and slowly dying. I suppose I should feel indebted to Dr. Fu Manchu. It's evidently a painless death."

"Good God, Smith! It isn't human."

"You are not the first to doubt that Dr. Fu Manchu is human, in the generally accepted sense of the word. Certainly, he has long outlived man's normal span. He claims to have mastered the secret of prolonging life."

"Do you believe it?"

"I can't doubt it. He was elderly when I first set eyes on him, in a Burmese forest. He nearly did for me then—using the same method. And that was more years ago than I care to count."

"Good heavens! How old is he?"

"God knows. Come on. Let's get some dinner. We have a lot to talk about." . . .

While Morris Craig attacked a honeydew melon, Smith watched him covertly. "Highly attractive girl, that secretary of yours," he said.

Craig looked up. "Quite agree. Highly competent, too."

"Remarkable hair."

"Ah, you noticed it! Pity she hides it like that."

"Hides her eyes, too," said Smith dryly.

But Craig did not reply. For some obscure reason he found himself wondering who could have coughed in the office just before he left.

"The devil of it is, Craig," Nayland Smith was saying, "that Fu Manchu is no common criminal."

"Evidently."

"He doesn't work for personal gain. He's a sort of cranky idealist. The force which Dr. Fu Manchu can project is as dangerous, in its way, as that which you have trapped in your laboratory. Five minutes in his company would convince you that you stood in the presence of a phenomenal character."

"I believe you. But I don't understand how such a devil can wander around New York and escape the police!"

Nayland Smith leaned across the table and fixed his steady gaze on Craig.

"Dr. Fu Manchu," he said, deliberately, "will never be arrested by any ordinary policeman. In my opinion, the plant on top of the Huston Building should be smashed to smithereens." His speech became rapid. "It's scientific lunatics like you who make life perilous. Agents of three governments are watching you. I may manage the agents—but I won't make myself responsible for Fu Manchu."

Could Morris Craig have seen the face of the Chinese doctor at that moment, he might better have appreciated Nayland Smith's warning.

IN HIS silk-lined apartment in Pell Street, old Huan Tsung was contemplating the crystal as a Tibetan devotee contemplates the Grand Lama. Mirrored within it was that wonderful face, dominated by the blazing green eyes.

"I am served," came sibilantly in Chinese, "by fools and knaves. We of the Seven are pledged to save the world from destruction by imbeciles. It seems we too are children, and blind."

Huan Tsung did not speak. The cold voice continued.

"We betray our presence, our purpose and our methods, to the common man hunters. Interference now can be fatal. But the method employed was clumsy. This victim of your blundering must not die."

"Compassion, Excellency, is an attribute of the weak."

The compelling eyes remained fixed upon him.

"Rejoice, then, that I entertain it for you. Otherwise you would have joined your revered ancestors tonight. I am moved by expediency—which is

(Continued on page 91)

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ALBEN W. BARKLEY
Senator from Kentucky

FOR DISTINGUISHED

BY JAMES C. DERIEUX

SENATOR ALBEN W. BARKLEY of Kentucky, a Democratic veteran of 35 years in the Congress, and Representative Christian A. Herter of Massachusetts, a Republican junior now serving his sixth year, are the 1947 winners of Collier's Congressional Awards for distinguished services to the republic.

At a White House ceremony May 8th—V-E Day, and also President Truman's birthday—these two legislators will receive from the President's hands the handsome silver plaques to commemorate their high services; and in addition to these tokens Collier's will make two gifts of $10,000 each to public purposes designated by the winners. Announcement of the beneficiaries of the gifts will be made at the awards ceremony.

One of these men was born on a small tobacco farm in Kentucky, and knew poverty in his youth. He worked his way through college as a janitor. The other was born wealthy. He grew up in cultural settings in European and American cities. He attended the best of schools. But today these two men are nationally and internationally respected. The poor boy and the rich boy have traveled different roads toward the same goal of achievement in the public service. Both have arrived. That is America.

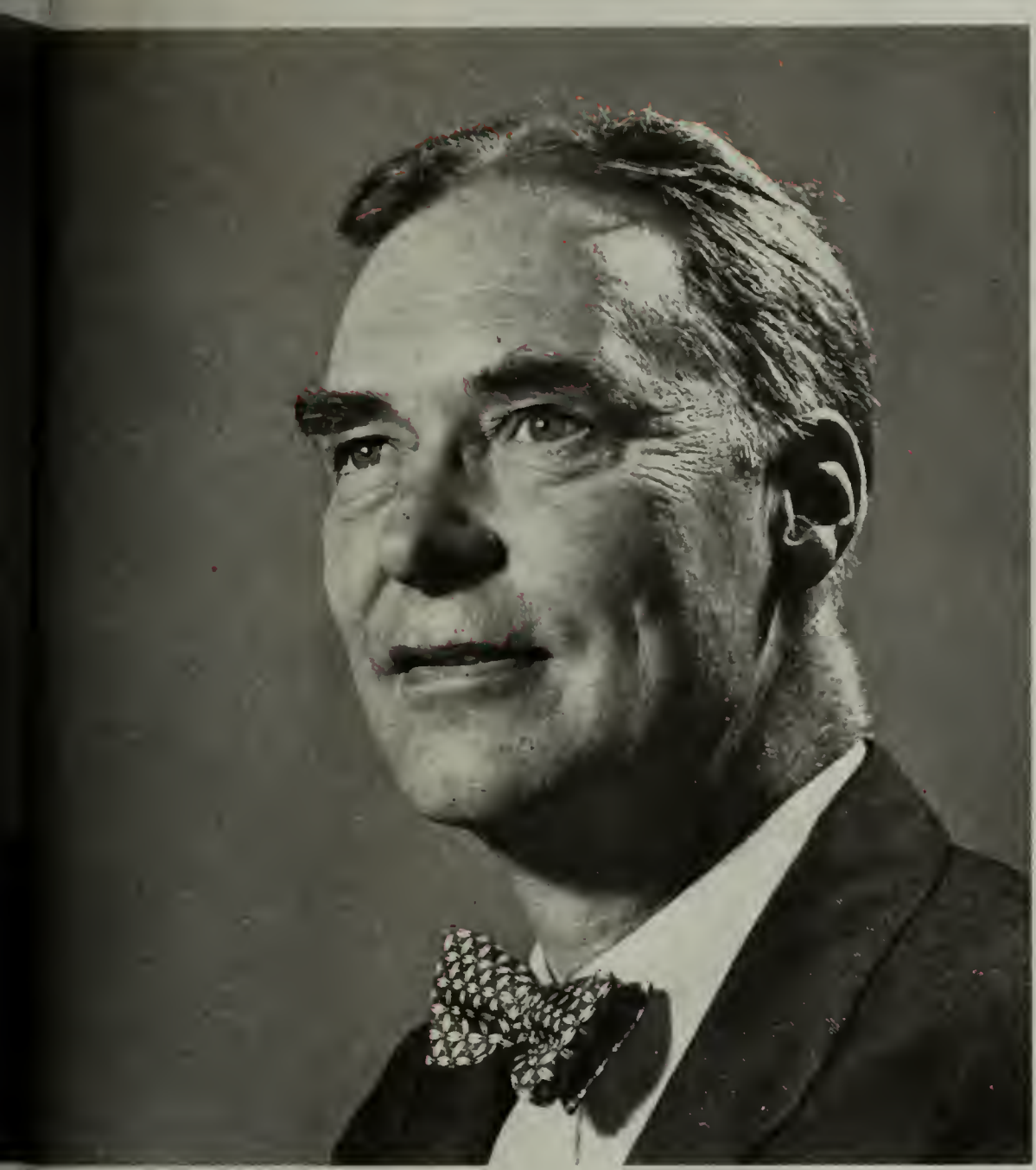
This is the third year in which the Collier's awards have been made. Previous winners have been Senators Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan and Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Wisconsin, and Representatives A. S. Mike Monroney, Oklahoma, and Jesse P. Wolcott, Michigan. Under the rules of the Congressional Awards Committee no previous winners are yet eligible to repeat.

The purpose of these unique annual awards by Collier's—one to a Senator and one to a Representative—is to stimulate thoughtful attention to the fundamental role of the Congress in our system of government, to emphasize the fact that representative lawmaking bodies are the symbol and a basic necessity for freedom, and to give due and appropriate recognition to the work of individual legislators.

The selections are made by a committee of distinguished Americans, the membership of which is changed somewhat from year to year. Eric Johnston is the present chairman. Last year, Chester C. Davis was chairman, and the year before that it was Owen D. Young.

The committee does not operate under fixed criteria or rules. Each year it is free to do as it pleases. In selecting the winners for 1947, a number of members felt that it would be wise to eliminate avowed Presidential candidates from consideration, lest the award be mistaken for a political endorsement.

Senator Barkley was chosen as Senate winner primarily because of his superb loyalty to the two-party system, which he demonstrated continuously throughout 1947 despite great intraparty difficulties. He accepted a change in status from majority to minority leader without any loss of zeal, without a trace of bad temper, and the manner in which he



CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

Representative from Massachusetts

CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE

carried on in the interest of party policy and responsibility won for him increased admiration of his colleagues. On domestic matters he forced party-line decisions whenever he could, and thus helped to clarify the issues on which voters must pass in November. But on international matters, he strove for bipartisan effectiveness.

Said committee advisers: "Under conditions that would have caused a less determined man to walk out and rest, he continued to work for his country through his party." . . . "His good temper was, as always, a good influence in the Senate." . . . "His ability in rough-and-ready debate, his remarkable capacity to argue powerfully on many and diverse issues, and his acceptance of demotion without a trace of venom, made him the Grand Old Man of the Senate last year. As his position came down, he seemed to grow in stature." . . . "By his wisdom, humor and moderation, plus his devotion to the system, he has strengthened the concept of party responsibility."

Representative Herter was winner in the House mainly because of his work in the field of foreign affairs. A few years ago the House had only a small part in determining this nation's foreign policy. But Mr. Herter believes foreign affairs and domestic affairs can no longer be separated, and that the House should be in on everything of importance.

So great was Mr. Herter's zeal for the House to know the full story and meet its full responsibility that he proposed the now famous Select Committee on Foreign Aid, a group of 17 assorted Representatives, organized them into subgroups, planned detailed on-the-spot studies of European needs, and brought the committee home ready to agree on a program. This was one of the most influential committee actions of recent years.

Here is what several advisory opinions say of him: "The changed attitude of many members of the House, particularly the conversion of some ardent isolationists, can be attributed to Herter." . . . "He enabled the House to prepare itself for its new role." . . . "His knowledge of foreign affairs has helped his party steer a clearer course on European relief." . . . "He showed that a Congressional committee can devote itself wholly to the business in hand, even when traveling abroad."

Alben William Barkley was born in Graves County, Kentucky, in 1877, the oldest of eight children. His father was a small tobacco farmer and Alben was his main helper.

From Alben's grandmother he heard stories about her cousin Adlai Stevenson, Vice-President of the United States under Cleveland; and about another cousin, James A. "Quinine Jim" McKenzie, a member of Congress who put through a bill to remove tariff from quinine imports.

The tobacco farm boy thought that if these two cousins could go places in public life maybe he could, too. Young Alben signed up at Marvin College, then located at Clinton, Kentucky. For five years he swept and dusted and shoveled and studied, and got his A.B. when he was twenty years old.

Steppingstones to a Political Career

Then Barkley read law in the office of Judge Bishop, of Paducah. He learned shorthand, became a court reporter, and at one time or another studied law formally at Emory in Georgia and at the University of Virginia. His first elective office was that of prosecuting attorney of McCracken County, Kentucky. Next, he was county judge, and then he came to the House of Representatives in Washington where he served 14 years before moving over to the Senate, where he has been for the past 21 years, as majority leader from 1937 through 1947, and as minority leader now.

Senator Barkley's wife, whom he married in 1903, died last year. He has three children.

The story of Christian A. Herter does not follow traditional lines. His father was a well-to-do American artist, living in Paris when Christian was born in 1895. The boy attended French schools, and acquired in those early years the beginnings of his understanding of Europe. In 1904 he returned to the United States. He attended Browning School in New York, and Harvard, where he was graduated with honors when he was twenty years old.

The next year Herter was an attaché of the American embassy in Berlin. He also served in Brussels, in the Department of State in Washington, at the Paris Peace Conference, in the European Relief Council of which he was executive secretary, and as a personal assistant to Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.

In 1931 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, where he continued to serve for twelve years, the final five as Speaker. Then, in 1942 he was elected a member of the national House of Representatives, where he is now in his third term.

Why has this man, wealthy from birth, worked so hard? The deep reason is that Christian Herter was rejected as physically unfit for service in World War I. That hurt. His brother, Everit Herter, was killed in action.

Christian Herter had to do something to satisfy his own desire to serve, and to carry on as best he could for his brother. And so he has driven himself to use fully his naturally fine ability, and his rich experience.

Mr. Herter married Miss Mary Caroline Pratt in 1917. They have four children.

In the course of its studies of 1947 legislation and legislators, the Collier's Congressional Awards Committee conducted advisory polls of Washington reporters, editors and commentators; and of newspaper editors in every state.

The Washington newsmen suggested 20 Senators and 21 Representatives for consideration. The five Senators receiving most support in this poll were: Barkley, Flanders, Ives, Taft and Tobey. The five top Representatives: Dirksen, Eaton, Halleck, Herter and Joe Martin. (Arrangements of names are alphabetical.)

Two hundred and forty-four newspaper editors put forward the names of 38 Senators and 51 Representatives. The top five Senators in this poll were: Barkley, Byrd, Flanders, Morse and Taft. The House favorites were: Halleck, Hartley, Herter, Knutson and Speaker Martin. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

"Tiger Lily" is a tabloid ballet by Helen Tamiris. Left to right, the psychiatrist (Eric Victor), the murderess, Tiger Lily (Valerie Bettis), the judge (Carl Reiner) and the prosecutor (Bob Hamilton)

LILLIE'S IN THE U. S. A.

BY JAMES POLING

When Arthur Schwartz started work on his new show, about all he had was an idea and a title purchased from John Gunther—Inside U.S.A. Now he has Bea Lillie and a hit musical comedy on Broadway

THE new musical show, Inside U.S.A., came into being because of its producer's naïveté. Arthur Schwartz is a cosmopolite who probably knows whether a white tie is *de rigueur* at Les Ambassadeurs in Paris, but his knowledge of what lies between the two coastal ranges of his native country is, to say the least, vague.

In the twenty years he has been composing hit songs and producing successful pictures, he has commuted between Broadway and Hollywood. On these cross-country errands he gained his chief firsthand knowledge of the great American midlands while changing trains in Chicago. Last June, for the first time, he drove across the country. He drove slowly, in wide-eyed wonderment. By the time he arrived in New York he was popeyed, but not speechless. You'd have thought he'd just discovered the lost Atlantis.

Arthur Schwartz is one of the few men who was born twice; the first time in Brooklyn, 1900 (Who's Who in America), and the second time in Newark (Who's Who in the Theater). Any man who road-shows his own birth is obviously a born showman. And just as obviously, his reaction to his first encounter with the country at large was to do a show about it.

He decided to do a revue (a revue is a musical comedy that openly admits it has no plot) based on the native phenomena he had just witnessed. A revue may not have a plot but it must have a title with box-office appeal. A chance encounter with John Gunther's best-selling book, Inside U.S.A., offered a solution to that problem. The title was succinct and descriptive; and it may just possibly have occurred to Mr. Schwartz that it has a certain publicity value.

Schwartz's decision that Inside U.S.A. was the title for him was made without consulting Mr. Gunther. Not knowing authors so well as people of the theater, Mr. Schwartz was afraid that Mr. Gunther might not subscribe to his enthusiasm. To obtain the author's permission he made an appointment and, in some trepidation, left his own apartment, 16-G, to go to Mr. Gunther's apartment in another part of town. When he paused at the author's door he saw that it, too, was apartment 16-G. Obviously that could mean only one thing—it was a deal. Mr. Gunther saw with him, eye to eye and dollar to dollar.

Later Mr. Schwartz remembered at it was just 16 years ago that he d Howard Dietz wrote their first ow together—in room 1602 of the int Moritz Hotel. The number 16 gan to appear with eerie frequency Mr. Schwartz' hat checks, and the ly satisfactory office space he could d was room 1602 in the Paramount ilding.

Mr. Schwartz will certainly lose his ith in the gods of the theater if 16,-00,000 paying customers don't stam-ede his show.

Later, when Mr. Gunther received s agreed-upon check from Mr. hwartz, he sent it back to the pro-ucer with the request that he be ermitted to invest it in the show. An-her hunch player was the president f Mr. Gunther's publishing house; e'd never invested in a show but he ould consider it a kindly act if Mr. chwartz would permit him to put ome money in the venture. Mr. chwartz is a kindly man.

Raising money for a show is tradi-onally an ulcer-producing problem. he money for Inside U.S.A. was aised—at a time when show-business oney was tight around New York—vithout the producer's giving a single udition. Not that it was a question f buying blind. There were, after all, Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley head-ng the cast; and Mr. Schwartz him-elf has a reputation for considerable heatrical know-how.

Debut as a Song Writer

Arthur Schwartz plucked off a Phi Beta Kappa key on his way through Columbia University and then wasted a certain amount of time on teaching and on the practice of law. In 1926, when a friend who knew of his musical ability asked him if he would like to try composing for a musical comedy, he quickly tossed teaching and torts to the winds and wrote some songs for the first Grand Street Follies. Since then it's been a breeze.

With his lyricist, Howard Dietz, he has written shows like Three's a Crowd, The Bandwagon, Flying Colors and At Home Abroad; and songs of the caliber of Dancing in the Dark, Something To Remember You By and Louisiana Hayride. In Hollywood he produced pictures like Night and Day and wrote such songs as A Gal in Calico and A Rainy Night in Rio. Inside U.S.A. is the first Broadway show in which he has functioned as a producer as well as a composer and he is again aided and abetted by Howard Dietz, who, when he isn't lyricizing, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bigwig.

So perhaps it isn't surprising that people with folding money began to seek out Mr. Schwartz, earnestly beseeching him to gamble with their investment. In June, Mr. Schwartz had an idea. In July he had a title and by November, he and Dietz had composed and written many of the musical numbers. The money was in; and with that yeast they could begin brewing.

To beat the December 31st deadline on new recordings, set by James Caesar Petrillo and his musicians' union, the Victor people offered to do an album of ten songs from the show, though they had not yet heard four of them. Columbia Records asked to do seven songs, Decca and Capitol wanted in on the deal. At ten minutes to midnight on December 31st the last recording was made and Mr. Petrillo had been had.

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

In the Mardi Gras number (above), Bea Lillie (right) lets herself go with telling effect. She is supported by dancers Beverlee Bozeman and Gloria Stevens (masked), Nanon Millis (top) and Jack Cassidy (kneeling). This number opens the second act and is one of the most elaborate productions in the show. It is a deft blend of ballet and musical comedy

Rehearsals (left) involved much hard work. Here John Gunther, author of the best-selling book, sketch-writer Arnold Auerbach, Bea Lillie and director Robert Gordon (right) watch comic Jack Haley doing a routine

SLEEPWALKER

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Arlington stopped in to see how his old girl friend was making out as a married woman. He stayed only three days—just long enough to get murdered

AT SEVEN o'clock, Lieutenant Max Ritter, the youngest, smartest, thinnest, darkest and homeliest detective on the Northbank police force, came to work as usual. When he saw the message on his desk, he did not even wait for the morning line-up, but drove directly to 2214 Kanold Street.

He stopped his car in front of a small, two-story stucco house which, like every other two-story stucco house in the street, had a patch of lawn, an elm tree, and a hydrangea bush beside the miniature front stoop. The two plain-clothes men sitting on the front steps got up when Ritter approached.

"The coroner hasn't shown up yet," one of them said. "The body's still on the stairs. His name was Robert Arlington—house guest of the Smiths."

Ritter pushed open the front door, glanced briefly about the overstuffed, early-1939 Grand Rapids interior, then devoted himself to the late Robert Arlington.

The dead man was sprawled head down, near the bottom of the stairway. He was young, probably in his late twenties. He wore only a suit of silk underwear, the shirt of which had been ripped up the front.

"The Smiths are upstairs," said one of the plain-clothes men.

Ritter found a tall, athletically built man in woolly pajamas sitting on the edge of a bed, solemnly studying his big hands. A diminutive blonde in a blue silk negligee stood in front of a mirror, nervously applying lipstick. As the man arose, Ritter noted that he had patient, mastiff jowls, and a broad forehead that reached well up into his thinning, prematurely white hair.

"I'm Jonathan Smith," he said. "This is my wife Monica. I suppose you want to hear the story all over again."

"You'll tell it a hundred times before we're through," Ritter said. "Shoot."

Monica Smith glided into the protective circle of her husband's arm, like a frightened bird seeking cover. She came scarcely to her husband's shoulder, and seemed at least fifteen years his junior. She had big, baby-blue eyes of incredible innocence, and a rosebud mouth that seemed incapable of melting butter. Some of her other features, however—chastely suggested by the lines of the blue negligee—might well melt many things, including the granite heart of a police detective.

"There's not much to tell, really," Smith said. "I walk in my sleep. I've had a recurring dream for the past year—usually about an intruder that I must overcome and throw out of my home. I've been meaning to see a psychiatrist about it, but you know how one puts off those things. Well, when I have that dream I walk in my sleep, and last night I dreamed I was fighting with a burglar. I woke up to find myself standing at the top of the stairs. Monica was standing beside me, shaking my arm and crying. Poor Arlington was lying on the steps, just where you see him now."

Smith moistened his lips. He looked at the detective with frank, inquiring gray eyes, as though to say: *I know this sounds implausible, but you do believe it, don't you?*

"Go on," said Ritter.

"Well, I was horrified, of course. It was obvious that I must have grappled with Arlington in my sleep—that I made him part of my dream and threw him downstairs. I rushed down to help him, but he was obviously dead. He must have struck his head on a step. I immediately phoned the police."

"What time was this?" Ritter asked.

"Exactly three minutes to four," Monica Smith volunteered. "I looked at my watch while Jonathan was phoning." She did not look at the detective as she spoke. Her eyes were fixed on her husband's rugged features in frightened adoration. Smith's arm tightened reassuringly about her shoulders.

"How long was this guy Arlington staying with you folks?" asked Ritter.

"Three days." Smith's voice rumbled pleasantly.

"And how long have you known him?"

"Three days," Smith said.

"Then he was Mrs. Smith's friend?"

"No. Oh, no." Still looking at her husband, Monica Smith shook her head so violently that a silken wisp of hair slid wantonly across one eye.

THEN Jonathan Smith explained that Arlington had come to Northbank especially to consult him; that the dead man had been doing some research in ichthyology, and, having read Professor Smith's book, Mutations of Teleostean Fishes, wanted his help on a scientific problem. So, as they had room, Smith had asked him to stay at the house. . . .

"What did you say your profession was?" the detective asked.

"I'm an ichthyologist."

"Spell that," Ritter said.

Smith did, and Ritter wrote on the back of a dog-eared envelope.

"Where did Arlington sleep?" the detective asked.

"Downstairs, just off the kitchen. We can't afford a maid, so we've turned the maid's room into a guest room."

"Then what the hell was Arlington doing on the stairs at four in the morning, if he slept downstairs?" Ritter demanded.

"I don't suppose we'll ever know—now," said Jonathan Smith. He lifted his hand from his wife's shoulder and gently brushed the wanton lock of hair back from her forehead. He smiled sadly. "I don't know why all this is necessary," he said. "There's no mystery. I killed Arlington. It was completely involuntary, but I did kill him. And I suppose you'll have to arrest me on some homicide charge or other, won't you?"

"Can't say till the coroner comes," Ritter said. "Mind if I look around a little in the meantime?"

Without waiting for a reply, the detective opened a closet door, ran an appraising eye over a row of expensive-looking high-heeled shoes, poked into a rack of dresses. The dresses were not new, but they were cut with distinction and made of first-class materials. They had cost real money. Some of them bore New York and Miami labels.

Ritter found nothing of interest in the bathroom, nor in what was obviously Professor Smith's study. So he went downstairs.

The small room off the kitchen, occupied by the late Mr. Arlington, appeared to have been previously visited either by a freak windstorm or a man packing to go somewhere in a hurry. Two suitcases stood open on the floor, and there was clothing on the bed, the floor, and on all the chairs. Max Ritter noted seven more suits of silk underwear, two tweed suits and three gabardines bearing the labels of Hollywood and Miami tailors, and a dozen expensive, bright-hued sport shirts of a sort hardly associated with the academic life.

The death of Robert Arlington presented a problem that cried out for scientific police procedure. Yet the Northbank police possessed no laboratory, and Northbank was still burdened with the coroner system, which placed a premium on skill in politics rather than in forensic medicine. So Max Ritter picked up the telephone and called his friend Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, pathologist for Pasteur Hospital, who was probably just finishing his breakfast.

"Hi, Doc? Max Ritter. Say, Doc, what's a—" Ritter consulted his dog-eared envelope. "What's an ichthyologist? . . . Expert on fishes? . . . I ain't surprised. His story sounds fishy to me. . . . Yeah, I got an ichthyologist here who's mixed up in a homicide—an ichthyologist that walks in his sleep. Say, Doc, can you rush your breakfast and stop off here at 2214 Kanold Street on your way to the hospital? I'd like you to look at t dead man before the coroner g here and puts the evil eye on him . Fine. I'll be waiting, Doc."

Dan Coffee was a big-bone sandy-haired man who did not like hurry through breakfast. In fact disliked hurrying through any me unless he happened to be engrossed a laboratory problem, in which ca he'd go hungry or munch a sandwi without any idea of what was in Ordinarily Dan Coffee liked to e carefully and well. But a call fro Max Ritter was a little like the cla of the alarm bell to an old-time fi horse. Dr. Coffee did rush throu his kipper. He spurned a second c from the percolator, kissed his wi goodby, and climbed into his tire wind-broken, prewar coupé.

AS DR. COFFEE pulled up in fro of 2214 Kanold Street, he sa Max Ritter on the sidewalk, arguin with a stocky, red-faced man in ove alls. The red-faced man had a coil garden hose over his arm and a spad and rake on his shoulder.

"But Mrs. Smith told me to com today," he told the detective. "Sh told me to spade up the—"

"I don't care what she told you, Ritter said. "There's going to be n gardening around this place today."

"If you'll let me talk to Mr Smith—"

"Tomorrow," said Ritter, turnin the gardener around, and starting hi on his way with a firm hand on h back. "Come back tomorrow—H Doc. The coroner ain't showed u yet. He had to go to Boone Poin last night on a suicide, and since thi is election year, he stayed overnigh to straddle a few political fences. Sha we go inside to have a look at th stiff?"

"Sure," said Dr. Coffee. "Why?"

While Dr. Coffee was examinin the mortal remains of Robert Arling ton, Ritter told him the story of th ichthyologist who walked in his slee of his pretty blond wife who couldn possibly be as innocent as she looke —nobody could be that innocent— and of his discoveries in Mrs. Smith' clothes closet that made him think that the ichthyology business mus have been pretty good at one time Dr. Coffee, as he listened, contem plated the corpse lying head down o the staircase and decided that the lat Mr. Arlington was a handsome young man, even in death. The dead man seemed to be smiling at some private roguery that he had carried with him into eternity. It was a worldly, disillusioned smile, a little sad, perhaps because the universe was so full of wickedness, but tolerant withal

(Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MCLEOD

"—Killed—?" Monica said, and then folded into a little heap on the sidewalk. Jonathan Smith lifted her gently

NOT SO YOUNG

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

"When you bend your head down you have a double chin," I said to Betta. She didn't say anything

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

BETTA was going this time for sure. There was a look on her face and a finality in her voice. I sat in her room and watched her pack in silence. Always before that, when she was going away, I knew she would not go. I knew I could kiss her and talk to her and revive memories. After a while we would go downstairs to the Italian restaurant and forget all about going away.

This time I knew she was really going.

"In Greenville, Massachusetts," I said, "I know about six hundred and forty girls all about my age. Think of the chance! To be able to pick and choose from that number! All of them good-looking, intelligent girls from fine families."

"It's a nice thought," Betta said casually. "You're sitting on my best negligee."

I stood up and handed it to her. She stuffed it in the trunk. I said, "Do you remember that place I had on Charles Street? That was where I first proposed."

"Sure I remember it. You insisted on lighting a fire and the fireplace always smoked. All the time you were telling me how much you loved me I was choking with smoke."

"That's a fine way to treat a memory," I said.

"Hand me those gold slippers."

I picked up the slippers and gave them to her. "You wore those to the Roosevelt once. I saved enough money so we could dance to the music of Guy Lombardo. He even played The Very Thought of You."

"Why don't you run along?" Betta suggested.

"Because I love you. I have loved you for five years."

"That's too bad." Betta looked in the mirror and straightened her hair.

"You're not so young any more," I said. "When you bend your head down like that you have a double chin."

Betta's face flushed a little but she didn't say anything. She was very poised.

I went on. "You ought to marry me and settle down. We could have a small house and a garden and a nice-looking cow and two small children . . ."

"With what?"

"You got a job," I reminded her.

"I had a job. I haven't got it any more."

"So you'll get another one," I said lightly.

"And support you?"

"Not necessarily. You know how it is with a writer. He goes along for years unhonored and unsung. Then all of a sudden . . ."

"He's dead and famous."

"No. He's rich. He writes a play. M-G-M pays $50,000 for it. His friends say they always knew he could do it."

Betta sighed. "I'm tired of working. Women get tired of working. For a while you sit and dress well and use good perfume and wait until something wonderful and shining happens and then you stop working. Love comes."

"Here I am," I said happily.

"It doesn't work out that way. Hand me those water colors."

"What about that Marin reproduction I bought for you? Do you know what that cost?"

"Honey, don't argue with me, even indirectly. I'm going home to Olivia, Wisconsin. I like the snow."

"Marry me and I'll bring home some snow every night. In a bag tied with a violet ribbon."

"And that's all you'd bring."

"I might even have a check right here in my pocket for $50,000 from M-G-M. I might be testing you."

"It doesn't work out that way. Go downstairs and get me a salami sandwich. Tell Peter to charge it to Betta upstairs. Get a bottle of Chianti, too."

"Okay," I said. I put on my hat and went downstairs feeling like it was the end of the world. My hand actually trembled on the stair rail. "Oh, Lord," I breathed desperately, "make her change her mind."

Peter wanted to know if it were true that Betta was going away.

"That's what she says," I told him.

"We'll miss her. A lovely character. I remember when she came to New York five years ago. Eyes bright, legs that swung down the street like the legs of a dancer. From a café in the basement one comes to judge people by their legs. When I saw you approach I said, 'There is the gait of a sad one.' "

"Two salami sandwiches," I said. "And a bottle of Chianti. Charge it."

"It is on the house," he said. "We were fond of Betta. A fine artist, Betta. See?"

He pointed to an original fashion drawing on the wall.

"It's just like any fashion drawing," I said. "A woman with half a head and too much dress. Give me a beer while I'm waiting."

Peter shrugged, tossed his towel over his shoulder and drew me a beer. "She's going home, eh? Home is a good place."

"No place like it," I said wearily. "But I happen to be in love with Betta. I used to live next door to her on Charles Street. Once we only had ten cents for breakfast. We bought two doughnuts and coffee. We each had one doughnut and a half cup of coffee. It's just one of the small things you remember at a time like this. Once we had a lot of money. I borrowed a tuxedo and we went to the Stork Club. We sat next to Ronald Colman. The night was full of luminosity and affection."

"Two salamis," said Peter. "Coming right up."

WHEN I got back, Betta was packed and ready to go. I opened the wine and poured two glasses. She drank hers hurriedly. I took her in my arms and kissed her hard. It had little effect.

"It's no use," she said. "This time I'm going. I'm not so young any more, as you put it."

I felt terrible. It was all very well until this last moment. It all seemed to come at once then. My throat was dry and I felt weak and helpless.

The doorbell rang as I was in the middle of inventing a speech so beautiful, so full of faith and hope and love that she would *have* to stay. It was a wonderful speech, poetic, sincere, from my very heart. No one could have listened to it unmoved. But I never got to make it.

"That's the cab," she said. "Goodby, honey. Write to me."

"I'll cut jokes out of the papers and send them," I said.

"Don't kid," she said sadly.

"You want to see the check for $50,000 less agents' commission, of course?"

She looked at me without any appa emotion.

"I'm going to marry a fellow in V consin," she said. "He's just buil double house near where my mot lives. About five acres of ground and .

"Always marry a man with a dou house," I said, drinking a large tumb of Chianti.

The cabdriver pushed the door op "A trunk!" he said worriedly.

"I'll pay extra," Betta said. "I h to get the trunk to the station."

"Okay," the cabdriver said. He the trunk on his back and went down stairs. I came down after him carry the bottle. Betta followed me. S looked very beautiful.

She got in the cab and I kissed gently through the open window.

"You want to see the check?" I sa

"You're a nice kid," Betta said. didn't really mind the smoke on Chai Street. You're a nice kid. But you'r dreamer."

The cab started and Betta was go

I took the bottle into Peter's and down at a table.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" I said. intend to drink this bottle and two oth and then I intend never to touch anotl drop again."

Peter smiled. "She's gone?"

"She's gone."

"Too bad."

"Peter, do you know what I am goi to do? I am going to Greenville, Mas chusetts, where there are hundreds nice, intelligent girls waiting for me. am going to take them out one at a ti until I fall in love. Then I am going get married and send Betta an invitatic I am going to have a small house, garden, a few acres of ground, a gree house, a cow and two small childre Now may I have another bottle of win Take it out of this check."

I handed Peter the check and he look at it and smiled gently. "We do not ha quite $45,000 in the cash register," said. "But a man like you we can trus

"Yes, sir," I said, putting the che back in my pocket. "I'm going to se her an invitation to my wedding engrav on a gold plate."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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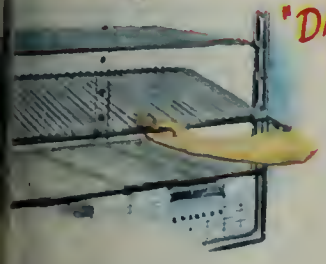

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RIVER SCREAMER

BY ZACHARY BALL

Pap was on his feet, weaving, his eyes bright and deadly. His arms hung loose at his sides, and Patroon watched the blue snakes crawling down them

The story of Big Dan Carson—seen through the worshiping eyes of his son

PATROON CARSON whistled and walked and popped little white clouds out of the grass along the path with his cow whip. He sashayed out of the path and back, first one side, then the other. The summer grass was brittle with frost. His boots crackled it, like walking on paper. He could make tracks almost as good as in snow.

Far down the Monongahela, a keelboatman's horn sent its tone sliding through the cold and hung it tuneful in the stillness. Young Patroon Carson grinned, stopped, listened. When the sound had gone into the hills, he twisted his mouth, cupped his hands around it and sent out three long tones of his own. They might have been an echo of the boat horn.

The sun came spinning up over Coal Hill, a big, red-hot buzz saw, and the daylight that had formed on earth went rushing up to meet it. Looking down on Pittsburgh, the sun took a red squint along the surface of Hogg's Pond.

Patroon began to run. He squatted in the white grass at the edge of the pond, and sure enough, there it was—a feather of ice all around the edge. Grinning, he broke off some. It crumbled in his hand easier than a dry oak leaf, but it was ice.

He stood up, looked across the pond and up the bulged chest of Grant's Hill. He knew he shouldn't let his thoughts climb the hill, but he did. He let himself see the sleds speeding down—dozens of them—himself leading. When slide-snow got here, the thing to have was those steel runners, the kind Mr. Nordley at the foundry would make you for fifty cents apiece. You polished them with a brickbat till they were as slick as skim ice, and they'd drop you down the hillside like the wind and shoot you all the way across the pond and bump you into the far bank.

He'd have his runners. He'd have them all ready for Pap to fit them under the sled box the very day Pap got home.

The ice melted and ran away through his fingers and left his hands wet and cold. His thoughts made him that same way inside. It wouldn't be like that. He wouldn't have the new runners. Pap wouldn't come back in time. He was only fooling himself to think it.

Five years ago, when Patroon was nine, his Pap, Big Dan Carson, had shipped down-river on a keelboat and never come back. For a long time Ma and Patroon kept telling each other he'd be back, and they'd go and go to the wharves to inquire of keelers and steamboatmen just up from New Orleans.

Finally one captain told them for a certainty about Big Dan being shanghaied onto an ocean ship.

Ma cried all that night. Soon she went to work at the cotton mills—and after a couple of years, she didn't talk like she ever expected to see Pap again. But Patroon never once left off believing. His Pap would come back to them, no matter how many times he got shanghaied; he'd go through an thing, fight his way through any tro ble, to get home to them. The da would come, Patroon's day. He'd tal Pap down the path to where they no lived; he'd run on ahead, yelling f Ma; he'd stop only to throw open tl door for his Pap.

Ma'd had bad years, working at tl mill, Patroon going to school ar earning at anything he could get to c in between. Always and always th were getting reports about Pap fro rivermen. Always the men had se Big Dan, and he'd just shipped c some upriver craft—a steamboat, keel, a galley. Once he was report on a flatboat, a craft which almo never made an upriver run.

Ma's and Patroon's hopes wou run high; then, as time passed, th had melted and seeped into the dai struggle. Not ten days ago, a keel had sworn to Patroon that Big Da Carson had signed on a keel in Ne Orleans for the upriver trip.

"I seen him, lad—in a tavern-

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

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heered him tell this patroon he'd shove off with him. And I seed him go aboard —the Plunger."

"The Plunger?" Patroon asked.

"That's her—that's the craft. Name painted along her cargo box in big white letters. Hell, she'll likely put in here at the Monongahela wharf nine-ten days."

At first Patroon tried not to believe in this. Then he got to thinking there was a chance. Now he kept telling himself there just had to be a chance. He hadn't mentioned any of it to Ma.

There was a turnout at the cotton mill, and Ma had no money to last till the mill-owners agreed to pay the women workers the wage they needed. But a good offer had come to Ma—a position as housekeeper for some rich folks who were moving to St. Louis. It would be easy work for Ma; she certainly needed easier work than the mill.

In her fair-minded manner, Ma was waiting till next week to make the decision. Patroon would be fourteen then, and he was to have his equal man's say in their affairs.

He squatted for another leaf of ice. He knew right now he'd never stand against Ma. With his fingers breaking the ice, he knew what he was going to do.

Next week was the future. For now he was going to pretend everything was the way he wanted. He was going ahead with his winter plans. He was going to believe —as hard as a rock or a piece of iron or just the hardest thing in the world—he was going to believe that his Pap would come before he had to vote a man's sensible decision with Ma.

He walked away from the pond. The sun was turning the grass wet as he turned toward Cherry Alley. Across the Monongahela, the shady sides of the hills were still frost-bleached. He'd get out his linsey bags tonight and see if Ma'd need to mend them. A frost like this would put plenty of nuts on the ground over in those hills.

He popped his whip and tried to remember where he'd put his hulling board. It was a fine one. Nate Bosler at the boat yard had augered it for him, of a good oak board. All you had to do was lay a walnut on the hole, whop it with your mallet, and it came out underneath naked as a jay bird, ready for the nut barrel in the lean-to.

He turned onto Water Street, came to the Monongahela wharf and went along it, the cobblestones slippery under his boot heels. He ran his eye down the line of keels and other craft tied up there. No Plunger on any cargo box.

A DRAY came grumbling along, and he stepped it. The tailboards of the two-wheeled drays hung low. All the lads stepped drays, knowing the draymen who would and would not let them ride the empties.

"Howdy, Mr. Anson."

"Howdy, Patroon. Got a job this mornin'."

Patroon grinned up at the drayman and began tying the long lash of his cow whip around his waist, ready for work.

"Got a load of kegs to roll. Little 'uns, 'bout your size."

"You bet, Mr. Anson! Where at?"

"Post nine—headin' there now."

Patroon waved to Eph Myers, idling among the stacks and bales and barrels. Seeing him made Patroon think of the traps. Ten of them Eph had, and he'd sell or trade. Patroon knew where there were some good varmint runs, and he could help Ma a lot with the money he could make out of pelts.

He thought: I'll talk to Eph—maybe make a deal. . . .

When the dray was loaded and Patroon had pocketed his coins, he went back along the wharf, still looking the keels over. He found Eph and showed him the coins.

Eph was past fifteen. "What you goin' to buy with just two dimes?" he asked.

"Oh—give it to Ma."

Eph squatted and put his back against a barrel. "What about them traps of mine? You goin' to get swappin' notions or not? I can't save 'em forever, and you with nothin' better than herdin' and steppin' drays to get the money. It'll soon be trappin' time, and somebody'll come along with some loose coins, likely."

Patroon had put his back against the barrel, too. "I aim to buy them," he told Eph, troubled.

He looked down at his boots. He had tallowed them last night, but they were so old and cracked the frost dampness had come through.

Eph went to grinning. "Aw, you make money too slow. That's what I was tellin' some of the lads over at the Allegheny landing. Too slow, and not enough of it." He dug importantly into a pocket and brought out a handful of silver. He let Patroon look on it. "Riffle Ears paid me that. Three dollars."

Patroon knew all about why Riffle Ears paid that money. Thinking about it made him look away.

Eph sagged a grin at Patroon. "You're gittin' old enough to make more'n two dimes. I got a notion to tell you how. A man can make money around these wharves if he learns to use what he's got atwixt his ears."

Patroon nodded. He'd never do what Eph did for money, but he wanted to stay friendly with Eph. Might as well let him tell it.

Eph said, "Boats got to have crews—ain't that right?"

Patroon nodded. But he thought: Riffle Ears—meanest keelboat captain on any river. He'll tie a mannie to a mast and parch his hide with a "cat." Lots of them'll make the threat. Riffle Ears really does it. . . .

He reached for the chain he wore snapped to his galluses. On the end of the chain, in the special safety pocket he himself had sewed into the inside of his pantaloon leg, was his big sailor's knife. His Pap had given him the knife; it was the only thing he had of his Pap. He could sit down and feather his whetstone with the thick blade and bring back all he could remember about his Pap—the big, loud voice and the dog-friendly chuckle.

He brought out the knife. Eph clamped his eyes onto it and let money talk. Patroon wished he h the knife in his pocket.

"I want it," Eph said. "I wan knife. Bad." He was still bounci coins in one hand. "But I won't gi no three dollars for it, Patroon Ca

"Who ever thought you would troon paused. "I wouldn't sell more'n that, even."

"Let me hold it."

PATROON unsnapped it fror chain. Sun warmth was on ther Eph yanked a sliver off the barre whittled.

He said, "I might get notional t you this three dollars for it. I don' no trouble makin' money."

Patroon said, "No."

Eph pushed the blade lovingly the wood. "Well—how about swap —for my traps?"

"No. I'll buy the traps. Soon as save the money."

Eph laughed. He dropped his tling, but kept fondly moving his t up and down the flat of the blade.

In front of them was the Monong Out in the middle, its current was r up from fall rains. Out there a ke just settled into the fast water f two-thousand-mile voyage to Nev leans.

The patroon was giving the p rhythm to his oarsmen.

"Pull—pull—pull—mannies . .
Pull down to Shawnee town. . .
Pull down to little Prairie-e-e .
And don't drap your paddle
Till the river finds the sea-e-a-e
Pull—pull—pull . . ."

Patroon grinned. "Five, six week water fast as that, she'll tie onto the Orleans wharf, where darkies sing c levee morn till night and merchant their truck right off the boats. Re river floor of keels and flats a mile tied to the levee—regular forest of poles of ocean ships as far as yo see. Ferry whistles and steamboat tles and bells—and steam a-sn Makes the dangedest clatter a body heard—yep, all that and a long more."

"A body'd think you were a re

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOL

"Evidently th' work of a gang. A lone man couldn't make such a pig of himse

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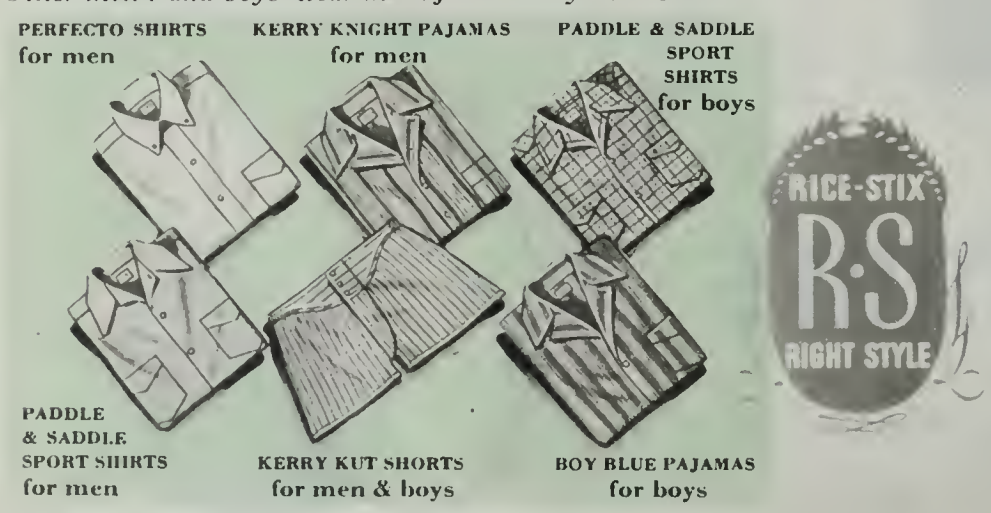

river screamer—that you'd seen all them things."

"Someday I'm going to," Patroon said.

And he would, too. Keel or steam, he'd sure captain a river boat, like his Pap. He wasn't for certain whether his Pap was a patroon or just one of the pole hogs. But he'd always dreamed him a patroon, high atop the cargo box, the cut of him big and clean and stout as an oak hull. You bet—a-standin' his box, his horn sending out the handsomest song of any on the river.

It was the boys' talking with the men along the wharves that had got him the nickname, Patroon—which meant a boat captain. He knew the rivers below, their bends and riffles, like a sweepman. Flour Island—Devil's Elbow—Stack Island—He could talk it; he could imitate any boat horn; he could stand atop a cargo box and make the keelboatman's brag.

"I'm half horse and half panther—I can outrun, outjump, outchaw, throw down or fist-whip ary a mannie as ever set a pole. I'm a riffle jumper—I'm a river screamer—"

He could spiel it out until the rivermen who listened slapped their thighs at his mimicry. But when they came back to Pittsburgh, they remembered him. What they didn't know was that it was his own way of marking himself down in their minds as Big Dan Carson's son—just in case they ever met up with Pap.

When the time came, he'd know his Pap. He'd know him. Big Dan Carson with a tattooed snake on each arm, the head of each snake right on the back of each hand. It was always a keeler's hands Patroon looked at first.

Tomorrow, next day—might be he'd stand at this very spot and watch his Pap bring his craft in. He'd be roaring orders to his paddle pushers—big and happy and river-brown, sleeves rolled up, the blue snakes crawling out of them and down his arms. Then, when his craft was tied up, bow and stern, he'd walk over. He'd say, "Howdy, Pap. I'm your lad. I'm Danny."

EPH'S voice said crossly, "You ain't actin' as if you even want to know how to make money!"

"Wh-a-a-t?" Patroon said that, startled. Then his mind was back with Eph. "Oh. You bet I do."

"Well. Like I was sayin'—boats got to have crewmen. If a patroon is short a man or two when it's time to shove off, and you happen to know where there's a keeler in a back room of some tavern, sleepin' off his whisky—what's wrong with lettin' the patroon know about it?"

Patroon made no reply.

Eph said, "If you was a patroon, wouldn't you hand a lad a couple of dollars for helpin' you out? So's you could shove off—say you was a day late?"

"Is that what a patroon will pay—two dollars?"

Eph shrugged, shoved his hand into his pocket and clattered his coins. "One—two—three. Once I got five—Riffle Ears. He was so mad at a keeler for crawlin' off drunk, he said he'd give five dollars to get his heel in the keeler's eye. He put it there, too." Eph laughed.

Patroon squinted at the sun. He stood up. "Give me my knife. I got to drive my cows to pasture."

Eph handed him the knife. "How many cows you herd now?"

"Six. You hold the traps for me, Eph. I'll try to get the money saved."

He earned fifty cents a month each from six owners for driving their cows out beyond Boyd's hill and grazing them a while each day. It was afternoon when he got back and had returned every cow. He stopped at the north slaughterhouse, and the butcher had livers and he gave Patroon some.

On the way home, Patroon stopped to see if old Mr. Rankin had fish to clean. For two years he had helped the old fisherman, paddling the skiff, helping clean, sometimes peddling dried fish d along the water fronts. In summe was extra money for him three or times a week.

He liked to listen to the old man's s gentle talk. Patroon had told him about his Pap. It was a thing you cou do with the boys; but you could talk bottom feelings with Mr. Rankin.

Today, as they worked at the clea bench outside the old man's shanty, troon told him again what that keele from New Orleans had said about craft, Plunger.

Mr. Rankin worked and listened. was a small, thin man with just a p of brown face surrounded by a g stand of white, bristly whiskers and w hair. When Patroon had finished his ing, he took off his eyeglasses and ished them with a piece of linsey.

"Eyeglasses is gittin' so fogged I c see nothin' clear," he said. "Ain't t time from my work all day to clean 'e

WHILE he polished, he had his smoke-blue eyes on Patroon. troon had always wondered how m Mr. Rankin could really see wher stood looking at you, thoughtful, wit his eyeglasses. It was like the wisdor him came out for a little rest. Then, w he put his eyeglasses on again, it was he and the wisdom went back into t den to think together.

Now he put his eyeglasses on and s "They's a lot o' folks like eyeglasses

"Sir?"

"They git fogged up, too. Only in t brains. They think on one thing so l they git so's they can't see nothin' c They git to lookin' fer jest one thir most of 'em'll tell you it's happir They'll jest stand there in the one p and look—never lift up nothin' and l underneath it—never climb a hill to effen it's on yon side. Jest stand in t hog-lazy tracks and look. Git so fog they couldn't see happiness or what it is they're lookin' fer effen it was dan on the end of their nose."

A grin was jigging the white chin b tles. Patroon had learned that the man usually stood a grin up in fron his serious talk. They went on with t work for a little.

Then Mr. Rankin asked, "You and Ma a-goin' to St. Louie town?"

"We're going to talk it over next we

"I lived in St. Louie town fer a sp

"You never told me."

"No. Reckon not. Effen I was b young agin, I'd set out fer there. We fer the young. Whole world full o' l spreads out beyond St. Louie town—i a end to it." He was thoughtful fo long time. Then, "Must be a heap folks livin' there now. I reckolect w they said God would never cross the M sissippi. He has crossed it. God and Santa Fe Trail has gone into business that-a-way."

When the fish were all cleaned, Rankin said, "You won't want to pec out no fish this evenin'."

"Oh, yes, sir! I want to earn all I ca

"I reckon you won't, not this ever Here's two dimes. And—I was fis down below the Point today. I seen keel come up."

Patroon waited, his coins held fier in his fingers.

"Yup—the Plunger. She's tied up r down yon-way." The old man poir his head down-wharf. "Don't fergit package there on the bench, lad."

Patroon snatched it up and begar run. Not down-wharf, but for home. didn't know why; this wasn't doing it way he'd dreamed. But it had to be this. He had to get to Ma.

He plunged out of the twilight into lamp-bright warmth of the kitchen. turned from her stirring at the stove.

She smiled. "You're right on ti Danny. Gracious, but you've been r ning hard. Get washed for supper, s

Suddenly Patroon couldn't tell

the Plunger. He was noticing how he looked. She was so little and at and clean—and so very tired. e more she turned to him. "What anny?"

oon fumbled out words. "Forty —I made forty cents extra today." was glad about that. He put the on the table. He couldn't tell her. uldn't bring hope up into her face —watch it die again.

Rankin might be wrong. He's —eyeglasses all fogged up. The ould have been out in midstream, im bank-fishing—

filled the big trencher with water, d clear up above his wrists, then couple of whacks at his standout ith the comb. He tried to act natu- ting, tried to go slow, but it seemed Ma would surely hear all he was ng.

's here—right in Pittsburgh this te, looking for us. He'll go first to we used to live, and it burned to round. I got to go—I got to find

en he asked Ma if he could go to harf, she finally said he could. He ed from the back stoop into his jog He could jog-trot for a whole hour ever stop to rest.

en he got to the wharf, he went at . He peered at the boats. Most of were dark. On a few, keelers sat e cargo box around a lantern. Pa- couldn't find the Plunger. It wasn't e he'd thought Mr. Rankin had t. He kept going.

was nearly to Ferry Street when the lights from some tavern doors on r Street showed it to him. He could he name all right. Plunger, in big letters. There was no light aboard

o boats down, he talked with two hunkered by a fire. They said the from the Plunger had hit off for a rn.

a had said many times never to go a tavern, not even to run an errand. tonight Patroon ran in and out of one rn after another. One after another oking—looking.

nce he thought it must be getting late. He made his way into still an- r large, smoky, noisy room full of . He armed through the crowd till ot close to a man with a long apron nd both hands full of beakers.

atroon asked him if there were any ers in here just up from New Or- s.

he man scowled and bellowed. "All r the place—ain't ye got no eyes?"

he movement of the crowd carried Patroon to a long counter. Men behind it were pouring whisky and wine from jugs into beakers and noggins for the customers. Patroon pushed his way along here, looking at every pair of hands.

At the far end, a man with a grinning red face made him a jolly wink and said, "Hold hy-ar, lad!" He reached to a shelf and brought down an orange. "Hy-a-a-ar, lad—New Orleans peach for ye!"

Patroon looked at his hands, too, took the orange and thanked him with a nod. Never before had he had an orange. He worked it into his pocket.

The crowd suddenly split and made a cleared space in the room. There was a woman up on a drinking table. She was weaving and bending her body, making her long red dress sway and swirl. Men were banked around, whooping and stomping and clapping in time to her motions.

Patroon knew what kind of woman she was. He'd heard men around the wharves talk. Still, it was a stunning thing actually to see one. It made Patroon want to paw out of here.

RIGHT then the big, drunken man plunged into the cleared space. He wore the red shirt and red skullcap of the keelboatman, and his tan hair was uncombed and unshingled. He looked like he was awful mad and going after the woman on the table to hurt her. Then Patroon saw that it was whisky that had given his hairy face the mad look.

The keeler bellowed stupidly, his eyes tight on the woman, and began stomping in time to her movements, and cuffing his hands together. She looked down at him, laughing, made a whirl, tossed her pale hair out of her face and began flipping her skirts at him, laughing more and more.

The keeler's hands went up to grab her off the table.

The bottom fell out of Patroon's throat and went spinning down through him.

There was a blue snake on the keeler's arm, its head on the back of his weather-dark hand.

They were whirling out there, the two of them, tight together. The woman was screeching and laughing; she kicked her feet up from the floor. She was a cheap red ornament swinging from the keeler's neck. Then they were staggering together, landing in a chair by the table.

Patroon looked at the woman on his Pap's lap. He watched his Pap kiss that painted woman. He listened to the whisky-wild crowd yelling.

A sickness came up onto the back of Patroon's tongue. He tried to swallow it

COLLIER'S "He's also the due-to-circumstances-beyond-our-control organist for the local broadcasting company" KIRK

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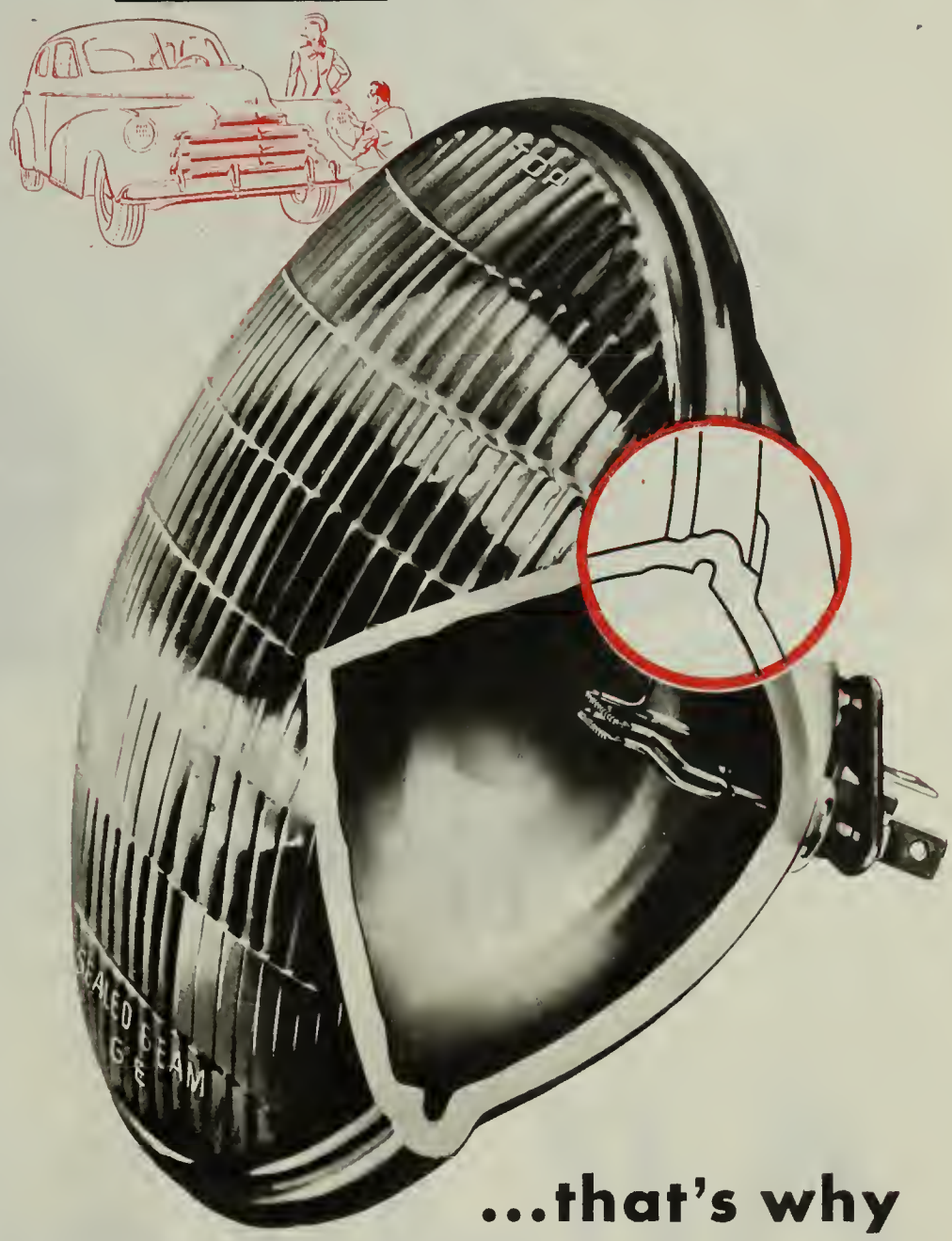

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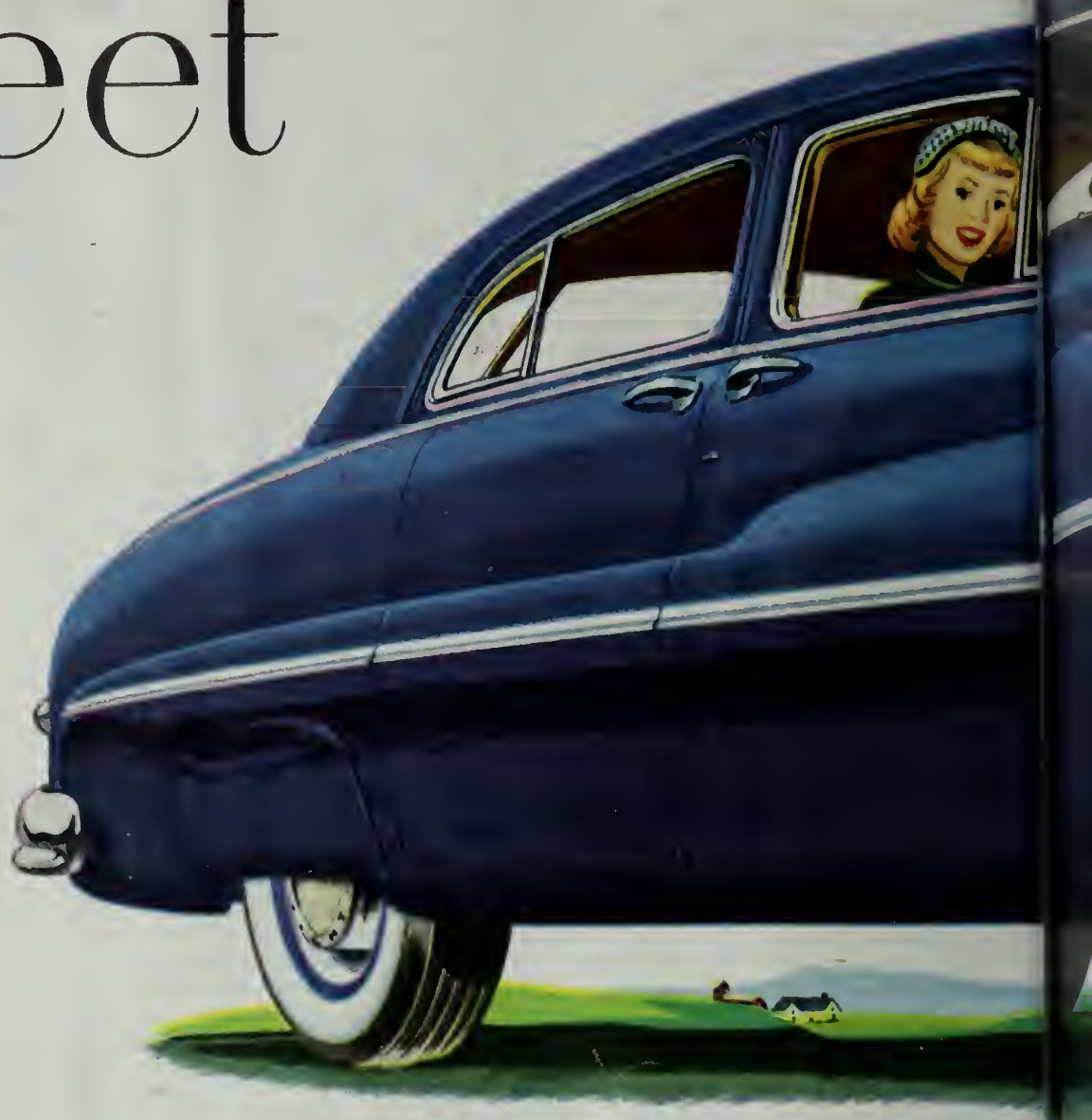

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The All-New 1949 Mercury

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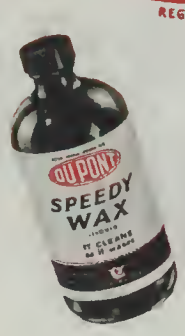

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DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

away. He tried to move, but the tobacco smell and the sour liquor stink and the sickness all conspired to hold him here. They numbed his legs and pinched his whole self up tight. His boots clutched the plank floor. He tried his mouth, and even it wouldn't move.

It may not be Pap at all—I've got to see the other hand. One hand don't prove nothin'. . . .

Now the other hand came out from under the woman's full, shiny sleeve, moved up the front of her to her shoulder.

Well—this's it, Patroon Carson. You got what you been wanting—your Pap has come back. . . .

THE crowd went so suddenly quiet that the stillness jumped into every corner like darkness does when you blow out your wick of a night. The woman was off Pap's lap, backing away.

Pap was on his feet, weaving, his chin down, his eyes whisky-bright and deadly. His arms hung loose at his sides, and Patroon watched the blue snakes crawling down them, their heads on the backs of the hands. He could even see their forked tongues.

Pap wasn't a man to go through anything; to sign onto any ship; to fight through any trouble to get back to wife and son. He was one to go from one jug to the next, from one painted woman to the next.

Another man stepped through the silence to Pap. A flatboatman by the look of his hat. He wasn't staggering. This one knew exactly what he was doing, and exactly what he was going to do. "Get your fists up, Carson," he ordered.

Pap's loose mouth began to work and make words that were worse than Patroon had heard from the foulest pole hog on the wharf. The words said that the painted woman was Pap's for as long as he was in port. They said Pap had followed this woman clear from New Orleans.

The flatboatman had two more steps to take. He took them. When he hit Pap, it was like when the men at the slaughter-house toss hunks of meat into their wooden tubs. Patroon was bucking the crowd when he heard his Pap hit the floor back there.

Hurting in every shred of himself, Patroon fought to outdoors. He kept his fists clenched to make the strength of his fingers hold the sobs in his throat. He was jog-trotting when he realized there was someone beside him. Through the small dampness he hadn't quite been able to keep out of his eyes, he saw it was Eph.

"Sa-a-ay, did you see it, Patroon—did you see that flatter hit that keeler?"

Patroon made like the jog-trotting caused the jerkiness in his voice. "Aw—it was just—an—ordinary fight!"

"It wasn't no such! He's a scorcher, that flatter! One lick, and that d keeler—"

"You going home, Eph?"

"Naw, I'm makin' me some coi that keeler! They'll throw him into back room—he won't be there whe wakes up. Riffle Ears needs him, n him bad. Riffle Ears is settin' out fo lower country with ten keels. Shovin at daylight—needs more paddle r Three dollars for me—maybe more!"

Patroon slowed to a walk, and slowed with him.

"You on your way to Riffle Ea right now?"

Eph was kicking his heels along l pily. "You bet!"

They had come to where Patr would turn for home. He stopped. kept going, calling back, "Meet m post six if you want to do some fi tomorrow. I'm goin' to borry a skiff."

"Eph—wait."

Eph stopped. Patroon went thro the darkness to him. "I want to go ing, for sure. It'll—be my last time."

"Huh?"

"Is there some other patroon sho off you could tell about that keeler? stead of Riffle Ears?"

"Sure. But—"

"One as don't beat his men?"

"We-ell—Cap Grayson—"

"Will you, then—Cap Grayson? you, Eph?"

"He won't pay but a dollar."

EPH heard the faint sound of m the whisper of a small chain. Patr put out his hand. "Take it, Eph."

"What?"

The sailor's knife went from Patr to Eph. There was silence.

"What for—my traps?"

"No. So you won't tell Riffle E Tell Cap Grayson."

There was more silence.

"Have we got us a deal, Eph?"

"We got a deal."

Patroon turned.

"Patroon—" Eph said. "It's a de for a certainty. But why?"

Patroon was drawing the empty ch through and through his fingers. "O that keeler was—right good to me. O If somebody had been good to yo once—you wouldn't want him ship down-river with Riffle Ears, would y Eph?"

Patroon didn't wait for Eph to ans He ran for home. Down Fourth—d Market—down Water. He passed Rankin's plank shack. Lampligh friendly—a soft, square block of Rankin's kind of happiness was rea ing to him through the tiny window was smiling at Patroon. It was, for a tainty. All of a sudden he started thi ing of St. Louie—

He ran faster and faster.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Those boys are getting tired, George. Turn it off a while" SCOTT BROWN

"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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"ESSIE"

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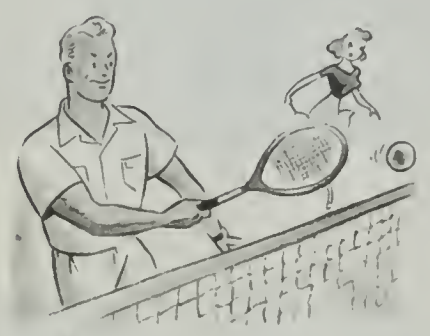

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BREAKFAST IN BED

Continued from page 13

"I'll look funny in pajamas."

"No, Tim, let's do." She turned, smiling, her face animated. "She's having—"

"I know who she's having." Tim tossed a stack of Sunday papers to the foot of the bed, punched up his pillow, and lay back again. "She's having that same strange group of pseudo people from another world who are present at all Sunday-afternoon cocktail parties. And at no other time or place. They materialize just for these parties. They never arrive; they're always there when you come. And they never leave; after a time, when the liquor's gone and the smoke gets thick enough, the hostess opens the windows, airs out the rooms, and they disappear with the smoke."

"It might be fun, Tim. We don't have to stay if—"

"I'm afraid to go. Someone might open a window and we'd disappear, too. Then we'd be caught. We'd be one of them, having no other existence but Sunday cocktail parties, doomed for eternity."

"That's better than staying in bed for eternity." She narrowed her eyes, caught her underlip in her teeth, and gazed through the wall opposite the bed. "I can wear my black suit," she said, "with my new pin and earrings—is your gray suit pressed?"

TIM pointed the cigarette at Eve. "Now, look. I can spare you from something you've often mentioned yourself. I've heard you say there always comes a time at one of these affairs when you wish you were home in bed. Well, by careful planning and foresight, I can arrange that. We'll simply stay—"

"Five minutes," she said. "Then we get up."

"Now, wait a second." He sat up. "Reserve your decision till all the evidence is in. Get your imagination to working. Picture step by step the perils of getting up. First thing that happens, the floor is cold and one of your slippers is missing."

"They're both right here."

"The hot water, as it sometimes is on a Sunday morning, is lukewarm. You bathe anyway and get a little chilled. Just enough so that going out into this treacherous weather develops a nice spring cold."

"The water's hot. I at least washed my face before breakfast."

"Then you dress, wasting an hour of a day meant for rest and leisure. I'll have been waiting, of course, for fifty-five minutes, staring at my fingernails, since it takes me only five minutes to dress."

"Since when?" Eve inquired.

"Ten at the most. Then we leave. No I don't know where this alleged Beardsl woman lives, but I guarantee it's at le forty blocks from here."

Eve grinned. "She lives on Eight sixth Street."

"I knew it; forty-four blocks. So th means—"

"Give me a cigarette."

"Okay, radar me—"

"No, none of that. Try moving th weary body. It might awaken some hi den store of energy."

"Here—" Tim handed Eve a cigaret took one himself, and lighted them.

Eve lay back against the head of t bed again, blew out a puff of smoke, a said, "Then what?"

"We waste another half hour of th precious day just getting there. We arri and ride up in the elevator. The elevat operator, by some secret method u known even to stars of the stage a screen, manages to sneer at us witho moving a muscle of his face. He is co pletely justified.

"We reach the Beardsley apartme The door is open. From within com a curious sound like surf breaking on rocky beach. It is as though dozens people have crowded themselves into small room or two, replaced the air wi smoke, and proceeded to shout at o another without stopping for breat This, unbelievable as it sounds, is exact what has happened. It is a Sunday-afte noon cocktail party. Now—right now, finger tip touching the doorbell—there still one fateful second left in which turn around, get back in that elevat sneer at the operator, and race for hon and bed. You want to?"

Eve smiled at him sweetly. "No, le go in; it sounds like fun. You make seem fascinating."

Tim shook his head sadly. "A leadi mass psychiatrist recently proved th this is exactly the thought sheep have they follow the Judas sheep onto th ramp that leads down into the stockyar So we go in.

"Our hostess greets us with a screa signifying joy. She hides our hats ar coats and leaves to get us a drink. I see man I know slightly that I don't care fo Next to him is the only vacant seat in th room. You see an old school friend yo hate. I join him. You join her, kissi her, no doubt." He sneered.

"No, I don't." Eve looked at him co temptuously. "That's a man's ide picked up from the movies, that wome are always kissing each other."

"So I talk to this guy. We have not ing in common but a mutual acquain ance whom neither of us has heard of f

COLLIER'S "He's been happy as a lark today. I promised him a pony if he'd make Phi Beta Kappa in college" DAVE GERARD

ANOTHER HIT COMING FROM M-G-M: CLARK GABLE, LANA TURNER, ANNE BAXTER, JOHN HODIAK in "HOMECOMING"

five years, whom we didn't know very well, and remember only vaguely. We discuss him thoroughly. Presently the man leaves to get another drink. He never comes back. Now, I ask you, with complete faith in your usual wisdom, why would two sensible people get up from a thoroughly delightful bed and travel long distances to go to a daytime nightmare like that?"

"Because," Eve said calmly, "you've so completely convinced me that nothing could actually be as dull as you sound."

HIS voice dropped to a low, tense pitch. "Suddenly I am aware of an electric something, a presence that somehow communicates itself across that crowded room. I look up from my drink —and there she is. A tall, willowy, incredibly beautiful woman. A complexion beyond belief; living ivory tinged with the first flush of dawn. Raven hair, so black and lustrous you almost expect to see stars in its depths. Intense, yet strangely soft, brown eyes; eyes that can be savage, reckless, and still—you know this instinctively—eyes that can fill with a world of understanding. For a long moment we gaze at each other wordlessly. Yet somehow we have spoken volumes. We tear our eyes apart and then . . . she makes her way through that crowded room, her motions effortless, graceful, fluid as quicksilver."

" 'Slinky,' is the word, eh?"

"She sits down beside me. 'I knew it,' she says, and her voice is the throb of a harp string. 'I knew that someday, somewhere . . . you and I must meet.'

" 'Yes.' That's all I say, but there are depths of meaning in that simple word. 'Yes,' I continue, and strangely, now, there is a note almost of sadness in my voice, 'I suppose . . . it had to happen.'

" 'What is your name, who are you?' she asks, but before I can answer she continues breathlessly, 'Ah, but that doesn't matter. Names, labels, what are they to people like us? You may call me,' she says, 'Clothilde.'

" 'Hello . . . Clothilde,' I say. There is a grave smile in my eyes, yet I am like a drowning swimmer. And—like a swimmer who comes to the surface momentarily, only to sink again—I glance up, tearing myself loose from those hot brown eyes. Guiltily, I look to see if you are watching."

"I am." Eve reached down at the side of the bed and took her cup and a tall silver coffeepot from the tray on the floor.

Tim turned on his side, facing her, and blew a puff of smoke at her face. "Here," he said, "close your eyes and pretend you're at a cocktail party."

Eve frowned and drew back, trying to blow the smoke from her face, holding the coffeepot in one hand and balancing her half-filled cup in the other. A little coffee spilled into the saucer. "Now, cut it out, Tim! You're making me spill."

Tim sat up and took his cup from the floor. "Any left?"

"Yes, hold out your cup." She began to pour and as the stream of coffee hit the bottom of Tim's cup, he raised and lowered it rhythmically, the thick rope of coffee alternately contracting and lengthening as he did so. Some of it splashed on the bedclothes, and Eve stopped pouring. "You want some more?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you know how to get it."

"Yes, ma'am." He held his cup steady and Eve filled it. They both sat back against their pillows, propped against the head of the bed.

"Well," Eve said, "do you realize that I'm watching everything?"

"Sure," he said, "because a dotted line suddenly appears in the air of that smoke-filled room, connecting your eyes and mine. At regular intervals along the dotted line, are little daggers pointing at me. Just then, a miniature cloud forms above my head and inside the cloud a light bulb turns on; I have just had a brilliant idea. I turn to the gorgeous witch beside me and compose a smile which to her, seeing it full face, looks interested, fascinated. But to you, watching me in profile, my smile looks politely bored. This sounds difficult and it is, but I manage. Your suspicions lulled, you turn away, the dotted line disappears, the light bulb goes out, and the cloud drifts away to a corner of the room where it breaks up in a slight thundershower which no one notices.

" 'Look,' she says, 'conventions aren't made for people like you and I.' I wince. 'We have no need for futile preliminaries. Would you like to have an affair with me?'

"Helplessly, hopelessly, I feel the words form on my lips, hear them spoken as though by another. 'Yes,' I say. 'Oh, boy!'

" 'When?' she murmurs. 'When can we meet—alone?'

" 'Well,' I answer, running a finger around my collar band, 'how 'bout lunch sometime?'

" 'When?' Her insistent voice is a heady throb like the repeated note of a—"

"—harp." Eve sipped her coffee, grinning.

"Nope; a violin. She's versatile."

"Sounds like a one-man band."

" 'Well,' I answer, 'I'm tied up tomorrow—lunch date with this guy from the office. Tuesday there's this meeting. Wednesday okay?'

" 'Wednesday,' she says, and her voice is a murmur.

"I make one last despairing effort." Tim stared into space, a look of resigned suffering on his face. " 'Look,' I say, 'I don't think my wife will like this.' "

EVE finished her coffee and set the cup in the saucer on her lap. "Oh, don't mind me."

" 'Your wife,' " Tim continued. " 'Your wife,' she says with a weary smile. 'A man like you has no wife; not really. She doesn't exist. No one exists . . . but you and I.'

"I can't stand it any longer. 'Me,' I say.

" 'What?' she asks.

" *'Me,'* I say, 'first person pronoun in the objective case; *me*, not *I*.'

" 'Oh,' she says, and I meet her for lunch on Wednesday. I draw out our savings and take her to a real swank place. I know I'm not really happy; just infatuated. I try to break loose from her spell, to salvage something of our happiness—yours and mine—and our savings. But she orders dessert, our savings are gone, and suddenly it seems hopeless. With one last despairing thought, a brief moment of yearning for my wife and children, I surrender."

"What children?"

"The children," Tim said sadly, "that might have been. And so this thing that could so easily have been prevented, happens. Because you yielded to the sadistic impulse to drag me from the bed and rest I so richly deserve, our lives are blasted, all hope of happiness gone."

"Speak for yourself," said Eve. She folded her arms complacently. "You were so busy with that harpy—" she laughed. "That's good. A harpy; in more ways than one. You were so busy with this civilized eel, you didn't notice who *I* was talking to."

"Your old school chum." Tim began scratching Eve's leg with his toes, under the covers.

"I got rid of her. And I got to talking with this man." Eve put a hand under the blankets and pinched Tim suddenly.

"Ow!"

"Serves you right. I got to talking with this man; very tall, moves with the grace of an athlete, a suggestion of tremendous strength under the faultless lines of his beautifully tailored clothes. Crisp blond hair. Laughing blue eyes. A thin scar

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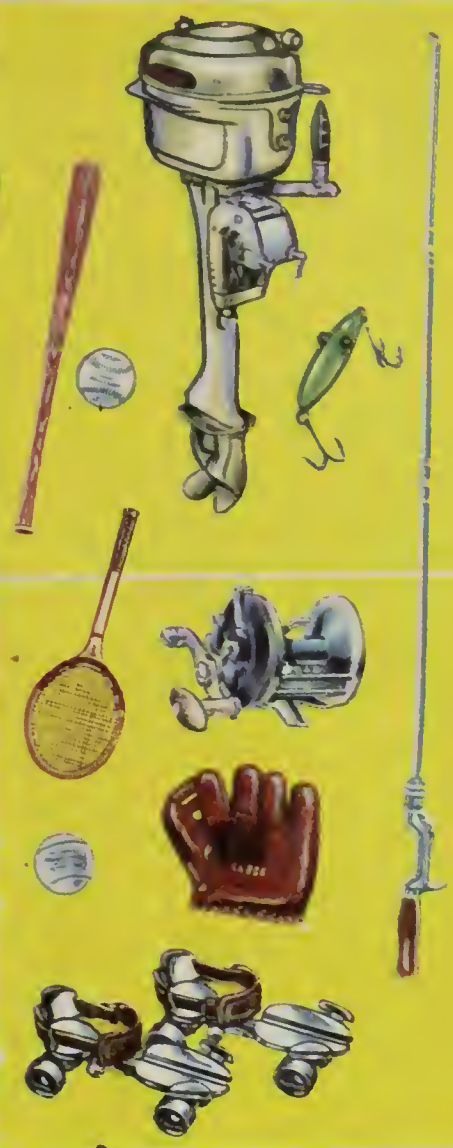

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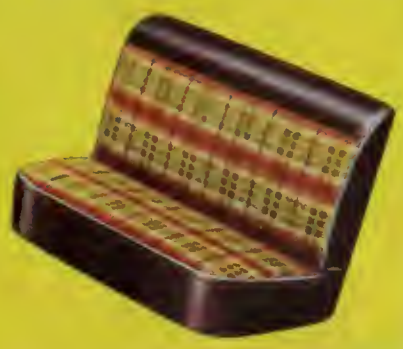

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FOUNTAIN PEN

along the strong line of jaw; he'd been a flier in the R.A.F., and—"

"I *thought* I recognized him." Tim pinched Eve suddenly and moved quickly out of her way to the edge of the bed. "Tall fellow? Thin? Weak blue eyes and bleached hair? I know him. A cad. Record of arrest for bigamy; wanted in the East for barratry."

"But charming, so charming. Witty, gay, his voice like the deep notes of a flute—"

"Or a kazoo. Listen, if you think I'm dragging myself to some forlorn cocktail party so my wife can take up with a known dope fiend—"

"That's exactly what I do think." Eve threw back the covers and sat up. "I've had enough of this and we're getting up right now. And while I'm getting dressed, you can wash the dishes, since it only takes you five minutes to dress. Then we're going—"

"I've got it!" Tim snapped his fingers. "I've been puzzling it out, trying to imagine what could possibly account for this urge to torture yourself. And suddenly I realized: It's that buried streak of Puritanism I've so often noticed in you."

"Puritanism," Eve sniffed.

"Oh, yes; it's there, all right. Why, I noticed it the first time we met, in fact. You were *very* proper and prim."

"I was not!"

TIM grinned at her mockingly, pulled the covers up and tucked them round Eve's waist. "Oh, yes, you were! You tried to hide it, but my lovely Miss Curry was actually a very demure and proper young lady. But how you have fallen! Look at you now—in bed with a coarse, unshaven man."

"Well, I can remedy that—" Eve started to throw back the covers again.

"Now, wait a second!" Tim grabbed her arm. "I didn't say there was anything wrong with it! In fact, I think it's an excellent idea. C'mere and I'll show you what I'm—"

"We're both getting up *right now*. I'll do the dishes, but we're *both* getting up."

"All right, all right," Tim spoke resignedly. "But let's discuss those dishes first. It's hardly fair that you should do them."

"Okay, then you do them."

"That, too, has a tinge of unjustness."

"Now, you're not going to stall any longer."

"You wrong me," said Tim. "That's not my purpose. I merely propose leaving this matter of the dishes to impartial chance. In fact, we'll settle this whole dispute on an all-or-nothing basis. If I lose, I not only get up, with a burst of song on my lips, but I do the dishes besides and then we go to this miserable cocktail party. Could anything be fairer?"

"And if I lose?" said Eve sardonically.

"Why, then, of course, in simple justice"—Tim shrugged his shoulders—"the opposite will prevail in each case. After you've finished these paltry few di the work of a moment, we'll get books, the backgammon board, tur the symphony, and spend a pleasant day in bed as Nature intended, recu ating from the toil of the week. B expect to lose." He shook his head s "I have a feeling, a grim forebodi

"So have I," said Eve dryly. "Just w method of chance did you have in min

"Well"—Tim smiled, a look of fr honesty—"I'll think of a number—"

"Oh, no! You can get me on that o but not twice. The last time I—"

"Okay, okay!" he said hastily. "Y implication wounds me, but I'll sug another method—of skill, not cha I'll count to three—now, get this— the moment I say three, we both leap of bed, which is just what you're try to accomplish. And the first one to re an erect standing position, both feet the floor—loses."

"First one to—really, Tim, do you h estly think I'm so stupid that—"

"No. But what can I lose by tryin

"Just for that we'll—"

"No, wait a second, just a *sec* Eve!" Tim grabbed her arm ag frowning and giving her a look of hav too much to endure. "You know, really you who's keeping me in b you're exhausting me. I'm paying each precious moment with these des ate maneuvers. I need sustenance. there any more coffee?"

"Not much, and it's not hot anyw Now, Tim, you know you're—"

"That's all right, hand it over."

"Tim, you know you're just stallin Eve took the coffeepot from the floor passed it to Tim. "I've had enough

"No, I need this to recover the ene it's costing to stay in bed. Now, whi sip this pleasantly lukewarm coffee, l talk this out—like civilized people. can even be friends afterward. See e other now and then, have dates—" took a sip of coffee, his eyes laughing her over the rim of his cup.

"Here—" he leaned across Eve a reaching to the floor, picked up her c

"I don't want any more," she s "I've got coffee nerves now."

"Just a little." He poured the mainder of the coffee into her cup, h filling it, and handed it to her. "It's bad; it's still pretty warm."

Eve accepted the cup and took a t tentative sip. "It is not," she said, " cold." But she leaned back and, mak a face, took another sip, then seve more. For a time she sat staring abser ahead, holding the cup and saucer in lap. Then she spoke. "I suppose it wo be nice," she said casually, "for a mar meet someone like that. Someone exo beautiful." She laughed indulgently. suppose all men have little daydrean

Tim looked at her. "I really do know."

"I mean," she said hastily, "even n

COLLIER'S "Tom! The caddy said, 'Nice shot' once!" PERRY BARLOW

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are happily married. Men who dn't even think of—well, I just mean uld be fun, I imagine, for most men eet someone like that if only to talk er. Just to look at someone really tiful—even if they never saw her n." Tim didn't answer and after a ent Eve turned to look at him.

e had put his cup on the table and lying on his side, facing Eve, head ped in his hand, regarding her with king amusement. "You know, of se, that this beats the former world's rd for utter silliness—exhibiting ob- s jealousy of an imaginary woman."

ve shrugged her shoulders, refusing nile. "I don't know," she said. "After l didn't imagine her; you did. That's t came into your mind when I spoke cocktail party. And it's not jealousy; 't be absurd." She looked at him ly. "It's just that—well, there's al- s an unconscious reason for our day- ms. They're very revealing; they w how we're dissatisfied, how we n things were different."

My little psychiatrist," he said. "Ana- ng while you wait." He grinned. ok, I forgot to tell you that when she down and brought that raven hair into ge, I could see she had dandruff. The p I gave when she edged closer was ause I couldn't breathe for the reek of ish perfume. When she spoke, one of se harplike notes ended in a belch, l I suspect she wore falsies."

You probably peeked."

'I did. What a disappointment!" He ned forward and kissed Eve's shoul- . "Oh, I'll admit she was beautiful, ugh unbathed. Yet what have I been ing to do all along? To stay right here. ite obviously I'd rather be with you, ding the Sunday paper, than with her ot reading the paper. Now, what does t prove?"

"That you're getting old and decrepit." Tim grinned and sat up. "Is that so? ell, I guess you also need proof that—"

"No, I don't! We're getting up right w!"

"Okay, okay. Just so you know you're y own true love." He kissed Eve's oulder again, then spoke seriously. ook, do you really want to go to this cktail party?"

VE looked at him speculatively. "Well, we don't absolutely have to." e smiled, now, fondly, tolerantly. "I st thought—"

"There's some bottled Martinis in the frigerator. We could have cocktails ght here in bed. I'll blow smoke in your ce and it'll be just like—"

"If you can think of something you'd ther do, we'll do that. Just go to a ovie or something, if you want."

"You didn't read the front section of e paper." Tim reached out to the stack f Sunday papers at the foot of the bed nd began pawing through them. O'Dwyer has closed all movies down."

"Why?"

"Epidemic of plague. Citizens are arned to keep off the streets. To stay ome—in bed. I was afraid to frighten ou, so I didn't mention it. But that's why 've been trying to—"

"I didn't see the front section at that." Eve sat up and stretched her arm toward he stack of newspapers. "Where is it? s there anything—"

"Just the usual crop of news; much the ame as always." Tim continued to hunt hrough the pile of papers. "It looks, as on every other day, like a very depressing world. A good one to stay out of, if only for a day." He pulled the magazine section from the stack and opened it, leaning forward and looking at it, frowning and glancing at the headings as though hunting for something.

"Oh, the puzzle!" Eve said, pointing to the page he had turned to. "I haven't seen that, either. Give me the puzzle; I just want to glance at it."

Tim folded the page back to the cross-word puzzle and handed the paper to Eve his face carefully expressionless.

Eve took the paper and lay back again. "Crepuscular," she said.

"What?"

Eve opened the drawer of the table beside her with one hand, rummaged through it, and produced a yellow wooden pencil. "'Quality of evening light,'" she said, "eleven letters. It's 'crepuscular'; they always use that." She began writing the word on the puzzle.

WITHOUT moving the rest of his body Tim moved one arm toward the stack of papers. He took a corner of the news section between thumb and forefinger and drew it slowly from the stack, sliding it quietly over the smooth silk surface of the comforter toward him.

"'Traduce, defame,'" said Eve.

Tim quietly released the newspaper, and his hand lay motionless on the blanket. "Slander?"

"No, I thought of that," she said. "It doesn't fit. Six letters."

"Malign."

"Malign? Well, it fits." She wrote the word on her puzzle.

Very quietly, Tim raised his knees, picked up his paper and propped it in his lap. He leaned forward, adjusted the pillow at his back, then lay back again, glanced at the front page, then turned a page with hardly a sound from the paper.

Eve began to erase a word. "Dross, particularly in steelmaking," she said.

"Slag."

"Of course." She finished erasing, then wrote the word down.

Tim turned a page, then raising the paper to eye level, began to read. He read to the bottom of a column, raised his eyes to the top of the next, and became aware of a silence. He turned to Eve.

She was waiting, her eyes on his face, brows lifted in sardonic patience. "Quite a wise guy, aren't you?" she said.

Tim grinned. "Why, no," he said. "What do you mean?" He laid down his paper and put an arm round her shoulder. "Come here," he said, "you haven't given me a kiss."

"I kissed you good morning," said Eve, "which is all you've got coming to you. Go kiss that harpy of yours." But she allowed him to draw her closer.

"That's right, you did," he said, "but a glance at the clock will show you that we're approaching the afternoon. You seem to have lounged the morning away."

"Yes," said Eve, "it was all my fault." She gave him a wifely peck on the cheek, and smiled wryly. "Do you suppose there's a three-year-old anywhere who's quite as spoiled as you are?"

"Nope," said Tim cheerfully, "but that's a part of your wifely duty—to spoil me, heap flattering endearments on my head, anticipate my slightest wishes."

"Of course; anything you say."

Tim squeezed her shoulders gently. "You didn't want to go to that wing-ding, did you? Because if you do, there's still—"

"No." Eve smiled at him. "I didn't. And I'd have realized it myself two seconds after I mentioned it, if you'd given me a chance to get a word in edgewise."

"I didn't think you did." He leaned down to kiss Eve's ear. "What you really want to do is relax, rest, take things easy."

"Maybe. But we *are* getting up."

"I don't have to get dressed, though?"

"No, you can put on your robe."

"And we'll finish the paper first?"

"Yes, but that doesn't include reading every line in the news, book, sports and want-ad sections."

"Here." Tim picked up the crossword puzzle and handed it to Eve. "What's a three-letter word meaning the greatest contribution to civilized enjoyment since the invention of the wheel?"

"Don't tell me it begins with B?"

"That's right," said Timberlake Ryan, "b-e-d, bed. Hand me the sports page."

THE END

I'm no "worry-bird," NOW!

Sure, I used to be . . . in fact my family started to kid me about it. My wife Janet even bought me this "worry-bird" gadget as a joke. It gave us all a good laugh, but it didn't really help me.

You see, I was worried about Janet and the children. After all, it's my job to take care of them—and I couldn't help wondering how they would get along if anything happened to me.

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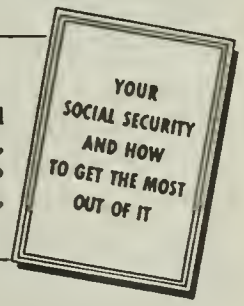

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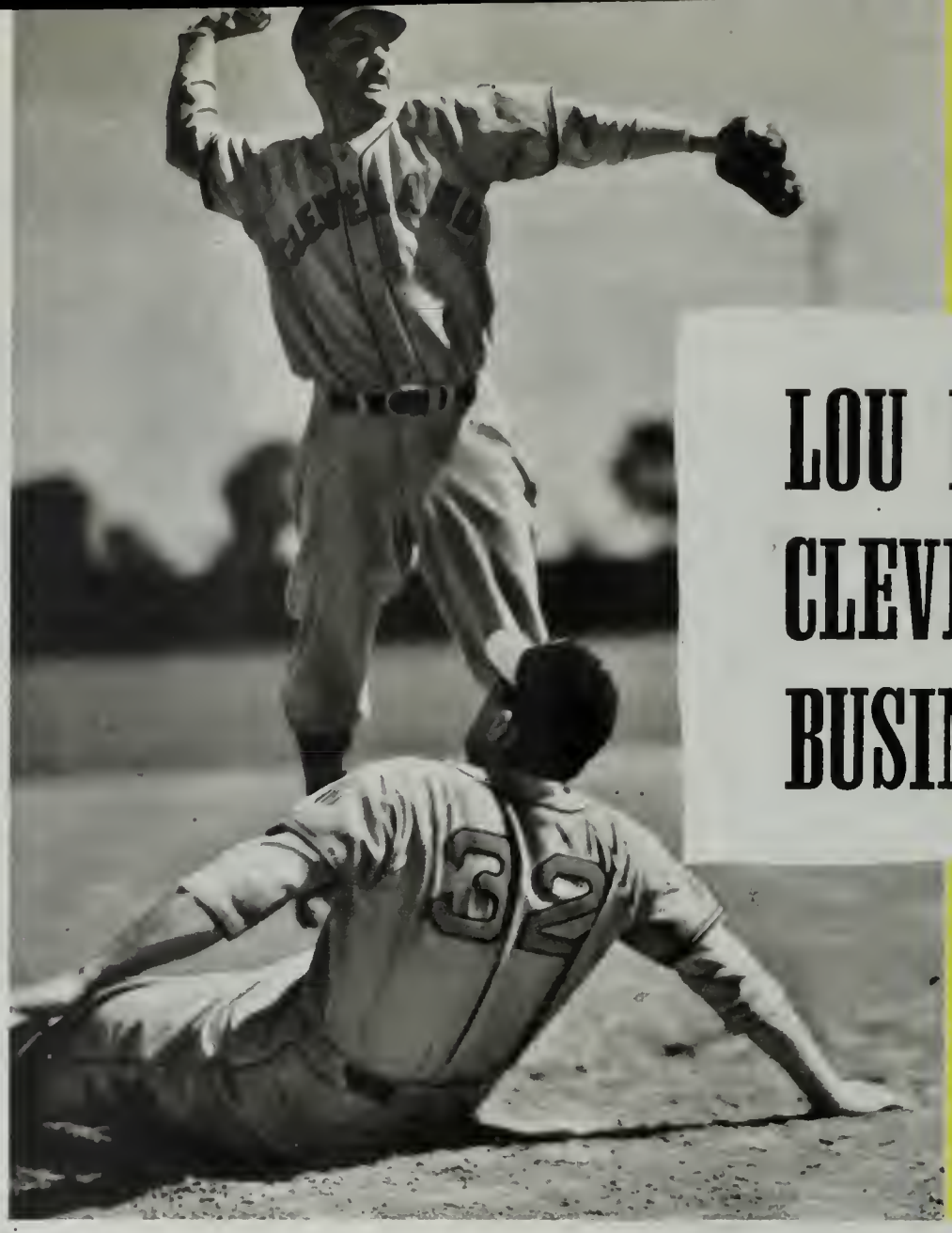

In spring training, Lou Boudreau makes the throw to first to complete the twin killing after putting the runner out at second

BY KYLE CRICHTON

LOU IS CLEVELAND'S BUSINESS

"If you're a ballplayer, you play ball," said Lou Boudreau. Even if you play for the St. Louis Browns. Luckily his admiring fans in Cleveland didn't go for such nonsense

ABOUT Lou Boudreau there must either be a touch of divinity, or the city of Cleveland is mad. The gentleman is admittedly a magical entity on the playing field, but how is one to understand the reverence with which a community regards him? And how, further, is one to justify a man who, by his very presence, is a blow to private enterprise?

On the other hand there is Bill Veeck. On the records it is plainly stated that he is the boss of the Cleveland baseball club of the American League. He has the name, he has the title, he shares in the profits and yearly is crowned with ivy as one of Ohio's outstanding young men. The only thing Mr. Veeck can't do is run his own business.

In the so-called province of sport which is baseball Mr. Veeck has absolute power over Mr. Boudreau's official existence. He has the legal right to cut Mr. Boudreau's salary twenty-five per cent and tell him to take it or leave it. If he leaves it Mr. Boudreau can spend the summer rocking on his front porch but he can't play anywhere else in organized baseball. Mr. Veeck has the power to exile Mr. Boudreau to portions of Outer Mongolia or even to that purgatory of sport known as the St. Louis Browns. Or, at least, Mr. Veeck *thought* he had that power. That constitutes the story.

When Mr. Veeck bought the Cleveland Indians in June, 1946, no form of crystal gazing was required to see that he wished Mr. Boudreau would stick to his shortstopping and leave the business of managing to his betters. It was not put quite so bluntly but this was the essence of the matter. Mr. Boudreau promptly went to the head office to learn his status.

"It's not that I'm for you or against you, Lou," said Mr. Veeck. "It's just that I don't know what kind of a manager you are."

By this time the usual Boudreau typhoon was beginning to form on the banks of the Cuyahoga. Junior Marching Clubs found new flints for their blunderbusses and prepared to march on the Municipal Stadium. Old Subscribers took their pens in hand and poured communications into the newspaper offices. Mr. Boudreau allowed it to be understood that if Veeck didn't want him as manager, he couldn't have him as shortstop. Since the Cleveland infield without Boudreau would look as empty as the Grand Canyon, Mr. Veeck quailed and recoiled.

Mr. James Dykes, former Chicago White Sox manager who had been hovering expectantly in the outer ether, decided morosely to take a position with Hollywood in the Pacific Coast League. Mr. Boudreau continued as manager and shortstop and there were public expressions of amity, adoration and friendly-arms-about-the-shoulder.

Last fall at the time of the World Series the matter advanced from skirmishes to a full-scale action. It became known that Mr. Veeck had proposed a trade with the St. Louis Browns by which Boudreau, Gec Metkovich, Bryan Stephens and I Embree would be exchanged for V Stephens, Jack Kramer, Walter J nich and Paul Lehner. It was hin that Mr. Veeck would in addition sist on the Browns taking a token p ment of a few million dinars to m the transaction palatable.

There is hardly a possibility t anybody in Cleveland knows to t day who won the World Series. T newspapers immediately broke int spate of eight-column headlines, correspondence columns teemed w denunciations of M. Veeck, and torial writers solemnly warned h that theft of the Tom Johnson sta would have been far less indec than his decision on Mr. Boudre With the astuteness of desperati dozens of steady patrons managed ferret out Mr. Veeck's abode in N York and got him out of bed to w him of the danger to his life. It not so much a matter of hanging M Veeck in effigy as of lynching h publicly in Terminal Square.

Thoroughly alarmed, Mr. Ve flew back from New York, constitu himself a one-man Gallup poll a proceeded to course about Clevela in his car sampling public opini The most prominent thing learned that in any trade with St. Louis populace preferred that Mr. Veeck and Mr. Boudreau stay. There one communication that did m than anything else to make up M Veeck's mind. It came from a yo

(Continued on page 102)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY AND DAVID PESKIN

There's always ONE best buy!

Isn't your *one* best buy among lowest-priced cars the *one* that's most like high-priced cars?

You're the judge of that and you're the one to judge the cars. As a help in making this comparison, we suggest that you examine the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's.

With this chart you can see that Plymouth has 20 of 21 features found in most high-priced cars — more than the two other leading low-priced cars *combined!* And what's more Plymouth gives you the *extra* value of Super-Cushion Tires on Safety-Rim Wheels, trouble-free gas filter, Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes a third more efficient and many other great engineering advances. Judge for yourself the one best buy!

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CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

LILLIE'S IN THE U.S.A.

Continued from page 25

fore he could start casting the rest he show, Mr. Schwartz needed hes and directors. He got writers Moss Hart, Arnold Auerbach (who e the sketches for Call Me Mister) Arnold B. Horwitt (ditto for Make e Manhattan) to work on the hes. Robert H. Gordon, who staged Me Mister, was called in to direct, Jay Blackton, with Annie Get Your , and Oklahoma! to his credit, took ge of music. Helen Tamiris, famous the dances in Annie Get Your Gun Up in Central Park, was set to work ving the choregraphy.

emuel Ayers (Oklahoma!) and Elea- Goldsmith (Finian's Rainbow) were gned, respectively, to settings and umes.

tage managers and front-office men e hired. Then auditions began. Audi- s are a wearisome thing. As an ex- ple, Schwartz auditioned over fifty ers for one role. Blackton heard an- er thirty.

Only then did they discover that a pular light-opera singer on the West st, John Tyers, was available and y wired him to come on. That, for y one role.

What Chorus Girls Are Made Of

Tamiris weeded out the boys and girls the dancing company. All thirty-odd mbers of the chorus take their sing- and dancing with stark seriousness. ey are a group of youngsters as eager blow a larynx or break a leg for their as any fullback ever was to die for ar old Rutgers. Among the chorus girls an Amazonian exhibition diver, a emistry major, a young lady whose se- t passion is radio-repair work and two ls who have milked a cow within the st year.

In hiring technicians Schwartz loaded lists with strongly established talent; hiring performers he was less cautious. any of his players are making their oadway bow. Herb Shriner, a monolo- t reminiscent of the late Will Rogers, mes from radio as does Lewis Nye, an- er comedian. The producer lured a llerina, Valerie Bettis, from the concert ge. Teamed with her is, of all things, bearded dancer, Eric Victor. Estelle ring, a charming young singer, teams th Jack Haley in a show-stopper enti- d Rhode Island is Famous for You.

For some years Jack Haley, one of the ow's two star comics, had been neglect- g the musical-comedy stage for the tus land of Hollywood; there he had peared in some fifty pictures and on a long-lived radio show. He had saved his money and invested in chunks of Beverly Hills real estate and in income-producing citrus ranches. Life was very, very comfortable.

Even so he willingly broke that happy pattern to come East during the winter of the big snow and enter again into the precarious world of musical shows. Why? "Because," he says, "all the time I'm working in front of the camera I keep thinking it's a rehearsal and I'm wondering how this or that piece of business is going to go over with the people when we try out in Philly. But I never get to Philly."

Jack is now playing for the people again and, like any old vaudevillian, he's completely happy.

As the top star of his show Mr. Schwartz decided upon one Beatrice Lillie—a titled comedienne, also known as Lady Peel, with a certain vogue in America, Great Britain, Italy, France, Africa and the 3d Electoral District of Zanzibar. He came to his decision in July, just after Bea had returned to London, gay of heart because her newly acquired house had been inundated by the spring floods.

The Thames had thoughtfully overflowed its banks at a time when things looked blackest for Lady Peel. Her American friends had resolutely called a halt on her continued redecorating of their homes. Now, with Nature's co-operation, she was faced with the blissful prospect of a whole defenseless house on which to vent her ingenuity—within the £10 allowed her for that purpose by the British government. It is a testimony to Mr. Schwartz' persuasiveness that by September he had her promise to appear in Inside U.S.A. To do it he had to serenade her with songs from the show via the transatlantic telephone, at nine bucks a minute. And she demanded encores.

Mr. Schwartz now regards his telephone bills with equanimity. There are those base fellows who quibble about his hiring a Canadian-born, English-trained star to appear in a show entitled Inside U.S.A. He placidly points out that Miss Lillie has spent a good part of her professional life in this country, that his show is designed primarily for entertainment, and that he should have had his head examined if he had passed up the opportunity to get the most entertaining woman on the English-speaking stage for his star.

By mid-February the various components of the show had been assembled and it was time to begin putting the

COLLIER'S "Isn't there a larger park in this town?" BOB BARNES

TOASTIMONIAL

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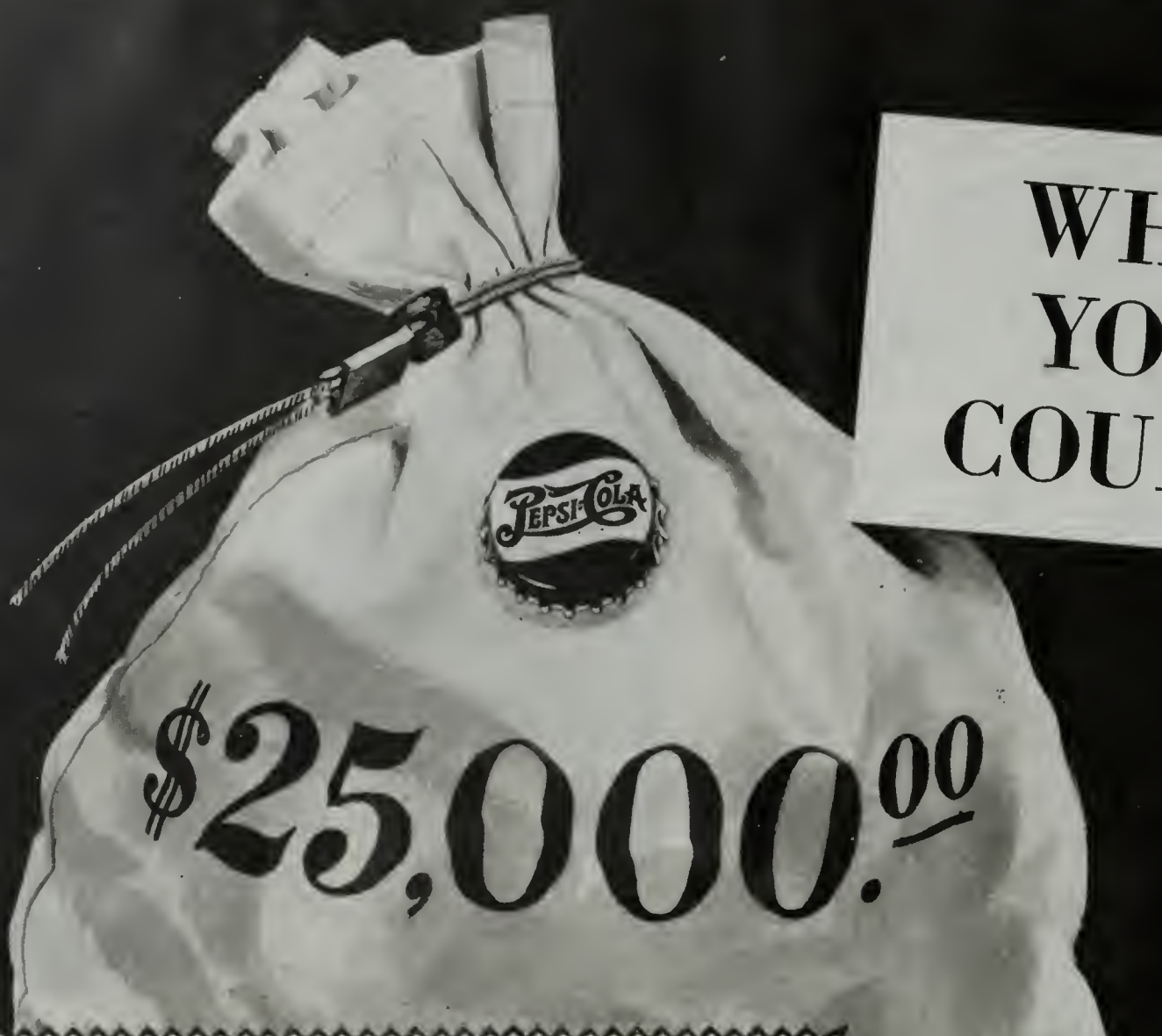

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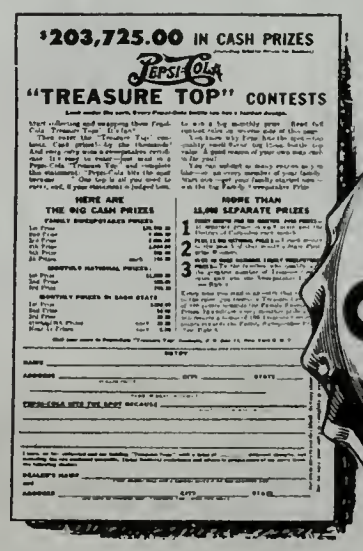
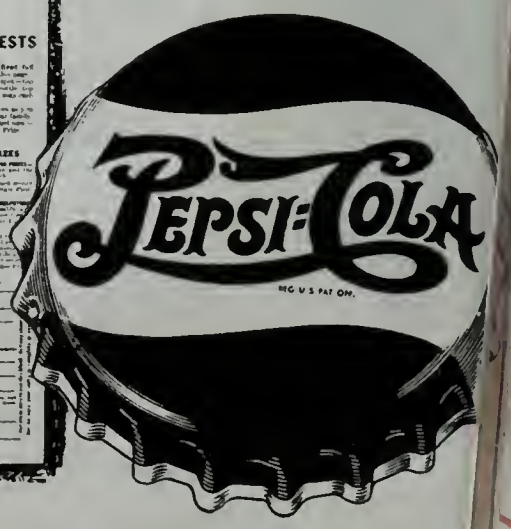
Get the whole family to go to the store for entry blanks





work together. Chorus rehearsals on the 19th and the principals ap- d for their first rehearsal on the There was some doubt whether illie would make it.

ring the fall and winter months she progressed from the painting of en doorknobs to landscape and fe painting. Her handiwork had on exhibition and her canvases had found their way into the hands of ealers. She had taken to spending week ends huddled over a canvas e floor (she disdains easels) with a l's-hair brush clutched in her hand. her turpentine and ocher mood upon her she was oblivious to the world.

was considered a good omen for uture of Inside U.S.A. when she ap- ed promptly for her first rehearsal but so much as a trace of cobalt blue r her nails.

e woman who had made more ap- ances at the London Stage Door een than any other entertainer, who unstintingly toured the bomb-and- nel circuit in France, Germany, the le East and North Africa, was ed at the prospect of appearing again before an audience that wouldn't mangle her heart.

Rehearsals were held in New York's Central Opera House—a huge, fifty-five-year-old rococo structure that rears its ornate façade next to an elevated station on the upper East Side. Tamiris, her blond hair tied back with a scarf approximately the size of a bedspread, led the dancers through their gyrations on a barren balcony overlooking a grand ballroom of the Diamond Jim Brady era.

Blackton assembled his singers in a cavernous hall containing a preprohibition bar of staggering proportions. The principals, under the guidance of Robert Gordon, gathered around a battered table in the anteroom of the ladies' cloakroom and doggedly read their lines with experimental gestures and inflections. People in weird and tattered rehearsal costumes wandered through the smoke-filled rooms and up and down the sweeping curved staircases, muttering and gesticulating. Anything resembling order was purely accidental.

After about three weeks of chaos, order began to emerge, and Schwartz began amalgamating the many individual items of the revue into a fluid, coherent whole. During the week before the Philadelphia opening the show assumed program order and began to look like something that paying customers might conceivably part with their money to see.

This is popularly known as the alchemy of the theater; what it really means is hard work, intelligent planning, and theatrical know-how.

Members of the first-night audience who had read Mr. Gunther's book and taken the revue's title seriously were probably bewildered. There wasn't a statistic in the show. Furthermore, none of it made a great deal of sense, but it did make for a great deal of merriment.

A Compliment from Ed Wynn

The opening chorus informed the audience that the U.S.A. was doing okay. On that reassuring note they could sit back and relax while the antic Miss Lillie showed them why Ed Wynn had called her "the best comedian—and I don't mean comedienne—in the world." Bea threw the book at them.

As a choir leader of a somewhat distinctive nature she introduces her audience to the mysteries of Pittsburgh.

"Where the chimney sparks inspire
Love to set your heart on fire
And of course,
Smoke gets in your eyes." *

As Madame Lapis de Luzuli she inspires Liszt, Chopin and Tchaikovsky to new and burning heights in a slapdash satire on Hollywood biographies of great composers.

Aided and abetted by Mr. Haley, Bea brings a message of cheer and hope to despairing maiden ladies in a number entitled First Prize at the Fair. Even if your strawberry preserves win only fourth prize in the chili sauce contest, you can still win your man, she advises. Home economics may not recover from this blow but it is a strong plug for romance. The New Orleans Mardi Gras is a place where almost anything can happen if a girl wants to let herself go—and Miss Lillie wants to.

"No blossom was ever blossomer,
*"No gossam was ever gossamer . . ."**

than Lady Peel as a somewhat vinous lady on the loose.

In the meantime Mr. Haley has his troubles. As a man whose family life has been disrupted by a determined onslaught of poll takers he is driven to express a fervent desire to "gallop all over that Gallup" *; and the American craze for gimmicks and gadgets proves anything but a boon to him as he tries to get a night's sleep. However as dean of a college of waiters studying to be despicable, Jack eventually gets his revenge on humanity.

In conclusion Jack and Bea, as an Indian brave and his squaw, comment upon some of the present-day foibles of American civilization and stoutly affirm that the Indians wouldn't take the country back under any conditions; even if the white man begged them to accept it.

It all adds up to a slightly dizzy evening of fun—just what the doctor ordered for that foreign-policy feeling. Philadelphia loved it but, of course, the producer wasn't satisfied and immediately began planning further rehearsals and improvements. Producers are a notably jaundiced lot who take a dim view of life and cherish absurd dreams of perfection.

Eleven months ago Arthur Schwartz had a vague idea, now he has a show. His production headache is over—his income-tax headache is probably just beginning.

THE END

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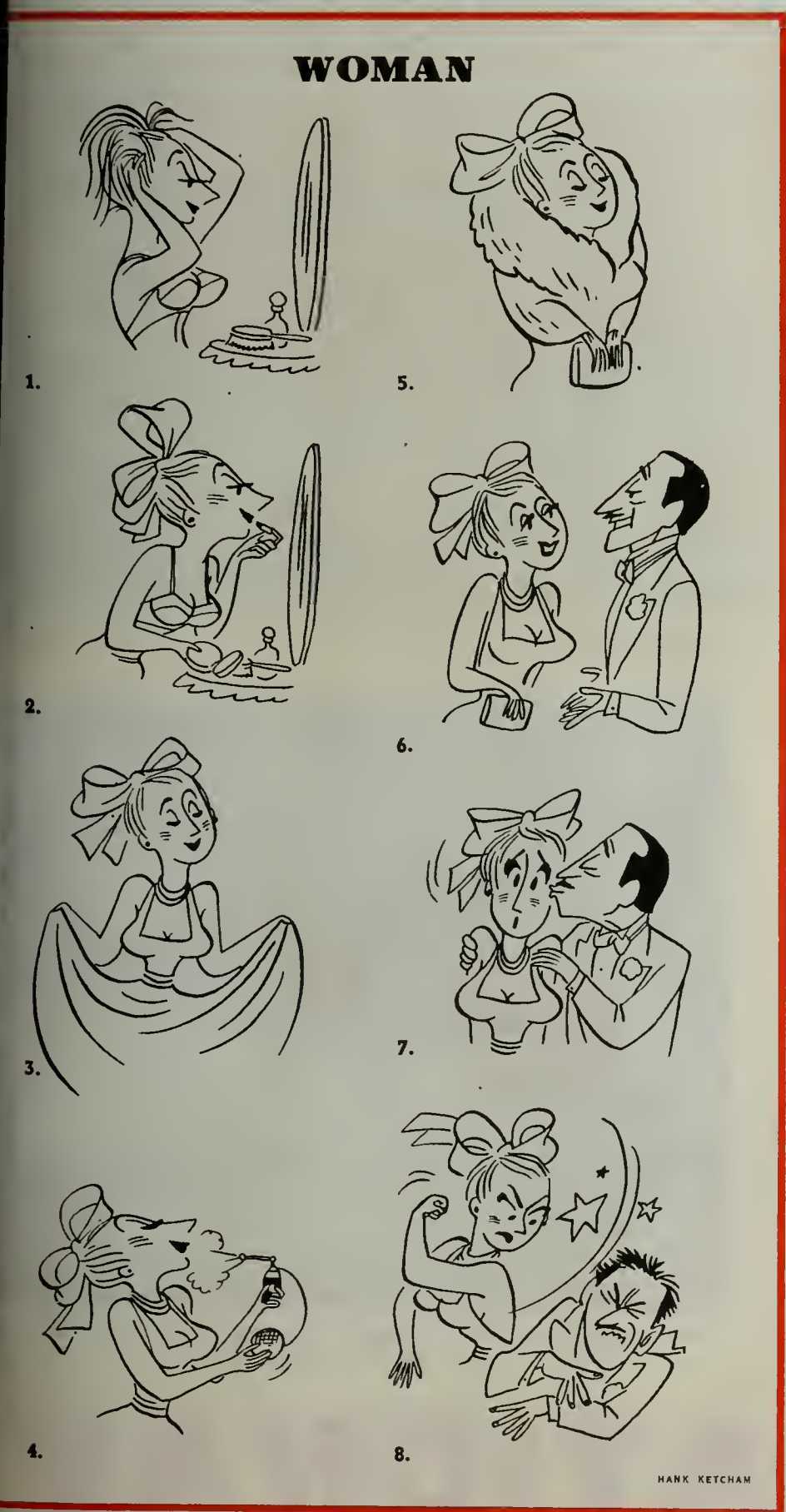

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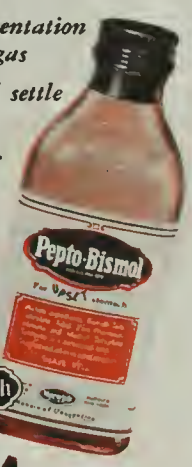

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International Truck-Tractor with tank trailer loading at gasoline bulk plant prior to delivering gasoline to filling stations. International Trucks are extensively used in all branches of the oil industry.

Battery of International Natural Gas Engines pumping crude oil from wells in the center of a Texas city. Photograph shows only a few of the many International Engines used at this location.

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International Trucks and Diesel Crawler Tractors team up to lay thousands of miles of crude oil, natural gas, and refined-product pipe lines. The trucks transport the pipe. The Diesel Crawlers hold the pipe for welding and they lay it in the trenches.

Two International Diesel Crawlers with bulldozers digging a slush pit and settling basin at drilling site. Liquid mud from the pit is used as a drilling lubricant and cementing agent.

Drill rig being loaded on an International "Western" Truck after well has been drilled. International "Westerns" are the largest trucks in the complete International line. Gross weight ratings to 90,000 pounds.

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INDUSTRIAL POWER

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GENERAL MAC ARTHUR

Continued from page 19

stated explicitly that he was to assume no obligation to retain or have retained any particular standard of living. What faced him was a rapid increase in want and misery, with the country deprived of raw materials by the loss of overseas possessions, and industry and agriculture in a state of collapse. Some measure of recovery was imperative.

For years some 35,000,000 farmers had worked 15,000,000 acres, an arable area equal to that of California, and under conditions of oppressive tenancy. Sixteen families of the Homma clan, for example, owned 4,000 acres, tilled by 5,142 renters. Compelled to build their own homes, furnish their own tools and fertilizers and made to pay in kind rather than cash, the average tenant was lucky to end up the year with 40 per cent of his crop yield. A land-reform bill is now enabling 2,000,000 tenants to buy 5,000,000 acres under the supervision of land commissions. The acreage is purchased by the government at legally established prices and paid for with 24-year annuity bonds bearing interest at 3.65 per cent.

What follows is resale to the tenant on easy payments stretched over a long term. To date more than 4,000,000 acres have been bought up and the distribution ranges from one-acre parcels to 2½ acres.

With the help of SCAP's natural resources section, large-scale restoration and reclamation projects are also under way. Some 700,000 acres used for military and industrial purposes during the war have been returned to agriculture, and the drainage of bays, marshes and swamplands is expected to add another million acres by 1950. Out of the Garioa dollar (government and relief in occupied areas) 43.3 cents have been going for food to relieve this drain on the American taxpayer and at the same time provide the Japanese with some approach to an adequate diet.

Experts have shown the way to better mining methods so that coal production, down to 20,000 tons a day in 1945, has leaped to 100,000 tons a day. Furthermore, they have discovered new oil fields and developed processes for the manufacture of fertilizers.

Clean Sweeping by a Busy Broom

Japan's whole life, in fact, has felt the sweep of SCAP's busy broom. The public health and welfare action has carried out a campaign of immunization. The educational system has been given a complete overhauling.

Under SCAP's system of tutelage, nothing begun is ever left to take care of itself. Forty-five government teams, made up of soldiers and civilians with special qualifications, roam Japan from island to island, checking up on progress and aiding local communities with expert counsel.

This then in brief (and very sketchily) is the record on which Douglas MacArthur is willing to be judged by the American people.

His critics, and there are many, freely grant that SCAP has done a "magnificent job on the whole" and even where the element of personal dislike enters in there is praise of his "pre-eminent ability and administrative genius." When these admissions are made, however, there is scarcely a private American citizen in Japan who does not let loose a burst of complaint.

These complaints run about as follows:

MacArthur has gone too far and too fast. His vaunted reforms are not even skin-deep, because emperor-worship still continues. As soon as controls are removed all of the new laws will be abrogated and overlordism and monopolies restored to former power. Letting the workers get the bit in their teeth has resulted in wave after wave of strikes. Due to the harshness of his purge of industry, the brains of Japan's entire economic structure have been removed. He has done nothing to reform a tax system that is the last word in muddle and unfairness and has taken no effective steps to stop the growth of a bureaucracy that has loaded the government pay roll to the breaking point. Inflation still mounts in a dizzy spiral and Japan's rationing regulations along with wage and price controls are a failure.

The American correspondents, while echoing some of these outcries, have bitternesses peculiarly their own. MacArthur has been aloof, looking down on ordinary mortals from an inaccessible height.

He has been abnormally sensitive to critical comment and in his insistence on a favorable press has not hesitated to impose a rigid censorship and cast into the outer darkness anyone either accused or suspected of lese majesty.

Some of these complaints stand up under investigation and others fall flat. The fact of inflation stands plain, as does the existence of a black market and the sloppy operation of wage and price controls, and it is all too true that the right of workers to organize has resulted in a steady succession of demoralizing strikes.

There can be no question as to the evils of multiple taxation, and the overloading of the government's pay roll may not be denied. Inflation, however, with its inevitable black market cannot be cured by executive fiat but waits on an increased production and this in turn waits on a peace treaty that will permit Japan to revise foreign trade and obtain the loans necessary for pump priming.

With wages failing to keep pace with price leaps, and thus reducing the average worker to a starvation level, the wonder is that there are not more strikes. Although firm in his belief that lab entitled to freedom of action in th tainment of legitimate objectives, Arthur has drawn a line across whic unions may not go. In January, when the workers massed for a ge strike it was stopped by his state that he could not permit the use deadly a weapon in the present emac and impoverished condition of Japa

Similar action was taken in Marc this year when a strike threatened t up the country's entire communica system.

Less Zeal for Emperor-Worshi

In view of the centuries during w emperor-worship has been taught, highly probable that many Japanese hold Hirohito in the old reverence. ertheless, signs of a change are lacking. Pictures of MacArthur and coln are almost as numerous as t of the emperor and no longer do st cars come to a dead stop as they pas Imperial Palace, allowing conducto alight and bow low. Only recent fuel-rationing board cut Hirohito's c coal request in half, and lese majesty ceased to be a law of the land.

Moreover an American teacher herd on the emperor's young son, po ing primer lessons of democracy int round, hard little head.

The charge that SCAP's purge ha moved the brains of Japan's entire in trial structure would seem to be ra farfetched in view of the fact that number of purgees totals 865 of w 450 were resignations. It is also the that at no point were executives and t nicians involved, but only policy ma

As far as can be judged public opi in Japan approves the purge and sup even comes from some of the purgee

For example, Ichoroh Sawada, a mous Olympic runner in his youth, the boot from his high place in the H of Mitsui and is now the head of a fl ishing concern that cans tuna and tan

THE SHORE FLEET

by GREGORY D'ALESSI

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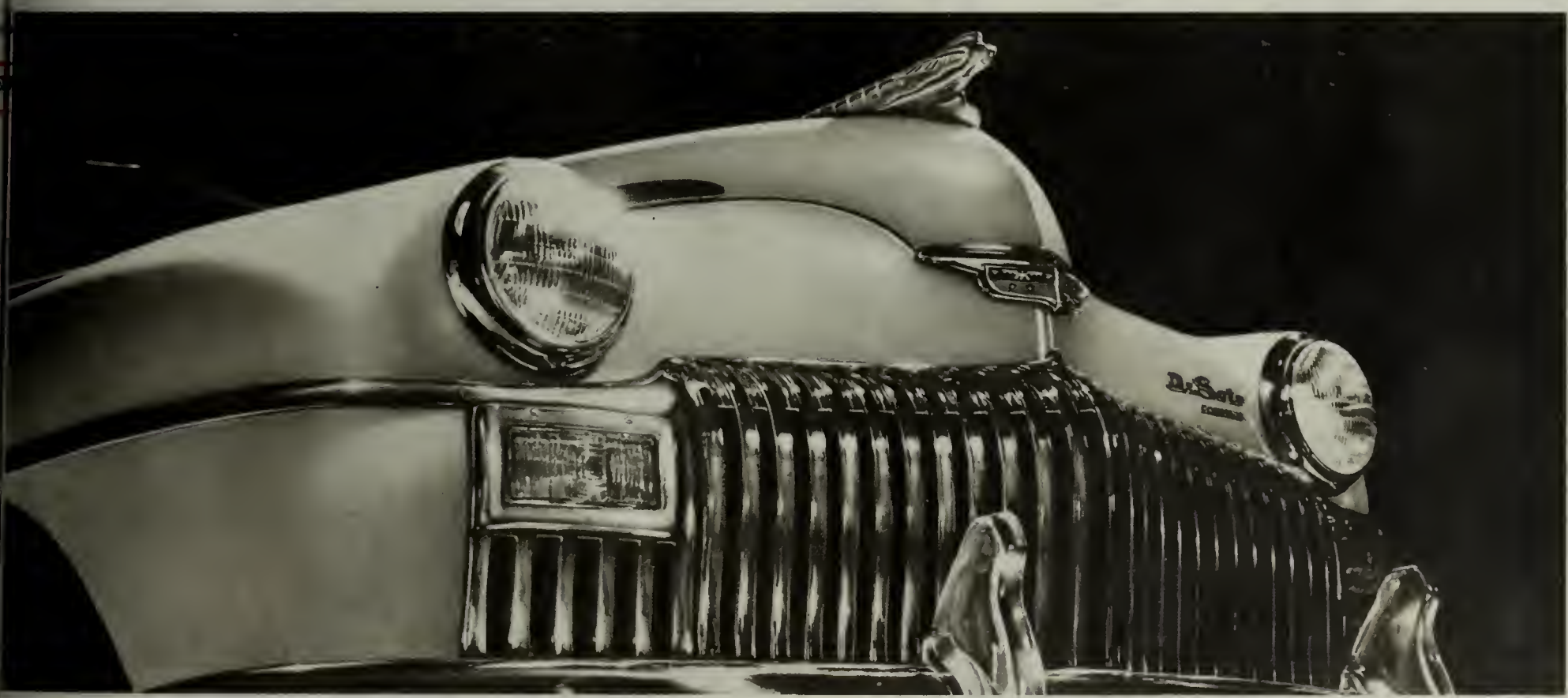

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ines. According to Mr. Sawada, the purge has given Japan the first chance to develop a real capitalist system under free enterprise and the replacement of old and reactionary leaders has made for progress.

With respect to the tax muddle a revision of the system is now under way and the Diet is under instructions to report a bill by July. Social Security legislation is also being planned.

The quarrel of the American correspondents with SCAP is a confused business. That some measure of repression has been exercised is admitted for under Washington's directives MacArthur is authorized to establish such minimum control and censorship of civil communications as may be necessary in the interests of military security. It cannot be discovered that outgoing press dispatches have been censored but adverse comment on MacArthur has been barred from Japanese papers, and there are cases where critical correspondents, unwise enough to leave the country, have not been permitted to return.

Subordinates Did the Muzzling

Where the responsibility would seem to lie however is with subordinates rather than the Supreme Commander himself. Out of a personal devotion that borders on fanaticism, they view any disparagement of their idol as not only an attack on military security but also a kick at the ark of the covenant. MacArthur, on learning that the Japanese press was not allowed to print American attacks on his Presidential candidacy, ended the prohibition at once.

With respect to SCAP's aloofness, the explanation offered has to do with a working schedule that calls for ten hours a day and seven days a week.

From 11:00 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. he sits in his office in the Dai Ichi Building, conferring with section heads passing on every act and policy. The postluncheon period is again devoted to reports and from five to eight o'clock there is a resumption of conferences in his office. This is a reasonable explanation but regrettable for his aloofness, for few men in public life today have a more engaging and persuasive personality than M Arthur.

I first met him in 1917 when he w young major. He oozed energy, ab and ambition at every pore. Mee him here in Tokyo 31 years later amazed me to see how few changes been worked by time. Still arrow-stra and with the same flash of eye aquilinity of features, he justified w had been told by Lieutenant Col Douglas P. Kendrick, his personal ph cian.

His reflexes and appearance, decl the Army doctor, are those of a ma fifty. Few members of his staff, though many years his junior, can m his physical endurance. Years of c mand and high responsibility with mastery of life and death over thousa have given him gravity and dignity there are still evidences of the war and enthusiasm that made him one of most popular men in Washington.

In talk with him, it is plain that draws his vocabulary from Gibbon Macaulay, with a strong dash of Sam Johnson. But a distinct fondness rounded phrases does not lessen the f and cogency of what he says.

What stands clear as he explains administration of Japan is his certain and the directness and realism of approach to the problems that c fronted him.

With the world in flux, and battle l being drawn between democracy and talitarianism, what is more hardhea than winning the support of 80,000, people by fair treatment? And with Japanese our prisoners of war, enti to our care under international con tions that we have never failed to resp what more intelligent than the relief the American taxpayer by the earl possible revival of Japan's industry agriculture? From complete paralysi the war's end, the country's output risen to 40 per cent of prewar levels

Why democracy? Because (Mac thur believes) it and Christianity are world's greatest ideas and ideals. course, ancient traditions are not rooted and it is inevitable that old ha of thought should persist, but wher there fairness in the outcry that our-p

COLLIER'S "I'm not ashamed to admit it—I cried! . . . That's the first time I ever saw Gregory Peck die" JOHN RUGE

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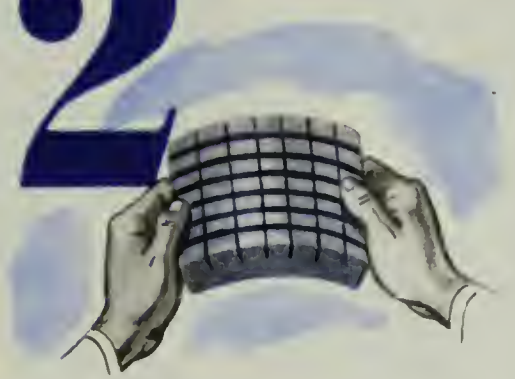

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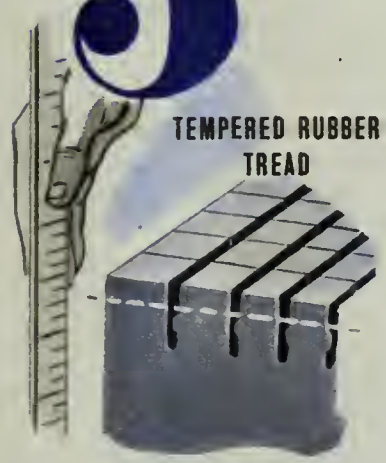

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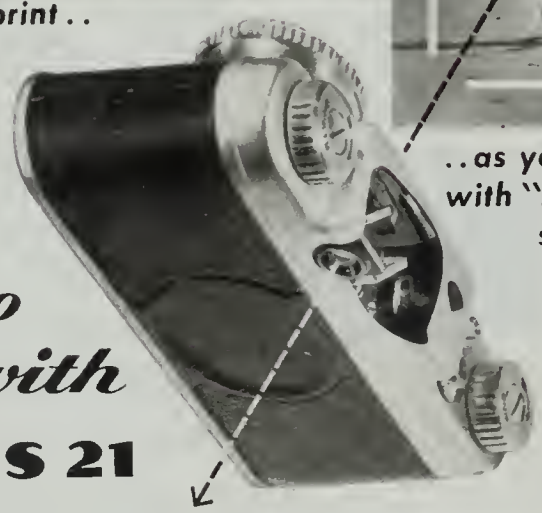

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gram of fundamental reform is a failure because the planting of the seed has not been followed by an immediate harvest? Democracy is not an automatic device but the struggle everlasting. After centuries of enslavement it is not easy to make people realize that the power to govern is in their hands and that success depends on development of ability to think and act for themselves. But two free elections bringing out a 72 per cent vote prove that the idea is being grasped.

Why an economy embodying the principle of private capitalism based on free competitive enterprise? Because experience has demonstrated that is the only economy that provides the maximum incentive for the development of individual initiative and individual energy—the two basic requirements for human progress.

Why in the various crises that have beset the Japanese government has MacArthur not intervened more often and directly by virtue of his supreme authority? Because you do not teach an infant to walk by walking for it. The feet of 80,000,000 have been put on the highway to democracy and, short of that which might imperil military security, it is best to let the people learn by their stumbles.

What puzzles Douglas MacArthur the insistence that he has gone too and too fast. What reforms could h been deferred? The destruction of police state and its spy system? The vorce of church and state and the eli nation of Shinto from the schools? T right of labor to organize and barg collectively? The breaking up of an famous system of private monopo under which with government protecti a dozen great clans controlled over per cent of Japan's commerce, indus and finance? Doing away with the feu ownership of land and creating a n class of small landowners?

Looking to the future, MacArthu views are equally definite and forthrig He believes that military occupati serve their purpose only for a limi time, at best, after which deterioratio rapid both in the population and the cupying force.

A peace treaty is long past due an the stubborn hostility of other nati continues to compel postponement, United States should take unilate action, if necessary, to restore Japan t peacetime basis.

THE END

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CANCER, THE CHILD KILLER

Each year thousands of American youngsters are dying tragic and often needless deaths from this dread disease. A knowledge of its early signs and quick action in getting treatment is essential in the fight against it

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

IT STARTED in a small Middle Western town when a young mother whom we'll call Mrs. A noticed the swelling on little nine-months-old Arthur's groin. It was still there a week later. Looking worried, the family doctor took a tiny section of tissue and sent it off to the state capital for microscopic examination. When it came back the report was as bad as it could be: Cancer!

In Frankfurt, Germany, a cabled message galvanized the Army into action, and young Lieutenant A., who had never even seen his son, was promptly flown over the Atlantic. But, landing in New York, he didn't have to go on. Without wasting a moment, Mrs. A had taken her doctor's advice and little Arthur was in Manhattan's famed cancer institution, Memorial Hospital. Indeed, by the time Lieutenant A arrived, the swelling had been removed and ten weeks later, chunky, brown-eyed Arthur was on his way home with Mother and Dad.

Arthur will be more than five years old before the doctors, always cautious, will call him cured. But when he left for home all tests made on him for cancer were negative and he was a happy, healthy-looking boy. He had won the first round and the prognosis was good. Lieutenant A could utter only one sentence when newsmen interviewed him: "Thank God my wife acted so quickly!"

Can children really have cancer? Even at this late date, the idea that they can and do still amazes millions. It is no less incredible that the fact that cancer in children need *not* invariably be fatal is still generally unknown.

Each year thousands of American youngsters are dying tragic deaths from this ruthless killer.

Cancer, according to the American Cancer Society, holds death warrants for 189,400 Americans this year.

"Contrary to general belief that it is a disease of middle age," says Dr. Frank E. Adair, former president of the Society, "many of these victims will be children."

No exact estimate on the frequency of cancer in children is possible.

"In contrast to most serious conditions in childhood," observes Dr. Harold W. Dargeon, head of the children's department at Memorial Hospital, "cancer in children is not reportable to local health departments and we have only a very approximate idea of its incidence."

Dr. Frank L. Rector, secretary of the Cancer Control Committee of the Michigan State Medical Society, says that cancer yearly kills about one half as many children as tuberculosis, two thirds as many as whooping cough, and several times as many as infantile paralysis.

Hardly a day goes by that newspapers somewhere aren't carrying an item as tragic as this:

Decatur, Ill., (A.P.)—Funeral services instead of a big Christmas party will be held Saturday for little C. R. The four-year-old suffering from a brain cancer for the last two years died yesterday. In her home there was a brightly trimmed Christmas tree and a pile of presents. . . . The neighborhood children invited to the party will attend services at . . ."

But worse than the heartbreak of such items—worse than the statistics themselves—is the fact that many of these children need not have died.

Dr. Adair had the words for it: "Cancer is not to be dreaded; it must be faced and fought with intelligence and courage."

Recently I spent some time in Memorial Hospital. There, on the third floor, is a remarkable ward. The beds are small; some are even cribs. It's a cheerful place, full of toys and books. Classes are held so youngsters won't fall behind in their lessons. You're likely to hear young laughter here, and sometimes tears. The only ward in the country for children with cancer, its seventeen beds have been occupied by small patients from all over the nation and from South America and Europe.

X Ray in Infancy Cured Her

You come away sick at heart, knowing that many of the children will never leave the hospital alive. But you come away with hope, too, because you know some of them will be cured. Among the graduates of Memorial is the girl who, at just 9½ months, had come in with cancer of the eye. But she had been treated early enough with X ray. That was fourteen years ago and she's quite a young lady today. Does she have cancer now? The answer is no.

There's the girl, now twenty-three, who eleven years ago had a malignant bone cancer. There's the boy who, seven years ago, was treated promptly for lymphosarcoma in the nodes of the neck. There's a fifteen-year-old Puerto Rican girl who was born with a tumor of the leg who was treated with radiation. They are all alive and healthy and cancer-free today.

These are the rewarding cases in which early diagnosis combined with expert treatment served to save lives. Unfortunately, there are too few such instances. In the others, while cancer is the culprit, ignorance is the ally that makes it so vicious.

Current theories hold that cancer develops when nature's routine process of cell replacement is upset. In the human body cells are constantly aging or being injured. It's normal for new cells, created at a regular pace by the splitting up of the old, to take their place. Mysteriously, new cells sometimes begin to grow wildly and there is cancer. Multiplying with abnormal speed, these wild cells pile up huge masses of tissue. This robs normal cells of nourishment. After a while the tissue begins to project into organs where it has no business. Or it breaks off into small pieces that wander through the body, setting up new cancer growths in organs a long way off. Cancerous cells from the bladder, for example, have been known to creep into the lungs.

One great difference between cancer in children and in adults is that, because the former are growing rapidly, the cancer grows rapidly, too. Another is that cancer in children and adults does not occur in the same body sites. In adults, cancers of the breast, of the prostate gland, and of the digestive and female genital tracts far outnumber all other malignant tumors. These types of cancer are almost unheard of in children.

A study of more than two thousand cases of child cancer some years ago showed that in childhood malignant tumors are most frequently found in the bones, the central nervous system, the eyes, the kidney, the soft parts of the body and the lymphoid structures. These findings were encouraging because they showed that the localities in which most children's tumors occur are usually accessible for reasonably early diagnosis by a physician.

No doctor can make a diagnosis, of course, until the patient is brought to him. The big problem in child cancer is still the discovery of malignancy in its early stages. It is a problem difficult enough even in adults. Not long ago a Gallup poll indicated that more than 50 per cent of the public still has no idea of what the early signs of cancer are in grown persons. This despite the years of effort that have gone into education on symptoms.

Records of the American Cancer Society show that if treated early enough 95 per cent of skin and lip cancer and 75 per cent of breast and uterus cancer can be cured. If they are allowed to progress very far before diagnosis is made and treatment given, the percentage of recoveries will drop as low as 15 per cent. An estimated 55,000 of the 165,000 adults who died in 1944 from cancer could have been saved had they known the signs and acted promptly when cancer first struck.

Bumps and bruises are considered the inevitable accompaniments of childhood. Any ache is almost invariably classified as "growing pain: When a child has a growth that doesn' go right away parents too frequent shrug and recall that "Uncle Char had a bump just like that when he w a boy and he lived to be eighty." Son may recognize that the bump is tumor. But it's probably benign ar will go away, they decide.

"Please," an outstanding pedi trician begged me, "make this poi emphatic. Most tumors *must* be co sidered guilty until proved innocent

For the fact is that in many cas there is no way to tell whether a tum is benign or malignant unless a micr scopic examination is made. And benign tumor *can* kill, depending upc its size and position.

Ignorance Thwarts Doctors

Even when a doctor is consulted, h diagnosis may not be taken seriousl A distinguished specialist told m "Ignorance is a tough enemy. Eve now, appendicitis kills a distressin number of children in America ever year. It's amazing how many paren will not believe the doctor when h diagnoses it in a youngster but thin the physician is merely eager to pe form an operation. It's even wors with cancer. Doctor after doctor ha his hands tied when parents refuse t let him take a tiny section of tissu from the suspected area and analyze to make certain."

Bone tumors, among the most ir sidious, can be recognized early. The rarely appear before a child is fiv years old. A frequent site is in th thigh although they may occur at o near the joints of several of the lon bones. Pain, tenderness or swellin are warning signs. And if a chil after any injury, has a fever, loses hi appetite and cries at night, he shoul be examined promptly. Parents al most invariably notice such symp toms. If they would leave it up to doctor to decide whether their boy o girl has just "growing pains," or i really ill, many lives could be saved

For children who are stricken witl brain tumors the outlook has bee greatly improved because of grea advances made in the work of neuro surgeons. Usually appearing after th fifth year, not all cases are malignan and at least one third can be cured i treatment begins before the brain tis sue is permanently damaged. Brai tumors are to be suspected if there are headaches, vomiting, irritability lassitude and failing or double vision Sometimes children with brain tu mors change personality sharply, be coming the opposite of their usually well-mannered selves. Distortion o the skull is another sign.

Cancers of the lymphoid structures

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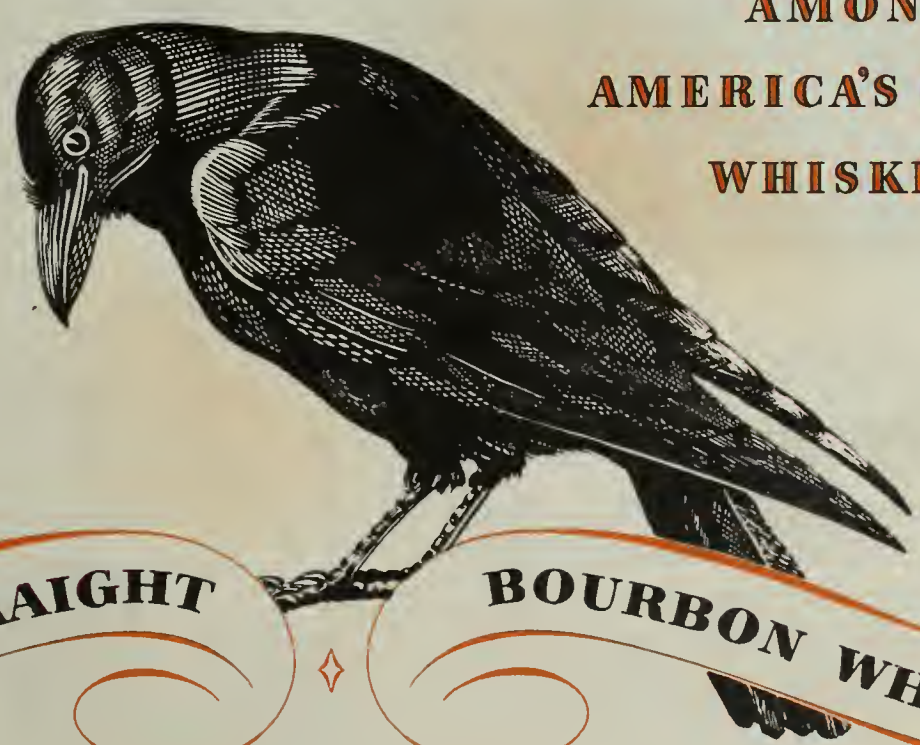

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include Hodgkin's disease and the leukemias. The former, a malignant swelling of the lymph glands, rarely appears before five; leukemia, cancer of the blood, may occur even in infancy. Symptoms of the latter include hemorrhages in different parts of the body, swollen glands, a lump beneath the skin, and an increase in the size of the abdomen. Both Hodgkin's disease and leukemia have been invariably fatal. But one doctor recently reported a treatment which, while it does not cure, converts acute leukemia into the chronic form and gives the patient perhaps two added years of life.

Glioma, the eye cancer, begins with a growth inside the eyeball. The child's mother is usually the first to observe the usually black pupil turning to a gray, white or greenish shade. Authentic cures of many years' standing have been made in eye cancer, and improved X-ray techniques and skillful surgery can work wonders today in many cases if early action is taken.

Wilm's tumor of the kidney usually occurs before a child is five. Prospects for cure by surgery or irradiation are good if the mother notices and acts on the symptoms early There may be some enlargement in the flank.

Later the child may look ill, become anemic and run a temperature. The best early sign is any unusual enlargement of the abdomen.

Cases That Respond to Treatment

The cancers in children that hold out the most hope for cure are those of the soft parts—the muscles, fat layers, nerves, nerve sheaths, blood vessels and supporting tissue. More common after the fifth year, they can be recognized by persistent or increasing swelling. There are more cures in this group than any other. Some cancers in the soft parts have even regressed and apparently been cured without treatment of any kind.

Skin cancer in children is rare. Specialists warn that warts or moles which change in color, size or shape should be removed. But birthmarks, even though they enlarge and become disfiguring, are rarely malignant.

Such are the signs of the disease which today is killing thousands of American children, many of them needlessly. There are increasing indications that the death rate can and will be reduced reasonably soon. For one thing, slowly but surely the need for vigilance is being recognized by the public. Sometimes it is only after the horror strikes close to home.

Among doctors, too, there is growing awareness. Hardly a month goes by now that an article on child cancer does n appear in pediatric literature. The con bination of doctors' concern and a grov ing public consciousness may explain th increasing number of child cancer cas many hospitals now report admitting.

The Children's Tumor Registry, estal lished before the war by Memorial Ho pital, is hard at work, too. The regist gathers cases of interest or unusual na ture from all over the country so that th resultant pooling of information ca further our knowledge of cancer in chi dren. It provides photographs, pam phlets and charts for educational exhibi in medical schools, hospitals and befor public groups like parent-teacher associa tions.

The registry furnishes diagnostic hel on a nation-wide basis. It has an eigh man board of outstanding pathologis who examine tissue submitted for diag nosis by any doctor anywhere in th country. Clinical records, X rays, labo ratory and other pertinent data submitte for opinions are also reviewed by specia ists. And if cancer is definitely indicate the doctor receives the diagnosis plus reference to procedures to be followe If necessary, the child victim can be ser by his doctor to the children's ward a Memorial where, in cases of poverty treatment is free.

Still another hopeful sign is the begin ning of the development of a full-fledge cancer prevention program for children Last January a prevention clinic wa opened at Memorial Hospital. Here healthy children come with their mother to receive the same complete preventio examinations given in adult preventio clinics. The program insures sound con trol of cancer and serves as an early edu cational system for cancer control i coming generations. Two weeks after it opening, appointments were booked fo a year ahead. It is not unlikely that thi clinic will be duplicated soon in othe cities.

Meantime, the best hope for prevent ing needless deaths lies with mother everywhere who must recognize tha there is such a thing as cancer in childre and that it isn't something to be fright ened of or fatalistic about. It's an enem to be fought and licked. The signs o cancer in children are so often thos which any observant mother cannot help but notice. Thereafter it is a matter fo prompt consultation with a doctor There's no better example than that of the forthright and courageous mother o little Arthur who, even with her husband overseas, wasted no time and therefore wasted no life.

THE END

SLEEPWALKER

Continued from page 26

ise of a thorough understanding of spects of that wickedness.

ddenly Dr. Coffee realized that the Mr. Arlington's waxen features were and unmottled. He took three k steps upstairs to examine the bare and legs with intent interest. Then, ing downward, he re-examined the e body. He noted the torn silk under- He was also interested in Mr. gton's hands—soft, white, graceful s which had apparently never known ual labor, but which had conspicuous crescents under the well-manicured rnails. Then, gently if illegally, he the head to examine the damage to skull, partly concealed by the wavy n hair. His lower jaw protruded naciously as he made a short, rude with his lips.

They've been lying to you, Max," Dr. ee said. "The man didn't die in this tion."

How do you figure that one, Doc?" detective asked.

Look at the purple patches on the and legs. If the man had been lying d downward for as long as you say, post-mortem lividity would have ap- red on the face and shoulders instead n the feet. The fact that we have lity in the lower extremities indicates the man was sitting up—or was pped up—for some time after death. body wasn't moved to this head- n position for several hours after blood stopped circulating."

The detective snorted. "Ichthyolo- !" he said. "Sleepwalker! My eye!"

Furthermore," Dr. Coffee continued, e skull fracture which caused the n's death seems to be parallel to the ne. If he had struck his head on edge of a step the wound should be ghly at right angles."

Let's go up and talk to the Smiths," x Ritter said.

Professor Smith patiently told his story over again. This time Monica did warm her nervousness against her band's shoulder. Although Dr. Cof- 's eyes never left Smith's placid face he spoke, the doctor could not help ing Monica's reflection in the mirror. e sat behind Dr. Coffee, her hands htly clasped in her lap, the blue silk her negligee taut across the provoca- e rhythm of her breathing.

"Now tell it again," Ritter said, when ith had finished. "Only this time don't ve out anything."

"But I've told you everything."

"You didn't tell us who moved the dy," the detective said.

MONICA SMITH'S hands came un- clasped like a spring catch opening. here was a moment of silence. Then nith's rumbling voice declared calmly: The body wasn't moved, Lieutenant. e poor fellow has been right on the airs where I first saw him. And the po- e came five minutes later."

"Dr. Coffee here says the body was oved," Ritter said. "Doc, tell these lks how you know it."

Dr. Coffee explained the mechanics post-mortem lividity.

"Convincing, indeed," said Smith. "I ish I could explain the apparent con- adiction. But when I woke up—"

"Okay, skip it," Ritter said. "Just tell s exactly what you're doing in North- ank, Professor—if you can."

Professor Smith certainly could—and learned detail. He had been brought Northbank, he said, to make a survey or the Barzac Cannery. After the fall omato pack was in, the cannery had sev- ral idle months and was seeking a suita- le fresh-water fish that might be put up luring the slack season, if it could be lanted in the streams and lakes of the region. The cannery people were much interested in the possibility of canning catfish, if the *Ameiurus Negricans* of the Great Lakes, or the *Ameiurus Ponderosus* of the Mississippi, which grew to a hundred pounds, could be transplanted to the region. Or even a smaller but sweeter catfish such as the *Ictalurus Punctatus*. . . .

"Okay, that's fine," Max Ritter interrupted. "Now about your gardener that I just tossed out of your yard: Is this his regular day to work?"

"Gardener?" Smith asked.

"Oh, yes, the gardener," Monica said. "I told him to come today."

"Well, I told him to come tomorrow," said Ritter. "I don't want him tramping around the place till we've finished our investigation. Now, if Mrs. Smith could come down and brew a little caffeine for the doc and me—"

"I usually make the coffee in the morning," Smith said. "I'll be glad to—"

"You stay here and shave," Ritter said. "I want to talk to Mrs. Smith alone."

MAX RITTER seemed in no hurry to talk. He sat on the kitchen table, pushed his soft gray hat to the back of his head, fished two cigarettes from his pocket, offered one to Dr. Coffee, and lighted them both. He let Monica Smith bustle about the stove for a full minute before he asked suddenly:

"Mrs. Smith, when did you and this guy Arlington go to Florida together?"

Monica Smith dropped a coffee cup. Her baby-blue eyes stared at the detective with dismay, then with defiance. Dr. Coffee noted the quick metamorphosis from kitten to tigress and wondered which was the basic personality.

"I don't know what you mean," Monica said.

"Sure you do," Ritter said. "And so do I. Who was Arlington?"

"I thought you knew everything." The tigress was still speaking.

"We want to hear you tell it," Ritter said.

Monica got a dustpan and swept up the pieces of cup. It was a fairly complicated operation because one hand was periodically busy correcting the tendency of her negligee to yawn open. When she spoke, it was the kitten purring again. "I'll tell you everything," she said, "if you promise not to tell my husband. I want him to hear it from me first. Please let me tell him first. Please."

"Cross my heart," Ritter said. "What about Miami?"

"I was there with Bob Arlington two years ago last winter—before I married Jonathan."

"Nice gal," said Ritter, "bringing the boy friend home to hubby disguised as an—as a fish expert."

"I didn't bring him here. I didn't even know he was in Northbank until Jonathan brought him home. Bob Arlington was a fast talker."

"Don't tell me this guy Arlington just came here to talk about catfish."

"Of course not. He said he'd been hunting me for months. He wanted me to come back to him."

"Begin at the beginning," Max Ritter said.

Monica Smith resumed her interrupted coffee making as she told her story. It was a commonplace, tawdry, rather pitiful story—the pretty girl who didn't quite make the grade in Hollywood; the flashy young man with the smooth patter and the generous bank roll; the quick infatuation—she had loved him wildly, even after she found out he was a professional gambler. She didn't care. When he was in the chips, they lived high; they traveled and drank champagne and she wore jewelry. When he was down in his luck,

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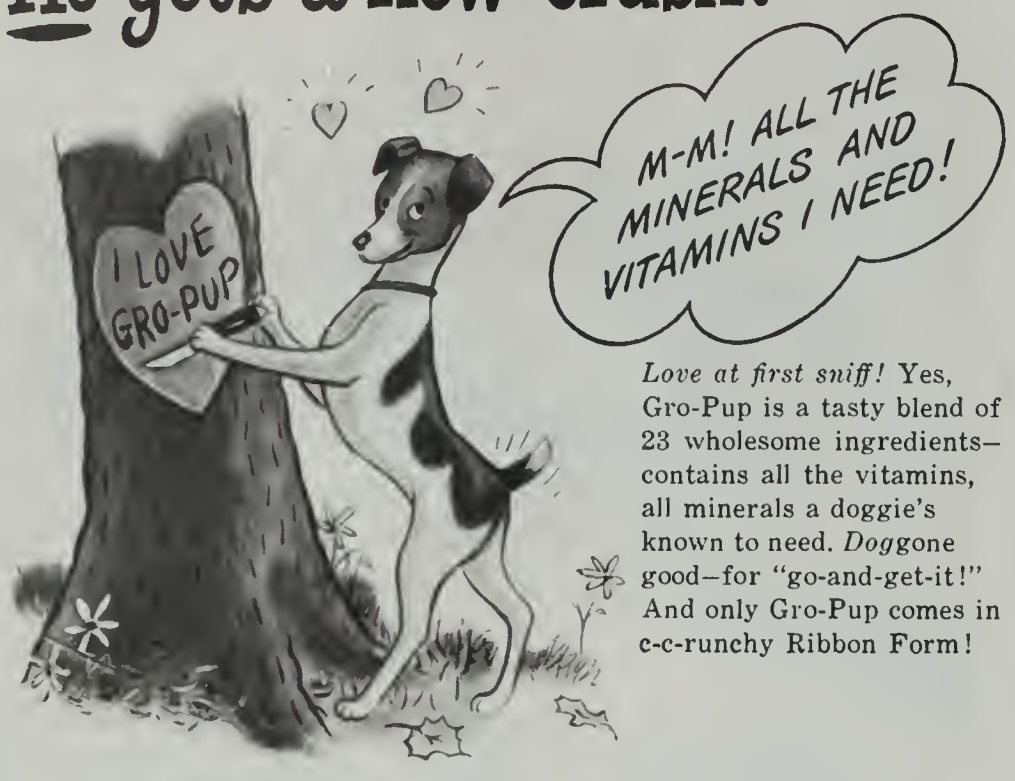

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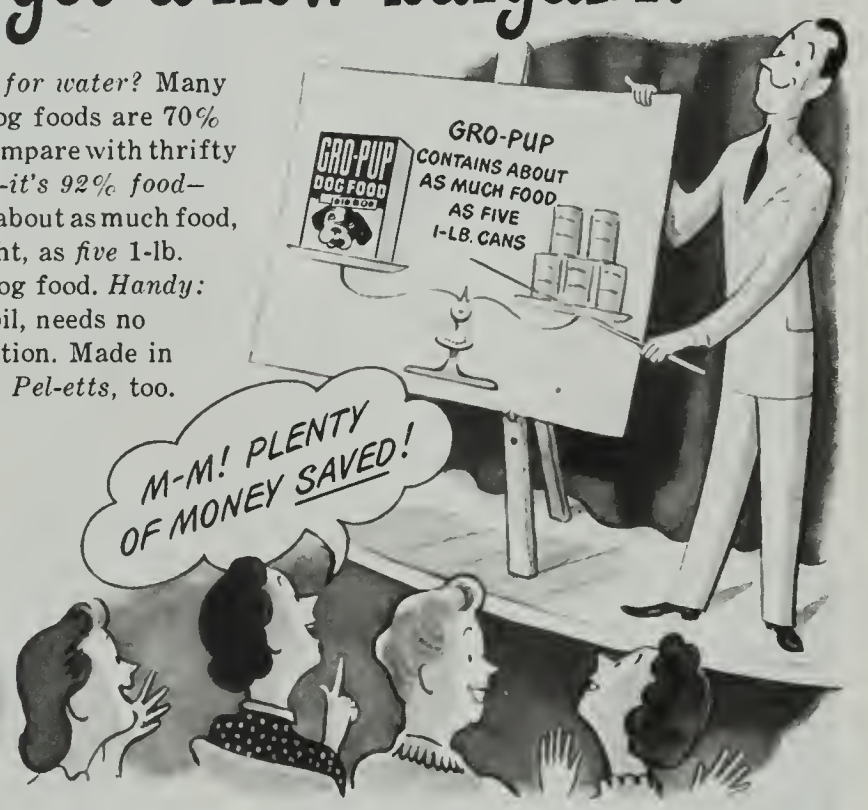
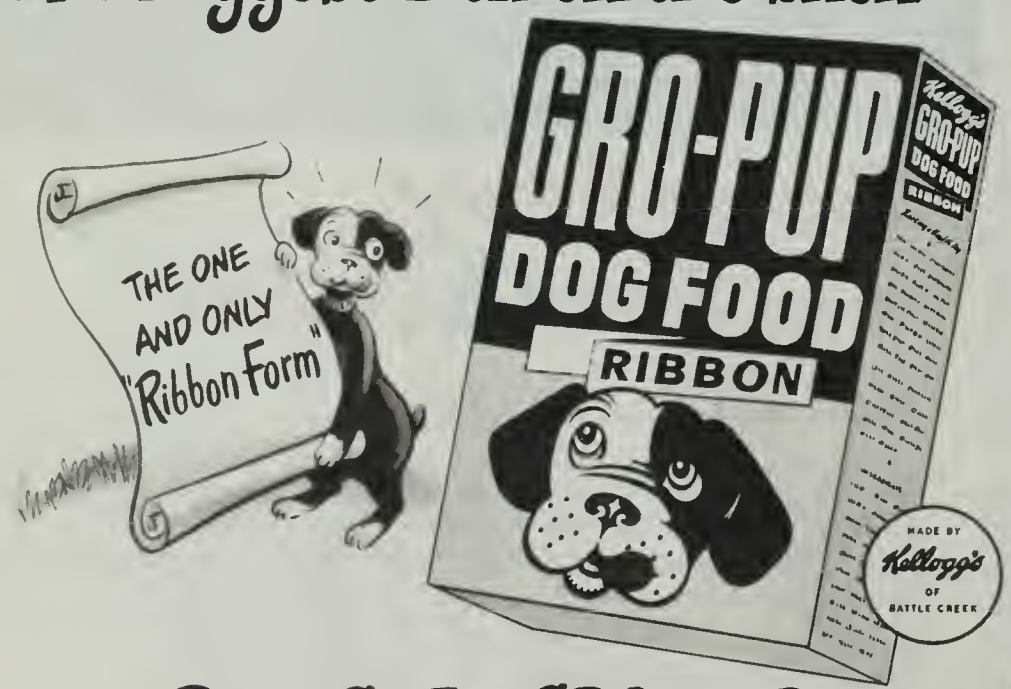


The Biggest Box on the shelf



Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

they lived in furnished rooms, drank water, and pawned her jewelry to give him working capital. She was very happy—until Arlington left her for another woman. Even then she forgave him and took him back when he returned two weeks later, because she loved him. She took him back the second time, too, but she didn't forgive him, because he was drunk and abusive for days after he came back.

After a year of this, a year in which she lost twenty pounds, most of her sanity, and all of her self-respect, she packed up and left. She left while he was off on a binge, because she was afraid she would take him back if he returned; she still loved him. She went to some friends who had a cabin in the Sierras, to try to regain her health, her sanity, and her self-respect.

It was in the Sierras that she met Jonathan Smith. He was working on a California State Fisheries project; stocking trout, she thought. Two weeks after they met, he asked her to marry him.

"I TOLD Jonathan the truth," Monica said. She poured the coffee. "I told him I'd been through an unhappy love affair, and that I didn't feel as though any decent man should even look at me—not for a long time. I didn't tell him Bob Arlington's name, and he's never asked it. I just told him that he couldn't possibly want me, particularly as I didn't love him. He said that didn't matter; that he loved me and that he would take a chance. He was so kind and patient, and I was so completely demoralized, that—well, I married him. I needed him, to bring me back to life. It was selfish of me, I guess, but I've tried to make it up to him. I've tried hard to make him a good wife. I didn't want him to regret anything. And now this—this. . . ."

"Weren't you afraid Arlington might run to your husband with the truth unless you went away with him?"

"I was frantic."

"Did you threaten to kill Arlington unless he left you alone?"

"Why? Bob wasn't afraid of me."

And with reason, Dan Coffee decided. The tigress wasn't real. Monica was all kitten, even when she showed her cl Even after her degrading recital th was something warm and human helpless about this girl that appealed him.

"I've got one question, Mrs. Smi Dr. Coffee said. "How could a prof sional gambler pose as an ichthyolo and fool an expert like your husband?"

"Bob Arlington had a photograp memory," Monica replied. "He co read the Racing Form through just o and tell you how Mogul perforn against Pickled Beets and Galorette Aqueduct last year. He could recite record of every horse that ever ran furlongs and up, at Bowie or Hialeah Churchill Downs. Remembering names of fishes would be just the sam Bob as remembering race horses. probably read Jonathan's book on train coming here."

"Did you write to Arlington since got married?" Ritter asked.

"No."

"Then how did he track you to No bank?"

"I don't know." Monica bit her "Unless Eddie Drew told him. Eddie Bob Arlington's partner, on and When I left Bob they had a gambl joint together—the Canyon Casino Los Juegos, Nevada. Last time Bob broke, I pawned a little ring that mother gave me before she died. wasn't very valuable—there were th little diamonds in it—but I wanted back for sentimental reasons. So I s Eddie Drew the money and the tic and my address. I asked Eddie not mention it to Bob, but maybe Bob s the letter."

"Now tell us why you moved body," Ritter said.

"But I didn't. I woke up a little bef four and—"

"Sure, we know. You found y husband standing at the top of the stai The detective made a gesture of disg "You know what I think happened? think you killed Arlington to keep mouth shut, and then went to bed a worried about it until your husba started sleepwalking. You came ba downstairs, dragged your ex-boy frie to the steps so it would look like an

"Don't be silly, Edgeworth. Of course we have to put it out!"

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t. Then you woke up your husband et him think he did it."

nica Smith hesitated a long time e she replied.

ll right," she said at last. "Let's say what happened. You know, Lieu- t, there was one fine thing about terrible three days: I found out I love Jonathan. You can't know it meant to me to be able to look b Arlington and not get all hot and inside, with my knees turning to —to know that all I ever felt for was over and dead and would stay , even if he stayed around for years, g the same flattering things he used y, with the same charming smile. grateful to him for that—for letting now that I love Jonathan deeply and rely, that I'd do anything in the d for Jonathan. Anything. Why you arrest me for the murder of Arlington? I certainly should have him. Why don't you arrest me?"

Maybe I will," Max Ritter said, r I find out what you used to crack kull with. But first— Hello, Brody."

he plain-clothes man who had just e into the kitchen said, "There's a out here with a story you ought to , Max. He says he lives next door."

Bring him in, Brody," Ritter said. s. Smith, go upstairs and take your and a cup of coffee, so he'll stay e. I don't want him walking around is sleep while I'm in the house."

he man from next door said his name Pelham. He had come home from a game shortly after midnight, he , and thought he saw a shadow mov- about in the shrubbery of the Smiths' d. He had said, "Good evening, Pro- or," but there was no reply, and the n—if it were a man—had disap- red. He worried about it as he un- sed for bed, and half an hour later, e opened his bedroom window he ed out again—and again he saw a dow moving in the shrubbery. This e he got a flashlight and shined the m into the Smiths' yard but he did see the prowler, if it were a prowler. moment later a car which he had not iced before drove away from in front the Smiths' house. The taillight was and he could not see the license tes. Then he noticed the lights were in the Smiths' living room, so he ought no more of it—until he saw all police cars out front this morning.

Ritter thanked Mr. Pelham and prom- d to call on him again. Then he took Coffee upstairs again to confront the iths with their neighbor's story.

THE Smiths could offer no explana- tion. They had had no visitors. They d heard no car drive away from the use after midnight. The living-room hts were out when they went upstairs, cause Arlington had already retired his room.

"We went to bed at ten thirty," said nathan Smith.

"I'd slept very badly for two nights," id his wife. "I just couldn't keep my es open last night. I must have been st asleep by eleven. And I didn't wake —"

"We know, we know. Till nearly four clock." Max Ritter raised his hands a gesture of surrender, but there was surrender in the set of his tight lips. Get dressed, you two. We're going owntown. I'm going to hold you as aterial witnesses."

On the stairs, Dr. Coffee said to the etective, "Max, I've got to go upstate do an autopsy for an insurance com- any. I probably won't be back until to- orrow. But if you find anything, take right to my lab. Dr. Mookerji will e there."

"The swami again? What do you think might find, Doc?"

"Since Arlington probably died sit- ing up, examine all the chairs for stains. end the stained fabric to Dr. Mookerji and ask him to test for blood. He may even be able to type the blood for you, in which case he'll want blood samples from your suspects and from the victim. You might also make scrapings from under Arlington's fingernails. They're pretty black for a man who obviously sees a manicurist regularly."

"I noticed that," Ritter said. "I'm likewise a little inquisitive about why his undershirt was ripped."

"Another thing, Max. The body wasn't dragged. I didn't see any marks on the rug or floors. So look for possible bloodstains on the clothes of whoever could have carried him."

"I'll look," the detective said. "See you tomorrow, Doc."

DR. COFFEE returned to Northbank by the early morning train. He went directly to his laboratory in Pasteur Hospital, where he found Dr. Motilal Mookerji, the rotund little Hindu intern who was his resident pathologist, extremely busy. The Hindu's pink turban bobbed excitedly as he carried a rack of test tubes across the laboratory. He did not see Dr. Coffee come in. Neither did Max Ritter who sat on a tall stool, his back to the door, watching Dr. Mookerji drip liquid from a glass rod onto squares of white blotting paper.

As green stains appeared on the blotting paper, a broad smile appeared simultaneously on Mookerji's round face.

Dr. Coffee put down his bag. The Hindu and the detective both looked up.

"Welcome, Doctor Sahib! Five times welcome!" Dr. Mookerji exclaimed. "Am just now becoming assistant detective to Leftenant Ritter."

Dan Coffee watched the green stains spread and darken. He asked, "Benzidine test?"

"Leucomalachite," the Hindu replied. "Am happy to announce positive reaction for presence of blood."

"Hi, Doc," Ritter said. "I find a flatiron in the Smiths' kitchen. It has a couple of hairs sticking to it, and a brown spot that's maybe rust and maybe not. The swami here says it's blood. So we find the weapon. I also cut a piece of fabric from the back of a big chair in the Smiths' living room. The swami says that's got blood on it, too."

"Two bloods," Dr. Mookerji amended. "Was able to make extract from stain sufficient for agglutination, and procured splendid double reaction for AB type blood cells, plus O type cells. Having previously classified blood of late deceased Mr. Arlington as O type, can state that person of AB type likewise mingled blood on furniture."

"So it looks like our killer maybe got a finger caught under a corner of the iron when he smacked Arlington," Ritter said.

"The fact that he's in the AB group is going to narrow your field considerably," said Dr. Coffee. "Only one person in twenty has AB type blood. Did you take a sample from Professor Smith?"

"Have offered to do so," Dr. Mookerji said. "Would greatly enjoy blood relationship with such distinguished ichthyologist as Jonathan Smith."

"You didn't tell me you knew this guy Smith," Ritter said.

"Acquaintanceship to date is only vicarious." The Hindu sighed. "Before opting for medical profession, was contemplating career in fisheries department of Indian Civil Service. Was then on intimate terms with Professor Smith's book on Mutations of Teleostean Fishes, which is extremely monumental and scientific work. Am informed Professor Smith is currently engaged in surveying catfish situation in Northbank. Would therefore greatly welcome opportunity for comparing American catfishes with Hindu species entitled *mahseer*, which inhabit unsalted waters of Indian mountain streams and are somewhat delicious when eaten by non-Brahmans. Would—"

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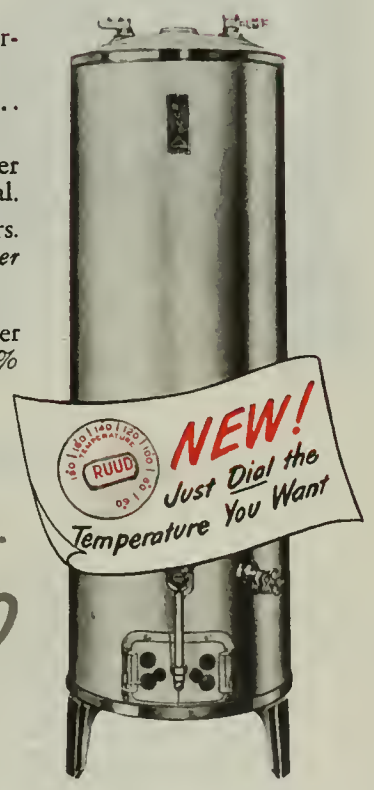

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"We won't need any more samples," the detective interrupted. "I think I already know who killed Arlington."

"Mister or Missus?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Come along and see for yourself." Ritter looked at his watch. "I'm going to make the pinch now. But we'll have to make it snappy, because my pinch is strictly by timetable."

ON THE way to Kanold Street, Dan Coffee asked, "Did you give Dr. Mookerji a look at the fingernail scrapings, Max?"

"I did," Ritter said, "and the swami says it's good rich topsoil, with just a soupsong of fertilizer."

"You know, Max, I've been wondering why the Smiths didn't jump at the chance of pinning Arlington's death on an outsider," Dr. Coffee said. "The chance was offered on a silver platter when their neighbor told the story of the prowler at midnight. Why didn't they take it? Aside from the fact that each of them suspects the other, they're both probably telling the truth when they say they were asleep at midnight—which must have been the time that Arlington was killed."

"Doc, you've got the makings of a detective," Ritter said. "That's exactly my line of thinking since you left yesterday. If it's a third party, I ask myself, who is it? Well, I get to thinking about little Monica's story yesterday, and I telephone the chief of police at Los Juegos, Nevada. I ask him about the Canyon Casino. The chief says the Canyon Casino is closed down since about two weeks, and that it is the general belief among the stoolies in Los Juegos that the casino is closed because one of the partners skipped with the bank. And since Partner Eddie Drew is around town for a couple-three days after the casino closes, dead drunk until he jumps in his car and takes a powder, it is the general belief that Partner Bob Arlington is the guy who skips with the money. So I get Eddie Drew's description from the chief, and I put it on the ticker with a ten-state alarm to pick up a car with his Nevada license plates. One hour later my own boys pick up a car with those plates in a downtown parking lot, right here in Northbank."

"Interesting," said Dr. Coffee.

"Damned interesting," the detective said. "Because if Eddie Drew kills Arlington, why is Eddie Drew's car still in Northbank? The only answer I come up with is this: Drew doesn't find what he kills Arlington to get. And what does he kill Arlington to get if it isn't the bank from the Canyon Casino which Arlington is supposed to elope with? So maybe the open suitcases and the clothes that clutter up Arlington's room ain't Arlington getting ready to pack, but Drew digging for that dough. And maybe the torn undershirt is Eddie Drew looking for a money belt. And maybe— Hey, here we are."

The car stopped in front of the Smith house and the two men got out. The plain-clothes man sitting on the front steps waved a smoking cigarette at Ritter.

"What gives, Brody?" Ritter asked.

"Nothing," Brody said. "Except that gardener came back. You said it was okay to let him work today; he's around back, gardening his head off."

Ritter led Dr. Coffee to the back of the house where a red-faced man in overalls was spading in a dahlia bed.

"You can quit digging now," Ritter said. "I already found what you're digging for."

The man in overalls looked up from his spade and wiped the perspiration from his red face. "Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

"It don't make much difference who I am," Ritter replied. "But it makes a hell of a lot of difference that you're Eddie Drew from Los Juegos, Nevada. How'd you hurt your little finger, Eddie?"

"I caught it in a door," said the ma overalls. "And my name's not Ed I'm the gardener here. Mrs. Smith me to spade up the back yard. You ask Mrs. Smith."

"Maybe Monica will cover for y the detective said. "And maybe won't. In any case, I'm going to p you for the murder of Robert Arl ton."

"Slow down. Who's Arlington?"

"He's the guy that buried sixty th sand dollars here in this yard, night fore last, when he got wind that you w in town," Ritter said. "He buried it w his bare hands, and you guessed it w you saw the dirt under his fingern after you conked him with a flatir So when you couldn't find the money or about Arlington's person, you w out to do a little digging yourself, u the next-door neighbor put a flashl on you and scared you off. Then decided to do a little daylight garden figuring that Monica Smith woul have the heart to put a finger on when she recognized you."

"How long will it take before my parents are convinced I'm not cut out for this sort of thing?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"I don't get it," said the man in ov alls.

"You didn't get the sixty G's eithe Ritter went on, "because I noticed black nails myself, and I did my o digging last night. The money's do at the station now, and I think we ou to go down and look at it. We'll a look for a parking-lot stub that ma you got in your pocket. And since y got a smashed little finger, we'll tak sample of your blood so Doc Coffee tell us if you're an AB type." Rit looked at his watch. "Come on, Eddi he said.

ANOTHER police car was pulling as the trio reached the front of house. Monica Smith was the first to out of the car. Her feet seemed to fre to the sidewalk when she saw the man overalls. She blanched.

"That double-take is identificati enough for me, Eddie," Ritter sa "Mrs. Smith, why didn't you tell me E die Drew was in Northbank?"

"I didn't know he was in Northban Monica said.

"Let's quit playing games," Ritter sa "or you'll talk yourself into jail as accomplice after the fact, Mrs. Smi Eddie Drew wouldn't be hanging arou this house full of cops unless he v damned sure you'd cover for him. Wh did you talk to Eddie last, Mrs. Smith

"He telephoned night before las Monica said, "but I didn't know he v in Northbank. He said he was cali long-distance."

"Why did he phone?"

"He said he heard Bob Arlington v here, so he was coming to town to p him a visit—and that I'd better keep mouth shut, or he'd open his—to Jo

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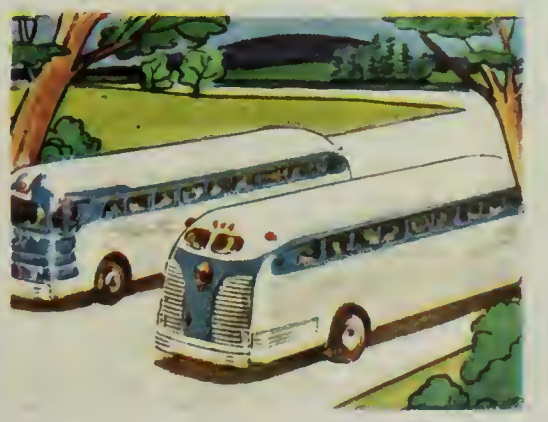

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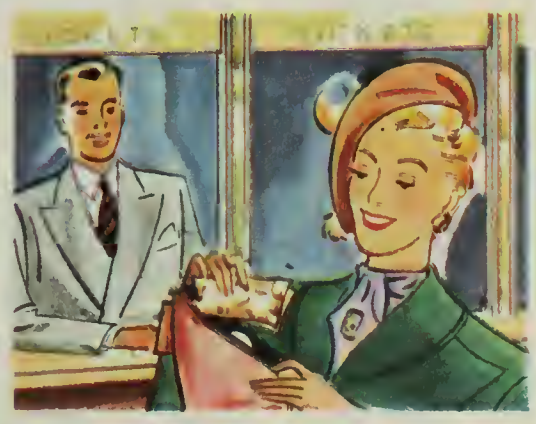

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than. He told me if he showed up as a plumber or a handy man or anything like that, I'd better say I sent for him—or else."

"So when I mentioned the gardener yesterday, you knew it was Eddie."

"I thought so. But I thought he'd just arrived."

"Mrs. Smith, Eddie's going to think you're mighty ungrateful for spilling the truth like this," Ritter said, "because he probably figures he did you a big favor by killing Arlington."

"Eddie killed—?" The shock of surprise gave way to the shock of realization and relief. Monica folded into a pretty little heap on the sidewalk. Jonathan Smith lifted her gently and carried her into the house.

"I guess that's all, Eddie," said Max Ritter, reaching for his handcuffs.

MAX RITTER and Dr. Coffee were sitting in the living room of the Smith house, talking to the ichthyologist.

"I think your sleepwalking nights are ended, Professor," Dan Coffee said. "I don't think you'll have any more nightmares about fighting an intruder in your home. But you may have to explain in court why you moved Arlington's body."

"Why do you think I moved it?" Smith asked.

"Arlington was killed while sitting right there." Dr. Coffee pointed to a chair from which a big piece of upholstery had been cut. "He continued to sit there long enough for post-mortem lividity to settle in his legs, so he couldn't have walked to the stairway. And your wife, much as she loves you, isn't big enough or strong enough to have carried the body. That leaves you. You must have wakened three or four hours after the murder. You saw a light downstairs, got up to investigate, and found Arlington dead in the chair. You were afraid that your wife had killed him, so you put out the lights, carried the body to the stairs, and staged your sleepwalking act. So you must have suspected that Arlington was your wife's former boy friend. When, Professor?"

Smith smiled sheepishly. "Almost immediately," he said. "Arlington was remarkably familiar with my book, but then we talked of matters not in the book, and I realized he was faking. He didn't know, for instance, that the *Gronias*, the *Leptops*, and the *Noturus* are also genera of catfish. When I realized he was an impostor, I had an overwhelming desire to see him together with Monica. I deliberately brought him into my home. I was glad I did. Monica was uneasy and a little frightened by the situation, but it was quite apparent that her old love for Arlington was quite dead. That's why I thought she may have killed him—because he had threatened her, perhaps, if she did not come back to him. And of course I had to protect her. By the way, what is the penalty under the law for moving a dead body before the arrival of the coroner?"

"None, maybe," Max Ritter said, "if a fellow did it in his sleep and dropped the body on the stairs when he woke up."

THE END

ARE WE SHORT OF WATER?

Continued from page 15

Russia or the coming Presidential election. They've something more urgent on their minds—vanishing water. Irrigation is to dry Arizona's economy what lifeblood is to a human being. Two thirds of this lifeblood comes from below the ground and a third from rains and rivers. So swiftly is Arizona's underground supply being drained away in some places by overpumping that A. N. Sayre, the government's top expert in this field, says the state's plight will be desperate unless remedial measures are taken immediately. S. F. Turner, U.S. engineer at Tucson, said: "The situation is so critical it can no longer be solved solely by drilling new wells."

No wonder. In the Eloy area of Arizona's Pinal County, water is being mined eleven times faster than it can, naturally, be put back. In Maricopa County it is being taken out eighteen times as fast, and for Arizona, as a whole, twice as fast. The result, government geologists found in southern Arizona, has been that in several areas water levels have dropped 55 feet in six years.

The water table is not getting a chance to come back. As farm produce continues to bring premium prices, Arizona farmers get more land under irrigation and dig more wells. Some land has already returned to desert because of lack of water. Three hundred and fifty thousand acres, or about a third of all that state's arable land, face the same fate. As this is written, the Arizona legislature, convened in its sixth special session, wrangles over a law to slow the sapping of the state's water lifeblood.

Said a frightened Arizonan:

"Unless such a law is passed, and unless the state finds new water sources, we won't only be shipping out bees and cattle like California. We'll be shipping out people."

Arizona's case is not unique.

In the Panhandle's high plains area, at Lubbock, Texas, farmers swamped local merchants this spring with demands for pumps, gobbling them up at the rate of 50 a day. It costs about $6,700 to dig a well in the outlying dry country, but with wheat bringing more than $2 a bushel farmers figured it was worth it. The result was that where only 1,100 wells tapped the underground pools of the Panhandle in the 1930s, 7,200 drain it now.

Yes, drain. Every year nature recharges, or stores, enough water in the area to cover 50,000 acres with a foot of water (50,000 acre-feet). But last year alone Panhandle farmers withdrew 750,000 acre-feet. That's fifteen times as much as nature could put in! Down and down goes the water, and deeper and deeper go the wells. In 14 years, overpumping has lowered the water table 40 feet.

Some Texans have learned what prodigality of this sort leads to. When ground water gave out at Aspermont, an oil town 100 miles west of Fort Worth, a barrel of good drinking water brought in from neighboring towns could fetch more than a barrel of oil.

Other Americans are learning to import water, too. At Coalinga, California, drinking water must be hauled in by tank cars from 45 miles away. The town's wells finally had gone so deep they hit salt beds which made the water unfit to drink.

Long Beach, California, scene of vast aircraft production during the war, isn't importing drinking water yet, but galloping salt encroachment from the sea is giving the town a bad fright. Thirsty war factories and a mushrooming community gulped so much water from underground pools that water levels, once above the sea, are now as much as 75 feet below sea level. As the fresh water retreats, the ocean seeps into the water-bearing beds and puts wells out of business. Already in possession of a two-mile beachhead, the salt water invader is pushing forward several hundred feet every year, and townsfolk talk of building a sort of underground Maginot line of concrete to contain it.

But the trouble lies not only in the

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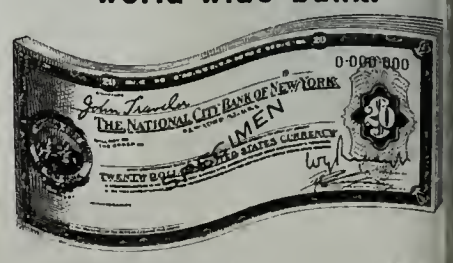

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LLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

west. The Middle West, and the too, generally unperturbed about , are drawing down their under- d supplies. Water levels under the town district of Louisville, Ken- , have dropped 40 feet in ten years, n the town's outskirts, distillers and etic-rubber producers hoard their like misers to forestall their war- dread—vanishing water. At Indian- s the water table below the center of is down as much as 50 feet. Air- itioning systems, the newest arrivals e water trough, have been gulping draughts of the city's water and are g this hard question for the rest of rica, too: What to do about it?

ltimore had to reduce pumping at eginning of the war when wells be- contaminated with salt. Phila- hia's water has been tasting more Epsom salts every year. Brooklyn's r used to arouse as much comment he Dodgers because overpumping d it down 35 feet below sea level and it a rank, musty taste.

The way we've used up our ground r without regard to the way nature it back is scandalous," said govern- t geologist Sayre.

limiting factor now on industry and culture in some areas, the scarcity of r will dry up our future growth un- we know how much water is avail- and then use it wisely, he added. We only go as far as our water will go. ere's why: It takes 65,000 gallons of r to produce a ton of steel (water is chiefly for cooling). It takes seven en gallons of water to produce one on of gasoline. It takes fifteen gallons vater to make one gallon of beer. It s 800,000 gallons to irrigate one acre ranges. And when we get around to ing synthetic fuel from coal or shale ill take as much as 50,000,000 gallons vater per plant per day. Where's the er coming from? Much of it will have come from wells, for more than half our daily water—or 20,000,000,000 ons—comes from underground.

The industrial East has its water trou- s cut out for it. The problem is grow- but things are coming to a head in arid and semiarid Southwest. In Cali- nia there are two kinds of weather: rfect" (which means all sunshine) and usual." San Diego calls itself "heaven earth" because it rains only nine ys in a year. Rain is rare in south- California and in the Southwest m May through September. The fer- land there is largely a reclaimed semi- sert area that by the grace of water en from underground or rivers is oming with oranges, dates, cotton, grapes and alfalfa. As one California farmer put it: "You're just a slave to your well, or to your irrigation ditch."

It's not his name, but call him Elmer Clay. Clay has his grove in lush San Joaquin Valley. Nightly he would be lulled to sleep by the double-beat, sighing rhythm of his well pump.

With each stroke, the rod and plunger would shoot 400 feet into the earth and force up the gushing water. Down, up, down, up, chough, chough, chough, went the pump, playing a lullaby. That meant to Clay that all was well with his world; that his 20 acres of oranges would bloom, that tiny Valencias would come and grow steadily through the rainless summer and fall. Then one night he sat up suddenly in bed, awakened as rudely as if a bell had clanged in his ear. But he hadn't been aroused by a sudden noise. He had been awakened by a sudden silence.

Failure of Well Was Ruinous

It was the pump. The even beat had ceased, and now after a moment there came an uneven hammering. The next morning Clay knew the worst. His well was dry. His pump was sucking air and rattling itself to pieces. A new well and pump would cost at least $4,000. Already mortgaged beyond his means, Clay bitterly turned away from his grove.

"Banker, come and get her," he said.

Clay had cause to be bitter. He had bought his grove just two years before, paying $2,000 an acre for it. A fantastic price? You might as well have tried to convince an old forty-niner the investment in his gold diggings was too steep. For gold is coming to California's 500-mile-long Central Valley—liquid gold in the form of river water. The government's Bureau of Reclamation will spend more than $3,000,000,000 in the next decade to alter the courses of two rivers, build 20 reservoirs and cut a dozen canals to open up land for 50,000 new farms.

But the new canals are still some years off, and Elmer Clay's well gave out before government water could come to the rescue. Other wells throughout the valley are giving out too. The reason is that, lured by the promise of ample water, farmers and speculators have started a land rush, opening up arid lands, sinking more wells and sinking them deeper, and draining off the underground water.

"Let me show you what's going on in this valley," Richard Stark, a prosperous orange grower at Lindsay, California, urged. "You've got to see it from the air to appreciate it."

We climbed into a four-seater Fair-

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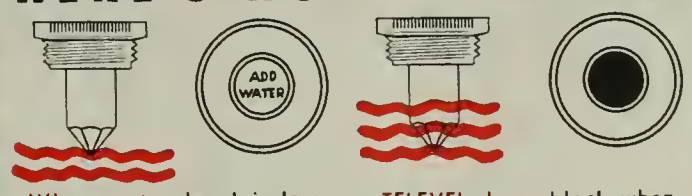

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child and were soon bumping along high over the southern San Joaquin Valley, with its geometric pattern of orange groves, cotton and vegetable farms and white towns. From an altitude of 1,500 feet, evidence of the great drought could be seen everywhere. To the west, the peaks of the Sierra Nevada wore tiny caps of white, and through the afternoon haze the foothills showed a uniform, dusty brown.

"What a pitiful sight!" Stark exclaimed. "At this time of the year (early March) the mountains are usually white with snow halfway down their sides and the foothills are a deep green. Those grazing lands," he continued, pointing to a bare, gray waste of land, "should be ablaze with poppies and lupins. This year there's nothing."

Cattle Sent to Distant Pastures

The grazing lands were as bare of cattle as they were of flowers. Some 100,000 head of steers had been shipped to Idaho and Colorado and whatever other states could provide pasture.

"Now watch this," Stark said, as we passed over the parched bed of the Tule River and swung south toward Bakersfield, the southern terminus of the Central Valley. Below there appeared signs of vast activity which even a newcomer to the area couldn't mistake.

We could see, interspersed among the green patches of old cultivated land, thousands of acres of raw land being newly rolled and leveled in preparation for planting. With their straight-cut furrows the newly broken lands stretched away as far as the eye could see, like so many pieces of precisely ruled graph paper.

High prices for cotton and onions and carrots and lettuce and spinach were luring hopeful farmers to break the raw lands. So was the prospect of ample, new irrigating water. Both attractions may lead the farmers into a tragic trap.

"Every one of those thousands of newly broken acres down there will have to be irrigated with water from wells," my guide said. "We have no other water yet. That means we'll need one and a half to three additional acre-feet of well water for every new acre. Now, where's the water coming from?"

Because there's a power shortage in California as well as a drought, Central Valley farmers may not be able to keep their pumps going the required 24-hours a day, and so they face disaster this summer. But even if there were no power shortage, the arithmetic of the water situation just doesn't add up.

The point is that a canal, now under construction, the Friant-Kern, will bring 800,000 acre-feet of water annually into an area that now needs about 2,000,000 acre-feet. That leaves a deficit of 1,200,000 acre-feet to be made up by pumping. But nature doesn't put that much water underground each year into the southern San Joaquin area, and the water must inevitably give out unless ways can be found to recharge it artificially.

The exhausting of the water supply has gone a long way. At Delano, which lies in the heart of the newly developed country, underground water levels have dropped 220 feet in 20 years, and wells now reach 1,200 feet into the bowels of the earth. Other districts all over the San Joaquin Valley are losing their water at alarming rates. Someday soon California must cut its farming to fit the water supply.

If the water situation in the San Joaquin Valley keeps farmers awake nights trying to figure some way out, the problems in addition and subtraction posed by the Colorado River are still more of a nightmare to the whole Southwest. Once a savage torrent that terrorized the desert country with its floods, the river has been tamed by three monumental dams and loaded down with a water-supply burden too much even for its great resources. It furnishes power and water to *seven* states.

Man proposes great plans for southern California, Nevada and Arizona. But the Colorado River disposes. One of these days it will serve an ultimatum: The feverish growth of the Southwest must stop! The seven dependent states have made claims on the Colorado that add up to more water than it can furnish them. Someone someday will have to decide which areas shall stop growing—which of the kittens in the litter must drown.

The two states most determined to grow and live in the manner to which the war accustomed them are California and Arizona. More people have moved to California during the last several years than there are in the whole state of Virginia. About 2,000 migrant families pour in every week. On a smaller scale, Arizona has enjoyed a similar expansion. The consequent cries for water have the desperation of a thirsting camel driver.

So bitter has the struggle for the water hole become that the threat of civil war has flared up. When federal and California engineers started work on the Parker Dam to tap Colorado River water for Los Angeles, Arizona called out its militia and its navy. Arizona's navy, several river barges loaded with militiamen, held up the work at gun point for six months, until the U.S. Supreme Court shooed it away.

Now, with thousands of Arizona acres dying for lack of water and with trains and busses disgorging new migrants to California daily, the row is heading for a showdown. It all began with the Colorado River Compact, a sort of domestic Yalta agreement that was to have parceled out the Colorado's waters forever. Instead it led to endless wrangling. Full of loopholes, generalities and ambiguities, Law of the River has furnished a continuous field day for lawyers, engineers and politicians for 25 years.

Seven States and One River

Two sets of states, seven in all, signed the compact. Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico, comprising the upper basin of the river, agreed to take 7,500,000 acre-feet a year between them. Arizona, California and Nevada, in the lower basin, agreed to split another 7,500,000 acre-feet. The compact seems to have declared an additional million acre-feet to be "surplus," to be divided by California, Nevada and Arizona later. But nobody will quite agree on this. A separate treaty with Mexico gave that country 1,500,000 acre-feet of Colorado River water, presumably from the California, Nevada and Arizona share, but nobody will agree on that either.

One thing is painfully apparent. When you add up all the claims of the seven states and Mexico, you discover why the arithmetic of the Colorado River is giving everyone a headache. There are 1,000,000 acre-feet *less* in the river than the seven states claim!

Arizona wants 1,000,000 acre-feet of additional water to save one third of its arable land and is pushing a $780,000,000 project in Congress to get it. If Arizona succeeds, that million acre-feet will have to be taken from southern California's share. Mushrooming Los Angeles is now using part of that disputed million acre-feet to provide drinking water, baths, lawn sprinkling and jobs for its 2,000,000 citizens and it expects to tap the remainder as it grows still bigger. The city went to great expense to get that water.

Los Angeles has acted like Aesop's provident ant in the matter of water and is now a have among a crowd of have-nots. In the habit of doubling its population every ten years, the town used up two water sources in the process and had turned its eyes toward the Colorado River as early as 1922, long before the present need arose. Through the Im-

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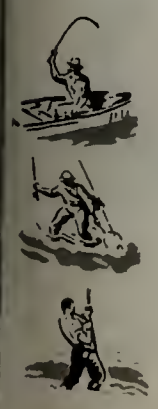

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perial Valley Desert, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, through steel pipe and open canal, Los Angeles now lugs water 350 miles. The cost to the city and its neighbors in the Metropolitan Water District for constructing the system was $225,000,000. The federal government spent another $500,000,000 on three dams that were needed to make the water diversion possible.

Clay Elder, Los Angeles water engineer, says grimly, "You don't think we've gone to all this trouble to give up our water rights, do you?"

"It's almost impossible to get the states to agree," Governor Earl Warren of California informed me.

As a solution he has proposed that the issue be settled by arbitration or by decision of the Supreme Court. A bill seeking a court decision is now before Congress.

Meanwhile, the seven Colorado Compact states continue to battle over water as if they were sovereign countries fighting over access to uranium for atomic bombs. Any state, like Arizona or Utah, that seeks federal funds to build a water-yielding project must count on bitter opposition from jealous compact neighbors. Cries of "Spy!" have even been heard. When a Colorado State water engineer left his job to take a similar post with California, Governor Lee Knous of Colorado sent a bristling telegram to Governor Warren. California had captured an employee who had highly confidential Colorado water data, Governor Knous charged.

All this proves that the energies of Westerners, as well as Easterners, are likely to be directed toward opening up new supplies of water or battling over old ones. Little effort has as yet gone toward conserving water, the only alternative. Although both California and Arizona are running out of water, neither state, at this writing, had thought it necessary to adopt laws requiring as much as a permit for a man who would dig a well.

California and Arizona are no more derelict in this regard than most other states. Only eight of the forty-eight have laws governing the use of underground water. In the others a man is free to punch a hole down into the earth until he strikes water. If he drains off a neighbor's supplies there's nothing that the neighbor can do about it. Or if an office-building owner wants to use his town's underground resources for air cooling, there's nothing to stop him, either, from letting it run down the drain after he is through with it.

Most of the eight states that conserve their underground water passed their laws under compulsion of bitter necessity. The Roswell Basin in New Mexico used to boast huge flowing wells that yielded 9,000,000 gallons daily. By 1925, many wells had stopped flowing. The artesian water levels were sinking. As the water table went down, money interest rates in the area went up. Bankers would take no chances on farm land whose water was failing. The state called in the water experts of the United States Geological Survey. They found the wells were losing water through holes in the casings and that, anyway, the water was being overpumped.

A Conservation Law That Works

A state control law, passed in 1930, requires permits for drilling wells and empowers the state engineer to require that leaking wells be plugged. This has been a successful conservation program. Forty-five thousand acres were being irrigated in the area in 1930. Now the figure is 100,000 acres. And interest rates are down again.

A New York State law requires that for every well sunk to provide air conditioning in the four Long Island counties, which include Brooklyn, another must be used to return the water to the ground.

The average American requires more than 100 gallons of water each day. Only part of it is used for drinking or washing. Most of it is needed by the industries or farms that support his community. Europeans use only a quarter of this—a key to the difference in the standards of living. Like the car and the radio, ample water is part of our way of life. It is even part of our national defense. During the last war some 300 proposed war-plant sites had to be discarded because of water scarcity. Should another war come, geologists warn us, it would be more difficult to locate plants than ever before. The situation, geologists insist, is by no means hopeless. But as in the case of our mineral and other resources, it is time we take stock of how much water we have and learn how to use it without using it up.

One hundred and forty-five millions of us can't live on this continent of ours without drawing on its water. We found we could use wood and still conserve trees. We can do the same with water. It looks as if we'll have to stop letting our most basic resource flow down the drain.

THE END

"We've been guarding everything else so closely, it didn't occur to us that someone might want to get in here just to steal money"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"BASEBALL ON TELEVISION," by Glenn Grohe. Number 16 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

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AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

THE FLIGHT

Continued from page 17

ohn began to laugh. He said, "My d, I quit." He patted Nora's hands walked across the room to Andrew. stuck out his chin and still laughing , "Bless you, my children. You've me sold." He wanted to shake hands n with Andrew but Andrew, smiling,'t notice. "Let me go along and d up with you," John said.

Andrew shook his head and said, "No, don't want that."

I mean it," John said. "Let me see off, at least. Isn't there anything I do to help? Any arrangements? Will call me?"

NORA burst out laughing, then found herself weeping. John walked be- en them to the door, an arm around h. Nora recovered her composure, eyes sparkled and she said goodby ly. They went down the stairs to the . Nora said, "Well, it was grim and it wasn't. Sometimes I think John's natic. He's always so feverish and he er seems to really mean anything."

They got in the car. Nora curled up the seat beside him and rested her d on his shoulder. She said, "Drive t."

They left the town. Andrew drove the at fifty over the winding black road. e wind whipped upon them in a series soft rapid thuds. Nora put a hand er her hair and closed her eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" Nora ked.

"This and that," Andrew said com- rtably.

He was thinking that he had been six- n, and a precocious Columbia fresh- n, when Nora was born. He had en twenty-two and a working poet en Nora started to school. The next ar he had been twenty-three and the sband of Velma Todd, who had a great al of money and who liked to live in rope. It seemed in retrospect that eryone was happy in those days, like ildren playing games. He remembered at he was bitter enough when Velma sted him for an Italian surrealist, in fect didn't pick him when she chose up des; and he had nothing left to do but alk away down the road kicking rocks. Some of his work, that he had written etween the ages of nineteen and twenty- wo, was still published in the anthologies; he saw some of it now and then, and felt that he had been dead a hundred years. He thought he would write a play, a bitter savage play, and he lived for a while in a weathered frame shack on a hot sandy island off the tail of Florida, until he discovered that even this denunciation of himself, this play, was not genuine but as superficial as everything else in the world had become during his seven years with Velma.

In his youth he had been tormented by a sparkling crystalline awareness of the world and there was no other purpose in life but to capture this awareness in what seemed to be its essential form, poetry. But the color had fled. He looked through a gray veil and saw only a flat cardboard life that left him totally indifferent. He found the war an escape from boredom in some measure, and came out of it with a determination to go someplace if only because most of the others coming out seemed to have someplace to go.

That year he had been thirty-two. Nora would have been sixteen, getting ready for college, going to her first subscription dances, earnestly experimenting with the Parson's Punch. After two years of aimlessness he used what connections and reputation he still had to get a job as instructor in English Literature at Jordan. He believed that he was willing by then to settle with the future for a little down and modest continuing payments of the most infinite humdrum so long as he got in return a place where he could belong. But at the beginning of his first term he met Nora. . . .

He swung the car into the Baltimore Pike. A sign over a brightly illuminated and garish diner offered hot dogs and hamburgers. Andrew pulled to a stop on the concrete and Nora looked out and said, "Oh, no."

"I want some coffee," Andrew said.

They went in and sat at a counter.

"A place like this always makes me feel lonely," Nora said. "Doesn't it you?"

"I don't know," Andrew said. "I'm always scared."

"I meant lonely."

"Same thing." He drank the hot coffee and burned his tongue.

Nora said, "I've got to get back soon. I'm not even signed out at the hall."

Andrew was silent. He nibbled his tongue and looked at the black face of the coffee in the cup. He thought that he didn't know about anything, himself least of all. If he were noble he would walk out on Nora and she would forget him before next year, but he wanted Nora more than he wanted nobility. He reflected on what John had said, and he could find no argument for himself. He had been married before to a rich woman and she had thrown him out and he was trying to be married again to another rich woman, and perhaps that was all that was honest in his soul, and anything else was kidding himself. But the world had become real again with Nora. That was more than honesty that could be analyzed; that was a simple point of faith.

"I wish we hadn't told John," Nora said. "I wish you'd stop worrying about the way he talked."

Andrew grinned. "Well, I can understand why your parents object to me."

"Oh, they said a lot of things that aren't true. They said you were an alcoholic, for one thing."

"I'm not thoughtful enough."

"They didn't like John either, for that matter. He came to New York to see me last spring and they were awfully upset."

"Well, they like me less."

Nora laughed. "Yes, that's so. What's happened to how good we felt an hour ago?"

"Listen to this," Andrew said. "Who strikes my girl strikes more than me but strikes his immortality. I've been trying to remember it. It's something by somebody like Ramier."

She watched him fondly. She said, "You're so nice like that."

"Like what?"

"Just like that. Let's go back."

At the door they found that it was raining. It rained sluggishly, with deliberation, big drops falling lazily.

Nora held out her hand and grabbed a drop of rain on her palm and doubled up her fist. She said triumphantly, "Once in a million times." She opened her hand and the raindrop was gone. She said in regret, "Oh, it hit too hard." The rain increased and they left the doorway and ran to the car.

THE next day was Friday. Andrew found time to go in to Philadelphia to check the departure time of the rusty lumber steamer Helen Scott. The ship was an old one but the cabin reserved for Andrew and Nora was clean and comfortable and the master was a good guy whom Andrew had known during the war.

They had planned on traveling by sea because there would be less chance of interception if anything went wrong, but Nora would like the Helen Scott, Andrew thought. It would be a good beginning. Sailing time was at midnight Saturday.

In the evening he had dinner with Nora at the Alexandra Inn, on the edge of the campus, where he was living. She went to her hall early. She wanted to pack and get things ready, more or less surreptitiously, as well as she could before morning. Andrew sat in the bar at the inn until midnight, reading a book, and then went up to his room. It was hard to sleep.

He was still awake when his door opened and he heard Nora's voice.

He switched on a lamp. He said, "What's happened?"

Nora closed the door and crossed the room and sat on the edge of his bed. Her eyes were shocked and frightened.

"Mother just telephoned."

"They know about it?"

She nodded. Her face was white. She looked at him with sadness that seemed to be sadness only for him.

She said, "Daddy's had a heart attack

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and he's very bad. Mother says for me to please come home."

"Who told them?" Andrew asked. "Was it John?"

She looked at him curiously. She said, "No. I sent them a wire yesterday."

Andrew said nothing.

"I thought it would be more honest. The things John said frightened me. I was sure nothing they could say would stop me."

He said carefully, "Were you sure of that?"

She bowed her head and put her arms around him. She said, "No, I don't know. I've had the funniest kind of feeling, as if I've known all along what was going to happen."

He held her close to him. Her arms were trembling.

She said, "They'll want to keep me at home. They'll want me to leave college. Will they be able to change anything?"

"I don't know."

"They'll make it look so ridiculous," she said.

"What time is it?"

"Almost two."

"You'd better get back."

"I'm all right. I'm just afraid. I'm afraid that I can't keep believing myself if I go home. It's come to mean so much more than just going to see him if he's sick. But I can't do anything else, can I?"

Andrew got up and went into his bathroom and dressed.

She said when he came back, "I sneaked out of the hall. But I don't suppose it makes any difference now, does it?"

Andrew smiled. He said, "I doubt it."

They left his room and walked down the stairs and through the empty public room.

They walked together down the curving street. The moonlight lay like silver on the sycamores. It was a warm, bright night. The trees were thin-armed and stripped but there was no autumn in air. A ripple of dry dead leaves ran fore their feet.

Andrew said, "When are you goin go?"

"Right away, I guess. I'll drive up night."

They came to a corner and stop After a few seconds of silence they tu to the right and went on.

She said, "I wish I didn't have to g the hall. Everyone will be so concer It will be good and rough."

She took his hand in hers. The le rustled to their steps.

She said, "Listen to our feet in leaves."

"There's the fountain."

They stopped again.

"I don't know what to say," Nora "I want to say so many things."

Andrew bent his head and kissed

She said, "Darling, there isn't anyt I can do but go."

Andrew put his wide flat hands on arms and stood facing her. He "Good night."

She smiled briefly and composedly sighed and said, "Good night."

ANDREW dropped his hands from arms and she turned and walk few steps and then ran, as if in flight. white skirt flashed among the white b of the trees.

He waited for some time, hea nothing but the babble of the foun and the whisper of the leaves. Time elastic and could snap away the las weeks as though they had not been, that was only inside yourself. He wa back the way he had come. A sprang up and rolled over him and cu about him and plucked lightly at sleeves. The sky was an arch of spring steel polished by the moon. had the sensation of walking endl through an empty world.

THE END

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—Paul Gardner, New York, N. Y.

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

THE NEW LOOK FOR MEN

EMEN: Instead of giving constant on women making themselves agree- the male eye, why not reverse your ure? Ninety-nine per cent of the would agree men could work on

The hair. I honestly believe a man his hair only once a week, and ally never brushes it.

Most men's postures and builds are us: They're built like kangaroos, pouches, slouch, shuffle or mince; heir chins sunk in their untidy shirt . Why the "stronger sex"?

Men's hands are usually so rough eel like sandpaper; and they either ff their finger- and toenails, or let grow till they break off.

Clothes: Most men go around look- if they hadn't a cent in the world to lothes; their shirts are without but- their suits always look slept in.

As for their manners, they stink. enter doors before ladies, slamming oor in their faces; they bowl elderly men over to get bus seats; they poke t pregnant women; and talk about who supposedly have a "rep." And say women are catty. Men are ego- l, conceited and snobbish!

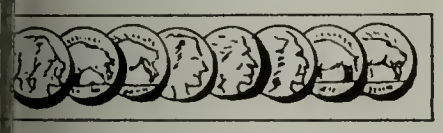
SHIRLEY LANTZ, Kearney, Neb.

NO TRICK TO IT

SIR: Regarding There's a Trick to ar. 27) there really is no trick to it at you stack the coins right from the It isn't necessary to turn the coins when placing them on the bottom of tack nor is it necessary to place the 2 coins on the table and slide apart. hear this: Stack coins thusly—2 s, 1 tail, 2 heads, 3 tails. Place first on table, place next coin on bottom ack *without* turning over. Continue process until stack is exhausted and esult will be the same, head, tail, , tail, etc.

HARRY M. DAY, Traverse City, Mich.

I disagree with Mr. Mulholland. I a solution that will work without ng the spectators with the last two s. I stack the coins as follows: top, a , next two tails, next three heads, last tails.



hen all but two coins are on the table, top coin is turned over and put beneath second. You don't have to put them he table and slide them apart, as they be in their proper order.

A. T. TELLEFSEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mulholland says his readers are right heir respective ways. "I wrote, 'It is un- ly that spectators will be able to repeat feat,' but I am not surprised Collier's ders are prepared to perform the un- ly. However, readers have attacked entirely as a puzzle and what made a k of it is the element of confusion of original version. And with the trick ing, the spectator can't do the feat even en told the order of the coins."

AH LAWRENCE, WHERE ARE YOU?

AR MR. DAVENPORT: In Campus Cru- er (Apr. 3d) I must correct you on one nt. Sarah Lawrence College is not in onxville, but rather in the city of Yonk- . Bronxville is not a town—even an in- porated village. It is merely a small tion of the fifth largest city in the State New York—Yonkers. We are very fond Sarah Lawrence; we give it tax ex- ption, and provide it with municipal services and would like to be credited with the fact that the college is within our city limits.

OLGA ALFINI, Yonkers, N. Y.

. . . What's all this fuss about where Sarah Lawrence is? All Yonkers has declared war on Collier's for this terrible geographic lapse. As far as the World Almanac, the Information Please Almanac and yours truly are concerned, Sarah Lawrence is in Bronxville. Where do you think I get off the train when I go to visit my girl up there?

PETER FREBUS, Noroton, Conn.

MR. ACE IS WILD!

DEAR SIRS: Your listings of the linguistic marvels of Mrs. Bunny McLeod are amusing, but I'm afraid the style is not entirely her own. Jane Ace has been doing it for years. To begin at the beguine, as Jane would say, she mangled the language on "Easy Aces," and now she's doing it on CBS's "mr. ace and JANE." She says that she and her husband have been together a long time—in fact, they're practically insufferable. She holds him in the hollow of her head, though she often complains that he's such a tightrope. They have relatives too humorous to mention, including some who speak with a Southern drool. Jane is a person of moderate habits, never one to monotonize a conversation, and she boasts that she doesn't drink or smoke—she's a totalitarian. I hate to pass a McLeod over your horizon, but the fact is that Jane got there first.

WALTER MURPHY, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

BEATING THE WAR GUMS

DEAR SIRS: The very core of the whole problem (There's Too Much War Talk, Apr. 3d) is whether the United States is going to declare herself the leader of the world and back up her declaration with force *if necessary*, or if she is going to be content to take second place. . . .

PAULINE VALMORE, Detroit, Mich.

. . . The inflammatory press and some broadcasters are doing their best to drive the world into another war. I do hope other leading magazines will discourage this war talk. The release of Navy reports of submarines off the Pacific Coast seems to me unwise. In times of peace have not all nations the right to cruise the seas three miles from shore, either for training or observation? Are not our ships cruising about the world, and maybe this summer will be in the waters north of Russia? If we are to preserve the peace we must talk and write peace and not war.

JAMES E. ALLEN, President Emeritus, Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va.

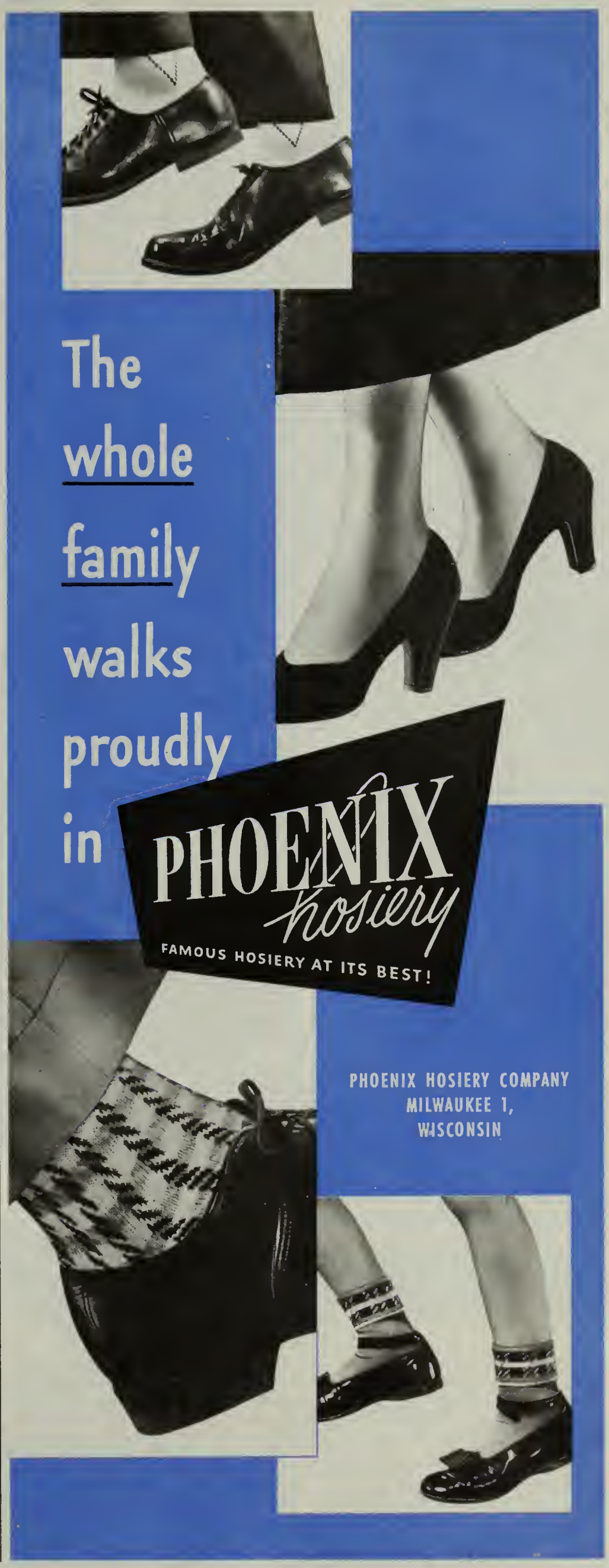
COMPLEAT LETTER WRITER

DEAR SIR: Ted Shane's thumbnail sketch of Jack Cluett (The Week's Work, Mar. 27th) makes me wonder what Mr. Cluett looks like when he gets his secretary to Take a Letter. Is he the kind of person I think he is, a jolly, fat, laughing chap who sits on his secretary's lap, instead of vice versa?

MARION HUNTER, Troy, N. Y.

FRANK T. CAPORAEL

Mr. Cluett, above, is wiry, married and in the habit of splitting his personality in order to get twice as much dictation done.



ROUTES: From Knoxville; National Road 129 to Tapoco (55 miles); Tennessee 73 to Townsend (35 miles); Tennessee 71 to Gatlinburg (38 miles). From Asheville; National Roads 19 and 23 to Waynesville (29 miles); alternate 19 from Waynesville to Cherokee (23 miles). Tennessee 71 and North Carolina 107 cross the National Park from Gatlinburg to Cherokee for a distance of about 32 miles. All these roads are paved: within the park are 56 miles of high-standard roads, nearly 50 miles of secondary roads, 675 miles of horse and foot trails. Some roads may trouble drivers not familiar with mountain driving. Get advice at Park Headquarters near Gatlinburg.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Hotels and motor courts in Asheville and Knoxville are plentiful and range from $3 to $16 per day for two. Gatlinburg: Hotels from $3 to $8 double; tourist courts from $3 to $7.50 double; Mountain View Hotel $11 to $15 for two, American plan. Bryson City: Myers Tourist Court, $3.50 to $4.50 per day for two. Cherokee: Newfound Lodge cottages for two from $3. Dozens of others, including rooms in private homes. Moderate rates. Camping and picnic areas near main highways.

FOOD: Many hotels and lodges operate on American plan. These include the Albemarle in Asheville; the Mountain View, Greystone and New Riverside Gatlinburg; Freyemont Inn in Bryson City; Snowbird Mountain Lodge near Robbinsville; and oth Restaurants are plentiful in Knoxville, Asheville Gatlinburg. Home cooking, Southern style, preva Prices are still moderate.

CLIMATE: Temperatures at Gatlinburg range fr a mean low of 29 degrees for January to a mean h of 88 degrees for August. Most hotels are open year round, but the spring, summer and fall mon are the best for observing the natural beauty of scenery and foliage.

YOU'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Tourists who go to the Great Smokies looking for hillbillies will find a proud people whose culture dates back to Shakespeare's day. Tourists who go looking for truly beautiful scenery will find some of the finest in America. But tourists who like straight roads and flat country are hereby advised to stay at home

HAT TO WEAR: If you visit the Smokies soon, take light cot- clothing; lightweight coat for cool evenings; stout shoes and rdy outdoor wear for riding and hiking.

HAT TO DO: Sight-seeing, shopping in handicraft stores, field s and lectures by the National Park Service, square dancing Gatlinburg, swimming and other summer sports.

R INFORMATION: Write National Park Service, Washing- , D. C.; State Advertising Division, Raleigh, N. C.; Great oky Mountains National Park Headquarters, Gatlinburg, Tenn. k for free park map-folder); or Government Services, Inc., ntana Village, Fontana Dam, N. C.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—VII

IT LOOKS like the harder it is for the inhabitants to make a living out of a country, the easier it is for outsiders to have a good time. In the Great Smokies of Tennessee and North Carolina, for instance, the land is poor—"so pore," they tell you, "hit wouldn't hardly raise a fight." But this spring and summer a million furriners from the 48 states will come broganin' over the mountains, and if they don't enjoy themselves a sight, they're just purely, un-come-at-able, bad-off hard to please.

The Great Smokies, in case your mind was on something else back in fourth-grade geography, are the highest upthrust of the whole 1500-mile Appalachian range and they're p'int-blank in the center of eastern United States on the Tennessee-North Carolina border. They are virtually equidistant from the Great Lakes and the Gulf and from the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River.

In the 460,000 acres of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, naturalists have counted about 5,000 kinds of plant life, of which a good 1,400 produce blossoms. Driving over the curving roads and breathing the scented air, you can't help feeling like the mountain girl who murmured to her sweetheart: "Don't hit stink jes' beautiful?"

If Nature does her best to oblige, the mountain people hardly do less. They've made it easy for you to set up camp in modern resort hotels, drive, ride or climb through virgin forests on well-marked roads and trails, and barter with the natives in tasteful handicraft shops. So far they've kept their prices low, offering food and lodging at the best hotels for around $11 to $15 a day for two people. They're right friendly, too.

Take the time the late Henry Ford visited Gatlinburg in search of exhibits for his Americana museum at Dearborn, and was taken over the mountain trails by Wylie Oakley, guide, storyteller, musicianer and philosopher. At that time Wylie was expecting an addition to his large family, and as a token of esteem he promised to name the infant after the distinguished visitor. When the child arrived, it was a girl. But to a mountain man a promise is a promise. Wylie's daughter was duly christened Mrs. Henry Ford Oakley.

A mere 25 years ago, before the Park Service and the TVA started turning this region into a powerhouse and playground, the Smokies were as inaccessible as Timbuktu. The first settlers in the region, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and German dissenters, fled here to find the religious freedom denied them in colonial Pennsylvania and Virginia. A great nation grew up all around them, but apart from fighting in its wars, the Southern highlanders knew little about it and cared even less. Rummaging through this mountain attic today you can still find traces of a long-lost past.

On the main street of Gatlinburg you may, for example, visit the Mountaineer Museum, where more than 2,000 relics and handmade furnishings from pioneer homes are on display. Mrs. Edna Lynn Simms started collecting these items when the mountain people began moving out of their old homes to make way for the National Park.

Anglo-Saxon Words Survive

Other reminders of the past are less tangible. The regional speech, for instance, is closer to Chaucer than to Lil' Abner. As teacher in a mountain school, Alberta Pierson Hannum, the novelist, found her children using words like fray for fight, feisty for sassy, gorm for muss, pack for carry —all straight out of The Canterbury Tales. Common mountain words like holp for help, stout for healthy, childing for pregnant, lay for wager, and afeard for afraid haven't changed a bit since Shakespeare. As for hit meaning it, this is the purest of ancient English, being the Anglo-Saxon neuter for he.

You can't stay long in the Smokies without picking up a good bit of the idiom. A frazzle is a very little bit, and right smart is a lot. If a thing is news to you, you never heerd no tell of hit. If you believe the story, you confidence hit; if not, it's a ripper or a screamer. A boy in love with a girl is sweetheartin'; and if it's unrequited, he's heartburnin' after her.

A mean-tempered man or dog is ill, and it's best not to grumble or contrary either one. A cold is not caught but cotched; a pail of water is not fetched but fotched. When the wind's from the southeast, likely it'll blow up a storm of rain; and when it comes down hard, it rains trackbenders and gully-washers. A good musicianer is

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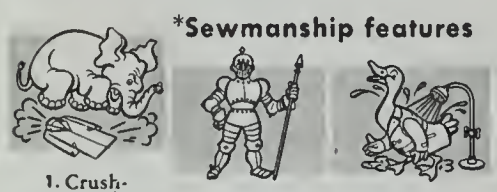

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said to play up a storm, and a garrulous person can always talk one up.

"Like a ride into town?" a tourist asked a girl tramping along the highway. "I wouldn't care to," said the girl. That's the mountain way of saying, "I wouldn't care if I did," and the girl couldn't understand why the tourist drove on and left her standing.

Walking is known as broganin', after the old name for the heavy boots which lace up the front. Driving a car, you go worryin' over the mountains—and on some of the winding roads, that's a gross understatement. Lopin' around is what you do in town of a Saturday night; and for tourists and natives alike, this generally includes a square dance.

Sells More Than Dance Tickets

"Hike up yer heels and keep young and tinder," hollers Grady McGowan, selling 25-cent tickets to Gatlinburg's Saturday night squar' dance. Between dances, Grady will sell you at $500 a throw a charter subscription to the atomic bomb shelter he figures on blasting into the mountainside up the street—as soon as he gets his quota of 250 members.

Mountain society comes pretty close to being classless. True, membership in the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches reflects in that order an ascending scale in economic and educational advantages. But neither money nor education makes one man socially superior to the other. There is, for example, no "servant problem" in the Smokies simply because there are no "servants."

After a New York family named Pierson built their home in the Smokies, Mary Pierson managed to do all her own housework and cooking but found the washing and ironing a little too much for her and began asking around for a laundress. That was pretty nearly fatal. People heard her out in stony silence and shook their heads.

One morning months later Mary stopped by the McCoy house to buy a gallon of sweet potatoes. She found the women on the front porch nubbing beans for canning. She decided to show them a New York girl could nub beans with the best of them. Seven hours later, when they brought around the last bushel basket, Mary was still going strong.

Bright and early next morning, eighteen-year-old Partheny McCoy knocked on the Piersons' front door. "Ma says you might be needin' help with the wash, and if there was anything I could do . . ." Partheny has been doing the laundry ever since and getting paid for it. But she's still just "holpin' out."

In Swain County, North Carolina, mountain people swear by old Dr. Crawford, who can tell you what ails you the moment he pokes his nose through the door—and sniffs. For Dr. Crawford diagnoses entirely by his sense of smell. Each disease, he finds, has its own peculiar odor; and after smelling it out, he has only to sniff at his medicine bottle to mix together just the right dose.

For several years now, North Carolina law has required the licensing of physicians. But Dr. Crawford is one of the old-time country doctors who practice under the Grandfather Clause, which permits any physician acknowledged by the local community to practice there for the rest of his life.

The mountain people are inclined to hang on to the old remedies. Sunlight, fresh air and pure spring water (when it really is pure) make good sense everywhere. Turpentine is a crude but effective antiseptic for wounds, and a freshly sliced strip of bacon can take the place of a bandage in a pinch. Neither catnip tea nor a mixture of coal oil and molasses has ever cured a cold, but neither has anything else. As for the countless herb and root medicines the highlanders have borrowed from the Cherokee Indians, many can be found in the U.S. Pharmacopoeia, and most of them are no better and no worse than the tonics and elixirs that line modern drugstore shelves.

Up in the mountain coves, most babies are still delivered by midwives called "grannywomen." Left to their own wisdom, some grannywomen gave the mother hot pepper tea to bring on birth, made the mother lie for hours in the afterbirth to prevent infection. As a last resort against hemorrhage, they might order the father to drive a double-bladed ax in one of the puncheons under the bed. About as close as they got to hygienic cleanliness was to insist that no one remove the ashes or sweep under the bed while the mother was childin'.

A newborn babe that looked sickly might be given catnip tea as a bracer. By the time it was five or six months old, many a mountain baby ate fried pork and gravy biscuits along with the rest of the family. Mountain men who survived such an infancy were pretty sure to have iron constitutions. But the mothers who lived through such deliveries were usually maimed for the remainder of their lives.

Even the movies have become a factor in mountain midwifery. Prenatal experiences are still widely credited with influencing the child, and one expectant mother who wanted her offspring to be a movie star sat through three performances of The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer starring Shirley Temple and Cary Grant. When her baby girl arrived it was raven-haired and bore no resemblance to Shirley Temple. Dad-burned, though, if the baby didn't have a dimple right in the middle of her chin.

There are some who claim these misty mountain coves are still haunted by the Booger, which is any of the assorted hants and specrits which arrived here over two centuries ago from Irish bogs and Scottish moors. The Booger used to turn harmless old women into witches and work his devilment through them. Sometimes he entered the body of a ba'ar or fox or even a dog, and nothing could kill that critter except a silver bullet.

The worst of it was when he tackled you in your sleep. To men his favorite disguise was a beautiful woman. One man nearly died dreaming about a lovely lady who changed him into a cup of wine and sipped, ever so slowly, while the strength drained out of his body. To women, on the other hand, the Booger generally appeared as a man and was known to sire any number of by-children.

Women Jinx Hunters and Anglers

Anybody who's ever hunted or fished in the Smokies knows it's bad luck to meet a woman. As Grover Mason at Nantahalah Gorge explains: "Hit purely takes a man's mind off what he's doin'."

On almost every road outside the park, you'll be peppered with warning signboards reading: SINNER REPENT . . . THE DAY OF JUDGMENT IS NEAR . . . ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET YOUR MAKER? At intervals you'll read in even bigger letters, LEARN TO FLY, a suggestion which may startle you until you discover it advertises a Knoxville aviation school.

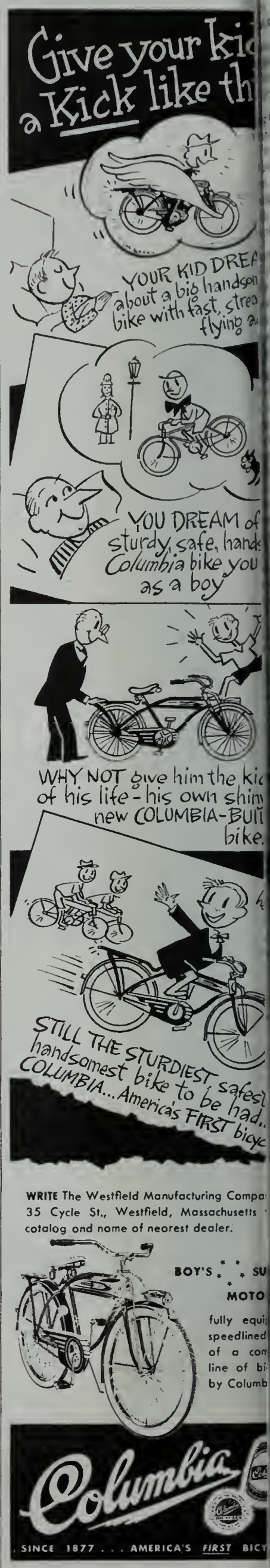
The early settlers were divided up into many sects, but the Shouting Methodists and the Foot-Washing Baptists soon outnumbered all the rest. During the great religious revival of the early 1800s they clashed head on. The Methodists roared out their battle hymn:

"I'll tell you who the Lord loves best,
It is the Shouting Methodist!"

And the Baptists thundered back:

"Baptist, Baptist, Baptist till I die,
I'll go along with the Baptists and find myself on high!"

Today Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Church of God all get along



y enough together, and all of n sing:

lieve beyond a doubt
lle-hallelujah,
ristian has a right to shout
ory Hallelu."

with the more militant hymns, ntain people have preserved some weetest and purest of 15th cen- rols. On the public square of , North Carolina, the mountain ogist John Jacob Niles stopped to a girl evangelist named Annie singing:

er as I wander, out under the sky,
esus the Savior did come for to

oor on'ry people like you and
l . . .
der as I wander out under the
." *

y, 14 years after Niles wrote it he carol is sung throughout Amer- are scores of other mountain , popularized by singers like Burl usan Reed and Richard Dyer-

t of the old-time ardor is gone ountain revivals, baptisms and shings. Partly it's because tour- e made the people self-conscious. , though, it's because pent-up emo- re now released in sports, soap double features, and the news. libraries mounted on trucks ing books, magazines and newspa- the remotest coves, and tourists attered ideas as well as dollars. ce and religion aren't nearly so rt as they were 25 years ago. But d-time religion is still the strong- le influence on mountain life. y community is divided into pure pure families, largely on the basis tism, public confession of faith trict observance of the Sabbath. ekdays, though, the righteous can their earthly affairs with a good latitude.

ne small mountain village, Noah, cal carpenter, was dead broke and to lose his home to the mortgage when a Chicago couple saved the y hiring him to build an addition r summer home near by. Soon the e were honored by a visit from Mr. town's leading churchman, busi- an, politician and, of course, the r of the mortgage.

ained him, he said, to speak ill of w townsman but since they were mers he was bound to warn them st dealing with a man of Noah's cter. Pressed for details, he said oah didn't get along with his wife. ouple were unmoved. Mr. X then revealed that Noah sold bootleg liquor, and still the couple were not alarmed. Finally Mr. X had an inspiration. Did they know that Noah sold his vote in the last election? The couple asked him how he knew. Mr. X held out a receipt with Noah's signature. "How do I know?" crowed Mr. X. "I bought it!"

The Smokies are one spot in the South where a man's right to vote is held as sacred as his right to own property, and many a mountain man would be plumb scandalized if somebody told him he couldn't sell either one.

In many polling places the "secret ballot" is considered pure whimsey. When a voter leaves the booth, there's usually someone right outside to take his vote. If it isn't read then and there, it can be identified at leisure by the nail-print impressed in one of the corners.

Last year a newcomer who clung to false modesty about her political preferences insisted on placing her ballot in the sealed box. Out in the street 10 minutes later, people who had never spoken to her before greeted her warmly by name and welcomed her into the community. "I always know'd you was one of us," said a neighboring farm lady, "but Cleophus, he kep' arguin' nobody but a Republican would wear that kind of hat."

Protective Tariff for Pop-Skull

Knoxville, just west of the Smokies, voted to retain its dry status last fall and Asheville, on the North Carolina side, voted for repeal effective the first of this year. Stanchest of all the drics are the blockaders who consider the law a kind of protective tariff for their own product which is variously known as pop-skull, white lightnin', or stumphole—from their practice of leaving it for clients in a hollow log.

Good corn whisky is hard to find. In its place you'll pay fancy prices ($8 to $12 for a "jar" or half-gallon jug) for a sulphuric distillation known as sugar corn, in which raw sugar has been used to hop up the mash. Some mountain stills dispense with corn altogether and ferment their alcohol from sugar and the cheap ground meal used to fatten hogs.

The corn you'll see sprouting up on every steep hillside field has to provide a lot more than mash for blockade bourbon. Part of it will bring in all the cash a family will see all year. Another part will be ground for the meal that supplies the daily bread and boiled up for the no less inevitable grits and hominy. The rest goes to the livestock.

From the juice squeezed out of its cane crop, the highlander boils down long-sweetnin' or sorghum molasses to take the place of sugar. The tater patch yields sweet potatoes and yams for puddings, pies and custards. With fish from the lakes and streams, nuts and berries from

cted and arranged by John Jacob Niles. ight 1934 by G. Schirmer, Inc. Printed rmission.

COLLIER'S "Finstrome, old man—" LARRIE HARRIS

Does your face reveal your thoughts?

EYES: Deep-set under heavy brows, they light up with interest this man cannot conceal.

NOSE: Strong, vigorous, reveals its owner's will to dominate.

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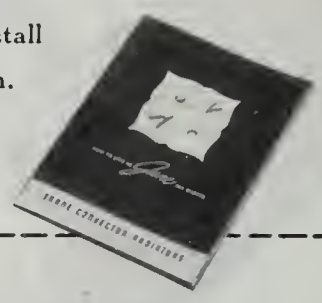

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the woods, and fruit from the orchard, the mountain family doesn't fare too badly. Neither does the tourist.

"Eat what ye've a mind to and don't be backward none," the old-time mountaineer welcomes his guests to table, and that's still the prevailing spirit in resort inns like the Mountain View Hotel in Gatlinburg, the Fryemont Inn in Bryson City, the Snowbird Mountain Lodge near Robbinsville, the Tapoco Lodge in Tapoco, the Newfound Lodge in Cherokee, the Country Club Inn in Waynesville and dozens of others. At Fontana Village (see map) you can choose between eating in a large cafeteria or cooking your own meals in the housekeeping cottages, which rent for as low as $36 per week for a couple.

A Tribute to Park Naturalists

"Where's the park?" ask tourists after crossing through the heart of it on the beautifully graded highway from Cherokee to Gatlinburg by way of Newfound Gap. At Park Headquarters just outside Gatlinburg, this innocent query brings a self-satisfied smile to park naturalists. It shows they've succeeded in making the flowering mountains easily accessible to tourists without marring their beauty.

Up 6,642 feet in the parking area on Clingmans Dome, you can see the whole park and then some from your car. In all, some 53 peaks of the Smokies tower up over 5,000 feet, 20 over 6,000 feet, and because they rise up abruptly from the valley floor they look even higher.

In a day's drive from Asheville or Knoxville and back, you can take scenic tours of about 200 miles or so which will give you an over-all view of the area. From Gatlinburg you can take a side trip up the steep and narrow mountain road to Cade's Cove—the last of the old log-cabin settlements in the park itself.

You can *see* the Smokies from your car. But if you want to *discover* them, you have to get out and take to the trails. During the last 10 years, thousands of CCC boys and, more lately, conscientious objectors have constructed 670 miles of well-marked foot and bridle paths. From June through October, chief naturalist Arthur Stupka and his staff of park rangers will take you on rambles through the park, from an hour's stroll to camping trips of 3 and 4 days.

If you like to fish, the park has 600 miles of trout streams with an open season the year round and big ones up to 22 inches long. But whether you like to fish or not, you'll probably want to see the park hatchery just off the highway between Newfound Gap and Cher Some visitors just can't keep hand

Ed Fentress, who runs the hatc once surprised a lady tourist in th of seining a pool with her silk sto attached to a coat hanger. Of al trout thieves, Fentress will tell you hardest one to catch was the man rigged up a self-closing net whic could manipulate with his hand i pocket. When he caught a fish, he p it up through the leg of his trou walked to his car to put it in a ba then came back for more.

The tourists' habit of feeding the used to worry Fentress too, but it c faze the fish. Visitors fed them pea popcorn, doughnuts, and even as tablets and they thrived on it. To aren't allowed to feed the fish nov cause it makes them grow too fast.

Guides in Cherokee and Gatlin can lead you to some excellent fis For bait, you can use anything e minnows, and favorites with the na are caddis fly larvae and branch li —really not a lizard at all but a br hued salamander found under rocks

The natives have another trick, toc Wylie Oakley explains it in the col he writes for the weekly Gatlin Press: "The First Fish you catch open the fish stomic and see what i this fish has been eating and then get the same; try this once and you get a fish. But why is so many pe that can't bait a fish hook?"

Over on the North Carolina sic the park, you'll see one of the few C munist communities which gets a just fine with the United States. Th course, is the 63,000-acre Qualla In Reservation, owned in common by Cherokee Indians who are simul ously nationals of the Cherokee Na wards of the United States governm and U.S. citizens. Apart from 4 go ment schools and a hospital, the Ch kees are entirely self-supporting. I their unemployment, sickness and age benefits come out of their own t fund and cost U.S. taxpayers nothir

Most of the Indians speak English Cherokee interchangeably, and som the flavor of their language comes even in the English versions of names. Postmistress of Cherokee is Emily Walking Stick. Robert and C lotte Big Meat make fine pottery. ket maker Nanny Blackfox is a pr fine-featured girl with flashing b eyes. Another fine basket maker is malina Cucumber, whose name ho not the vegetable, but the tree, a sp of wild magnolia which flowers in

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and July. Amonee Tramper is an expert roper who used to give exhibitions in the 101 Ranch with his fellow Cherokee, Will Rogers. Woodworker Going Back Chiltowski carved the preinvasion relief model of the landing beaches for our North African campaign.

The stately Indian in feathered headdress you'll see in front of Caldwell's Curio Shop on Main Street in Cherokee is Carl Standing Deer, whose skill with a bow and arrow is little short of magical. A graduate of the Carlisle Institute, Standing Deer is a thoughtful scholar who can tell you the background and legends of his tribe plus a good deal you may have forgotten about American history. Luckily, he also has a sense of humor—and this serves him well when your talk is interrupted by tourists who throw him a dime and yell: "Hey, boy, come over here and strut your stuff!"

The Cherokees are governed by a chief and deputy chief elected for a 4-year term, assisted by 12 councilors on 2-year terms. About a third of the tribe are full-blooded Indians. Another third have only a fraction of Indian blood; many of these would like to cash in their share of the common property and get out.

Preferred Security to Cash

That was the issue in the election last fall and it was red-hot. Plenty of outside interests would like to buy the reservation's valuable timber tracts and sites for tourist developments. There were billboards, rallies with brass bands and fireworks. The White Indians' candidate, Fred Bauer, seemed to have unlimited funds and even showered the reservation with campaign literature from a hired airplane. But most Indians preferred the security of their own land and way of life to cash. They elected a full-blooded Cherokee, Harry Bradley.

This summer the Cherokees will be busier than ever putting on a continuous show for tourists in the form of a "Mountain Pageant" promoted by local resort interests. Watching them re-enact their own history, you may be surprised to see how little the Cherokees have in common with savage redskins.

A generation after Columbus, their first white visitor, Hernando De Soto, found them a nation of farmers living in villages with a highly developed community life.

In the French and Indian Wars, and again in the Revolution, they kept their treaties with Britain and fought her battles. After the Revolution, the tribe fought well for the new Republic. In the battle of Horseshoe Bend, it was they who turned the tide, and their chief Junaluska, who saved General Andrew Jackson's life.

By giving his people a written language, another great Cherokee, Sequoya, enabled them to set up their own printing presses and schools. They dressed, worshiped and thought like the white man, and because they were good farmers, weavers and businessmen, they prospered. This was the golden age of the Cherokees. It didn't last long.

The sudden, tragic end came with the discovery of gold on Cherokee land in 1827. Georgia declared invalid all their laws and customs, stripped them of civil rights, burned their schools, parceled off their homes and fields in public lotteries, and set out to exterminate the race.

In Washington, a forgetful President Andrew Jackson ordered the removal of the entire Cherokee population to the barren lands of Texas and Oklahoma and sent General Winfield Scott and 7,000 troops to round them up. At bayonet point, 17,000 men, women and children were routed from their homes, herded in stockade concentration camps, then marched across the continent in the dead of winter. A third of them died on the way. About a thousand escaped the dragnet to hide out in the Great Smoky Mountains. Their descendants are your hosts on the Qualla Reservation today.

It's easy to idealize the nation's pioneering past, but a lot harder to know what to make of it when you meet it face to face. A lot of that past lingers on in the Smokies and too many tourists react to it by looking for hillbillies as they would look for strange animals in a zoo. Actually, of course, these same hillbillies are some of the most cultured people in America—and they come by it naturally instead of by rote.

While the tourist looks around him and thinks: So this is how it all started! the mountain man looks at the tourist and thinks: So this is how it all turned out! It's hard to say which has the more cause to be critical but certainly the burden of the proof falls on the visitor. As for the mountain man, his attitude is still pretty well summed up in the Great Smokies ballad that goes:

"I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow
And make myself welcome wherever I go.
I'll drink my own whisky and make my own stew,
If it does make me drunk it is nothing to you."

THE END

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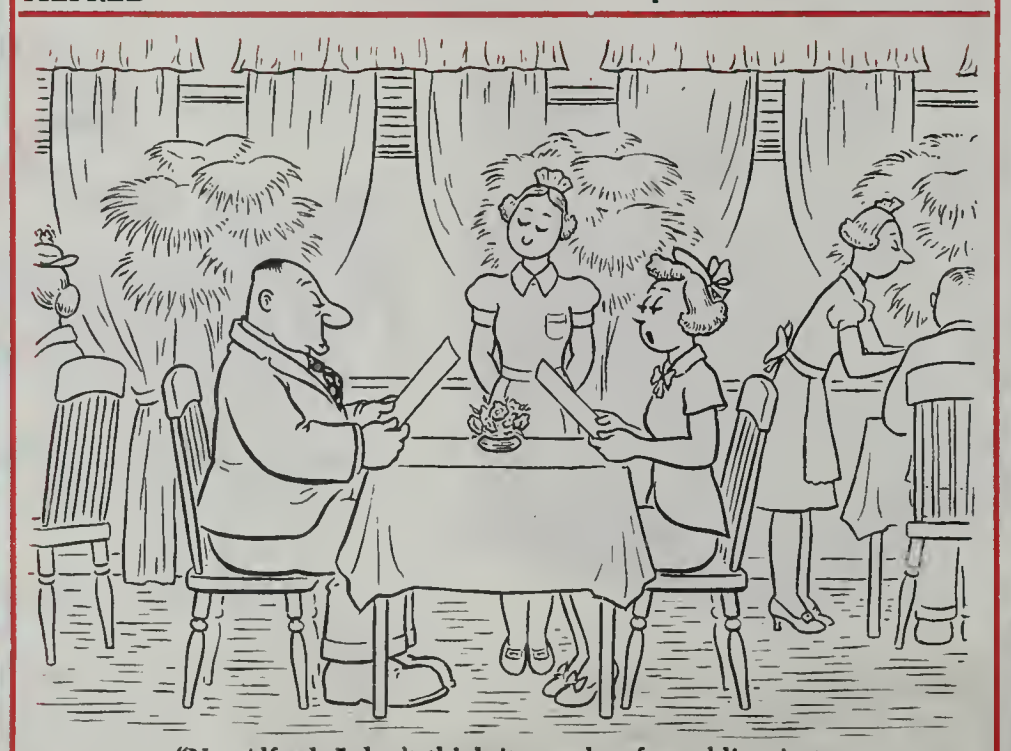

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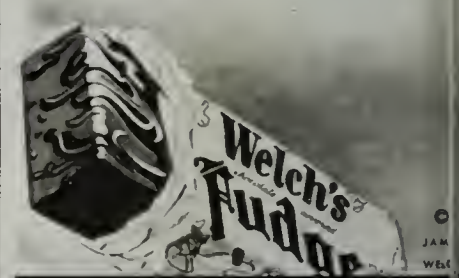

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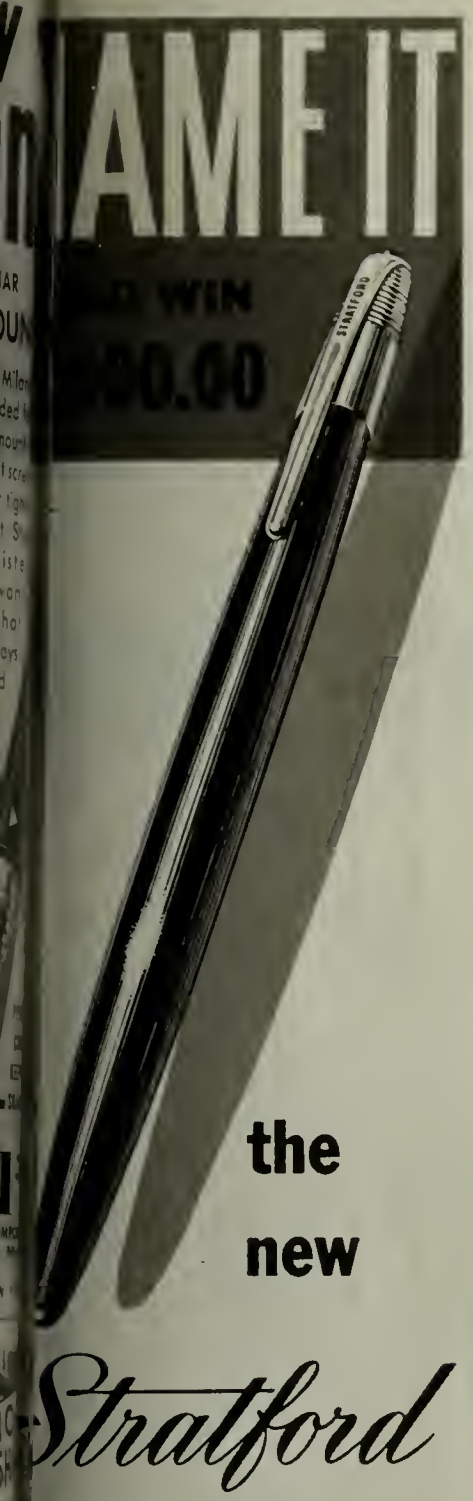

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SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Continued from page 21

an attribute of the wise. In the death of a police officer the seed of retribution is sown. If he dies, I shall be troubled. If he survives, the affair becomes less serious. In one hour from now he will be dead—unless we act. I am preparing the antidote. It is for you to find means to administer it . . . Take instant steps."

The light in the crystal faded. . . .

As a result of this conversation Nayland Smith was called to the phone just as Craig had begun on his dessert.

Smith was not away long. But when he came back, his face wore a curious expression. As he sat down he said:

"A miracle has been performed."

Craig stared. "What do you mean?"

"Moreno—"

"What! Professor Lowe has won, after all?"

Nayland Smith shook his head.

"No. Professor Lowe was beaten. But some obscure practitioner, instructed by Moreno's father, insisted upon seeing the patient. As the case was desperate and the unknown doctor claimed to recognize the symptoms, he was given permission to go ahead. Moreno would have died anyway."

"But he didn't?"

"No. He recovered consciousness shortly after the injection which this obscure doctor administered. He is already off the danger list."

"This was a brilliant bird, Smith! He doesn't deserve to be obscure."

Nayland Smith tugged reflectively at the lobe of his left ear.

"He must remain so. The physician whose name he gave is absent in Philadelphia. Officer Moreno's father was not even aware of his son's illness."

Craig laid his spoon down, in bewilderment.

"Then—I mean to say—if he was an impostor—what the devil's it all about?"

"Perfectly simple. For some reason we can't hope to fathom, Dr. Fu Manchu has decided that Moreno must live. I fear he has also decided that I must die. Granting equal efficiency, my chances look pretty slim."

SAM was free until nine forty-five. He finished his dinner and moved along to a bar, where he mounted a stool and ordered himself a bourbon.

Seated there, in his short, leather jacket, a cap with a very long peak pushed to the back of his bullethead, he surveyed the scene through his spectacles while lighting a cigarette.

"You're with the Huston Electric, aren't you?" said someone almost at his elbow.

Sam turned. A personable young man of Latin appearance had mounted the next stool and was smiling at him amiably. Sam stared.

"What about it?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing. Just thought I'd seen you there."

"What were *you* doing there?"

"Newspaper story. I'm a reporter."

"Is that so?"

Sam eyed the reporter from head to heels, without favor.

"Sure. Laurillard's my name—Jed Laurillard. And I'm always out for a good story."

"Well, well. My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"Sam."

"I mean, what's your other name?"

"Jim."

"Your name is Sam Jim?"

"You got it the wrong way around. Jim Sam."

"I never heard of it before. How do you spell it?"

"S-a-m. I got an uncle the same name."

For a fraction of a second, Laurillard's jaw hardened. Then the hard line relaxed. He slapped Sam on the back and laughed, signaling the barman.

"You're wasting your time," he declared. "You ought to be in show business."

Sam grinned, but made no reply. The second bourbon went the way of the first, apparently meeting with even less obstruction.

"This new thing Huston is bringing out," Laurillard went on. "Breaking into the news next week, isn't it?"

Sam held up his empty glass and appeared to be using it as a lens through which to count the bottles in the bar.

"Is it?" he said.

"You ought to know." Laurillard signaled the barman again. "A little advance information would be worth money to me."

"Would it? How much?"

"Enough to make it worth, say, fifty bucks to you."

Sam looked at Laurillard over the top of his spectacles and finished his drink. He made no other reply. Laurillard caught the barman's eye and glanced aside at Sam's glass. It was refilled.

FOR some time after the fourth, the barman, who was busy, lost count. "You know what I'm talking about?" Laurillard presently inquired. "This new lighting system?"

"Sure."

"Some English scientist working on it."

"Sure."

"Well, when the story breaks it's going to be big. Science news is a dollar a word these days. No one would be hurt if I got it first. You're a live guy. I spotted you the first time I was up there. I never miss one. It's my business—see?"

Sam emptied his glass and nodded.

"Suppose you asked around a little. No harm in that. I could meet you here tomorrow. Any time you say."

"What you wanna know, 'xac'ly?" Sam inquired.

His glance had become oblique. Laurillard signaled the barman and leaned forward, confidentially.

He lowered his voice. "I want to know when the job will be finished. That gives me a lead. It's easy enough."

A full glass was set before Sam.

"Goo' luck," he said, raising it.

"Same to you. What time tomorrow, here?"

"Same to you—mean, same time."

"Good enough. I have to beat it."

Laurillard beat it. Outside, he looked in through the window and saw Sam raising the drink to his lips. What happened after that he didn't see. He was hurrying to the spot where his car was parked.

He had some distance to go, but less than twenty minutes later the doorbell jangled in that Chinatown shop where a good-looking young Oriental labored tirelessly with Indian ink and brush. He laid his brush aside and looked up.

"Mr. Huan Tsung?" said Laurillard.

"Mr. Huan Tsung not in. You call before?"

Laurillard seemed to be consulting his memory, but after a momentary pause, he replied.

"Yes."

"How many time?"

"Seven."

"Give me the message."

"The man from Huston Electric is taken care of. He's too drunk to go far. What's better, I've sounded him—and I think he'll play. That's why I came to see you."

"*I* think," was the cold reply, "that you are a fool." The young Oriental spoke now in perfect English. "You have exceeded your instructions. You are new

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to the work. You will never grow old in it."

"But—"

"I have no more to say. I will put in your report."

He scribbled a few lines in pencil, took up his brush and went on writing.

Laurillard's jaw hardened and he clenched his gloved hands.

"Goodby," said the industrious scribe.

Laurillard went out.

In his report concerning Sam he had stated quite honestly what he believed to be true. But evidently he was mistaken.

Not three minutes had elapsed before the doorbell jangled again. A man who walked as if on a moving deck came lurching in. He wore a short leather jacket and a cap with a long peak. His eyes, seen through spectacles, were challenging. He chewed as he talked, using the gum as a sort of mute.

"Say—have you got a pipe cleaner?" he inquired.

The young Oriental, without laying his brush down, raised his eyes.

"No hab."

"What's the use of a joint like this that don't carry pipe cleaners?" Sam demanded. He looked all around, truculently. "Do you happen to have a bit of string?"

"No string."

Sam chewed and glared down a while at the glossy black head bent over the writing. Then, with a parting grunt, Sam went out.

The young Chinese scribbled another note in pencil.

CAMILLE sat quite still in her room for so long after Craig had gone to dinner that she lost all count of time.

The work she had come here to do grew harder every day, every hour. There were times when she rebelled, inwardly, against the obligations which bound her. There were other times when she fought against her heart. It could not go on. But where did her plain duty lie?

The silence of the place oppressed her. Often, alone here at night, she had experienced something almost like terror. True, Shaw or Regan would always be on duty in the laboratory, but a locked iron door set them apart. This terror was not quite a physical thing. Camille was fully alive to the fact that spies watched Morris' work. But it wasn't any attempt from this quarter which dismayed her.

A deeper terror lay somewhere in the subconscious, a long way off.

Who was Dr. Fu Manchu?

She had heard that strange name spoken, for the first time, by Morris. He had been talking to Nayland Smith. Then —she had received a warning from another source.

Camille stiffened. She had heard sound of a harsh, barking cough.

Before her cool brain had entirely sumed command, before the subc scious, troubled self could be conquer she was out of her room and staring around an empty office.

Regan, she knew, stood watch in laboratory. The plant ran day and ni and a record was kept of the alternati of that cosmic force which had b tapped by the genius of Morris Cr But no sound could penetrate from laboratory.

She opened the office door and cal "Sam!"

There was no reply. She remembe now, hearing Morris instructing handy man to go somewhere with him

A great urge for human sympathy, any kind of contact, overcame her. glanced at the switchboard. She wo call Regan. He was a cynical Eng north-countryman, who had admired predecessor, Miss Lewis, and who sented the newcomer. But he was be than nobody.

Then, she thought of her phone which had been interrupted earlier in evening. A swift recognition of w it had meant, of what it would mear make the same call again, swept her i sudden desolation.

What was she going to do? Her p her design for life, had not worked Something had gone awry.

Camille turned and went back to room. Seated at her desk, she diale number, and listened, not to a dist ring but to the silence beyond her o door. She waited anxiously, for she come to a decision. But for a long t there was no reply.

The silent office outside was em So that there was no one to see a fig a dark silhouette against the sky. It w hulking, clumsy figure, not unlike tha a great ape. It passed along the para outside the office windows . . .

"Yes?" Camille had got throu "Number ninety-nine."

She had swung around in her ch so that she no longer faced the o door.

"If you please."

She waited again.

Silently, the door had been f opened. The huge figure stood th It was that of a man of formida powerful physique. His monstrous sh ders, long arms and large hands something unnatural in their conto as had his every movement. He w blue overalls. His swarthy feat might have reminded a surgeon o near-successful grafting operation.

"Yes," Camille said, urgently. "Ca see you, tonight—at once?"

COLLIER'S "Of course, to be properly judged, it should contain the rich symmetry of the female limb" GARDNER REA

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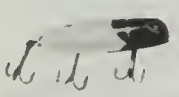

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The intruder took one silent step forward. Camille saw him.

She dropped the receiver, sprang up and retreated, her hands outstretched to fend off horror. She gasped. To scream was impossible.

"My God! Who are you? What do you want?"

"I—want"—it was a mechanical, toneless, grating voice—"you."

WHEN Dr. Craig returned to his office, after dinner, it remained as he had left it, illuminated only by two desk lights. He glanced at the large electric clock on the wall above and saw that the hour was 9:55. He took off his topcoat and hung it up with his hat and jacket.

What had Nayland Smith said?—"You're a pure fanatic. Some lunatic like you will blow the world to bits one of these days. You're science-drunk. Even now, you're dancing to get away . . ."

Craig stared out of the window. He wondered what had made him so eager to get back. Was it the call of science—of that absorbing problem which engaged his mind? Or was it, in part at least, Camille?

Craig glanced toward the door of Camille's room, then sat down resolutely and touched a control.

"Laboratory," a voice said. "Regan here."

"Thought I'd let you know I'm back, Regan. How are the readings?"

"Particularly irregular, Doctor. You might like to see them?"

"I will, Regan, presently. Nothing else to report?"

"Nothing."

Craig stood up again, crossed to the office door and opened it. "Sam!"

"Hullo, boss?"

Sam emerged from some cubbyhole which served as his headquarters. He had discarded the leather jacket and the cap with a long peak, and was putting on overalls and eyeshade.

"Is there any need for you to hang around?"

"Sure—plenty. Mr. Regan he told me to report back. There's some job in the lab needs fixing up."

"I see." Craig smiled. "You're not just sort of killing time until I go home, so that you can dog my weary steps?"

Sam tried an expression of injured innocence. But it didn't suit him.

"Listen, Doctor—"

"Sir Denis tipped you to keep an eye on me until I was tucked up safely in my downy cot. Did he or didn't he?"

"I guess that's right."

"I thought so. Just wanted to know." Craig took out his keys and turned. "I'm going into the lab now. Come on."

Followed by Sam, he crossed and went up the three steps to the metal door. As he unlocked it, eerie greenish-gray light shone out and a faint humming sound as of a giant hornet's nest crept around the office. A moment later the door closed as they went in.

The office remained silent and empty while the minute hand of the clock swept the dial three times. There was an attachment which sounded the hours, and its single bell note had just rung out on the stroke of ten when Camille came in.

She stood quite still for a moment, one hand resting on the edge of the door, her slim fingers looking curiously listless. Then she came inside and opened her handbag. Taking out the black-rimmed glasses, she stared at them as though they were unfamiliar in some way. Her glance wandered to the clock.

Camille's expression changed; it would have seemed to one watching her that the clock had some special significance, some urgent message to impart. Almost, she might have been listening to explicit instructions. Her gaze grew alert.

She crossed to her room and went in, leaving the door half open. And again silence fell.

When Craig opened the laboratory door, he paused at the head of the steps.

"Be at ease, Sam. I won't stir a yard without my keeper."

He closed and locked the door, came down and went straight across to the safe. Resolutely, he avoided looking to see if Camille had come back.

From his ring he selected the safe key, and spun the dial. Not until he took out his big drawing board and turned, did he see Camille.

She stood right at his elbow, in shadows.

"Good Lord!" he said. "I thought I'd seen a ghost!"

Camille's smile was vague. "Forgive me. Didn't you know I was here?"

Craig laughed reassuringly.

"Forgive *me*. I shouldn't be such a jumping frog. When did you come in?"

"A few minutes ago." He saw, now, that she held a notebook in her hand. "There is this letter to Dr. White, at Harvard. I must have forgotten it."

Craig carried the board over to its place and fixed it up. Camille slowly followed. When he was satisfied, he suddenly grasped her shoulders and turned her around so that reflected light from the drawing desk shone up onto her face.

"My dear—er—Miss Navarre, you have, beyond any shade of doubt, been overdoing it. I warned you. The letter to Dr. White went off with the other mail. I distinctly recall signing same."

"Oh!" Camille looked down at her notebook.

Craig dropped his hands from her shoulders and settled himself on the stool. He drew a tray of pencils nearer.

"I quite understand," he said quietly. "Done the same thing myself lots of times. Fact is we're both exhausted. I shan't be long on the job tonight. We've been at it very late here for weeks now. Leave me to it. I suggest you hit the hay good and early."

"But—I am sorry—" her accent grew more marked, more fascinating.

"Did you cut out for eats as prescribed?"

"No. I just took a walk—"

"Then take another one—straight home. Explore the icebox, refresh the tired frame and get some sleep. Expect you around ten in the morning. My fault, asking you to come back."

CAMILLE sat on the studio couch in her small apartment, trying to reconstruct events of the night.

She couldn't, and it frightened her.

There were incidents which were vague, and this was alarming enough. But there were whole hours which were entirely blank!

The vague incidents had occurred just before she left the Huston Building. Morris had been wonderfully sympathetic, and this kindness had made her desperately unhappy. Why had this been so? She found herself quite unable to account for it. Their entire relationship had assumed the character of an exquisite torture; but what had occurred on this particular occasion to make the torture so poignant?

What had she been doing just before that last interview?

She had only a hazy impression of writing something in a notebook, tearing the page off—that was all.

Camille stared dreamily at the telephone standing on her bureau. Had she made a call since her return? She moved over and took up the wastebasket. There were tiny fragments of ruled paper there. Evidently she had torn something up, with great care.

Her heart beginning to beat more swiftly, she stooped and examined the scraps of paper, no larger than confetti disks. Traces of writing appeared, but some short phrase, whatever it was, had been torn apart accurately, retorn, and so made utterly undecipherable.

Camille dropped down again on the

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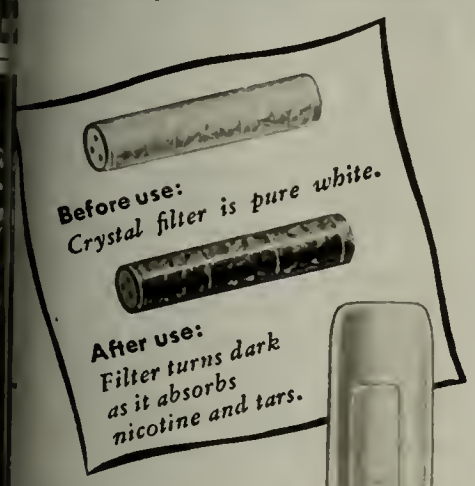

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divan and sat there staring before her. Could it be that she had overtaxed her mind—that this was the beginning of a nervous collapse? She remembered everything that had happened up to the moment she had lifted the phone on her own desk to make a certain call. This had been sometime before eight. Whether she ever made that call or not she had no idea. Her memory held no record of the interval between then and the time Morris insisted that she go home.

But over two hours had elapsed—two lost hours!

Sleep was going to be difficult. She went into the kitchenette and cut herself two sandwiches. She ate them while she warmed some milk. This and a little fruit made up her supper.

AFTER she had prepared the bed and undressed, she still felt wide awake. Switching the lights off, she stood at the window looking down into the street. A number of darkened cars were parked on both sides, and several taxis passed. There were few pedestrians.

All these things had no particular interest for her. She was trying all the time to recapture those lost hours. Never in her life before had such a thing happened to her. It was appalling . . .

At last, something taking place in the street below dragged her wandering mind back to the present.

A big man—abnormally big—stood almost opposite. He appeared to be looking up at her window. Something in his appearance, his hulking, apelike pose, struck a chord of memory, blurred but terrifying.

Camille watched him. His presence might have nothing to do with her. He could be looking at some other window. But she felt sure he was looking at hers.

When he moved away, loose-armed and shambling, she stepped to the end of the bay and continued to watch him. From here she could just see Central Park, and at the corner the man paused. He seemed to be looking back.

Camille stole down to the lobby and bolted the door.

A wave of unaccountable terror had swept over her. She had never, to her knowledge, seen the man before. He was dangerous-looking, but her scanty possessions were unlikely to interest a housebreaker. Nevertheless, she dreaded the dark hours ahead and knew that hope of sleep had become even more remote.

Finally Camille swallowed a sleeping tablet, got into bed and sipped the rest of the warm milk.

She did not recall turning the light out. But just as she was dozing off, a sound of heavy, but curiously furtive footsteps on the stair aroused her.

The sound died away—if she had really heard and not imagined it.

Sleep crept upon her unnoticed . . .

She dreamed that she stood in a dimly lighted, thickly carpeted room. It was peculiarly silent, and there was a sickly sweet smell in the air, a smell which she seemed to recognize yet couldn't identify. She was conscious of one impulse only. To escape from this silent room.

But a man wearing a yellow robe sat behind a long, narrow table, watching her. And his glittering green eyes held her as if chained to the spot upon which she stood. He seemed to be draining her of all vitality, all power of resistance.

She knew, in her dream, that this state of inertia was due to a pitiless cross-examination to which she had been subjected.

The examination was over, and now she was repeating orders already given. She knew herself powerless to disobey.

"On the stroke of ten. Repeat the time."

"On the stroke of ten."

"Repeat what you have to write."

"The safe combination used by Dr. Craig."

"When are you to await a call in your apartment?"

"At eleven o'clock."

"Who will call you?"

"*You* will call me . . ."

She was exhausted, at the end of endurance. The dim, Oriental room swam about her. The green eyes grew larger—dominated that yellow, passionless face—merged—became a still sea in which she was drowning.

Camille heard herself shriek as she fought her way back to consciousness. She sprang up, choked with the horror of her dream.

"Did it really happen?" she moaned. "Oh, God! What did I do last night?"

Gray light was just beginning to outline the slats of the Venetian blinds.

Manhattan was waking to a new day.

NAYLAND SMITH threw his door open in answer to the buzzer. "Come in, Harkness."

There was an irritable note in his voice. This was his third day in New York, and though every hour counted, he had made no progress worthy of record.

They shook hands. Raymond Harkness was a highly improbable F.B.I. operative but a highly efficient one. His large hazel eyes were ingenuous, almost childish in expression, and he had a gentle voice which he rarely raised. As he stood there peeling a glove off delicate-looking fingers, he might have been guessed a physician, or even a surgeon, but never a detective.

"Any news?" asked Smith, dropping

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restlessly into an armchair and pointing to its twin.

"Yes." Harkness sat down, first placing his topcoat and hat neatly on a divan. "I think there is."

"Good. Let's have it."

"Mrs. Frobisher had an appointment at three o'clock this afternoon with Professor Hoffmeyer, the Viennese psychiatrist who runs an office on the top floor of the Wooltan Building."

"How did you know?" Smith asked.

HARKNESS explained: "I'm having Falling Waters carefully covered. I want to find out who was responsible for the burglary there last week. Stein, the chauffeur-butler, drove Mrs. Frobisher into town in their big car. When she had gone in, Stein's behavior was just a bit curious."

"What did he do?"

"He parked the car, left his uniform cap inside, put on a light topcoat and soft hat and walked around to a bar on East Forty-eighth."

"What's curious about that?"

"Maybe not a lot. But when he got to the bar, he met another man who was evidently waiting for him. One of our boys was soon on a near-by stool."

"Hear anything?"

"Plenty. But it wasn't in English."

"Oh!" Nayland Smith lighted his pipe. "What was the lingo?"

"My man was counted out. He reports he doesn't know."

"Useful!"

"No, it isn't, Sir Denis. But Scarron—that's his name—had a bright thought when the party broke up. He didn't tail Stein. Knew he was going back to his car. He tailed Number Two."

"Good. Where did the bird settle?"

And when Harkness told him, Nayland Smith suddenly stood up.

"Got something there, Harkness," he rapped. "The job at Falling Waters may have been Soviet-inspired, and not, as I supposed, a reconnaissance by Dr. Fu Manchu. What's Stein's background?"

"Man at work right now on it."

"What about details of the bogus doctor who saved Moreno's life?"

Harkness took out a notebook and turned the pages. "We have a composite picture built up on the testimony of several witnesses. Here we are— Tall; well built. Pale, clean-cut features. Slight black mustache; heavy brows; dark piercing eyes."

Harkness returned the notebook to his pocket. "There's one other item. Not so definite—but something I wish you could look into personally. It's in your special province."

Harkness dusted ash into a tray and leaned back in his chair.

"For some time before your arrival," he said, "but acting on your advice that Dr. Fu Manchu was probably in New York, we have been checking up on possible contacts in the Asiatic quarter."

"Maybe none. Fu Manchu's organization isn't primarily Chinese, or even Oriental. He's head of a group known as the Council of Seven. They have affiliations in every walk of society and in every country, as I believe."

"That may be so," Harkness admitted, "but as a matter of routine I had the possibility looked into. Broadly, we drew a blank. But there's one old man, highly respected in the Chinatown area, who seems to be a bit of a mystery."

"What's his name?"

"Huan Tsung."

"What does he look like?"

"He is tall, I am told, for a Chinese, but old and frail. I've never seen him."

"What!" Nayland Smith pulled up and stared. "Don't follow. Myth?"

"Oh, he exists. But he's hard to get at. Some sort of invalid, I believe. It's easy enough to see him officially, but I don't want to do that. He has tremendous influence of some kind among the Asiatic population."

Nayland Smith tugged at the lobe his ear, reflectively.

"This aged, invisible character trigues me," he said. "How long has lived in New York?"

"According to police records, many years."

"But his remarkable habits sug that he might be absent for a long ti without his absence being noticed?"

"That's true," Harkness admitted.

"Are you really sure he's there nov

"Practically certain. I have learned the last few days that he has been s going for a late drive—around eleven night—in an old car which is kept i shed not far from his shop."

"Where does he go?"

"I have no information. But we'll f out. You see"—Harkness spoke earnes —"I have it on reliable grounds t Huan Tsung is against us. I do know—"

"You want me to try to look h over?" Nayland Smith broke in. "I mi recognize this hermit! I agree with yo

"I could make the necessary arran ments, Sir Denis. You might try night, if you have no other plans."

"I have no other plans. At any ho at any moment, Craig may complete hell machine. In that hour, the ene will strike—and I don't know where look for the blow, how to cover against it. Tell me—does Huan Tsu ever drive out at night *more than once*

Harkness frowned. "I should have check on that. I suggest that tonight—

"No. Leave it to me. I'm tired of g ing around like an escorted tourist. want my hands free. Leave it to me."

WHEN Nayland Smith left poli headquarters that night and set o to pick up Harkness, he might have be anything from a ship's carpenter to bosun's mate ashore. His demands on t bureau's fancy wardrobe had been si ple, and no item of his make-up cou fairly be described as a disguise.

Upon his clothes, a seagoing wal dirty hands, and a weird, nasal acce which was one of his many accomplis ments. Nayland Smith relied, as he h relied on former occasions.

He had started early, for he had it mind to prospect the shop of Hu Tsung before joining Harkness at t agreed spot—a point from which th establishment could be kept in view.

The streets near Chinatown we empty and still, though it was compar tively early. He saw parked vehicles a some traffic, but few pedestrians.

The lights of the restaurant quart were visible ahead, when this stillne was violently disturbed. A wom screamed. It was a scream of deadly te ror.

Figures materialized out of nowher all of them running in the same dire tion. Nayland Smith ran, too.

A group of people surrounded woman who was hysterically explainir that she had been knocked down a her handbag snatched by a man w sprang upon her from behind.

As Smith pressed forward to get glimpse of the woman's face, someo clapped a hand on his back and seeme to be trying to muscle violently pas Smith turned savagely—and felt an acu stab in his neck as if a pin had been thru into the flesh. "Damn you!" he snappe "What in hell are you up to?"

These words were the last he spoke.

Strong fingers covered his mouth; sinewy arm jerked his head back and th stinging in his neck continued.

Making a sudden lunge, he twiste and threw off his attacker.

Fists clenched, he turned to face a ta man dimly seen in the darkness. H slammed a left to the man's chin and wa about to follow it up when the ma closed with him. He made no attempt t use his fists; he just threw himself upo Smith and twined powerful arms aroun

ody, at the same time crying out, :er! Come and lend me a hand!"

, colossal impudence changed Nay- Smith's anger to a kind of cold d. He ceased to struggle.

e onlookers promptly deserted the ed woman and surrounded this new r of interest. The officer stepped rd.

shined a light onto the face of the nan, who still had his arms around and Smith, and Smith studied this attentively.

saw pale, clear-cut features, a wy mustache, heavy brows and , penetrating eyes. The man wore a overcoat, a white muffler, a soft hat. Smith noted with pleasure a trickle of blood on his chin. Then ght was turned upon himself.

Vhat goes on?" the patrolman asked. Iy patient grew fractious. Excite- t has this effect. I think he's cooling n, though. Do you think you could me a hand as far as my car? I am Malcolm—Central Park South."

Poor guy. Do what I can, Doctor."

ut Nayland Smith smiled grimly. It *his* turn.

isten, Officer," he said—or, more tly, he framed his lips to say. For ound issued from his mouth!

e tried again—and produced only rrible, gurgling laughter.

hen he understood. He knew that vas in the hands of that same bogus sician who had visited Moreno—that man was a servant of Dr. Fu Man- And he knew that the stinging sen- on had been caused by the point of a dermic syringe.

le was stricken *dumb*. The only sound vas able to utter was that imbecile h!

Poor guy," muttered the officer again.

War veteran," Dr. Malcolm ex- ned in a low voice. The onlookers rmured their sympathy. "Japanese on camp. Escaped from my clinic erday. But we shall get him right— ime."

During this astounding statement, Dr. lcolm, overconfident, perhaps, in the sence of the burly patrolman, made mistake of slightly relaxing his hold, l the temptation was too strong for yland Smith.

ensing every muscle in his body, he ke free. He had no footroom to haul for a straight one, no time to maneu- , but he managed to register a savage ercut on Dr. Malcolm's jaw. Mal- m fell without a sound. Smith ran for life. He knew nothing less was at ke.

A whistle was blown. A girl screamed. Someone shouted, "Escaped madman! Stop him!" Runners were hot on his heels.

Unfamiliar terrors hounded him on. Capture meant death—and what a death! For he could not doubt that Dr. Fu Manchu intended, first, to interrogate him. And escape meant the life of a dumb man . . .

He saw, now, plainly enough, how he had held the game in his hands if only he had kept his poise.

All about him, hunters multiplied. Voices cried, "Escaped madman—stop him!" Police whistles skirled; the night became a welter of racing footsteps.

He tried to think as he ran.

Instinctively he had turned back the way he had come. He had a faint hope that, contrary to his orders, a detective might have been assigned to follow him. How he regretted those orders! What madness to underestimate the profound cunning of Dr. Fu Manchu . . .

SUDDENLY, someone tried a flying tackle. He missed. Smith tripped the tackler and ran on, wondering how long he could hope to last at that pace.

Some swift runner was hot on his heels, having outdistanced all others. But Nayland Smith had recognized a warehouse just ahead, the yard gate open, which he had passed earlier. If he could reach it first, he still had a chance. Desperation had prompted a plan.

And then something happened which was not in the plan.

As he raced up to the gate, a pair of stocky figures sprang out at him. They had been posted to intercept him—the game was up.

The men threw him and held him. Then the pack came up. It was led by the big policeman who had muttered, "Poor guy." His were the footsteps which Smith had heard so close behind.

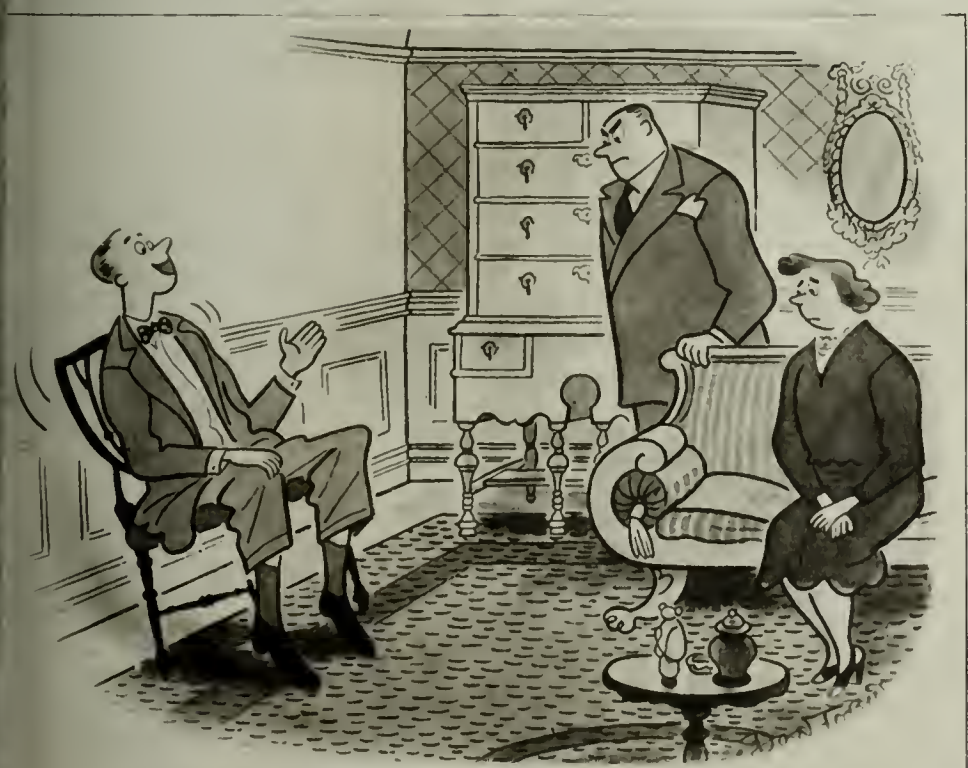
As Smith lay face downward in a strangle hold, this officer took charge, speaking breathlessly.

"Good work! Don't hurt him. The doctor's coming." Dimly, Nayland Smith became aware of an increasing crowd. "I can manage him."

He was lifted upright and seized, skillfully, by the patrolman. The two thugs vanished into the darkness. Smith retained sufficient sanity to observe that one of the men limped badly. Perhaps, he thought with satisfaction, his kick had smashed a kneecap.

He opened his mouth to speak, remembered, and remained silent.

"Take it easy, brother," said the big officer sympathetically. He was still breathing hard from his run. "You're



"I love this old antique furniture. It's quite expensive, isn't it?"

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not in Japan now." He steered Smith into the warehouse yard. "We'll wait here. Hi, you!" to the audience. "Gangway!"

A car pulled up to the gateway and Dr. Malcolm got out. A second patrolman was with him. Dr. Malcolm's voice sounded shaky.

"Congratulations, Officer. I shall commend you for this."

"All in the day's work," replied the man who held Smith. "Glad to see you've snapped out of it. A nifty one, that was. Shall I get the wagon?"

"No, no." Dr. Malcolm stepped forward. "It would only excite him. Here is my chauffeur. He is used to—these cases. We can manage quite well between us. Just call me in about twenty minutes. Dr. Scott Malcolm, Circle 3-3000."

While this conversation went on, Nayland Smith made up his mind to play the last card he held. Although one arm was pinioned behind him, he managed to pull his wallet out and to force it under the fingers of the man who held him. The officer grasped it, but did not relax his hold.

"Okay," he said in a low voice, like that of one soothing a child. "I've got it. Safe enough with me. Come along."

Smith was led to the car by Dr. Malcolm and a low-browed, gray-uniformed chauffeur. Dr. Malcolm took the wheel, and the chauffeur got in beside Smith. They drove off swiftly.

IT WAS on the following morning that Morris Craig arrived ahead of time to find Camille already there. He was just stripping his jacket off when he saw her at the door of her room.

"Hullo!" he called. "Why the wild enthusiasm for toil?"

She was immaculate as always, but he thought she looked pale. She did not wear her glasses.

"I couldn't sleep, Dr. Craig. When daylight broke at last I was glad to come. And there's always plenty to do."

"True. But I don't like the insomnia." He walked across to her. "You and I need a rest. When the job's finished, we're both going to have one. Shall I tell you something? I'm early myself because I mean to finish by Friday night so we both have a carefree week end."

He patted her shoulder and turned away. Pulling out a key ring, he went over to the big safe.

"Dr. Craig."

"Yes?" He glanced back.

"I suppose you will think it is none of my business, but I feel"—she hesitated—"there are . . . dangers."

Craig's boyish gaiety vanished. "What sort of dangers?"

"You have invented something which many people—people capable of any outrage—want to steal from you. And sometimes I think you are very careless."

"In what way?"

"Well—I know Sir Denis Nayland Smith's reputation. I expect he came here to tell you the same thing. There are precautions which you neglect."

"Tell me one."

"The safe combination is one. Do you ever change it?"

Craig smiled. "No," he confessed. "Why should I? Nobody else knows it."

"How can you be sure?"

"Sam might have picked it up—so might you. But why worry?"

"I may be foolish. But even if only Sam and I knew it, in your place I should change it, Dr. Craig."

Craig stared. His expression conveyed nothing definite, but it embarrassed her.

"Not suggesting that Sam—"

"Of course not! I'm only suggesting that, for the sake of us all, nobody but yourself should know that combination."

Craig brushed his hair back and began to grope in a pocket for cigarettes.

"Point begins to dawn," he said. "You mean that if something should be pinched therefrom, it must be clear that neither you nor Sam could possi[illegible] known how to open the safe?"

"Yes," said Camille, "I supp[illegible] is what I mean."

Craig stood there watching h[illegible] for some time after she had gon[illegible] closed it. Then he crossed to the [illegible]

Having arranged his work to [illegible] isfaction, Craig took up the ph[illegible] dialed a number.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith, pl[illegible]

There was an interval, and t[illegible] girl at the hotel switchboard r[illegible] "There's no reply from his apar[illegible]

"Oh—well, would you give hin[illegible] sage to call Dr. Morris Craig w[illegible] comes in?"

As he hung up he was thinki[illegible] Smith was out early. He had see[illegible] ing of him since they had dined t[illegible] and was burning with anxiety on [illegible] half. The delicate instrument [illegible] Craig called a transmuter had [illegible] gone into construction. Shaw wa[illegible] ing on a blueprint in the laborat[illegible] remained only for Craig to c[illegible] three details, and for tests to d[illegible] whether his plant could contr[illegible] power he had invoked.

In view of what failure might [illegible] he had determined to insist that [illegible] tire equipment be moved, secretl[illegible] guarded site in the open country [illegible] carrying out of these tests.

He was beginning to realize t[illegible] transmuter might burst under the [illegible] mous load of energy it was desig[illegible] distribute. If it did, not only the l[illegible] Building but also a great part of [illegible] boring Manhattan could be dis[illegible] like that lump of steel he had use[illegible] demonstration for Nayland Smith.

Craig, in fact, was victim of a [illegible] feeling of unrest. He continued [illegible] count Smith's more dramatic wa[illegible] and this in spite of the murder[illegible] tempt on Moreno, but he was uns[illegible] the future. The feathered dart h[illegible] sent to Professor White at Harva[illegible] examination, but so far had had [illegible] port.

He pressed a button, then sat on [illegible] ner of the desk, swinging one l[illegible] Sam came in chewing industriousl[illegible]

"Morning, boss."

"Good morning, Sam. What ti[illegible] you turn up here as a rule?"

"Well"—Sam shook his head th[illegible] fully—"I'm mostly around by eig[illegible] account of Mr. Shaw or Mr. [illegible] comes off night watch then. I migh[illegible] be wanted—see?"

"Yes, I see. Reason I ask is I th[illegible] I saw you tailing me as I came alon[illegible]

Sam's eyes, behind his spectacle[illegible] trayed childish wonder. "*Me* tail[illegible] Doctor? Listen. Wait a minute—"

"I am listening, and I am prepa[illegible] wait a minute. But I want an ans[illegible]

"Well"—Sam pulled his eye[illegible] lower—"sometimes it happens n[illegible] I'm on an errand same time you ha[illegible] to be going my way—"

"All right. But if Mr. Frobisher [illegible] how you wasted time you owe to H[illegible] Electric, he'd fire you. I'll have i[illegible] with Smith when I see him."

As Sam went out, Craig stood s[illegible] ing the detail on the drawing board [illegible] found himself unable to conquer [illegible] spirit of unrest, an unhealthy sen[illegible] impending harm, which had desce[illegible] upon him. Particularly, he was tro[illegible] by forebodings about Smith.

LESS than nine hours before, p[illegible] headquarters had become a [illegible] vius. Nayland Smith's wallet had [illegible] handed in by the frightened patrolm[illegible] whom he had passed it. He had giv[illegible] detailed description of the man posi[illegible] Dr. Malcolm. It was recognized, at [illegible] tre Street, as corresponding to that o[illegible] bogus doctor who had saved the li[illegible] Officer Moreno!

Wires had hummed all night. The [illegible] uty commissioner had been called a[illegible] home. So had the district attorney.

cars in the suspected area were d.

m the time that "Dr. Malcolm" eft with his supposed patient, nothore was known of his movements. dentity remained a mystery. Fe- activity prevailed. But not a soli- clue came in.

internationally famous criminal in- ator had been spirited away un- e very eyes of the police—and no new where to look for him.

AIG'S uneasiness grew greater as he day grew older. It began to inter- with concentration. The nearer that 's work came to completion in the atory, the further Craig seemed to om contributing those final elements h would give it life.

rly in the afternoon he spoke to manager of Nayland Smith's hotel. earned that Smith had gone out the ing before, at what exact time the ager didn't know. He had not re- d or communicated. The manager d give no further information.

aig wondered if he should call po- headquarters, but hesitated to make elf a nuisance. After all, the nature mith's business in New York would iently account for long absences. Craig recalled, unhappily, something ad said on the night they dined to- er: "I fear that he has decided that I t die . . . What are my chances?"

e tried again to tackle his work but d the problems which it presented ewildering that he was grateful when hael Frobisher burst into the office. raig swung around and faced his chief, who had dropped into one of the armchairs. "Hullo, Mr. Frobisher."

"Hullo, Craig. Thought I'd just look in. Don't expect to be in town again this week. Picking up Mrs. F., who's having a treatment, and driving right out. How's the big job shaping?"

Frobisher pulled a cigar from his breast pocket, and Craig noted that his hand was unsteady. He realized suddenly that Frobisher was either sick or haunted.

"Fairly bright," he replied. "Time you saw the setup in the lab again."

"Yes. I should."

But Craig knew that his chief would avoid the visit if possible. The throbbing monster in the laboratory frightened Michael Frobisher, and Craig knew it.

Frobisher snipped off the end of his cigar. "What are the prospects of finishing by the week end?"

"Fair to medium. Mental functions disturbed by grave misgivings."

Frobisher glanced up sharply. His eyes, under drawn, black brows, reminded Craig of smoldering fires in two deep caves.

"What misgivings?" he growled.

Craig dropped the stub of a cigarette and began to grope behind him for a packet which he had put somewhere on the desk.

"I'm a sort of modern Frankenstein," Craig explained. "Hadn't grasped it before. In there"—he waved toward the laboratory door—"is a thing which could eat up New York City at one gulp. This brute frightens me."

"Forget it." Frobisher lighted his cigar.

"Impossible. How this beast can be tamed to perform domestic duties escapes me at the moment. Like training a Bengal tiger to rock a baby's cradle. Then there's something else."

"Such as what?"

"The thing in that laboratory is coveted by the governments of the United States, of England and of Russia."

Michael Frobisher stood up. His craggy brows struggled to meet over a deep vertical wrinkle. "Who says so?"

"I say so. Agents of those governments are watching every move we make."

"I knew there was a leak! Do you know those agents?"

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith has arrived from London."

"Who in hell is Sir Denis Nayland Smith?"

"An old friend of mine. Formerly a commissioner of Scotland Yard. But I don't know the Washington agent and I don't know the Soviet agent. I only know they're here."

"Oh!" said Michael Frobisher, and sat down again. "Any more troubles?"

"Yes." Craig found his cigarettes and lighted one. "Dr. Fu Manchu."

SILENCE fell between them like a curtain. There was fear in Frobisher's eyes.

"You are sure there *is* such a person?"

"Yes—moderately sure."

For some reason this assurance seemed to bring relief to Frobisher. A moment later an explanation came.

"Then I'm not crazy! Those Asiatic shoopers really exist. They seem to have quit tailing me around town, but queer things happen out at Falling Waters. Whoever went through my papers one night away back must have been working with inside help—"

"But I thought you told me that some yellow character—"

"*He* was outside. Saw him from my window. No locks broken. But last night my private safe was opened!"

"What's that!"

"Plain fact. I was awake. Sleep badly. Guess I interrupted him. But the door of the safe was wide open when I got down!"

"See anybody?"

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"Not a soul. Nothing taken. Doors and windows secure. Craig"—Frobisher's deep voice faltered—"I was beginning to wonder—"

"If you walked in your sleep? Did these things yourself?"

"Well—"

"Quite understand, and sympathize," Craig said.

MICHAEL FROBISHER shook his head, like a big dog who has something in his ear. "Listen—but not a word to Mrs. F. I have had a gadget fixed up to record any movement around the house, and show just where it's coming from. I want you to look it over this week end."

"Delightful prospect. I am the gadget king. And this brings me to my main misgiving. You may recall the bother we had fitting up the plant in the lab?"

"Don't be funny! Didn't we import workmen from Europe to make it in sections—"

"We did. And I have been my own draftsman."

"Then send 'em home again and assemble the sections ourselves?"

"Yes. To be brief, we shall have to do likewise once more."

"What's that?"

"I cannot be responsible for tests carried out in the heart of New York City. Already some of my experiments are slightly alarming. But when I'm all set to tap the juice in quantities, I want to be where I can do no harm." Craig was warming to his subject; the enthusiasm of the specialist fired his eyes. "You see, the energy lies in successive strata—like the skins of an onion. And you know what the middle of a raw onion's like!"

The tip of Frobisher's cigar glowed ominously.

"Meaning what?" he growled.

"Meaning that a site must be picked for an experimental station. Somewhere in wide-open spaces, far from the madding crowd. Little by little and bit by bit we shall transfer our monster there."

"You told me you needed some high place."

"There are high places other than the top of the Huston Building. I wish to avoid repeating, in the Huston Building, the story of the Tower of Babel. It would be spectacular, but unpopular."

"You're not getting cold feet, are you?"

Craig smiled. "Yes," he said. "I am. What are you going to do about it?"

Michael Frobisher picked up his hat. "If *you* say so, I'll have to get busy." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Give me all the facts on Saturday."

When Frobisher opened the office door, he stood looking right and left of the lobby for a moment before he went out.

Craig scratched his chin reflectively. What, exactly, was going on at Falling Waters? He felt peculiarly disinclined to work, considered ringing for Camille just for the pure pleasure of looking at her, then resolutely put on his glasses and settled down before the unfinished diagram.

He was destined, however, to be interrupted again.

The office door behind him opened very quietly, and Mrs. Frobisher peeped in. "Do I intrude?" she asked coyly.

Craig, conscious of his shirt sleeves, took off his glasses, jumped from the stool and turned.

"Mrs. Frobisher!" He swept back the drooping forelock. "I say—excuse my exposed laundry."

Stella Frobisher extended her hand graciously. She was an Englishwoman and her pattern of life appeared to be modeled upon customs embalmed in old volumes of Punch. Her hair had been blond and would always remain so. She had canarylike manners. She fluttered.

"I was waiting until Mike had gone. He mustn't know I have been here."

Craig pulled a chair forward, and Stella Frobisher's high heels clicked on the parquet like castanets as she came over and sat down. She was correctly dressed in full mink uniform and wore a bird of paradise for a hat.

"Highly compromising. When did your heart first awaken to my charms?" said Craig as he put his coat on.

He had learned that airy chatter was the only possible kind of conversation with Mrs. Frobisher, who was some years younger than her husband and liked to think he had many rivals.

"Oh, you *do* say the queerest things!" Stella's reputation for vivacity rested largely upon her habit of stressing words at random. "I have been having a treatment at Professor Hoffmeyer's."

"Am I acquainted with the lad?"

"Oh, everybody knows him. He's simply too wonderful. He has made a new woman of me."

"Yes. You look quite new."

"Oh, now you think I'm being silly, Dr. Craig. But truly my nerves had quite gone. You see, there's something very queer going on."

"Queer goings on, eh?" Craig murmured, hunting for his cigarettes.

"Most peculiar. I know you're laughing at me. But truly I'm terrified. There have been the *most* uncanny people prowling about Falling Waters recently." She accepted a cigarette and Craig lighted it for her. "I simply *dare* not speak to Mike about it. You know how nervous he is. But I have ordered a pack of Alsatians and insisted that they must be ferocious."

"A pack, you say?"

"Yes. I have had barbed wire installed, and I shall loose the dogs at night."

"Sounds uncommonly attractive. Lovers' paradise."

"I wanted to warn you, because now I must be off. If I'm late at the Ritz, Mike will think I've been up to something—"

Craig escorted her down to the street and was rewarded with an arch smile.

NAYLAND SMITH came to the surface from the depths of a murky purple lake. A voice, unpleasantly familiar, reached his ears through a violet haze which overhung the lake.

"I trust you find yourself quite restored, Sir Denis?"

Smith strove to identify the speaker.

"And don't hesitate to reply. You are no longer dumb. The discomfort was temporary."

The speaker was identified. He was Dr. Malcolm!

"I—why—I can *speak!*" Nayland Smith's voice rose higher on every word.

"So I observe. You are an expert boxer, Sir Denis; for a man of your years a remarkable one."

Dr. Malcolm wore a long white coat. He was regarding Smith with professional interest. "You appear to feel no gratitude for your restored power of speech?"

He poured a liquid from a beaker into a phial. The phial he placed in a leather case.

"No. I'm waiting for the later symptoms to develop."

Dr. Malcolm closed his case.

"You will wait in vain. The first injection I administered was intended merely to paralyze the muscles of articulation."

"Thanks. It did."

"A second counteracted it," Dr. Malcolm explained.

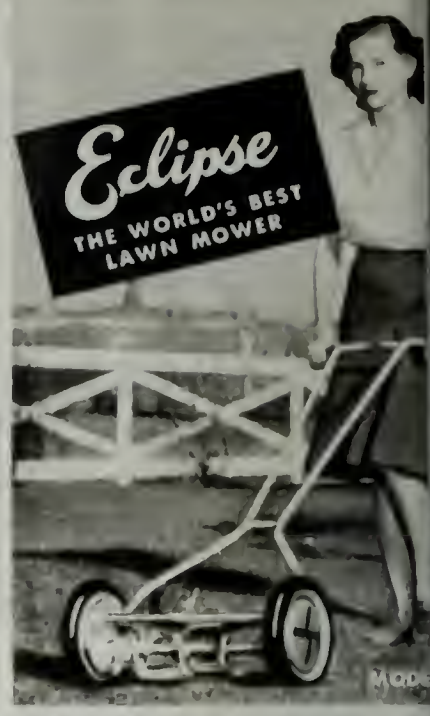
"Truly ingenious."

"But," Dr. Malcolm went on, "my duties in your case were not nearly so dangerous as in the case of the policeman, Moreno. I was subject to exposure throughout the time I remained in the hospital."

"So I gather," said Smith.

This man's cool audacity fascinated him.

"Of course"—Dr. Malcolm locked his leather case—"Circle 3-3000 is the number of a well-known hotel. I don't live



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He showed strong white teeth in "Mai Cha was most convincing girl who had been robbed, I ought so too."

and Smith glanced about him. ce proved to be more extensive had supposed at that strange ing. It was a big cellar. Much s unlighted.

had several keymen in the crowd, e. The police officer was an in- But I did my best with him. When ceeded in knocking me out, I was to this officer—and to a pair of ple placed to cover such a possi- for your recapture."

you were," said Smith conversa- "All the luck lay with you. u be going?"

I am leaving you now. I re- necessity for putting you under int. You will have noted, since fully restored, that your arms are ttached to the bench upon which These thin wires, however, are nbreakable. A preparation in- by my principal. I bid you good Sir Denis. It is improbable that t again."

hly improbable," Smith mur- "But lucky for you. By the way, ng have I been here?"

Malcolm paused.

arly twenty-four hours—"

at!"

t actually in this cellar, but under e, elsewhere. You have been suita- urished, and I assure you there no ill effects."

Malcolm merged into the back- l. His white coat marked his ss for a while and then became wed up. A heavy door was opened closed.

nty-four hours!

land Smith satisfied himself that s, indeed, helpless. The slender threads, like strands of silk, confined his arms were steel- The bench was clamped to the He peered into surrounding gloom. ight on the wall behind him af- illumination. Outside its radius adows ever increasing to complete ness.

newhere in this blackness, almost g scrutiny, objects were stacked st a farther wall. Specks of color e discernible, vague forms.

Intently, Smith stared into the darkness, picking out shapes, dim lines.

At last he understood.

He was looking at a pile of Chinese coffins . . .

The sound made by a heavy, unseen door warned him that someone had entered the cellar.

Long before a tall figure came silently out of the shadows, Nayland Smith knew who had entered. The quality of the atmosphere had changed, become charged with new portent.

WEARING a dark, fur-collared topcoat and carrying a black hat in one long, yellow hand, Nayland Smith's ancient adversary faced him.

A tense, silent moment passed.

"I confess that I had not expected to meet you, Sir Denis."

The words were spoken softly, the sibilants marked.

Nayland Smith met the regard of half-closed eyes.

"I, on the contrary, had hoped to meet *you*, Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Your star above mine. The meeting has taken place. If it is not as you had foreseen it, blame only that blind Fate which disturbs our foolish plans. Because our destinies were woven on the same loom, perhaps I should have known that you would be here—to obstruct me when the survival of mankind is at stake."

He stepped aside, and brought a rough, wooden box. Upon this he sat down.

"You are compelled to remain seated," he explained. "Courtesy forbids me to stand."

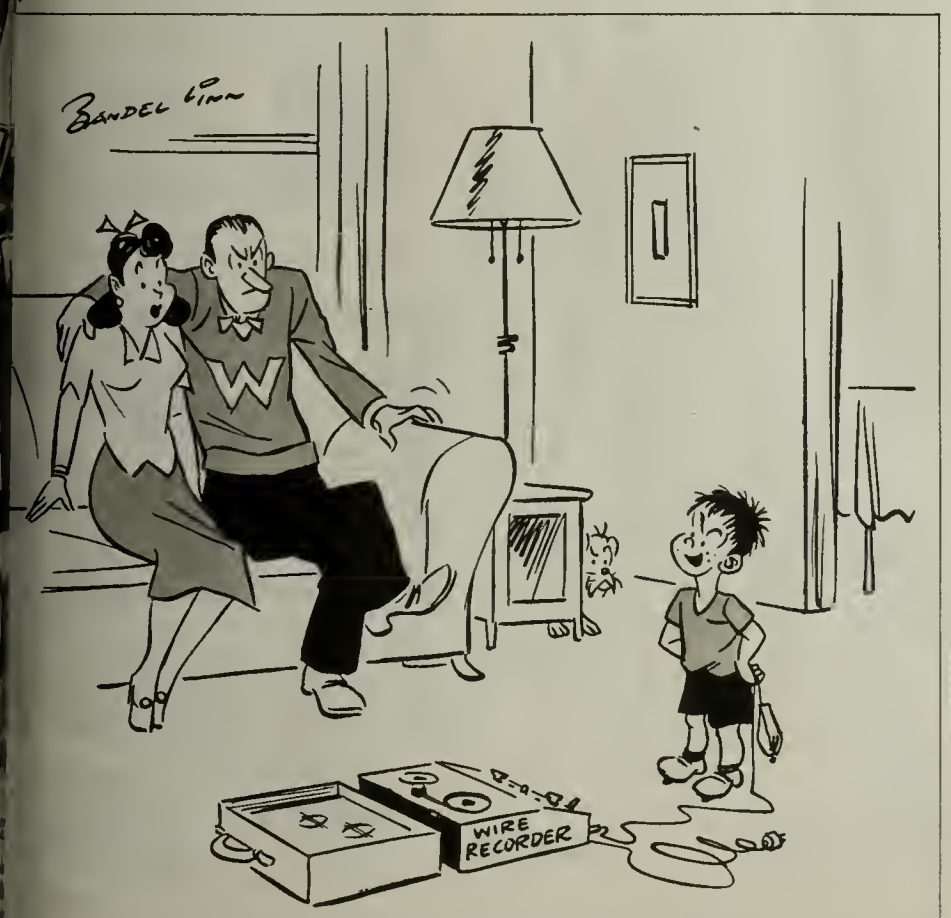
And those words were a key to open memory's door. Nayland Smith, in one magical glimpse, lived again through a hundred meetings with Dr. Fu Manchu, through years in which he had labored to rid the world of this insane genius. He saw him as an assassin, as a torturer, as the most dangerous criminal the law had ever known; but always as an aristocrat.

"You honor me," he said, dryly. "How am I to die?"

Dr. Fu Manchu fully opened his strange eyes and fixed upon Smith a gaze which few men could have hoped to sustain. He spoke even more softly than he had spoken before.

"That rests with you, Sir Denis," he replied.

(To be continued next week)



"Mr. Ferguson, for two bucks I'll erase the recording I made when you were here last night!"

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LOU IS CLEVELAND'S BUSINESS

Continued from page 48

lady who signed her name and consisted entirely of a large sheet of paper with two words in the middle: Drop Dead.

Mr. Veeck allowed it to be understood that perhaps he had been a trifle premature and after reflection had decided that Mr. Boudreau was an ideal manager for Cleveland. Whereupon, Boudreau got a raise in salary, the two-year contract he had been insisting on and all Mr. Veeck had to do was answer the 16,000 letters of protest he had received.

Now what manner of individual is this who has so ruthlessly upset the doctrine of private property? Among the *cognoscenti* he is unanimously regarded as the greatest shortstop in baseball. This is itself a form of miracle because he is one of the slowest men in the game. He runs like a dray, has a batting stance that may only be termed ludicrous and seems to lack every ingredient that would make a star. Yet he daily makes plays that can only be explained by necromancy, is normally a .300 hitter and in 1944, led the league with .327.

Slow—But He Gets Everything

Experts who see him every day are his greatest boosters. Last year he somehow got to a ball behind third base, flipped it back over his shoulder to Keltner, who ferried it over to first in time to get the runner. The combination of Boudreau and Joe Gordon around second base is considered unfair by the opposition. The way Boudreau can snag a ball a mile behind second base and throw a runner out at first is a caution. Since he moves no faster than a largo it can only be held that he has the intuition of a bird dog and the persistence of a bill collector.

The chances are that in a year or two he'll move over to third base, which was his original position in college. His early ambition was to be a catcher but his father squelched that. "You'll get all stove up and won't last long," he warned. Well, Lou got stove up anyhow but this came from his basketball playing at Illinois. His right ankle has been broken three times and both ankles are full of arthritic deposits. Before a game he wraps himself like a mummy, using yards of tape in a method he has learned for himself.

He admits that basketball slowed him down but thinks it helped him in other ways. "Learned how to start fast and pivot," he says. "Taught me how to skid to the right and throw off balance. They tell me I've got that 'split vision,' can see three or four things at once."

This all began in Harvey, Illinois, where his father was a machinist and a former semipro third baseman. Boudreau's case follows somewhat the Bob Feller pattern in that his father was determined to make a ballplayer out of him. As a matter of fact Lou was considered even better as a basketball star when he got down to the University of Illinois. He made All-Illinois three years in a row and was a sensation when Illinois played in Madison Square Garden. During the summer he played semipro ball with the Chicago Midlothians and softball with the Harvey Magic Chefs.

He was playing third at Illinois and doing all right but nothing sensational. He went up to Chicago for a tryout with the White Sox and they didn't want him; he tried the Cubs and they also showed no interest. Somebody touted him to Cy Slapnicka of Cleveland and a deal was made. Boudreau wanted to stay at Illinois till he got his degree in Physical Education but there was the matter of his mother at home. Things were not rosy in Harvey.

"You know," says Boudreau grimly, "missing a meal occasionally."

Cleveland started paying Mrs. Boudreau a hundred dollars a month, on Lou's promise to sign a Cleveland contract after graduation. This was great until Major John L. Griffith, Big Ten commissioner, heard about it. Major Griffith was shocked. Boudreau came in trembling and confessed all. The major declared him ineligible for the rest of the basketball season but there was a hint that if he kept himself nice and clean till fall the matter might be reconsidered.

"I turned down a chance to make a movie with Hank Luisetti," says Lou with a shudder, "and regarded all pro basketball offers as the temptation of the Devil. Then I found out in the spring they weren't going to take me back after all."

So Lou got married to Della DeRuiter, his high-school girl friend, yelled for Slapnicka to come get him and was sent off to Cedar Rapids in the Three-Eye League. Next spring, which was '39, he reported to the Indians' training camp at New Orleans. After a week of spectacular play around third base, Slapnicka hollered: "Git on over there!" Which placed Lou at shortstop and teamed him up with Ray Mack. Steve O'Neill grabbed this combination for Buffalo, where the boys proceeded to burn up the league.

In the meantime the Indians were being what they always seem to be: a disappointment. Buffalo was headed for the pennant, only half a game out of first place and Boudreau was hitting .331. Slapnicka recalled them to Cleveland and Buffalo almost went berserk. It was the first Boudreau experience as a public issue but this time he was involved only as a pawn. He and Mack took over in stride at Cleveland and finished out the season, aware that they were planted for a long time in that setting.

It only now becomes apparent that Slapnicka made one of the choice deals of history.

"They gave my mother fifteen hundred when I signed," says Lou, "and I was to get another twenty-five hundred if and when I played sixty days of major-league ball. Ray and I only got in fifty-five days in that late season stretch but they gave me the money."

Kept Out of the Rebellion

From almost the beginning of the next season, 1940, Boudreau began running the Cleveland team on the field. He had always been team captain in high school and college and just naturally started taking command. It was the year of the "Cry-Baby" revolt against Manager Vitt but Lou and Mack stayed out of it on the advice of the older players. They lost the pennant to Detroit by a single game but Boudreau made the All-Star team, was named "Rookie of the Year" by Chicago sports writers, led the shortstops in fielding with .968 and finished with 101 runs-batted-in and a batting average of .295.

The effort almost cost him his life because he played the last few weeks of the season with what he told everybody was a pulled stomach muscle and which turned out to be a severe attack of appendicitis. When he was finally operated on, the appendix had burst, peritonitis set in and the situation was so bad that his wife and mother were sent for. He pulled through after a tough struggle.

Roger Peckinpaugh was manager in 1941 after Vitt was dropped but the Indians were as usual going nowhere. Boudreau again made the All-Star team and led the shortstops in fielding with .966 but his hitting fell off to .257, his worst so far in the league. At the end of the season Slapnicka had suffered sufficiently and retired as general manager. Peckinpaugh

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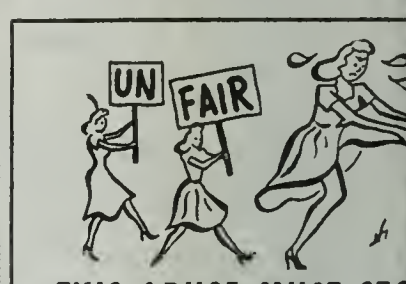

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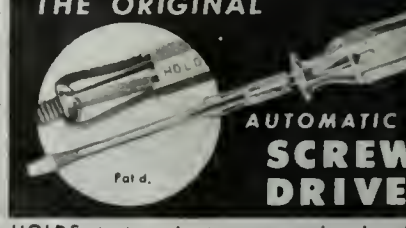

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elevated to that eminent position and veland was again without a field man-. The Cleveland sports writers, who upy an influential position in the base- hierarchy, began speculating on sibilities, and one genius, not wishing be scooped, listed practically every- y in baseball, including Boudreau.

he lad was twenty-four at the time had been only two years in the league the idea struck him as eminently sen- e. What followed was really another mph for Alexander Graham Bell: u took up the telephone at his home Harvey and got Alva Bradley, presi- t of the Indians, on the wire.

I didn't say much," reports Boudreau destly. "I merely said I wanted to be nager."

Mr. Bradley, a man of tact and wisdom lized immediately that he was in the ition of a father who must deny his the birthday gift of a tommy gun hout at the same time breaking his rit. He said that a manager had prac- lly been decided upon but that he uld present Mr. Boudreau's name to board. Bradley was strong for Burt otton but George Martin of the Sher- n-Williams Company took up the Bou- au motion eagerly and swung the ard in his favor. Shotton, just getting o stride for a career that would even- ally make him the All-America martyr, ded by signing as coach.

What followed may be regarded as the rdeal by Fire of M. Lou Boudreau. At ring training he decided that what was od enough for old Illini would be ex- llent for the Indians. The players found e clubhouse plastered with inspira- nal slogans: Will to Win, Have a Pas- on to Score. On the field Boudreau ore a whistle tied to a string around s neck, which he tooted at exact inter- ls while the serfs pranced docilely out. Since there were important men the club who had never negotiated actions and considered grammar a term endearment, it was plain that Bou- eau would soon have trouble.

To further ingratiate himself with the future, Boudreau called in the Cleveland writers for a short lecture. First, he told them sternly, there would be no second-guessing. They looked at him without blinking. Second, there would be no story written that would put the club in a bad light. They were all interested in the welfare of baseball, weren't they? Well, then. The writers rose in a body and through a spokesman informed Mr. Boudreau that they were working for their papers and not for the Cleveland ball club. Furthermore, if anything arose that seemed to call for their attention, they would gladly tear the ears off Mr. Boudreau or even members of their own family who were involved in the conspiracy.

A Clash of Temperaments

It was only a question of time when Boudreau would meet such individualists as Jeff Heath and Jim Bagby head on. At the end of the season Bagby announced publicly that he wanted to be traded since he could stand the manager no longer. Lou again led the shortstops in fielding, hit .283 and was a star again in the All-Star game. Bagby and Heath were eventually sold and Boudreau now adopted a second phase of his managerial progress. He shunned the players off the field, ate his meals with Shotton and Del Baker, who had lately become an Indian coach after managing Detroit, and in general acted like a four-star louse.

The team stumbled through the season, but by now Boudreau was straightened out and since then he has adopted the Middle Way. He rooms alone on trips, as all managers do, but he also bats a pleasantry around with the chattels. In his third year Boudreau came into his own as a player. He fielded .978, the highest shortstop's record till then in American League history and established a new double-play mark of .134. In addition he handled more chances than any other shortstop, had the most assists and made the fewest errors. Also, he led

COLLIER'S "When I said, 'Let's make it a foursome,' Michael—I had a somewhat different idea!" JARO FABRY

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the league in hitting with .327 and in one game tied the major-league record with four doubles and in another game came up with five extra-base hits to tie another record.

What this seems to prove is that Boudreau is either an insensitive lout or a man of great will power and character. In any event he has never allowed his managerial miseries to ruin him as a player. The only exception to this was late last season when his play fell off so noticeably that the finger was being pointed at him. It was whispered and even printed that Lou was on the downgrade. He explains that now as worry about his new contract.

"I knew something was up," he says. "They stopped inviting me to meetings in the front office."

Success of the Famous "Shift"

But unless Cleveland's love affair with Boudreau (we refer to the civic affection) cools, he will end as a third baseman and then as bench manager. The best indication that he has something in his head besides financial figures is the famous "Boudreau shift." It was an outrageous defensive maneuver by which everybody on the Cleveland team but the left fielder and the battery congregated in right field and happily cut off hits by the formerly irrepressible Ted Williams. There were loud shouts of laughter throughout the league but the first to stop chortling was Mr. Williams and the others soon followed. Not only did it curb him against Cleveland but it ruined him in the World Series when the Cardinals adopted a revised version of the Boudreau invention.

Last year he created a small rebellion on the club by taking the signal calling away from Jim Hegan, the catcher, and taking it on himself. The fact that the team started winning immediately thereafter didn't appease Mr. Hegan and he was still sulking when time for spring training came. There was some slight trouble one day, however, when the antique Al Lopez was behind the plate. Boudreau came charging in around the sixth inning with fire in his eye.

"Why'd you give him that curve?" he demanded. "Didn't you get my signal?"

"Was *that* what you were doing out there?" cried Mr. Lopez in feigned astonishment.

But these small crochets and Boudreau's pained feeling during the last month didn't prevent him from turning in a fielding record that is almost unbelievable. His mark for the year was .982, meaning that he missed almost nothing coming his way. His lifetime batting ord is .292 despite a position at the that would get most young hi brained by a bat. He stands crou far over, with his body forming ar (literally almost half a circle), his *der* sticking out at least two feet and bat held aloft as if he were about to a black snake. How he sees the b one mystery; how he hits it is ano

He is a dark, handsome young ma thirty, standing 5:11 and weighing He sports a businessman's paunch w comes not from excess fat but a bad ture. His hands are small, which wa ways held to be an impossible hand for an infielder, and he has no si physical qualification for greatness. is a bad public speaker and has ir panic been known to address an audi as "gentlemens." He has three chil still lives in Harvey and pronounce name as if spelled "Bud-row," with accent on the last syllable. The res the country calls it "Bood-row," and his several experiences of public opi Lou is not one to correct the multit

Mr. Veeck is his greatest booster player and has said of him, "He co everything on the field except about much of right field," holding up thumb and forefinger and allowin small space to intervene. The Boudr Veeck entente seems firmly cemer again and there is general agreemen Cleveland (though slightly belated) Veeck was not really trying to ruin ball club with his St. Louis trade.

Veeck took the team in the middl 1946, and by a series of fireworks, rades, free nylon distribution, acro and glee clubs managed to boost home attendance for the first time c a million. Last year, despite twenty- early games being rained out the t went to 1,521,978. With only a fair son they expect it to reach 2,000,000 year.

They still have the great Bob Fe and last year transformed Bob Len from an ordinary outfielder into a sup pitcher. Beyond that there isn't too m and the additions haven't exactly b sensational. But they'll have the ma cian at shortstop and if that is what people wanted, that's what Veeck is ing them. Boudreau seems to have resentment over the episode. He even reconciled to St. Louis. He shrug when asked what he would have don the deal had gone through.

"If you're a ballplayer, you play b don't you?" he said.

Luckily that sort of nonsense doe go with the Cleveland fans.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Alvin! That was part of Mother's bathing suit" VIRGIL PARTCH

WASHINGTON
★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

E the most of this year's tax cut e it will be the last for a long, long to come. Already, behind the Congressional tax experts are ing the groundwork for a new tax xt Congress. With the huge de- and foreign relief spending certain continued, a tax boost in some is inescapable in 1949. The two proposals the experts are quietly g are (1) restoration of an excess tax and (2) a federal sales tax.

TICS in Minnesota is always y, and this year it's more so than The G.O.P. is sharply split over r Joe Ball, and the bitter fight be- liberals and Wallaceites for con- f the Democratic-Farmer Labor is one of the hottest local brawls country. Curious angle of this is that both factions are vehe- y opposed to Truman. The Com- t question is the dividing issue en them. Both factions have ca- popular leaders; the liberals, eapolis' young, ambitious Mayor rt Humphrey, who is a top man in mericans for Democratic Action as his eye on the Senate; the Wal- es, ex-Farmer Labor Governor El- Benson, who also wants to go to the e.

MIC energy control will remain where it is—in the hands of the ci- commission. Senator Kenneth ry's revived scheme to shift to mil- administration will get nowhere. bull-voiced Nebraskan has practi- no support either in the Joint Con- ional Atomic Energy Committee or Administration, and the military, selves, are split on the issue. Their advocate, Lieutenant General Les- roves, is out of the service. Above enator Bourke Hickenlooper, Iowa, other Joint Committee leaders are ied with the way the civilian com- on is handling its job.

G-TIME big mystery among po- s is who is General Eisenhower's political steerer. Reason the se- has been so well kept is that the indi- al has not been in the U.S. He is the on whom Eisenhower leaned most g the war—his former Chief of , now ambassador to Moscow, Lieu- nt General Walter Bedell Smith. It Smith who persuaded Eisenhower to ess the 1946 C.I.O. convention, after t of the Army high brass strongly sed against it.

EST speaker at a capital function, outspoken Chancellor Robert M. chins of the University of Chicago ned to a long and high-flown intro- ion. Finally, when the 20-minute ration was over, Hutchins rose and rved, "After a build-up like that, I hardly wait to hear what I'm going ay."

RET strategy of the MacArthur agers is to "Willkie the Republican vention." That is, stampede it over heads of the party leaders as Willkie in 1940. Like Willkie, MacArthur n outsider to key G.O.P. chiefs. He no real following among them. refore, MacArthur managers figure to get the nomination they will have litz it. All their plans are being or- ized for that kind of drive.

s part of these pressure tactics, they use a couple of ideas that proved very effective for Willkie. One is a home-town deluge of telegrams and telephone calls. Local veteran groups and other organizations already are being lined up to bombard the delegates with "We want MacArthur" pleas. The other scheme is a big claque in the convention hall, bars and other places that the delegates frequent. This proved very potent in softening up the convention for Wendell Willkie.

STATE DEPARTMENT masterminds are almost as widely split over France as the French are themselves. One group favors making an immediate deal with De Gaulle, on the theory that he's sure to come to power eventually and we might as well prepare for that. A second group, hotly anti-De Gaulle, is insisting on all-out support for the Schuman government. Chief argument of this faction is that while De Gaulle is anti-Communist, he is also anti-U.S. on our policy of rebuilding Germany. A third bloc advocates a hands-off course, on the ground that it will put us in a position to do business with whoever wins.

Meanwhile, the department's policy on France continues to drift.

THERE'S a chance North Carolina's May 29th primary will produce two surprise upsets. Senator William B. Umstead and Representative Alfred L. Bulwinkle appear to be in hot water. Both have formidable opponents. Umstead, appointed to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Josiah Bailey, is being vigorously challenged by ex-Governor J. M. Broughton. Bulwinkle, rounding out 26 years in the House, is being equally aggressively opposed by Clarence Ridings, a county prosecutor.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY, seventy-two-year-old White House Chief of Staff, will not retire as he intended this spring. President Truman turned Leahy down, on the ground he is indispensable. One reason why Leahy wanted to quit was to publish his version of the Vichy government. Admiral Leahy was U.S. ambassador to Vichy, and he feels that aged Marshal Henri Pétain, now serving life imprisonment, was more sinned against than sinning.

OREGON'S Governor John Hall is having a tough fight holding on to the office he got as a result of a plane crash. The accident killed the three top officials of the state, and Hall, Speaker of the Assembly, became governor. But Douglas McKay, Portland auto dealer, may take the G.O.P. nomination away from Hall in this month's primary. Although a newcomer in politics, McKay is making a rousing campaign.

Manley Wilson, member of the state legislature, has the inside track for the Democratic nomination to the Senate, against Professor Louis A. Wood of Oregon University. Senator Guy Cordon, Republican incumbent, is unopposed.

VISITING Washington while the tax reduction bill was under consideration, Palmer Hoyt, dynamic Denver Post editor, asked Senator Eugene Millikin how he was making out as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, in charge of the tax legislation.

"Fine, Palmer, just fine," boomed Millikin. "As a result of this bill, I have now become known as the rich man's Dr. Townsend."

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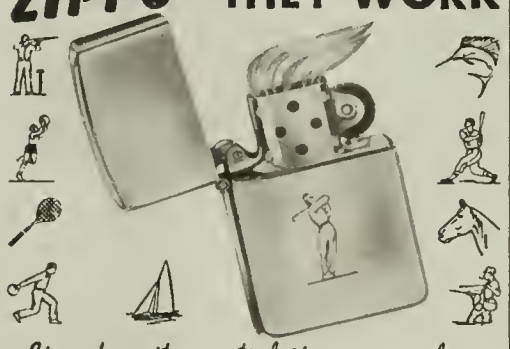

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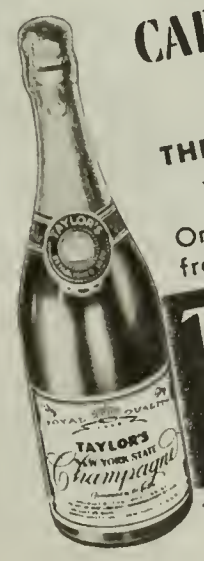

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...MOST FEARS ARE PHONY

COLLIER'S recently published a striking article by Howard Whitman, under the title What We're Afraid Of. It took apart the three fiercest fears now fraying American nerves —fear of atomic energy, fear of a war with Russia, fear of a depression. It showed with facts, figures and strong probabilities that all three of these terrors are at least highly exaggerated and perhaps without foundation.

Reading the piece, we were reminded of the old lady who remarked: "I've had lots of troubles in my life; and most of 'em never happened."

It has been that way time and again with the human race, or with large parts thereof.

The most dramatic and long-lasting mass fear on record, so far as we know, was the belief throughout Christendom for a century or more before the year 1000 A.D. that in said year the world was fated to come to some kind of spectacular end. With the calendar now nearing the 2000 notch, that event has yet to occur—though some people once more, squinting at the atom bomb, are persuaded that the end is upon us.

After World War I, the belief became widespread that in another major conflict poison gases would wipe out most or all of humanity. The predictions were as horrifying as those now made about atomic and biological warfare. What happened in World War II was that poison gas was not used.

A hundred or so years ago, many working people were scared to the marrow by the vision of machines killing off human beings' jobs. Some went to the length of mobbing factories and wrecking the machines. But what the machines eventually did was to create many more jobs than had existed before, and to push living standards in many countries to undreamed-of highs.

That's the way things go with most human fears, especially the big ones that roar like tornadoes through tens of millions of minds at a clip. The reason, we suppose, is that the good old future, when it becomes the present, takes a perverse delight in making fools of those who thought they could outguess it.

Why not taper off the fear psychology which is gripping so many of us in this edgy postwar period, and take to living mainly in the present? In which connection, the Reverend Dr. Peter Marshall, U.S. Senate chaplain, opened a recent sitting of that body with the following prayer:

> Our Father, when we long for life without trials and work without difficulties, remind us that oaks grow strong in contrary winds, and diamonds are made under pressure. With stout hearts may we see in every calamity an opportunity, and not give way to the pessimism that sees in every opportunity a calamity.

•

. . . WESTERN EUROPE CAN UNITE: Shortly after the Communist grab of Czechoslovakia and the tragic suicide (or was it murder?) of Jan Masaryk, five Western European countries took what one statesman called an unprecedented step. Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg concluded a 50-year treaty of economic and military alliance.

The pact binds the signatories (1) to go automatically to the defense of any of them that may be attacked, (2) to work toward an eventual customs union, and (3) to unify their social services and broaden cultural ties. The first two points, of course, are the ones with the teeth. Other European nations outside the Iron Curtain are welcome to join up.

It may be that this is the most important news item of the year 1948, though plenty of others look bigger at the moment.

What this news signifies is that the project of a United States of Europe, talked of for the last 100 years or more, is a possibility and not just an idealistic dream. If five European countries can get together in this manner, the setup would appear to be rather easily expandable—assuming Russia does not or cannot head off the expansion by moving to the Atlantic with Red Army troops.

Altogether, some 290,000,000 Europeans at this writing are outside the Iron Curtain. If they could get together—sink their tariff, temperament, language, etc., differences for the common welfare —they could form an eminently respectable counterweight to the Russia-and-satellites group.

Let's encourage this development from our si of the Atlantic in every way we can. A success United States of Europe would offer us the b hope we've yet had of avoiding future wars ori nating in Europe.

•

. . . YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS SPIRIT: It a pears from a recent United Press dispatch filed Boston, Massachusetts, that a certain traditior rock-bound, ironclad aspect of the American spi is still with us here and there. We cite Mr. and M Lawrence Leeman of Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

The Leemans' year-old son Victor, suffering fro a tumor, was brought by his parents recently Children's Hospital in Boston for an operatic The news got around that the Leemans were pret hard up. Generous Bostonians showered them wi offers of food, clothes, transportation, and so c and one of those tear-jerking "gosh, big city has heart, after all" newspaper stories appeared to in the bag.

The Maine couple, however, turned out to ha something besides hearts; namely, courage. Th politely declined all the offers of help.

"Mighty nice of them," Leeman was quoted saying in his twangy Maine voice, "but we still ha $15 left, and all we want is for the boy to get we Guess we can hitchhike home well enough. . . . V handle our farming by ourselves, and we don't b lieve in asking other folks to share our burdens

As Mrs. Leeman put it: "Thank you kindly, b we don't believe in being beholden to folks. I just our way of doing things up in Maine. No c fense meant."

Now there, we think, you have something to i spire you. Those are words to cheer you up wh and if dour thoughts come crowding in on yo about the present parlous state of the world.

The Leemans can't be the only Americans le who refuse to think that society owes them a livin who insist on standing on their own feet; who wa nothing except what they earn by their own effort You can't beat that spirit. We don't believe you ca beat a nation whose people cultivate that spirit.

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HOW AMERICA WILL DEFEND HERSELF

By Paul Schubert

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HUH?

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: My hat off to you! The Half-Shot Hereford (Apr. 10th) is a double bull's-eye! It is a bulbul of a bird that warbles two scores at the same time, and one of 'em a home run!

That Nord Riley!! He tickles my unruly ennui into spasms of amusement, amazement and a foment of surprisement. He really "goes to town" bouncing commonplace occurrences against sharp, unusual angles, and hard! The concussions generate sparks, and sparking, more generous than general. Starry eyes coruscate and scintillate. A meteor of a metaphor impinges upon our startled gaze. A polysyllabic Polly in mink zooms across the supercharged atmosphere and "wraps the negative pole" in an "embrace like a layer of extra skin." Or is it?

Meanwhile, fireworks! Our ingot of interest is melted into a precious puddle of wonder, flush in that flash of flesh and what it portends. Portents and omens! We heave a long sigh and gratefully breathe our fervent amens. Q. E. D.

JOHN LOYD, Los Angeles, Cal.

INDIGNANT READER

SIRS: I was ashamed of the Feb. 7th picture on your magine. But to come out with the other picture (The Week's Mail, Mar. 27th) is a disgrace to our girls, model or no model. We try and teach our girls to keep there legs down and sit respectly, and you bring this out.

MRS. ELDRIDGE, Webberville, Mich.

BIRD LIFE AND DEATH

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In your Apr. 10th issue, I was shocked to see the display of birds which the late F.D.R. had shot and stuffed when a boy of thirteen (The House at Hyde Park). What a cruel and shameful example, and from a family who is supposed to have had the proper training.

ZOLA SCHMIDT, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . Mr. Lehman says in his article, "Probably no other American has been so memorialized so shortly after his death." That is not surprising for the late President planned it that way.

MRS. S. C. CLOVER, Tulsa, Okla.

HOW TO LIVE ON ALMOST $00

DEAR SIR: Surely only the very rich, or the simple-minded, could be impressed by the pathos of Lester Velie's article, High Prices Make Cheap Living (Apr. 3d).

(Continued on page 67)

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They Won't be driving for a year...

This afternoon Jim is losing his license plates. It's not Jim's idea. It's the law of his state—a new law that requires any driver who has an accident to prove he can pay for personal injury or property damage done with his car.

If you can't post cash or security up to $11,000—and Jim couldn't—you must surrender your license plates and forfeit your right to drive.

Insurance protection is your most practical solution

Forty states and the District of Columbia now have financial responsibility laws. These laws are complicated. They vary from state to state. They change from year to year.

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1. *State Farm Mutual's rates are low*—because State Farm policyholders are "preferred risks"—people we *know* drive carefully.
2. *For your extra security,* State Farm gives *twice* as much public liability protection, *five times* as much property damage protection as is required by any state financial responsibility law.
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Get the details from your State Farm agent today. If you are a responsible driver, you can qualify for membership in State Farm Mutual.

The states are cracking down!

The 38 states, and the District of Columbia, (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. Similar laws already passed by California and Pennsylvania will soon be in effect.

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COLLIER'S
SPORTS

SLUGGER FROM SNOHOMISH

BY BILL FAY

ON AN early September afternoon in 1940, Charley Bannsworth, the mayor of Snohomish, Washington, stopped Laverne Gilkey in front of Bill Schott's meat market. Gilkey was the Snohomish High football coach.

"You shouldn't let that Torgeson youngster play fullback," the mayor objected. "Earl's going to be a big-league baseball player someday—if you don't break his leg."

Gilkey didn't take the hint. Torgeson started the opening game and scored two touchdowns. Several days later, Gilkey was summoned to the office of Pete McCurdy, president of the school board.

"It's this way"—McCurdy waved a piece of paper—"the mayor and a lot of important people have signed this petition. They want you to drop Torgeson from the team. Guess you'd better look for a new fullback—or a new job."

Gilkey bowed to political pressure. Snohomish (pop. 2,794) lost a fullback, but the Boston Braves eventually gained a first baseman. Torgeson batted .281 and slugged 16 home runs last season. Boston baseball writers—ignoring another freshman named Jackie Robinson—voted Torgeson "Rookie of the Year."

"Maybe Robinson's percentages were higher," Bostonians argued, "but Torgy kept the Braves relaxed and rolling. Maybe he clowns a lot but his tricks win games—even if they don't show up in the box score."

Example: Nick Strincevich of Pittsburgh fired three successive fast balls very close to Torgeson's chin during a night game. Torgeson survived by hitting the dirt—quick. After arising from ball four, he removed his glasses and strode toward Strincevich—bat in hand. Pirate fielders rushed in to protect Strincevich. Boston reserves spilled off the bench to reinforce Task Force Torgeson.

But nothing happened. Torgy merely waved his bat under Strincevich's nose like an admonishing finger. "Nicky," Earl observed, more in sorrow than in anger, "you've been a very naughty boy."

The gentle rebuke shook Strincevich worse than a home run. The Braves batted Naughty Nicky out of there in a hurry and won the game.

Whether Torgeson will remain his jovial self, now that terrible-tempered Eddie Stanky, late of Brooklyn, has moved into the Boston infield at second base, is a red-hot question.

The Braves are betting 8 to 5 that Torgy will be a good influence on Stanky. Eddie always was a pleasant fellow—off the field—and many of his Durocherisms were exaggerated by the press.

Hard-hitting Earl Torgeson of the Braves was named Rookie of the Year by Boston's baseball writers. He batted .281 and slugged 16 homers in 1947

● Steve Greene, the side-horse specialist on Penn State's national intercollegiate champion gymnastic team, wears suspenders to hold up his white-flannel gym trousers. Greene can't wear a belt because he hasn't any hips—"at least, not enough to influence a belt," is the way Steve puts it.

Polio knocked Steve off his feet when he was nineteen months old. He rode into Germantown, Pennsylvania, High School in a wheel chair. He didn't want to attend gym class but Leopold Zwarg, a gruff teacher who trained the Prussian Elite Guard before World War I, insisted.

"On the side horse you will mount," Zwarg ordered. Friends boosted Steve onto a long leather cylinder which bore absolutely no resemblance to an equine mid-section. Two pommels—iron hand grips shaped like croquet wickets—projected where the saddle should have been. Steve grabbed them to keep from falling off.

That was nine years ago. Steve uses the pommels for an entirely different purpose now. He grips them—flips upward—holds steady with rigidly extended legs parallel to the ground. The maneuver demands tremendous arm and shoulder strength—plus precise timing and co-ordination. Steve has both. He remains unbeaten in four years of intercollegiate competition.

"I weigh a big fat 113 pounds now," Steve brags, "and about 70 of those pounds must be in my arms and shoulders. My legs are pipe cleaners, but I can walk on them since I took up gym work."

Steve takes two hours of daily practice on the pommels, sandwiched around a tough electrical engineering major. He rides real horses at home in Chestnut Hills, but claims padded gymnastic steeds are more dangerous. His nose has been broken three times in gym falls.

"It's fun, though," Steve says. "People wonder why we get any thrill out of tying ourselves in knots on parallel bars and side horses. They wonder where the competition comes in. Well, we're rated on form, but there's a lot more to it. For one thing, we fight an opponent who never relaxes or lets up for a second—gravity.

"A halfback can stumble and still run for first down, but if a gymnast loses balance for a split second, he's through. Another thing, it's the fairest sport in the world. There aren't any breaks. Footballs take funny bounces now and then, but nobody ever repealed the law that governs falling bodies."

● It happened during the war. The Pittsburgh Pirates reached Boston too late for batting practice. Johnny Barrett was still buttoning his shirt when he ran up to the plate to lead off against the Braves' Al Javery.

Barrett doubled. Jim Russell tripled. Elbie Fletcher tripled. Bob Elliott doubled. Frankie Gustine hit a home run. Five pitches. Five hits. Five runs. And no batting practice!

The same thing takes place many times every season under less spectacular circumstances. Showers or wet grounds curtail pregame drills, but the players go on a batting spree. Conversely, teams slam the ball all over the park in batting practice, then are shut out in the game. No wonder fans ask, "What good does it do a batter to slug those soft straight pitches in practice? He has to hit fast balls and curves when the game starts."

Eddie Lopat, ace left-hander of the New York Yankees and a hard hitter, clears up the batting-practice mystery thus: "You smooth out your swing against those soft pitches in batting practice. You co-ordinate eye, bat and ball—and gain some confidence, too. Once you get that co-ordination, you should be able to follow the break of curve balls in the game. But if you went out there cold and flailed away at curves in practice, you might never get that co-ordination in your swing—and you'd be worse off when you ran up against curves in the game."

Getting back to that five-run barrage against Javery, Manager Casey Stengel called time when Gustine's wallop sailed over the left-field wall. He ran up to Phil Masi, the Braves' catcher, and asked, "What's wrong? Doesn't Javery have his stuff today?"

"How would I know?" Masi snapped. "I haven't even seen the ball yet."

● Manuel Ortiz was boxing as an amateur around Los Angeles and working on truck farms for $1 a day in 1937—when Joe Louis was well on the way to his first million. Ortiz whipped Lou Salica for the bantamweight title in 1942—when Louis' ring earnings soared over the $3,000,000 mark.

Harold Dade outpointed Ortiz in January, 1947, but Manuel regained the crown two months later. Then he flew to Honolulu and beat Kui Kong Young for a $57,000 purse. Next stop: Manila. Manuel knocked over Del Rosario for another $30,000.

All the while, Manuel was plowing the returns from 100 small-purse fights into his truck farm near El Centro. He bought a large billiard parlor and lunchroom in El Centro last January—when Louis' total earnings passed $4,000,000.

Ortiz revealed recently that he might retire in a few months. The announcement coincided with a story from London which said that Joe Louis (fortune depleted and eager to make income-tax money) was being paid off with 2,600 pairs of ice skates for two exhibitions in Sweden.

Ortiz has no income-tax troubles, two thriving businesses, three thriving children, a flattened left ear and a bulging bank roll estimated at $250,000. Moral: If you save your money, live down on the farm and stay away from the New York fight leeches, you'll never end up boxing for ice skates.

● Sounds from the fairway: "Now you take that Snead—there's a man with a head on his shoulders—or wait a minute—is that a head?"

● Washington observers have a simple explanation for Governor James Folsom of Alabama. The governor is following in Happy Chandler's political footsteps and hopes to be commissioner of baseball someday. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

A New Experience in Luxurious Listening

. . . Yours only in a New Zenith Chairside with the COBRA TONE ARM!

Just imagine yourself in the picture above . . . leaning back, relaxing, enjoying the incredible luxury of this radio of the future, ready *now* to astonish and thrill you.

Without budging from your chair, you can load and play fourteen 10-inch records, twelve 12-inch, or twelve of both sizes *intermixed!*

Without budging from your chair, you can tune, change programs and adjust volume and tone for AM, FM on both bands, and international Short Wave!†

And just listen to this! With Zenith's amazing, *exclusive* Electro-Glide feature, you simply touch a button and presto—the entire phonograph unit automatically glides up and out for loading. Touch the button again—and the entire unit glides smoothly back into the cabinet!

Then Zenith's *exclusive* COBRA TONE ARM reproduces your records on a Radionic Wave, with tone beauty you've never heard before. All *you* do is relax and enjoy. No lid to lift, no step to take, it's a *dream* of luxurious listening. Experience it today. Get next to one of these stunning Zenith Chairside beauties at your Zenith dealer's showroom.

† Short Wave on "Beacon Hill" and "Beverly Hills" models only.

Above, main illustration—**Zenith "Beacon Hill" Chairside** in richly grained mahogany, 18th Century design. Electro-Glide; Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer; AM; Zenith-Armstrong FM on both bands; international Short Wave; Radiorgan Tone Control; built-in Wavemagnet and FM antenna; Super-size Concert Grand Speaker, $430.* *In smaller illustration above*, the "BEVERLY HILLS" CHAIRSIDE. Indentical with the "Beacon Hill" except for the cabinet, which is blond "bisque" mahogany in elegant contemporary design. $430.*

At left—**Zenith "Mayfair" Chairside** in choice mahogany, period design. Electro-Glide; Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer; AM; Zenith-Armstrong FM on both bands; Radiorgan Tone Control; built-in Wavemagnet and FM antenna; 10-inch Concert Grand Speaker; $325.*

Zenith Challenges Comparison! Your radio dealer invites you to compare tone, performance, beauty, durability—before you buy *any* radio. See and hear the features exclusive with Zenith and you'll agree —*no other compares with a Zenith!* Models from $26.95 to $675.*

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SAME MAN ... BUT what a difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just use a few drops every day. Your scalp feels better ... your hair looks better ... stays neatly in place all day long. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients ... is fine with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

One of the oldest fallacies in the United States is the belief that the fangs of a snake left imbedded in a leather boot contain sufficient venom to poison and kill everyone who wears it afterward. Actually, venom is ejected the instant the fangs strike their target, and any amount remaining in them would be too small to be dangerous and it would, moreover, shortly lose its potency through bacterial action.

One of America's greatest robberies was the holdup of an armored truck that had stopped at the Rubel Ice Plant in Brooklyn, at noon on August 21, 1934. Within three minutes, the seven robbers took 24 bags of currency and escaped in two cars which they abandoned at a near-by point on Gravesend Bay to board two waiting powerboats manned by three confederates. No shot was fired by the gang during the holdup; the loot totaled $427,950 in small bills, the largest amount of cash ever taken by gunmen in this country, and not a dollar of it was recovered. By the time sufficient evidence had been secured, four years later, to indict these criminals, one had completely disappeared, three had died and four were serving long sentences for other felonies. Thus, only two of the ten men were tried and convicted for this crime.

Since 1931, scientists have constructed, sealed and buried eight "time vaults," filled with documents and devices of the 20th century, for the enlightenment of civilizations that may exist thousands of years from now. One vault is in Japan, one is in Siberia, three are in England and three in the United States—New York City, Atlanta, Georgia, and Tucson, Arizona.

During recent years, businesses in this country have suffered such huge losses through the theft of tools and materials by their employees that today the fidelity insurance carried by firms covers 20,000,000 workers, or one third of our total labor force.

After the lottery was introduced this country in 1612, it became a remained, for nearly three centuries major method of raising funds churches, colleges and the building public works, and for other purpo such as the reimbursement of indiv uals for damages caused by fires. the peak of their popularity arou 1830, when at least 1,000 lotteries w being held annually, a moveme against them started their decline a eventually brought about their ab ishment by a federal law in 1895.

Pelicans lose their vocal pow upon reaching maturity; prayi mantes are the only insects that c turn their heads from side to side; a the only animals known to carry fo on journeys are certain species pygmy bats which curl their tails in pouches, fill them with insects a feed while in flight.—*By Regina Rowland, Jr., New York City.*

Probably no bell had a stranger hi tory than the reproduction of o Liberty Bell, made for the Daughte of the American Revolution and e hibited at the Chicago World's Fa in 1893. As it contained the metal 250,000 pennies contributed by p triotic children, it was to be take later on a tour of the United State But when the fair closed, the famo six-foot, 6.5-ton bell mysteriously di appeared and no trace of it has ev been found—*By Frank MacCarth Springfield, Massachusetts.*

While ordinary photographic lens cover an angle of 50° and the be wide-angle lenses cover no more tha 140°, an "extreme wide-angle" len developed recently in Germany, has range of 210° and, therefore, takes i objects on each side and slightly b hind the camera.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact a cepted for this column. Contributions mu be accompanied by their source of inform tion. Address Keep Up With the Worl Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17 N. Y. This column is copyrighted and n items may be reproduced without permissio

What It Takes FOR HEAVY HAULING

When you buy a GMC for heavy hauling you get a truck that's heavy duty and all truck. GMC heavy duties have big, brawny frames . . . with wide, long, thick-leaved springs to match. They have heavy, husky axles and transmissions that combine to provide as many as 15 forward speeds . . . brakes up to 21 inches diameter . . . heavy disc clutches. Engines are powerful valve-in-heads . . . with extra heavy Tocco-hardened crankshafts and many other durability features. Yes, GMC heavy duties have "what it takes" . . . and many are now available for quick delivery.

The massive frame, heavy springs and rugged radius rod drive of this dump model typify GMC heavy duty truck design. GMC heavy duties are built in gross weight ratings of 19,000 to 90,000 pounds . . . for every type of hauling job. See your GMC dealer.

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Wonderful!... TOAST "POPS UP"

OR "STAYS WARM" INSIDE!

Toast *when* you want it!

If you're ready when your toast is . . . fine! The new General Electric Automatic Toaster will pop it up! If you're not—set the control knob, and a special built-in device will keep your toast warm.

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Again G.E. leaves it up to you. Have your toast *your way* . . . light, medium or dark. Just set the control knob and this G-E wonder does the rest . . . *uniformly* . . . from the first slice to the very last!

A "snap" to clean!

The Snap-in Crumb Tray whisks in and out. No more turning upside down to *empty* crumbs! Cleans in a speedy 10 seconds! No trouble at all! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Toast to your taste—every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE WEEK'S WORK

WHETHER the title had anything to do with it we don't know, but Arthur Kraft, who made the illustration for Ed Morgan's Crazy Like a Box Top (p. 13), assures us these are his very vital statistics. He was born, he says, fully matured twenty-six years ago in a cave in Kansas, son of a man waging singlehanded war against the Sioux Indians. He still affects Indian costume, especially in subways.

As a child, says he, he spent most of his time designing mosaics from his father's collection of scalps, and at twelve he developed a new art known as painting. He was immediately sent to Yale University for lectures and parties. He was a great success at the latter.

In 1943 he went off to save democracy, and came back. In the postwar world he now wanders about Central Park, New York, muttering long passages from Joyce's Ulysses, occasionally rousing himself long enough to paint a picture, a mural, design a cathedral, or compose a symphony—he says. His last, arranged for glockenspiel, three vacuum cleaners, a plane propeller and a recorded chorus of crickets, was banned, because the union stated it put nonrecording crickets out of work.

As a hobby he builds bird nests, and once built one large enough for himself but refused to sleep in it when a friend told him he was not a bird.

"I'm part man, part rum, part ginger ale, and a dash of bitters," explains Mr. Kraft, who is obviously no cuckoo.

PAUL SCHUBERT, writing about How America Will Defend Herself (p. 16), is a well-known author and commentator on military affairs. A New Yorker by birth, forty-nine and Annapolis '20, he served on the battleship Texas and the light cruiser Concord before resigning from the Navy in 1924 to write.

He lived and traveled extensively in Europe from '30-'38, returning to do over 1,500 broadcasts on the progress of the late war. Since then he's traveled over 50,000 miles, visiting every one of the 48 states, renewing acquaintance with Uncle Sam, and looking over the postwar world. He lives in Wilton, Connecticut, jogs four to five miles a day to keep in shape, likes to play duets with his neighbor, Collier's Fiction Editor Kenneth Littauer. Mr. Schubert plays the piano accordion.

DEBUTING fictionally in Collier's this week with a ghost story (The Storm, p. 14), Captain Laurence Critchell is from Illinois and grew up in France. Captain Critchell was a foreign correspondent before fighting his way up from private to captain in the war, and, as a paratrooper, through the invasions of Normandy, Holland, the siege of Bastogne and the occupation of Berchtesgaden. He's thirty, authored Four Stars of Hell, a story of the air-borne, got O. Henry Memorial Award fo Flesh and Blood and has two sor

Captain Critchell is now on a duty as a reserve officer, was assi to the Army Secretariat in Wasl ton for three years, before rec moving to Yokohama.

"The idea of writing a ghost st says Captain Critchell, "dates stormy night in California. I ha ways wanted to write one. brother, an ex-bomber and a fine baritone, sang a haunting song Schubert called Der Doppelgäng The Double. When he translated words for me, I did what Thack was supposed to have done whe thought of the title for Vanity Fa jumped up and ran around the ro cock-a-doodling. I had my sto or I thought I did. I had stil write it."

RUBE ALLYN, who profiles tarpon in Silver Scrapper (p. has always wanted to be 100 per fisherman, but has had his pl thwarted by having to eat. At tw he was an accomplished fisherm but brooded about school and hav to assist his dad, Rube, Sr., in gett out the Sarasota Sun. "The Sun founded by my dad, on a long d over the best trout hole on the Flor west coast, and the type cases w happily placed near a window whe could hang out a fishing line wh sticking type," says Rube, Jr. "But best trout hole was under the edit desk, my father always said.

"Father's society page read so mu like a fishing column that he trad off the paper and retired while I ba stormed the nation for 20 years, se ing printer's jobs with short hours a fishing poles with long fish.

"I was finally discovered behind linotype machine of the St. Petersbu Times, fished out and stuffed behind desk labeled Fishing Editor, where have only escaped for the four yea of war. I sailed in the mechanical fis the submarines. We based at Mi way."

This week's cover: Leaping Tarpo Dave Peskin, assigned to bring bac a tarpon story (Silver Scrapper) and cover, sat in a rented boat off St. P tersburg, Florida, with his color a tion equipment, waiting for a pair patient deep-sea fishers—the Bob La sings of St. Pete—to produce a phot graphic strike for him. Early in th season, the tarpons were biting infr quently—and only at feeding time after dusk.

On the ninth day, when all seeme hopeless, Bob Lassing yelled, wakin Peskin, who was relaxing with a cam era on his chest.

The great fish struck, leape three times, while Lassing obligingl "horsed" it into a camera angle a close to Peskin's boat as possible From a worm's-eye low angle, Peski got one of the most amazing fish pi of many a year. . . . TED SHANE

it's sports round-up time again

B.V.D. *Ruggers Shirt.
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Roomy, relaxing, tailored for *comfort* in fine fabrics. Wear it in or out of your trousers—it's buttonless, botherless—bravo!

B.V.D. Boxer Swim Trunks.
You're slim and trim in water-repellent *Sea Satin swim trunks by B.V.D., with built-in support and breathe-easy elastic waistband. Wear it with colorful, matching B.V.D. Basque Shirts.

Here's *"B.V.D." riding herd on the martest round-up of sportswear ever corralled. For summer sportsmen and leisure-lovers too, here's range actionwear that's famous for freedom, fit, fabric and fashion. Men know B.V.D. is the brand that banished bunching, crawling, and cramping. Man alive, hit the trail to your dealer today for colorful B.V.D. shirts, shorts, and swim trunks.

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A Longines-Wittnauer Product

CRAZY LIKE A BOX TOP

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

DRAWING BY ARTHUR KRAFT

Built on slogans as bad as "Refrijellicious Fruitrio," the commercial contests have become big business. People are making their living at slogan slinging. Correspondence schools for would-be winners have sprung up. Huge concerns stage and judge nearly all the major guessing games

NOT long ago an insurance salesman from Fort Worth, Texas, nobly trying to shore up the crumbling foundations of what had once been a good solid American home, wrote to a national contest-judging concern to inquire what the chances were of his wife's winning a prize. He was too proud to admit it but the poor man was starving to death while the little woman searched her soul and the dictionary for the last line of a limerick which would corral that 155-piece, nonchipping dinner set to serve him his meals on.

"Box-top crazy," he called her.

Figures are at hand to prove that this affliction threatens to invade almost every household in the republic. The symptoms the Texan described were typical. Originally, he explained, his helpmeet's only failing had been a tendency to write verse, innocent and noncommercial.

Then things changed. A slight glassiness developed about the eyes. She subscribed to a kind of form chart that showed how to win, place and show for Sudsies or Little Cannibal kennel ration. Her conversation began to come in spurts of 25 words or less, lyrically extolling a new kind of condensed milk or synthetic motor oil. She ordered the groceries in iambic pentameter, traded her recipe book for Roget's Thesaurus and spent the day filling out entry blanks beginning, "I like Brawny Breakfast Food because . . ." But she had yet to have her first taste of victory.

She will get it. The more she tries the better she will become, and someday an electric toaster or a vacuum cleaner will be hers for free. Her husband theorizes, quite naïvely, that a single triumph will then have satisfied her and she will go back to the kitchen. He's wrong and if he'd ever tried to fold up a fly rod after the first strike he'd know it. The toaster will only whip her into still more vigorous attempts at rhyming, with a mink coat or a supersonic sedan in rosy prospect.

Commercialized contests are America's answer to the Irish Sweepstakes. We're nuts about them and getting nuttier. If our gambling instincts have been stunted by the fact that lotteries are against the law, we have developed a "something-for-almost-nothing" complex that makes us respond frenziedly to the challenge of naming an advertiser's bull calf and carting off the $7,500 first prize.

Purchase of the manufacturer's product as a condition of entry (not always required) becomes an expression of sportsmanship and another practically painless way to spend loose change. It's hardly a gamble. Even if you don't hit the jack pot you've still got the can of split-pea soup. Via this foolproof formula, contesting has become a big-business enterprise on its own, involving millions of dollars,

(Continued on page 50)

THE STORM

BY LAURENCE CRITCHELL

It took Matthews a long time to learn the first lesson—the next one was even harder

WHEN ex-Sergeant Matthews turned his cycle along the Oxford road toward East Ilsley on the last stretch of his journey from America, there was only a single red glimmering of light to the west, where the sun had died. Around him in the sky were the shattered, blue ruins of clouds, which the wind from the Channel had twisted all day and which now, with the approach of nightfall, deepened swiftly to black. Under this sky the grainfields of the Berkshire countryside were livid and the road a narrow river of darkness ahead. He shuddered a little. Though it had been three years since he had come this way, the tumult in the sky and the loud roaring of the wind in the trees recalled so vividly the night during the war when he had said goodby that for a moment the two occasions were indistinguishable in his mind.

He was a young man about twenty-four years old. His features were thin and his eyes prominent; he looked neither to the left nor to the right as he pedaled. Tied to the handle of his bicycle was a parcel done up in twine and paper: this was his only luggage. Though bareheaded, he wore a heavy leather flight jacket and a scarf drawn tightly around his neck to keep him warm. His hands were mottled with the cold. The way in which he took the hills without slackening his pace showed that he was driving himself, as though to get indoors before the nightfall; yet there was something so disturbed and inward-looking in his expression, that a few passers-by who were abroad that evening turned to stare at him.

On the outskirts of East Ilsley, where the road was sheltered from the wind by an ancient stone building, he dismounted to light a cigarette. He looked about him with dismay when he found he had no matches. The mean little street had been slicked and emptied by the storm. There was not a living being visible anywhere. He turned to go—and then started almost violently as he noticed a man standing quietly in the black frame of a doorway.

There was a long pause. "Got a light?" Matthews asked harshly.

"Aye," said the figure, still not moving.

Matthews approached. In order to keep the flame burning in the wind, he had to stand up within the doorway. "Have one?" he asked.

"Aye."

The matchlight, shadowed by cupped hands, illuminated an old man, his face attenuated and drawn.

"American," said the man slowly, exhaling the smoke between thin lips. He looked at the cigarette. "No more of these now. Not any more." As Matthews stepped down from the doorway: "Here in the war?"

"Yes." Matthews hesitated. Then he asked, "Are the Cruikshanks still here?"

"Them at the Littlecote?"

"Yes."

"The old man's dead. His woman's gone—Manchester, they say."

"And the girls?"

"Aye, the girls." The old man turned the cigarette over in his fingers. "The bad 'un's here—her that had the baby. She went away for a while, but she came back. There weren't no use to hide it. Brought the baby with her—"

Matthews had been listening intently to this. "Is she alone, then?" he asked. "Where's her sister?"

Instead of answering, the old man peered at Matthews shrewdly. "You wouldn't be the one—?"

"Skip it," said Matthews abruptly. He walked his wheel into the village.

THE house was situated on a lonely road at a little distance from the last buildings of the village, its entrance out of sight in a garden at the rear. In front of it the road climbed gently away from the town through a corridor of trees. A low building, abandoned years before and falling into decay, was silhouetted blackly at the summit of the rise. As Matthews stood at the garden gate, he looked for a moment in that direction.

In the small rose garden behind the house a bare apple tree groped against a sky alive with stormy motion. The gate creaked behind him, was silent, creaked again. Matthews lifted the knocker.

The woman who opened the door was a tall, large-boned person of about thirty-two. Her features were gaunt, her high cheekbones prominent, her eyes dark. She peered out at him.

"It's Matthews, Elizabeth," said Matthews tonelessly.

For a long time there was silence.

"Why did you come back?" she demanded at last.

"I want to see Laura."

"Laura is married."

The young man trembled suddenly; for an instant it seemed as if he might fall. Behind and all around him the storm twisted the garden; as he took a step back into it, a second woman, smaller than Elizabeth, came into the hallway behind.

"Who is it?" she asked.

Elizabeth's shoulders half dropped. She turned slightly, for the other to see. "It's Matthews."

This time the silence lasted so long that they could hear a clock ticking in the house.

"What does he want?" asked the other, her voice very low.

"It's all right, Laura," Matthews interrupted dejectedly. "I'm going."

As he started to turn away, however, Laura came up to the door. "Come in, Matthews," she said gently.

The younger woman was about twenty-six years old. Her features were softer than Elizabeth's and her lips were more generously formed. In her eyes Matthews saw a sadness, a resignation, which made him step forward involuntarily, as though to take her in his arms. But she shook her head; and for a moment they regarded each other in silence.

"You've changed, Matthews," she said at last. "You're older."

"Yes."

"Have you been happy?"

"I came back."

"I'm sorry you did. It would have been easier if—" She paused. "Writing might have saved you—"

"I don't want to save myself anything!" he put in fiercely.

"Close the door, will you, Beth?" said Laura. She passed her hand back across her hair distractedly. She, too, was trembling.

The hallway into which Matthews had entered was illuminated by an amber ceiling light and by a tasseled lamp on the dark wood sideboard. There was a small brown mezzotint of a Dutch canal scene on the wall above the sideboard and an umbrella rack beside the door. In the background was a narrow flight of steps which angled sharply to reach the second floor. A child's plaything lay on one of the steps.

In the quiet, footsteps were descending the stairs. A moment later a man came into the hall. He was a person of medium build with an oval face and a small mustache. He looked at them with a cheerful, rather quizzical expression.

Elizabeth spoke before the others. "Storrs, this is Sergeant Matthews. He was a friend of mine during the war. An American." To Matthews, she said, "This is Laura's husband."

"I say!" Storrs advanced on Matthews with outstretched hand. "You fellows are scarce around here now!" As they shook hands, he said, "Don't let him just stand there, you two. Good Lord, the man's freezing! Laura, how about some tea? Or would you all like something stronger—whisky?"

"Whisky," said Elizabeth dryly.

"You too, Laura?"

Laura had been gazing so intently at Matthews that she started when her husband addressed her. "Yes, please."

"Laura and I were ready to turn in," said the man, rubbing his hands together briskly. "We'll just have a drink and then leave you and Beth to talk."

"That's all right," said Matthews, his eyes on the child's toy.

"D'you have a place to stay?"

"I'll be going back to Newbury."

"You can't possibly do that in all this storm. You stay here. We'll fix you up."

THE living room was a pleasant, low-ceilinged chamber, illuminated by the same amber light as the hall. Matthews put down the package that he had carried and gave his flight jacket to Laura. As she carried it back to the hall, Elizabeth seated herself on the worn brown couch by the piano and regarded Matthews impassively. He warmed his hands at the fire, looking about him with a kind of hungry wonder. Storrs disappeared.

"Do you still play?" Matthews asked her, nodding at the piano.

"For myself."

"You gave up your singing?"

"I'm married now, you know." She spoke indifferently, as though her singing had been a matter of no consequence.

"Where is your husband?"

"In Edinburgh. Like you, I'm only visiting."

A coldness, an unveiled contempt in Elizabeth's tone of voice made Matthews, who had seated himself across the room from her, lower his eyes. Laura returned and in a few moments her husband came back with a tray.

"Sergeant Matthews used to come here evenings in the war," Elizabeth explained to Storrs. "His unit was at Hempstead Marshall—Lady Craven's old place. He used to play chess with Father a great deal—"

"I never won," Matthews qualified with a thin smile.

Elizabeth glanced at him without cordiality and went on: "He was in on the Normandy rumpus. Afterward he came back here for three months and then disappeared again. The next we knew, his unit was in Holland. And that was the last we ever heard of him. He never wrote. For all we knew, he was dead."

Elizabeth's voice was so hard, and her meaning so plain, that Laura

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ILLUSTRATED BY PIO JUNCO

She caught up with Matthews. "You left this behind." He started at the touch of her hand on his shoulder, but continued along the way he had been going

If war comes again, we must fight it with bases far removed from the U.S. Here paratroopers of the 82d Airborne Division enplane in "Operation Snowdrop" to learn how men and equipment fare in bitter cold

HOW AMERICA WILL DEFEND HERSELF

BY PAUL SCHUBERT

We don't want America to be a battleground if war is forced on us; we must carry the fight to the enemy. A noted military writer tells how it will be done

HOW ready are we for trouble? What's the state of our defenses? Apart from our own strength, can we expect any help, in a jam, from other countries? Back in 1945, when the fighting stopped, we were a member of history's greatest alliance. But today, shockingly enough, we discover that although we have planned to spend roughly $11,000,000,000 for armed strength in 1948, our experts say this will give us practically nothing in the way of actual combat readiness.

The military men inform us, however, that by spending another estimated $4,000,000,000 for men and equipment, and by starting up the draft plus Universal Military Training, we can buy a real combat outfit tough enough to give us quick protection in the event of an emergency.

But we are not now at war. Considering the peacetime security which we need, the question is: Will a $15,000,000,000 peacetime plan, once we get it set up, represent a really dependable, three-dimensional land-sea-and-air force strong enough to keep us safe from aggression? Is there any strength short of total mobilization, that really spells American safety? How strong do we have to be to call ourselves "secure"?

The answer to all these questions is a very simple one. We need the power to set up something that might be called a "temporary empire," but an empire strictly in the modern defensive sense. That requires some explaining, starting back in 1945. At the end of the war, we believed the United Nations Organization, set up a short time previously, could be made to work. We were so sure this could be done that we demobilized in a mad helter-skelter to "get the boys home" regardless of national security in a war-ravaged world. Three years later in 1948, the United Nations doesn't look like such a good bet as a peace-enforcement agency. America discovers now that American defense is exclusively in American hands. Pretty naked hands, at the moment—but competent, for all that.

We're on our own, and what are we going to do about it?

The first thing we have got to realize is that we are up against an entirely new world military situation, caused by the revolution in warfare. You hear lots of talk about the A-bomb, rockets, push-button warfare, Buck Rogers blitzes, the destruction of whole cities by robots launched from the other side of the world. Today's new weapons, like the A-bomb and the rocket, have already begun to affect warfare, but the revolution we are up against is something quite different—something that is already an accomplished fact.

Recall, please, a little recent history. Do you remember Singapore? In 1941, Singapore was a fortress, said to be impregnable, held by the British as a key point in British Empire security. From our American point of view, Singapore in British hands was a guarantee that our fleet could operate in the far western Pacific, since the British would make Singapore available to us as a "base"—a secure place where our ships could get repairs, food and fuel.

In spite of all its defenses, Singapore was knocked over by the Japa-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IRVING HABERMAN

se with surprising ease early in 942.

Do you remember Manila, Corgidor and Bataan? Do you remember the Maginot line?

All these events of recent military istory have one thing in common. hey deal with the capture of "imregnable" defensive positions. Most f the positions were captured by ree-dimensional land-sea-and-air inasion forces sent overseas from disnt lands.

In every instance, the invasion orces struck first at weak spots, later t the fortified strong point.

Pre-Invasion Victories

But that isn't all. The war saw still ther "invasions" in which the enemy as knocked out before any of our roops touched his soil. The first of hese was at Pantelleria Island in the Mediterranean just before the invasion of Sicily, when the Italian garrison on this tiny island surrendered without resistance after heavy bombardment. The most striking was the capture of Japan's home islands. There we planned a great invasion. But before this assault ever took place, we applied such pressure of air bombardment, sea blockade, destruction of cities, closing of harbors, sinking of shipping, smashing of factories, that Japan's war potential was shot to nothing. The Japanese surrendered.

All this adds up to the revolution in warfare—this ability to strike the enemy from very long range, with a great variety of attacks by land, sea and air, in a co-ordinated assault that smashes his prepared forts, his armies, his factories, his cities, his air forces, his fleets . . . a campaign that knocks over his entire structure of war, from his outermost defenses to his inmost citadels. That's the new warfare. The Germans called it Total War—but they were amateurs at it.

The Japan that we beat was an island empire. Japan had set up such a far-reaching, strong military structure that many experts felt the Pacific war would go on for ten years—that Japan was perhaps permanently established as the dominant Pacific power.

What is an empire? Dictionaries call it "a union of states governed by an emperor." In modern terms, an empire is intended to be a foolproof, self-sustaining, economic and military structure, spread out over the world in such a way that it can control the peace and security of its own area in its own interest, and can withstand any attack by military or commercial invaders.

The best modern example, perhaps, was the British Empire "on which the sun never sets," envy alike of the Germans and the Japanese—a trading empire whose military strength was long used to prevent war and put down insurrection in the interest of commerce and production. For more than a century Britain was willing to spend money to prevent war, or to help end a war, as a good investment for trading Britons. All the world benefited to some extent by this *Pax Britannica*—but the two wars for European and Pacific domination have left Britain pretty well exhausted . . . and besides that, have played hob with the old idea of empire through holding military strong points.

Who wants an empire, today? The old kind, that is. Here in America, we have never had an empire. Our strength lies in our home territory. We trade overseas. We send our ships to all parts of the world. We have always kept a navy to protect our shipping—but beyond that we have been content to share the protection of the British Empire which did much of the job of policing and patrolling most of the world's seas.

The closest we have ever come to old-fashioned empire was in the Pacific, where we flew our flag over the Philippines and Hawaii, and Samoa, Guam, Wake and a few other pin points of land, plus Alaska and the Aleutians. It wasn't much of an empire, as empires go.

Military men said, before 1941, that we could never fight a Pacific war against Japan without an empire. If we lost our own positions, we would be forced to rely upon British positions. If the British lost their positions, we would both be doomed to defeat because we would have no bases, within striking distance of the enemy.

Then, at the outbreak of the war against Japan, we did lose virtually all our Pacific bases west of Hawaii, and the British, Dutch and French lost all of theirs from Burma to Rabaul. . . .

And still we beat Japan. We beat Japan by taking and using new bases as we needed them, by setting up a "temporary" wartime empire—an American empire created to meet the situation and torn down again when the war was over.

This is one of history's great facts. The permanent Japanese Empire was beaten by a temporary American Empire. Japan's military structure, maintained at great cost in the belief that it meant security, was knocked over by a fluid, expansive, three-dimensional American land-sea-and-air power which moved outward from home territory at will, set up operating bases as it needed them—and then abandoned its temporary empire after it had won its military victory.

We can't claim credit for inventing this kind of warfare—the warfare of amphibious invasion, long-range air and sea bombardment, giant overseas bases for strategic air forces and strategic sea forces—but we certainly mastered the technique. We developed it because we had to—the alternative was to accept defeat. And the British, bounced out of Europe, out of the Far East, out of parts of North Africa, shared the development.

There you have it. Thanks to British and American resourcefulness, the new warfare can be fought without permanent empire, without permanent overseas bases in the old sense. It can go anywhere, do anything, take anything, win a war and come home again. But—it can only be fought by great industrial nations who operate large air forces, great fleets of ships, great quantities of mechanized arms, and who have lots of man power.

An Adequate Security Plan

This conception of warfare lies behind the $15,000,000,000 plan of security which our military men feel is adequate to protect us from anything that can happen, including the outbreak of war with Russia.

Consider the problem that faces us if we go to war. Our first, and most vital, consideration is the security of our homeland—our cities, our factories, our oil fields and harbors and transportation system—above all, our citizens.

Up to now we have always thought we could protect ourselves by setting up defenses here at home. We have forts guarding our coasts, the Navy offshore, antiaircraft batteries around our cities, the Air Force dotting the country with fighter groups ready to intercept enemy aircraft, plus radar warning systems and ground control.

We have kept a small peacetime Army, a skeleton Air Force, a partly manned Navy with two thirds of its combat ships in moth balls. We spend some $11,000,000,000 a year, supposedly to be "ready" to defend us here at home.

But this situation is tragically weak in two respects. First, if we do go to war, we can use only a minute part of our Army, Navy and Air personnel strength for actual fighting, since most of our peacetime military man power must be put to work when war starts, training and equipping our draftees.

Second, it is no longer possible to defend this country adequately by planning to fight here at home. If we let the enemy bring the war to us, we invite disaster. We can only fight as long as we keep our factories, our harbors, our transportation, our cities alive and operating. We must keep the war away from home and fight it over the enemy's country—or at some place in between.

There is only one way we can keep our country from being the battleground. We must be able to control every place within a circle of approximately 2,000 miles radius from our vital points—above all, our defense-plant areas—every place from which the enemy can launch effective attack against us by land, sea or air.

The distance will get greater as time goes on. But we are thinking about the situation today, and at the moment our top military men put the 2,000-mile radius as our safety zone.

This does not mean that we have to set up a huge string of distant defenses in a complete circle around us. That would spread our strength out too thin. The Japanese tried to do that when they spread out into the islands of the Pacific in 1942—and all they did was to create weak outposts that couldn't be supplied, and which we knocked off one by one.

No, what we have to do is move outward in such a way as to block enemy moves.

There aren't so many places from which Russia can strike us. We are still pretty securely protected by geography. Alaska, Greenland, parts of Canada, islands in the Atlantic, perhaps some of the territory to the south of us—thinly settled country which might be converted to the uses of the new kind of warfare. Those are the areas that must be kept out of Russian hands.

You see, if Russia could set up a temporary empire around us, as we set up a temporary empire around Japan, all of us could be in for plenty

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A medical officer treats G.I.s of the 15th Infantry during exposure tests conducted by Task Force Williwaw in the penetrating cold of Adak, Alaska

INTERNATIONAL

At Ladd Field, Alaska, Army Ground Force troops salvage a piece of mobile equipment from a hole in the snow

INTERNATIONAL

FOR BUSINESS REASONS

BY ROBERT CARSON

Presenting the romantic case of Miss Fay Brooks, who did some remarkably effective baby sitting, with nary a baby to sit for

IN WEST Los Angeles, at a place popularly known as The Ready Room, a bunch of the girls were whooping it up. The shades of night were falling, and the girls were drinking tea and eating cookies and waiting for worried parents to call. As a local service, the Students' League of the University ran a sitters' bureau, and at eventide married people with both social engagements and children often hollered for help. The Ready Room, long and bare, was filled by chairs with large right arms suitable for writing or study, and run on a basis of strict rotation unless the sitter was requested by name.

An urbane elderly lady, Mrs. Amelia Fish, ran the whole works from a desk that bore a telephone, smelling salts, an old I. Magnin hat, a map of Westwood and vicinity, and a green morocco diary which was full of priceless information. Penciled largely on the wall behind her was the telephone number of the Los Angeles Police Department.

The girl with the highest priority this evening was a beautiful red-haired kid named Fay Brooks. She was eighteen years old, was a junior, and broke. While she ate peanut crunch, she read Spengler's Decline of the West.

The telephone rang. Mrs. Fish asked questions and scribbled in the green book. She hung up and, frowning slightly, consulted a telephone book and the city directory. "Fay," she said.

Closing a gloomy page of prose, Fay rose and walked over to her desk.

"Ten sixty Los Altos Road," Mrs. Fish said. "That's only a couple of miles north of here. You can take the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road, and then you walk two blocks east. Mr. Spike Harrison."

"Who?"

Mrs. Fish frowned again. "I asked him to give me his initials, but he said everyone called him Spike. He sounded cultivated—almost like a Harvard man. I think it's all right. At any rate, all you have to do is shriek very loudly and run down the middle of the road—they have a private alarm system up there."

"How many and how old?"

"One. Three."

"Gee, that's wonderful," Fay said. "No formula or didies. Maybe he, she or it will sleep the whole time. When do I go?"

"Right away—uh—Spike said." Mrs. Fish appeared to have difficulty unscrambling her brow. "Better ring me after the people leave—I'll ask the radio cops to drift by."

"What is this?"

"Nothing, nothing," Mrs. Fish said doubtfully. "Only, he said that he'd just heard of our service, and that he believed a sitter would be a big improvement over their previous practice."

"What was their previous practice?" Fay asked.

"Their previous practice," Mrs. Fish said, "was to leave the boy alone and let him scratch on the doors and howl."

Fay was not a girl who worried. Leaving The Ready Room, she bought a package of licorice and drank a Coke at a drugstore, rode the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road, and walked two blocks east. Ten sixty was a small, rambling, rather shaggy gray house of mixed parentage. It didn't seem sinister. She rang the doorbell.

A tall, preoccupied, thin young man in a dinner jacket opened the door. He had unruly hair and an essentially kind expression, but he was plainly annoyed at the interruption.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"I'm the sitter from the league," Fay said.

"Oh," Spike Harrison said. "Come right in."

He led her to the living room, which was larger than the outside of the house suggested, and done charmingly with chintzes and a split-brick fireplace.

"Nice of you to come by," he said. "Sit down. Will you have a drink?"

"I don't drink."

"Is that so?" Spike absently passed a hand through his disordered hair and looked at his watch. "I'll be gone quite a while. You'll want something to read, won't you? Do you care for magazines, or would—"

"I have a book with me," Fay said.

"Oh, yes. Big one, isn't it? What's it called?"

"Spengler's Decline of the West."

"Who wrote it?" Spike asked politely.

"Spengler," Fay said. "Where's the kid?"

"Kid?" Spike said. "Oh, you mean Burdette. He's outside. I'll bring him in in a minute. Just make yourself comfortable."

Fay sat on the edge of a chair and regarded Spike narrowly. He apparently remembered something urgent and disappeared for ten minutes, reappearing with a coat and hat on and accompanied by a large German shepherd dog. The latter licked Fay's hands and wagged his tail energetically, after which he sat down and scratched himself.

"That's Burdette," Spike said. "I hope you'll like each other. Later on you might let him out in the back yard and give him a drink of water. He's perfectly harmless—"

"Wait a minute," Fay said. "Is Burdette—"

"Yes, that's right."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"He's a strange dog," Spike said. "Hates to be alone. Loves people. I only keep a day maid, and the neighbors have complained about his howling. All my doors have had to be refinished. You'll be a godsend, Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Brooks."

"If he gets restless or uneasy, throw his ball for him. He also enjoys having his ears scratched, right at the base. He'll try to coax you into letting him sit in your lap, but don't do it—he weighs eighty pounds. Good night, Miss Brooks."

"Good night," Fay said. "It's your money."

SHE read Spengler awhile. She ate the licorice. Then, after the manner of all sitters, she inspected the house. It had two bedrooms tastefully arranged, a pleasant book-lined study, and a minute dining room with French scenic paper on the walls. The maid's room at the rear of the house had been converted to an architect's workshop and was full of drafting equipment and blueprints.

But nowhere could Fay find evidence of a feminine resident, though Mrs. Fish had distinctly mentioned "their" previous practices. Baffled, she returned to the living room, found an apple and ate it, and dozed off. . . .

A monotonous bouncing sound awakened her. Burdette had found his ball and was ready for a little recreation. Playing ball with him wasn't exactly fascinating. She threw it, he chased it and brought it back to her, and she threw it again. Yet the game never palled on Burdette. Finally she took his mind off it by letting him outside and giving him a drink of water. Then she tried successively to get Burdette to shake hands, roll over and play dead, sit up and speak. They all came as complete surprises to him, and no amount of explanation or examples did any good.

"Spike—Burdette, I mean," Fay said, "you're as sharp as a rowboat."

A car rolled into the driveway, and she thought Burdette—Spike had come home. But it was only a couple of radio cops checking, and she suddenly remembered she hadn't called Mrs. Fish. She assured the *(Continued on page 85)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

Spike gave Fay an apple and seated her in the living room. Burdette gave her his ball. "This is quite an affair I'm going to," Spike said

SILVER SCRAPPER

BY RUBE ALLYN

When you hook a tarpon, better clear the decks for action. You're in for a lively scrap with the fightingest fish in the seas

THE tarpon had returned to the upper west coast of Florida on their annual pilgrimage from the Caribbean, and a dozen fishing boats drifted down Crane's Bayou to meet the big silver fighters, which for courage and endurance are unsurpassed by any other game fish in the world. One of the craft was a small cruiser, with Jerry Walker as the only passenger. Walker had his line out, and about noon a tarpon took the bait, a handsome big fish which the captain estimated would weigh about 125 pounds. In fighting a tarpon, there is a time to yank and there is a time not to yank. Walker yanked at the wrong time, about two minutes after the tarpon had struck, after the fish's rushes had brought him pretty close to the boat. Then things happened very quickly—or at least they did as the old-timers tell the story.

Out of the water, in a wild, twisting leap, shot the big fish. It sailed some ten feet through the air, cleared the gunwale of the boat by a yard and landed on the deck beside Walker. Its heavy swinging tail caught Walker squarely across the buttocks and flipped him neatly over the side of the boat into the water; he went under, still clutching the rod and reel.

Then the tarpon smacked the deck a couple of resounding thumps which cracked the planking and with a mighty jump cleared the gunwale. Just as Walker came sputtering to the surface, the fish hit the water a few feet from him. Walker promptly let go of the rod and reel and yelled for help. The boat captain fished him out of the water with a gaff, and the big tarpon flashed downward into the depths, taking with him Walker's fishing equipment. You can imagine the tarpon rushing home to Mrs. Tarpon and saying:

"Honey, I had the biggest man on the line today you ever saw."

Jerry Walker's epic encounter with the big tarpon has been built up into one of the classic stories of the Florida west coast. But there have been many other battles almost as sensational. Around Bush Key sportsmen are still talking about the great struggle between Danny Roberts and an exceptionally active tarpon of about 140 pounds.

Roberts was in a 14-foot rowboat when he hooked the tarpon, and the big fish had the better of the fight all the way. It took line from Roberts' reel almost at will and leaped over the boat again and again. It could easily have broken the line and escaped; instead, it chose to fight it out fish to man, and on one of its mighty leaps cleared the stern sheets and landed in the boat.

Danny hurriedly retreated to the bow, where he picked up a heavy lead sounding weight and aimed a blow at the tarpon's head. Unluckily, he missed, and the weight plunged through the bottom of the boat. A moment later Danny lost his balance and fell, face down, in the hole, whereupon the fish flailed around with its tail and battered Danny right through the bottom of the boat. The tarpon went with him, and so did several hundred yards of spare fishing line.

Both man and fish were entangled when they came to the surface, and they threshed about furiously, each trying to get away from the other. The battlers finally floundered onto a sand bar, where Danny, almost exhausted, tried desperately to pin the fish to the sand with a scissors hold, while the fish tried just as desperately to knock Danny's brains out with its tail. The battle ended when another fisherman killed the fish with a gaff.

It is very seldom that a man will win what might be called a hand-to-tail battle with a big tarpon, because these fish are almost unbelievably strong and active and can deal terrific blows with their tails. A fisherman named Hardy McCormick whipped a big one a few years ago, but he was so badly banged up that he was out of commission for several months.

Hardy went out in an 18-foot boat, with an engine housed under a wooden cover, on which he was seated when the fish struck. Through three jumps, all twisters, Hardy held on to the fish. Then the tarpon ran under the boat, and the line became slack. Hardy reeled in quickly, and all of a sudden the waters parted and 100 pounds of shimmering silver fish soared into the air and came down exactly where Hardy had been sitting.

Savage Primitive Battle for Survival

To save himself Hardy dived for the bow, where he hung on as the big fish began to unload the boat. First the threshing tail swept the engine box overboard, then the battery, a couple of life preservers and Hardy's tackle box. When the fish ripped off the engine carburetor, and gas began to spurt from the broken line, Hardy realized that he'd have to do something or he wouldn't have enough boat left to go home in. So with a desperate leap he flung himself on the flailing tarpon, and ramming his hands under the fish's red-lined gills managed to get a good grip on the tarpon's throat. With the heavy tail slamming against his legs he finally choked the fish to death.

The tarpon is a member of the herring family, but it has very little in common with its innocuous little cousins of the delicatessen. In the first place, it is a lot bigger; the largest specimen captured so far weighed 383 pounds, and there are probably larger ones in the sea. The biggest tarpon ever taken on rod and reel scaled 247 pounds.

Known in various localities as savanilla, savalle, sabalo, and grande écaille, the tarpon is spawned in the brackish waters of the Florida Everglades. When it is large enough to travel, it migrates to the coasts of Cuba and Puerto Rico, where it grows fat and sassy and belligerent in the warm and nourishing waters of the Caribbean Sea. The fish return each year to the upper west coast of Florida, arriving about the middle of May. Sometime in August, usually late in the month, they leave Florida and make a trip to the Texas coast, leaving behind them a number of wrecked fishing boats and lamed fishermen.

Pound for pound, the tarpon is said by expert fishermen to be the fightingest fish in the sea: it will invariably battle until fully exhausted. These fish are renowned for their mighty leaps after being hooked; a big tarpon will often clear the surface of the water by eight feet, and jumps as high as 15 feet have been reported. And the tarpon is about the only fish that doesn't give up once it is aboard a boat. A tarpon fisherman who knows his business will clear his decks the moment a fish is hooked, for the odds are pretty good that the tarpon will jump into the boat and continue the fight. Battling a tarpon in a boat littered with gear may mean broken legs and badly bruised bodies. ★★★

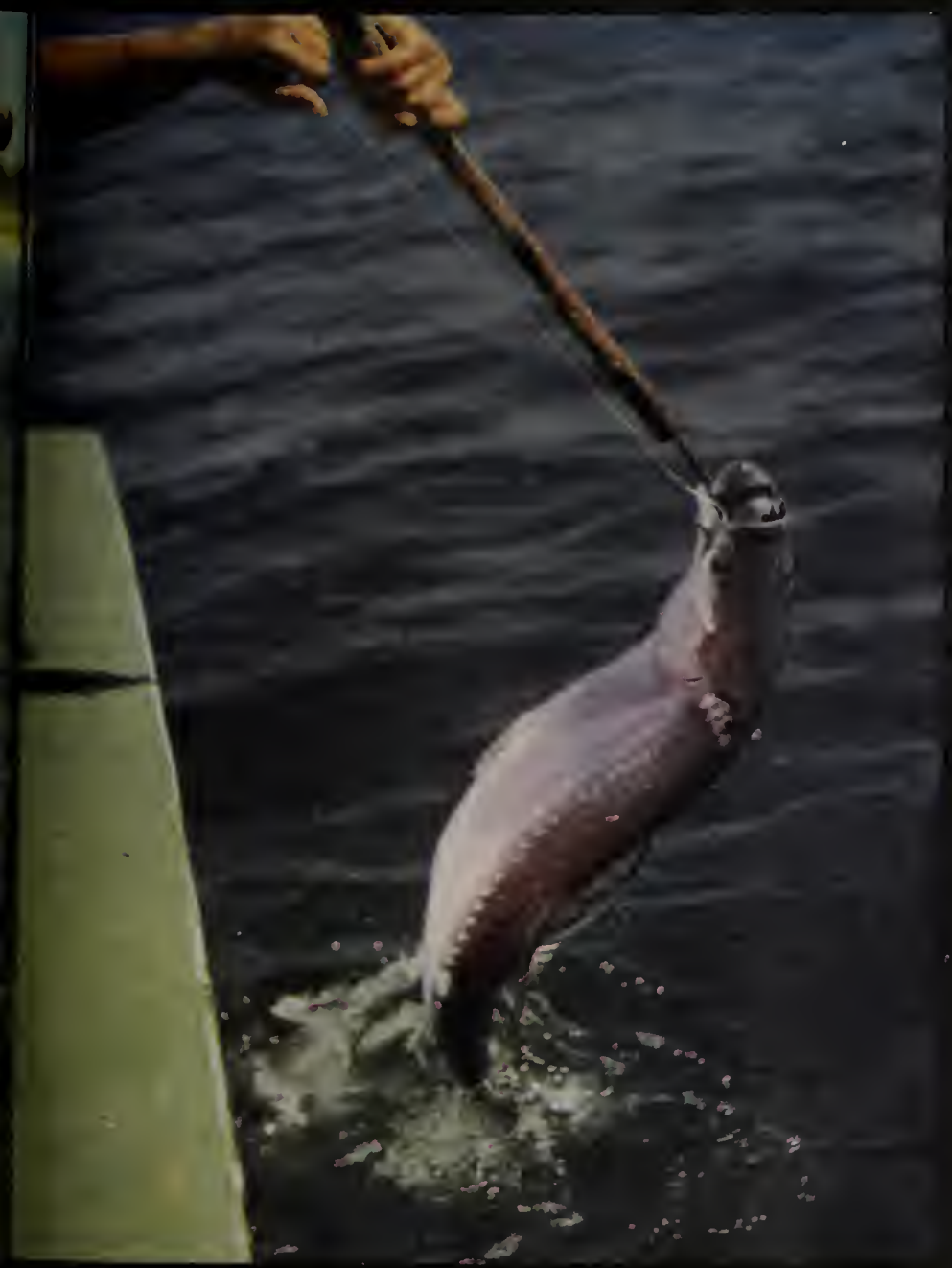
Captain Dain McCormick, a popular fishing guide, baits [illegible] pon hook with a live pigfish. Usually, live bait, such as th[illegible] fish, mullet and crab, is the best lure for the big silver fi[illegible]

In its desperate fight to pull loose from the hook, a tarpon [illegible] make half a dozen tremendous leaps. It will usually jump f[illegible] four to six feet and often as much as eight feet into the [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

baits the camera has caught a rare spectacle—a double strike, which to a fisherman is as th itting a home run with the bases loaded. A moment after the picture was ver fi the two tarpon were literally all over the place, but both were boated

The pull of a fighting tarpon on a rod is tremendous; even the strongest rod is sometimes almost bent double. Veteran fishermen, who have caught many tarpon, admit that every strike of the big silver fish gives them a moment of buck fever



70-pound tarpon is hauled aboard at the end of a gaff hook. A fish this size can t up a tremendous half-hour fight. The tarpon are usually released unless they large enough to register for a prize, or they are wanted for photographs

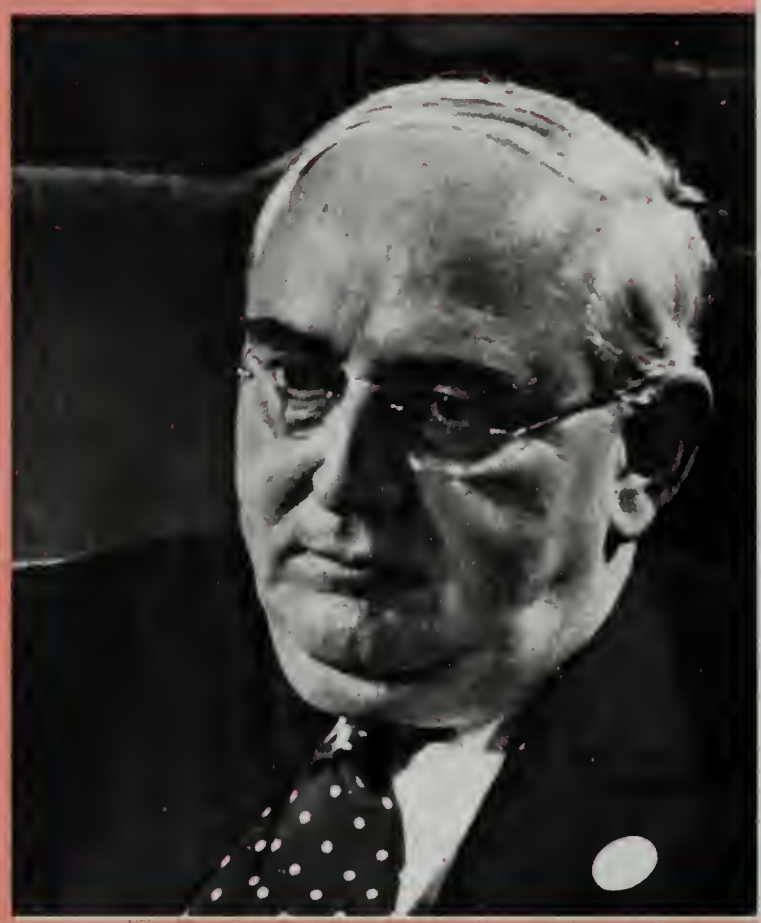
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lassing of St. Petersburg, Fla., with a 78-pound tarpon caught by Mrs. Lassing, and a 65-pounder landed by Mr. Lassing. Mr. and Mrs. Lassing won the men's and women's honors in the $10,000 St. Petersburg Tarpon Roundup in 1940

DOODLES INTERNATIONAL

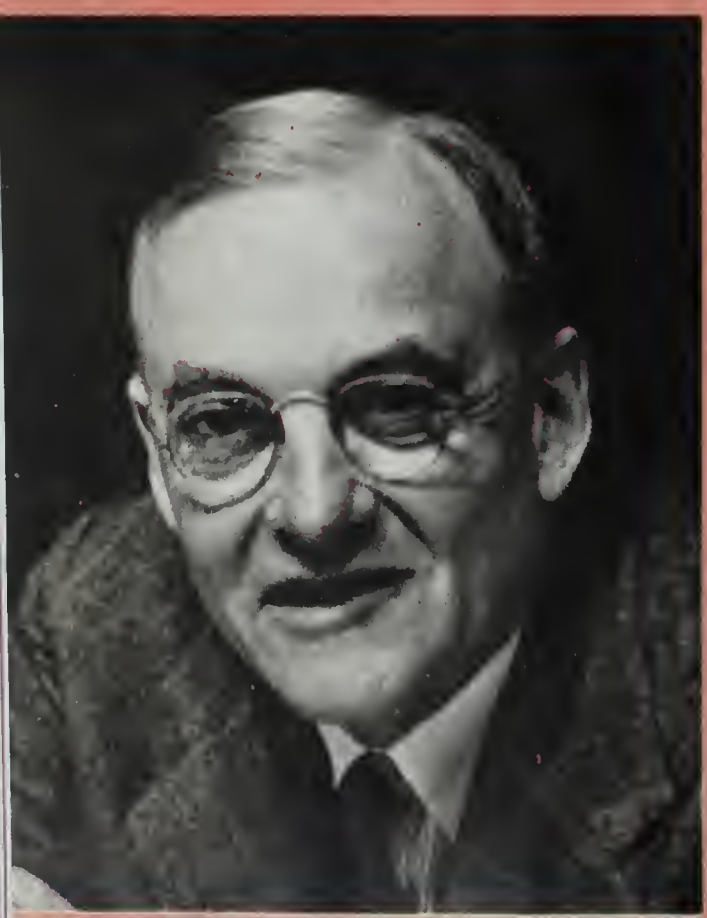
BY O. HENRY BRANDON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEO ROSENTHAL

What's in a diplomat's idle scribblings? A veteran correspondent collected the doodlings at international conferences, and a psychologist sought in them a clue to the personalities of some of the world's key diplomats like dead-panned Andrei Andreevich Gromyko



On this page are photographs of four diplomats in the United Nations. On the opposite page are four sets of doodles, each produced by one of the diplomats and each identified by a number. Can you pick the man who made each set? The answers can be found in the story, where each doodle description is numbered. The diplomat at the top and left is Kuzma V. Kiselev, head of the Byelorussian U.N. delegation; and at the right, above, Sen. Arthur Vandenberg. Below are John Foster Dulles, left; and Andrei Andreevich Gromyko, Russia's chief delegate



WHAT goes on behind the s mask of Andrei Andree Gromyko, Russia's chief d gate to the United Nations, when he in dead-pan silence at the oval table in Security Council? His fingers are mov a pencil, slowly and deliberately carv hard, straight lines onto his scratch-p Does the Russian representative feel lik superman, a diplomat or a human bei

Gromyko has repelled all inquisitiven about his personality and his private l Shunning, as he does, interviews, perso contacts, social life and, I am sure, psyc analysts, it would seem difficult to pe trate his subconscious. But the lines on scratch-pad and on those of some of other key diplomats in the United Natio provide clues for interpretation of th personalities.

I began collecting the doodles of not diplomats some years ago. I had be noticing that several of them at interr tional conferences I attended had the ha of scribbling away aimlessly on their wr ing pads during the time-consuming tra lations such meetings involve. At the e of one session I picked up four of the scribblings and quickly jotted down t name of the scribbler in each case. Sin then I have attended almost every intern tional conference. Enlisting the help delegates, their advisers, secretaries, a even cleaning women, I accumulated strange collection of pencil scratchin and drawings.

Eventually I asked Dr. Werner Wol professor of Psychology at Bard Colleg a specialist in experiment on personalit to analyze these "diagrams of the unco scious."

The analysis of doodles is only one sma part of Dr. Wolff's "experimental dept psychology." The movement of hands, th rhythm of gait, handwriting, and drea images are all to him the overt expressio the key, to some inner movement, feelin and emotion in a person. His experiment are concerned with finding a commo denominator among the various expre sions of the same person.

In the case of doodles he compares man graphic signs, in reference to the total pic ture, in order to penetrate the "depth o personality." This depth of personality i not quite the same as the subconscious. I Dr. Wolff's vocabulary it means the cente in which the different characteristic trait of a person converge. This "center" is hi target. To diagnose depth of personalit he has found a new system which he wil describe fully in a book, Diagrams of th Unconscious, to be published by Grune & Stratton this month.

What he had to say about my outstand ing doodlers struck me as most revealing In most cases it corroborates my own ob servations from personal and private con tacts, although he analyzed the doodle *without* having any knowledge as to thei origin other than that the doodlers were men and not women.

No other diplomat in the United Nations is exposed to so many hazards as Mr. Gromyko. He is more in the limelight than any other delegate, and one false step on his part may arouse the Kremlin's ire and finish his career. It is therefore not surprising that behind the stony-faced mask under which Gromyko, the human being, hides, Dr. Wolff recognizes "great nervous tension."

But the psychologist explains that Mr. Gromyko's tendency to repeat the same lines over and over again in his doodling (No. 1) indicates that he has what in clinical terms is called a "compulsion neurosis."

"This means that a person is under compulsion to act in a certain way over and over again, like a person who suffers from an obsession to wash his hands continuously," Dr. Wolff said.

Everyone who has listened to Mr. Gro-

ko's performances in the United Na-
ns will agree with this diagnosis. The
ping repetitiousness of his arguments
d "noes" has often driven his colleagues
ound the council table to desperation.
sing his temper, Mr. Byrnes once re-
red to the Soviet delegate's reiteration
speeches as "phonograph records."

Mr. Gromyko "with his great self-
straint and control," said Dr. Wolff, "is
ainly a watchful observer, as he himself
ows in drawing the eye in the corner of
ose sheets of paper you collected. The
gressive tension that results from con-
ually observing is evident in the amount
pressure he used to draw the eye, which
n best be described as piercing."

Mr. Gromyko's complete self-restraint
never revealing his position in advance,
other diplomats often do, is proverbial
United Nations meetings. He has never
st his temper, not even in moments of the
eatest tension.

The Man from Byelorussia

Unlike Mr. Gromyko, Mr. Kiselev, who
presented Byelorussia at the United
Nations General Assembly, looked fairly
heerful and relaxed to the unsuspecting
bserver. His speeches, of course, were
lways a neat carbon copy of Mr. Gro-
yko's or Mr. Vishinsky's. Dr. Wolff,
who had no idea there was any connection
etween the two doodles, finds that Mr.
Kiselev's scribble shows a tendency to
hade the entire doodling (No. 2).

"This is indicative of a considerable
mount of psychic tension, leading to
vorries and fears," Dr. Wolff explained.
"This characteristic has not only been ob-
served in graphic form, but also in the
Rorschach ink blot responses to shadings.
The persistent effort to establish inter-
connections between the squares dissected
by triangles is frequently an attempt to
overcome and to suppress emotional re-
actions such as anxieties and fears."

Mr. Kiselev's hazards are obviously not
so risky as Mr. Gromyko's. He has only to
follow Mr. Gromyko's instructions, to be
on the safe side. The significance of the
"yes" next to his doodle is difficult to deter-
mine without knowing what was being
discussed at the time the doodle was made.

The most assiduous doodler I know is
Senator Arthur Vandenberg (No. 3). The
doodles reproduced here were chosen from
a collection of ten. Two years ago, dur-
ing a General Assembly meeting in Lon-
don, Senator Vandenberg noticed one of
my accomplices slipping a doodle from un-
der his hands. He said smilingly, "I hope
this won't come into the hands of a psycho-
analyst!" And with his ever-present sense
of humor he let my helper get away with it.

For those who feel the senator would
make a good President, the following
analysis should be helpful.

"These doodlings show quite a variety
of concrete and abstract forms, the com-
mon shapes of which are square boxes and
circles, each of them subdivided in various
directions," Dr. Wolff said. "The continu-
ous subdivisions suggest a continuous in-
tellectual effort at mental analysis, almost
to an obsessional degree."

This "continuous intellectual effort"
might explain the senator's steadily grow-
ing stature as a statesman and leader, and
the mounting esteem for his wisdom and
integrity. "The many squares and boxes,"
Dr. Wolff continued, "indicate a continu-
ous self-control and a strong feeling of
self-protection."

In the following paragraph Senator
Vandenberg's internal conflict—which, in
view of the clamor that he become a candi-
date for the Presidential election, must
have become highly acute—is described by
Dr. Wolff:

"This person's ideas seem to revolve
around the notion of boring his way right
through an obstacle. The musical nota-
tions and the images of the sun, of a bird
and of a house seem to be a consolation
for and a relaxation from tremendous
mental effort.

"This person is very concrete-minded.
He is more at home thinking in images
than in abstractions. The intellectual tasks
which he must undertake at the moment
stand in contrast to his desire to be in the
house near a tree. This desire he presents
like a photograph below the image of con-
tinuous division and encircling. The image
above the house looks like a great money-
bag consisting of round shapes that seem
to be coins. This suggests that the person
is fearful of the possible loss or over-
expenditure of money, as evidenced by the
continuous crossing out of many of the
coin-shaped structures."

Senator Vandenberg drew that particu-
lar doodle during the United Nations
budget debate, when he was mainly con-
cerned with reducing the United States'
financial commitments in the upkeep of
the United Nations.

But Dr. Wolff added: "This person's split
between daydream and reality is also ex-
pressed in his drawing of a robot-like
human figure. This figure combines
dangerous and hypnotic intellectual
powers, emphasized by eyes and glasses,
together with power which is illustrated
by the jewel in the tie, and with charac-
teristics of the dandy, which appear in the
pocket handkerchief and the cane. The
two hands seem like pincers, and em-
phasize the anxiety of the person not to
fall into the power of such a mental ma-
chine. These seem to be the underlying
ideas, even if the figure was consciously
intended to be a caricature of someone."

Senator Vandenberg will probably read-
ily agree that Dr. Wolff's analysis comes
close to being accurate. He has a per-
spective on himself that few people have;
he knows his weaknesses and he does not
pretend that he hasn't any. His occasional
dandylike quality of cockiness is often re-
flected in his temptation to embarrass peo-
ple whom he does not exactly respect.

Mr. Dulles' Snake Motif

Another diligent doodler is John Foster
Dulles (No. 4) who, as a symbol of United
States bipartisan policy, has been a mem-
ber of the United States delegations at sev-
eral international conferences. The Wolff
analysis of his subconscious mind is all the
more important since he is expected to be-
come Secretary of State should Governor
Dewey be elected President. His doodle,
Dr. Wolff says, is the continuously re-
peated picture of a snake.

"Although the snake is a traditional
symbol of danger and aggression, the
broad, resting posture of this snake is sug-
gestive of a swan's curved neck. It re-
flects a desire to be friendly and relaxed.
It is interesting to note that the author
writes on the reverse side of his sheet the
words 'conciliatory' and 'not retreat.' He
seems to be reminding himself to be con-
ciliatory but not to back down.

"We may now interpret the snake as an
attempt to train himself to a more aggres-
sive pattern of behavior. However, his
naturally conciliatory attitude transforms
even the dangerous symbol into a friendly
one, and the broad, low, coiled position of
the snake seems to indicate this person's
determination not to be pushed aside from
his stand. The wide, sweeping movements
which are rhythmically accentuated, the
large letters with their curves, ornamenta-
tion and soft pressure indicate—in the light
of the snake symbol—much flexibility in
the person's character and a constant effort
to adjust and correct himself."

Mr. Dulles has achieved a bridging be-
tween his wide range of interests—the
Republican party, the Federal Council
of Churches, international affairs, Wall

(Continued on page 63)

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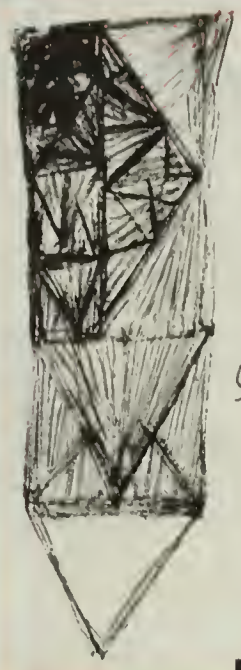

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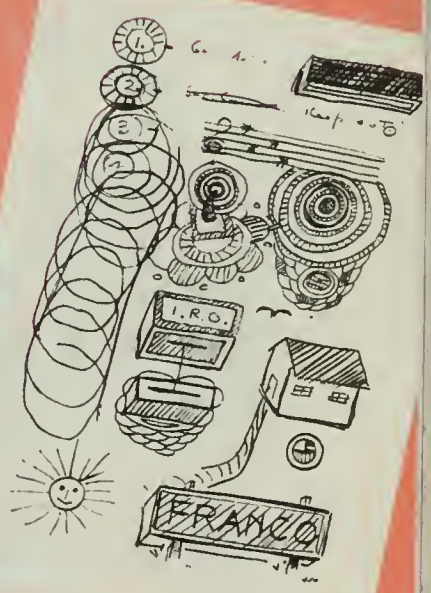

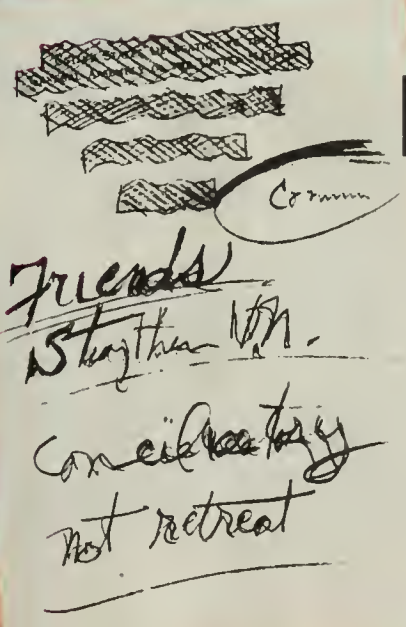

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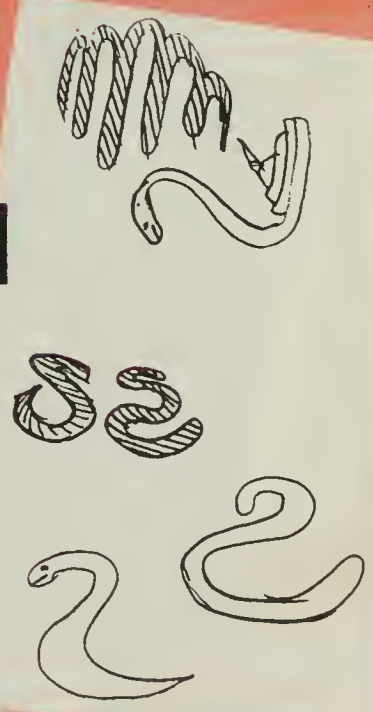
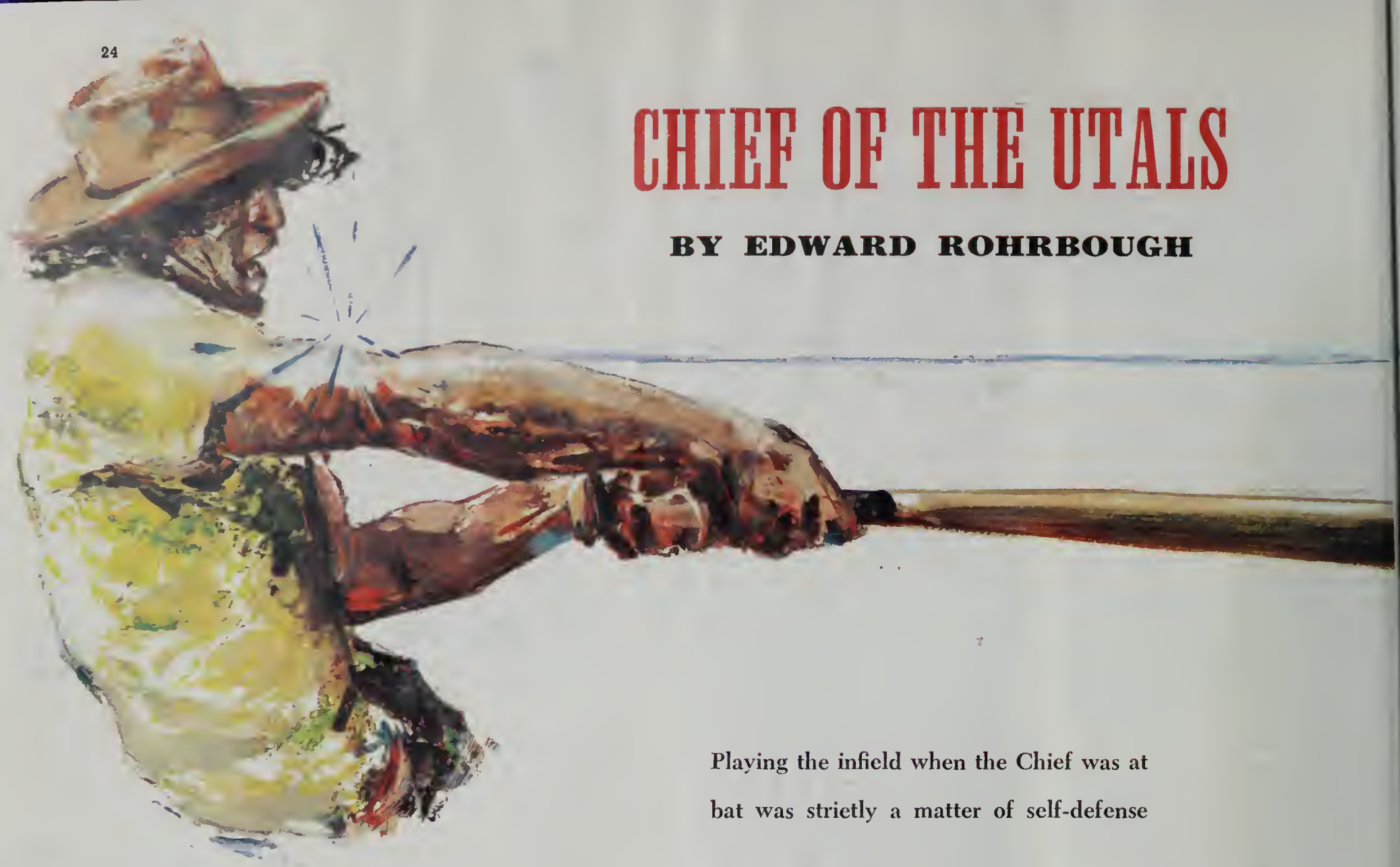


CHIEF OF THE UTALS

BY EDWARD ROHRBOUGH



Playing the infield when the Chief was at bat was strictly a matter of self-defense

YOU won't find his records anywhere. They've been expurgated just like the averages of the old Chicago Black Sox, and in a few years the kids will have forgotten there ever was such a ballplayer. It may be just as well at that, because if Chief Quetzal had lasted in organized baseball, America's national pastime might not have survived, itself.

I was talking to Johnson at the Wrens' spring training camp at Flamingo the day Quetzal walked in, towed of course by Harry Dorgan. It was the first time we'd seen Dorgan since the war and there was some handshaking and gumbeating in order. Harry had been a very hot pitcher for the Wrens ten years ago and then he had a scouting job for the boss until the war. When the shooting started, Harry got to be some sort of expert for the government because he'd come from Arizona and he knew a bunch of Indian languages. He was a contact man, as I get it, to soften up the various Indian tribes on both sides of the Mexican border so they wouldn't interfere with the defense projects Uncle had under construction.

The glad-handing didn't last long. Harry flashed us a big grin and waved his hand toward the Chief, though of course we didn't know that's who it was then.

"Boss," he said to Johnson, "this is your present. Here is the pennant all in one man and I brought him back specially for you. Here is your pass to the dugout for the World Series and my road to riches—our friend, neighbor and recent ally, Quetzal, Chief of the Utals."

Harry bowed like a circus ringmaster and waved again toward this short wide character, and the character grunted gently and looked straight ahead. He was quite a sight. He had on a bright yellow polo shirt, faded blue levis, a wide cowboy hat and moccasins. Harry said something to him in what I judge was his native tongue and he grunted again.

"Chief Quetzal says it fills his heart with pride," Harry told us, "to think he may be able to help the famous Wrens of whom he has heard so much. He says he is honored."

"He looks it," said Johnson.

Harry went on calmly, "The Chief is a great hitter. He is a hitter who always hits. Also, he is the greatest place-hitter who ever lived."

"Is he really alive?" Johnson cracked.

Johnson and I looked the Indian over again and he looked just the same—short, wide, dark and thoroughly composed. I noticed, though, that his width was all structural with no excess baggage and that his thick brown wrists trailed up thick brown arms to shoulders that looked pretty large and bulgy for a short man. Johnson saw the same things, I guess, but they didn't impress him.

"What does he use?" Johnson asked sarcastically. "A bat or a tommyhawk? And is that the way he looks when he takes a third strike?"

Harry quit smiling and acted insulted. I was just as glad the Chief couldn't understand Johnson. I read a lot of stories about Indians when I was a kid.

"You don't get the angle," said Harry. "You are looking at a specialist, an artist, a champion. Chief Quetzal is the world's best. And if you don't believe me, all I ask is that you put him out there this afternoon and let somebody pitch to him. Anybody, anybody at all. And he can throw what he wants to. The Chief will hit it and he will hit it where I tell him."

Johnson sat down on a bench and laughed for a whole ten seconds. In all the time I've been with him, I never heard him laugh like that and of course he doesn't laugh at all any more. Finally he pulled himself together and began talking, partly to himself, I think.

"This outfit has a reputation for wacky ballplayers and wacky ideas," he said, "and the Lord knows we deserve it. Outfielders that get hit on the head with fly balls, catchers that get sick eating hot dogs, pitchers that wear spike mustaches. This one's got it. A ballplayer that wears moccasins and has to have an interpreter. Okay, Harry, okay. Have him out there this afternoon and I'll look him over."

THE Chief was out there, all right, still wearing that cowboy hat, levis and yellow polo shirt. But just the same, I noticed his shoulders filled out the shirt with nothing to spare. Everybody was laughing and haw-hawing, of course, but the Chief didn't seem bothered at all and when Harry led him over to the woodpile to pick out a bat, the laughing died down quickly. The Chief took a couple of practice swings and glanced around a little and that was all the warning anybody needed.

Johnson didn't waste any time. I guess he figured it was time to put an end to Harry's side show and get back to serious work. He yelled for Bergh, a big right-hander who had won 22 in the Texas League, who was burning up a rookie catcher over by the first-base line.

"Give it all you've got," Johnson told him.

The Chief took a right-handed stance and the busher ambled out to the mound and stood there a minute, grinning at the sight the Chief made. Then he took a short windup and let his fast one go. There was a crack and out on the edge of the infield, about twenty feet to the left of tl shortstop, a little puff of dust rose ar the ball bounced merrily on out in left-center field.

No one said anything. The Chi swung his bat a couple of times ar glanced toward the right side of th infield. The busher took a deep brea and cut loose another fast one. Th time I watched closer and saw th streak from the Chief's bat. I did be ter than the first baseman. By the tim he had turned his head, the ball wa bouncing toward the right-field fenc

"Curve him," shouted Johnson.

The Chief lifted that one a few fe over the busher's head and parked about thirty feet behind second bas though "parked" is hardly the wor It was out to the center fielder by th time he bent over to grab it and he' have missed it if he'd been standin four feet either side of the spot wher he was.

"Mix 'em up," yelled Johnson wit what sounded like grim determina tion.

"Now wait a minute," said Harry coming over to a place behind th Chief. "That's just the general idea That's just a sort of warmup. Nov I'll stand here and tell him where t hit 'em."

It was mighty hard for me to convince myself that the things that happened next weren't really parts of a dream. First the Chief drove one int third base—I mean the bag—and hit i with force that made the ball bounce ten feet in the air like a .22 bullet hitting armor plating. Then he hit second base and first in turn, with Harry standing there all the time talking to him in Indian and the busher out there throwing everything he knew. He was a good boy, too. He went on to win 15 for the Wrens, but that afternoon he was close to a nervous breakdown.

"Can't he hit one in the stands for

me?" asked Johnson with a dazed sort of sarcasm.

"No," said Harry. "Quetzal's a specialist. He specializes in busting them through the infield. They play the game a little different where he comes from and it's considered bad taste for anyone to hit the ball out of the park."

"Imagine a ballplayer worrying about bad taste!" muttered Johnson.

Harry said something to the Chief and the Indian laid the next one down in a bunt halfway between third and home. The ball took reverse English and stopped dead four inches inside the foul line.

"Had enough," Harry asked Johnson, "or do you want to see him foul a couple back into the stands?"

The boss was past talking any more. He just motioned Harry and the Chief into the dugout. I went out and told Bergh, the busher, to take the rest of the day off. I didn't like the empty look in his eyes. Then I came back to hear what went on.

"All right, it ain't possible," said Johnson, "so tell me about it. What's the story?"

HARRY'S story was as weird as the things we'd seen. Wandering through the mountains of Sonora, hunting for probable airfield locations, Harry had come upon the Utal village where the Chief lived and ruled. It was an isolated place, surrounded by mountains, and the people were very hostile at first. The Utals were a small tribe—only one village, in fact—and they had settled there after being shoved around by various Mexican governments during the revolution. They finally warmed up to Harry and his party, the first Americans they had ever seen, because they'd never been shoved around by Americans.

The Utals' chief occupation, aside from hunting and raising a few goats, was baseball. Where they had ever come across the game, Harry never knew; but it had supplanted the old tribal ceremonies and dances until it was almost a tribal religion. Quetzal had come to be a chief because he could hit anything anybody threw in his direction and hit it where he wanted to. Not trusting the native pitchers, Harry had spent a lot of time throwing to Quetzal, but the result was always the same.

The Utals made their own bats, Harry said, which were about regulation size and weight, and they made the balls too, but those were nothing like the lively ball used in the American game.

"The place they played was on the edge of a big canyon," Harry told us, "and any time a ball got hit into the canyon, they had to go to work and make another one. It was a lot of trouble to make the balls, so they made them as dead as possible and that was about like a rock. They were wound out of leather string with a wood center. Anyone who hit a ball into the canyon lost a run for his side and it got to be a great disgrace to hit one too far. That's the reason you can't get the Chief to hit one out of the park for you. He'd just as soon strike out, only that's impossible."

"One thing I don't understand," said Johnson, making the most profound understatement of the decade. "How come the Mexican League hasn't grabbed the Chief off before now?"

"Like I told you," Harry explained. "He don't like Mexicans. He don't trust them. He can't even speak Spanish and, besides, the Mexicans don't know anything about him or the place he comes from."

"Are there any more like him down there?" asked Johnson.

Harry grinned and answered, "If there are, you know who can get them. I'll tell you the truth, though. There aren't. The others are just average or worse. They have got a kid pitcher that might be all right in a couple of years if he isn't worn out by then. He won 78 for his team last year and he's acting chief while Quetzal's away. They play a long season, more than 300 games."

Johnson sat thinking for a moment and then said, "Okay, it still ain't possible, so I'll give him ten thousand."

Harry drew himself up and looked very haughty and said, "You'll give him thirty thousand or I'll take him over to the Eagles and you know where that would put you when the story got out. You know he'll win at least 50 games for you and that's the same as the pennant. You'll give him thirty thousand and you'll make the contract out to me. I'm his agent, custodian and guardian."

"But he hasn't even hit against a good pitcher yet," Johnson wailed, "and I don't know if he can catch a ball."

I could tell Johnson was tickled with the price and just trying to keep Harry from thinking too much about the figure he'd named. It worked. Harry began arguing.

"All right, put Street out there and we'll start over again. You know it don't matter if he catches a ball or not. You'd be a fool to put him out there to try."

Johnson argued just enough to keep Harry from changing his mind. There was no danger of his putting Street, the Wrens' ace, out to take the kind of shellacking the Chief had just given Bergh. That sort of thing could send a pitcher to a psychiatrist. . . .

They signed the contract later in the afternoon and Harry wrote his name, and the Chief made a large X.

"Just out of curiosity, what kind of split do you make with the Chief?" Johnson asked when the signing was finished.

"Not that it's any of your business," said Harry, "and I wouldn't want it published, but right now the Chief is interested only in three square meals a day and all the cowboy movies he can see. He thinks horse operas are wonderful."

THAT was the beginning of it. We started north on the usual exhibition tour, but Johnson only used the Chief twice and both times the short, wide guy called his shots and smacked them through the infield as advertised. Still, it was all inside the Wrens and the two performances couldn't have meant anything to the casual spectator. Johnson was saving Chief Quetzal for the opening as his secret weapon.

It was a wonderful time to bring him out, too. We opened at home with the Eagles, who had nosed us out for the pennant the year before, and there were forty thousand fans in the park with another three or four thousand in the street outside fighting to get in.

Adler worked for the Eagles and he was hot as midsummer. Street was okay too, after he got by the first inning. He had a little trouble getting them over for a while and then he grooved one for that Eagle first baseman, Pivowitz. Some fan in the avenue beyond the left-field bleachers got the ball and the Eagles got a run.

They kept that lead right down to the ninth with only a couple of our guys getting singles and never going any farther. With two out in the ninth, though, Ware doubled and loosened Rodney up enough so he walked Sherman and there was the

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

BEHIND THE PALESTINE REVERSAL

BY JORGE GARCIA-GRANADOS

In this article, Collier's presents one side of an important controversy leading up to the scheduled May 15th withdrawal of British forces from Palestine and the plans for setting up a Jewish State.

Jorge Garcia-Granados, a member of the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine, is a former president of the Guatemalan congress, and was ambassador to the United States at the time of his appointment to UNSCOP. The committee went to Palestine and the Arab states last summer, charged by the United Nations, at Britain's request, to find a solution for the Palestine problem. The committee's majority recommendation—partition—and its shelving by the U.S. are detailed in this article, which is taken from the author's forthcoming book

THE violence now taking place in Palestine is the direct result of vacillation, appeasement and the wish on the part of persons in high places, here and abroad, to sabotage the United Nations' decision to partition Palestine. This sabotage began long before the ink was dry on the resolution of November 29, 1947, in which the General Assembly of the United Nations, by more than a two-thirds vote, accepted our recommendation to divide Palestine into two independent states—one Arab, one Jewish.

I am convinced, and I believe I express the opinion of the majority of my colleagues on the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine, that partition was, and is, the only possible answer to the problem. Any stopgap formula that may be advanced regardless whether it be described as "trusteeship" or "federated state" or "unitary state," can only lead to further tragedy.

History itself has already partitioned Palestine. That was the reality our committee found as we traveled the length and breadth of the Holy Land and spoke with Arab and Jew, Briton and American. We discovered two distinct peoples, each rooted in the land, each with its own religion, its own language, its own culture; two separate national entities inspired by distinctly separate needs for national survival.

From the beginning it was apparent that any solution we would recommend would have to be imposed. There could be none upon which both Arabs and Jews would agree.

This was recognized by the British High Commissioner in Palestine, Sir Alan Cunningham—in striking contradiction to the official British position that Great Britain would cooperate in any solution we recommended *if* it were agreed to by both Arabs and Jews.

By setting a condition that even its own representative on the spot knew was impossible of fulfillment, Britain began the process of sabotage which continues to this moment.

A Jury without Self-Interest

My colleagues and I went to Palestine as an impartial jury acting for the civilized nations of the world. None of our eleven countries was a great power; none had oil concessions in the Middle East and none had political or economic interests in Palestine; and the majority of our countries had not even religious or cultural ties with the majority of Palestine's inhabitants.

In casting about for a solution during our public hearings in Jerusalem, Vladimir Simic, Yugoslavia's representative on UNSCOP, pursued the idea of binationalism, envisaging a unitary state in which Jews and Arabs would enjoy political parity—that is, an equal number of representatives in the government.

"Would this not be an answer to the problem?" he asked David Ben-Gurion, chairman of the Jewish Agency for Palestine.

"The result would be a permanent deadlock in government," Ben-Gurion replied. "It would be ten Jews versus ten Arabs, or three Jews versus three Arabs, on every question requiring positive action, from immigration to land development. I cannot imagine how the government would function."

Karel Lisicky, Czechoslovakia's representative on UNSCOP, asked, "Then you are definitely pessimistic about Arab-Jewish agreement?"

"On the contrary," Ben-Gurion replied. "I am definitely optimistic, but there must be a Jewish State first. Cooperation between the Jewish people as a people and the Arab people as a people will be possible only when we have the same status as they—that of an independent nation."

That co-operation was possible I saw time and again as we toured the country in twenty-four U.N. cars, driven by twelve Jewish and twelve Arab chauffeurs.

On one occasion while we were visiting in the Mosque of Abraham in the ancient town of Hebron, our drivers entered an Arab café to refresh themselves with Turkish coffee. The proprietor was ready to serve the Arabs but not the Jews. He had evidently had his instructions.

One of the Jewish drivers told me, "We Jews walked out. A moment after, the Arab drivers joined us. They refused to accept the coffee unless we also were served. The proprietor, to save face, sent his boy out with 24 cups of cold water for all of us, Jew and Arab alike.

"You see, Señor Ambassador, *we* ordinary folk get along . . ."

Later, as I was driving, with an Arab chauffeur, through a remote area of Palestine, I saw a figure on the road before us.

It was a lone Arab Bedouin, wrapped almost to his ears in a heavy robe reaching to his ankles. As we came alongside him, I had my driver stop the car and put several questions to him.

The Bedouin listened for a few moments, then suddenly replied in a torrent of rapid Arabic, now and then pointing angrily off into the distance. Then, his tirade finished, he flung his scarf across his face and over one shoulder and indignantly stalked off.

Puzzled, I asked my driver, "What is it?"

"Sir," he answered, obviously embarrassed, "I will give you his words. He said, 'I hear on the radio about the Jews. My sons they read in the press about the Jews. Somewhere off in that direction' "—and he gestured violently as the other had done—" 'they tell me, there live some Jews. But I have never seen a Jew, I have never met a Jew, I have never talked with a Jew! The Jews do not concern me and I do not concern them. Now please go away and let me be in peace.' "

Later on, we went to Lebanon to hear testimony by spokesmen of the Arab states. We arrived in Beyrouth, Lebanon's capital, amid charges that the Lebanese government was in power illegally, because of falsification of ballots and terrorization of the electorate. Soon after we reached our hotel, word came to me that one of the highest ranking leaders of the opposition with his aides wished to speak with us.

They claimed that the government was not supported by public opinion; that the majority of the Lebanese—who were Christians—did not wish Lebanon to be a member of the Arab League, but rather a link between East and West; and that it was to the interests of the Christian Lebanon that the Jews should have a Jewish State. Lebanese Christians and Palestine Jews would mutually protect each other from being engulfed in a Moslem sea.

Later, the Lebanese opposition leader spoke to me privately.

"I will be frank," he said. "I feel very warm toward a Jewish State, but I cannot say so openly now because I would have trouble with certain persons in this country. We have a dictatorship here and that is why we must speak to you in this fashion."

The testimony later given us by the Arab states' spokesmen made perfectly clear that the only political solution for Palestine they would accept was its establishment as a unitary Arab State.

What, we asked, would be the status of the Jews in such a state? Hamid Frangie, Lebanese foreign minister, and Emir Adel Arslan of Syria rep in effect that all Jews who had co to Palestine after the Balfour Decla tion of November, 1917—which Arabs consider illegal—would h their citizenship re-examined.

Those who had entered Palest without "permission of the Man tory Power" should be expelled fr the country, Frangie added. Th who had entered legally but h not acquired Palestinian citizensh would have their status determined the Arab government.

The implication was clear: The n jority of the 700,000 Jews now Palestine had entered since 1917; m of these would be subject to depor tion, depending upon the rigidity benevolence of the future Arab mu dominated government of Palestine

A few days later, I had a priv conversation with Camille Chamou chief Lebanese delegate to the Unit Nations and one of the most enligh ened of Arab leaders. "The Ara will never accept any further Jewi immigration," he said.

Days of Debate in Geneva

Our minds full of testimony, v flew to Europe. In Geneva, we spe long days debating the possible sol tions. We began by agreeing that t mandate for Palestine had failed ar that both Jews and Arabs were ri for independence. The mandate mu terminate. No other trusteesh scheme should take its place. W agreed that we could not accede to t complete demands of either Arabs Jews. Palestine could not be whol Arab, nor wholly Jewish.

This brought us finally to partitio We called in our economic expert we studied the number of immigran that could be absorbed within te years, fifteen years, twenty years. A we probed deeper, we examined th possibility of a common fiscal systen currency and transportation, as we as a customs union—searching for a arrangement which would bind th two states together, not politically bu economically, and thus ensure thei ability to survive. And after all ou studies, we agreed that the only solu tion was partition with economic un ion.

This concluded, we flew to Lak Success, where the partition vote it self is a matter of history. It has bee said that this vote (33 to 13 with 1 abstentions) was the result of im proper pressures, but I should like t make it clear that the Arabs, who hav been especially vehement in suc accusations, were actively workin behind the scenes to procure anti partition votes.

I myself can testify to this. A few days before the vote I was accosted i the delegates' lounge by a group o Arab spokesmen, among whom were Faris Bey el-Khouri of Syria, Genera Noury As-Said and Dr. Mohamed Fadhil Jamali of Iraq and Camille Chamoun of Lebanon.

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

Regardless of the U.N. decision, Haganah members like the young woman pictured above are armed to defend the land which they regard as their rightful home

"The Backbone of the Nation. Marriage . . ." Frank said. Ginny stared at him. "Why, Frank . . . you're right . . . actually right!"

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE MAN

BY JAMES A. KIRCH

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

SETTING his beer glass down on the bar, Mr. Frank Carstairs, Sr., looked at his son. "A firm hand, my boy," he said. "The direct approach."

Mr. Frank Carstairs, Jr., studied his father morosely. "Yeah," he said. "Sure, Dad. But suppose Ginny turns me down?"

Mr. Carstairs, Sr., smiled. "You're a Carstairs, son. The Carstairs go after their women. They sweep them off their feet." He finished his beer. "Off their feet." He waved his arm in a gesture that took in the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

"Yeah," Frank said. "It sounds fine. It sounds easy."

"The direct approach," his father explained. He sampled his fresh glass of beer. "Women like to be carried away. A fact. Proved through the ages." Inspiration took hold of him. "From caves," he said. "By the hair."

"Look," Frank said. "I'm no cave man." He thought of Ginny's hair. Red. He thought of dragging her by it. He shuddered.

"A figure of speech," his father said. "Just an expression. Forcefulness, my boy. Women admire it."

"Yeah," Frank said. "But, Dad, marriage is important. It's . . ."

"The Backbone of the Nation," Mr. Carstairs announced. "The Cornerstone of Democracy. Don't take marriage lightly, my boy." He emptied his glass.

"I'm not," Frank said. "That's just it. When I think about it, I get butterflies . . ."

Mr. Carstairs scowled. "Butterflies," he repeated. "Don't marry a butterfly, son."

"In my stomach," Frank explained.

Mr. Carstairs frowned at his son's untouched beer glass. "Go easy," he warned. "Always coddle your stomach." He slid his own glass to the back of the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

"About asking, Dad," Frank insisted. "You can't just come out cold turkey. I mean, when you asked Mother, you didn't just come out point-blank?"

Mr. Carstairs considered the matter. He let his thoughts go back. A dashing figure. Forceful. Not like the youngsters of today. Knew what he wanted. "Worked around to it," he said. "Just brought it in naturally."

"Naturally," Frank said. He sighed. "Like, 'Will you go to the dance Saturday?' "

Mr. Carstairs put his mind to it. He should help the boy. A father's duty. Out of the wealth of his experience. He was remembering, now. A soft June night. A moon that hung over the river. Edith in a filmy blue dress. Edith with stars in her eyes. That was the night. He'd built up to it slowly.

"Build up to it slowly," he said. He kept the picture in mind. There was something that had given him a start. Something he'd used to build on. He took a sip of his beer and it came to him.

He'd learned the old Williams place was for sale, cheap. A substantial house, in a good section. A chance for a young couple to make a start, without mortgaging themselves for life. He'd mentioned it casually to Edith.

He finished his beer and the picture grew clearer. It had been Edith who'd mentioned it. She'd heard someplace that the house was on the market and she'd happened to mention it to him. He'd seized the opportunity.

"Seize your opportunity," he told Frank. "Strike while the iron is hot."

"Hot," Frank said. "But don't you have to fan it, or something? Didn't you pick out a romantic setting?"

"Romantic," Mr. Carstairs said. "By all means. Romantic." They'd driven down by the river. The moon had hung low over the water. He remembered he'd suggested . . . He checked his thoughts, fingering his beer glass. He had it straight, now. It had been Edith who'd suggested it. She'd said, "It's such a beautiful night. Let's just drive down by the river."

"Humor her," he said. "Let her pick the place. Always humor a woman. Sets the right mood."

"Yeah," Frank said. He slid off his stool. "Well, thanks, Dad. I'd better be running along. Ginny's expecting me. But thanks. . . ."

Mr. Carstairs stopped him with upraised palm. "Nothing," he said. "A father's duty. A privilege. Bless you, my son." He turned back to the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

GINNY was breath-taking in filmy blue. Stars danced in her eyes. Frank gaped at her helplessly. He remembered his father's advice: "Off their feet." He envied his father. The older generation had had what it takes. He said, "You look nice."

"That's sweet," Ginny said. She was bubbling, excited. She said, "You know, I've just had the most wonderful news. Art Graham's been promoted."

"Oh," Frank said. "I mean, *fine!*"

"Daisy's delirious," Ginny said. "They've only been married a year, and that's his second promotion. It's almost as if marriage had done something for him."

"Yeah," Frank said.

"It makes you feel good all over to hear of a marriage working out like that. You feel it *does* mean something."

"The Backbone of the Nation," Fra said. "Marriage, I mean."

Ginny stared at him, wide-eyed. "Wh Frank, I never thought of it like that. B you're right. You're actually right!"

"The Cornerstone of Democracy Frank said. "Marriage, that is." The bu terflies stirred inside him.

Ginny busied herself with the flowe "It means Art goes to the head office she said. "They're moving to New York

"Oh," Frank said. "New York."

"And their apartment," Ginny sai "You know their lovely apartment? means they're giving it up."

"That's too bad," Frank said.

Ginny buried her head in the flower "She called me," she said. "Daisy di She wanted to know if I knew anyboc who'd like it."

"Anybody," Frank said. "Sure. An body'd like their place."

"It would be wonderful," she sai "for some young couple starting ou With the housing shortage and all, it's wonderful break for some young cou ple."

"A young couple," Frank said. "Yeah. The butterflies kicked him with paraly ing force. It was too hot in the room. H took a deep breath. "Well," he said, "let go." He picked up her wrap. He kne that he'd lose her. He didn't have th nerve. He didn't know how other me did it. Men like his father. He jus wasn't one of them. Words froze in hi throat. On the doorstep, he draped he wrap over her shoulders. His hand trembled. He said, "Is there anythin special? Anyplace you'd like to go?"

She smiled up at him, and the low hanging moon brightened the stars i her eyes. "It's such a beautiful night, she said. "Such a beautiful night. Let' just drive down by the river."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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HINTS ON COOKING VEAL CHOPS

IT'S ECONOMICAL as well as delicious to *stuff* veal chops. With a sharp paring knife, cut a deep, wide slit in the fat side of loin chops. Fill with your favorite bread or fruit dressing. Fasten with toothpicks or skewers, and braise.

TO FLOUR CHOPS QUICKLY, try this trick: Toss them, one at a time, in a paper bag in which you've placed several tablespoonfuls of flour and seasonings. For breaded chops, toss in *sifted*, seasoned crumbs, dip in slightly beaten egg, toss in sifted crumbs again.

BRAISING BRINGS OUT THE BEST in veal chops: After chops are coated, brown them in hot fat. Add about ¼ cup hot water (try such variations as apple or tomato juice, sour cream, or diluted mushroom or celery soup). Cover; cook slowly until tender—about 1 hour—on top of range or in moderate (350°F.) oven. Add more liquid *sparingly*, as needed. Hot stuffed olives make an interesting garnish.

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

One hand clasping Regan's throat M'goyna lifted him with his free hand and carried him like a bundle

BY SAX ROHMER

The Story:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, world-famous detectiv in New York trying to keep the notorious archcrimi DR. FU MANCHU, from obtaining the secret of a terr ing new weapon. The device, a giant disintegrator erating on power hidden in the ultraviolet belt ab the ionosphere, is coveted by the agents of every m power in the world. The machine is not yet comple but its inventor, DR. MORRIS CRAIG, is working on final stages.

Dr. Fu Manchu, who is masquerading as PROFES HOFFMEYER, celebrated Viennese psychiatrist, send zombi to abduct CAMILLE NAVARRE, Craig's beaut but enigmatic secretary. Fu Manchu hypnotizes and sends her back to the laboratory to steal the c bination of the safe where Craig keeps a drawing the disintegrator's missing element. The Oriental natic also makes a duplicate of her master key to Huston laboratory.

MICHAEL FROBISHER, president of the Huston El tric Company and Craig's financial backer, compla that he is being followed by Orientals. His wife, M MICHAEL FROBISHER, is taking treatment from Prof sor Hoffmeyer, ignorant of the fact that the "prof sor" is really Dr. Fu Manchu.

While conducting a reconnaissance of a suspici shop in Chinatown one night, Smith is seized by hen men of Fu Manchu and brought to a cellar, where meets the notorious fanatic. Smith is facing cert death.

III

IT IS at least possible that the disappearan of Nayland Smith might have gone on t unsolved list if any detective officer oth than George Moreno, already back on duty, h been assigned to a certain post that night.

The shop of Huan Tsung, for which Smith h set out the night before, was being kept und routine observation. And at ten o'clock More relieved a man who had been on duty since si Chinatown was Moreno's special stamping groun and his orders were to make a record of all visito and to note, particularly, any movements of t mysterious proprietor.

The small, stuffy room from which he operat put out a nauseating blend of odors. It was one several in the house commanding an excellent vie of part of the Asiatic quarter, and this was not t first time it had been used for police purposes. B the days of tong wars seemed to be over. Chin town was as gentle-mannered as Park Avenue.

He had been there for a long time when old Hua Tsung's antique car was brought around to the fro of the shop. Assisted by a yellow-complexione driver of ambiguous nationality and by a spru young shopman, the aged figure came out and e tered the car. Huan Tsung wore a heavy, dark to coat with a fur collar; the wide brim of a soft blac hat half concealed his features. His eyes were pr tected by owlish spectacles.

The car was driven off. The shopman returne to the shop.

Moreno knew that the journey would be ke under observation. But he doubted that any ev dence of value would result. In all likelihood, thes drives were purely constitutionals. The old man be lieved in the merit of night air.

After his departure, little else occurred for som time. Moreno, who had a pair of powerful glasse began to grow restive. He learned that he coul read even the smaller lettering on shop signs acros the street. Faces of passers-by might be inspecte minutely. But no one of particular interest cam within range of the strong lenses. There wer callers at Huan Tsung's, Asiatic and Occidental but none to excite suspicion. . . .

A small truck drew up before the shop. Th young Oriental helped a truckman lower into th basement a big packing case covered with Chines lettering. Evidently a consignment of goods; some thing uncommonly heavy.

The trap door was closed. The truck went away Moreno, in the airless room, began to grow sleepy Then, in a flash, he was wide awake.

A tall man was leaving Huan Tsung's. He wore dark topcoat, a white scarf and a neat black hat. H carried a leather case. Moreno hadn't seen this ma

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"Stop it, Ed— that man'll KILL you!"

ED: Well, a man's got a right to a little liberty in this country, I guess, my love. And I *won't*—

ANN: Yes! You won't pose unless you can show yourself off in that *wonderful, cool, lightweight* Arrow Shirt, will you? Humph! That man'll KILL—

ED: Let us not indulge in dolorous forebodings, my dove. You know how sad I look without that one-and-only Arrow Collar! You *also* know what that streamlined, shaped-to-my-shape shirt fit* does for me!

ANN: I *know*, But—I don't want to be a young widow just because of a man's vanity! And when that photographer comes back, Ed, he'll simply EAT YOU UP!

ED: *There!* Now I can sit for our portrait, darling—and do us both justice! If I could only show the *Sanforized* label on my neckband—

ANN: You know something? I think you're *plumb raving crazy!* Mother always said you were. *Sanforized* label, indeed! Everybody knows it means "fabric shrinkage less than 1%," and why you—OH-oh!

ED: Ah, ready now, Sir Flashbulb? I have taken a very slight liberty with your scenery, as you may observe. And I trust—now, TAKE IT EASY, BUSTER!

ANN: Oh *dear!* Run, Ed!

PHOTOG: No-no! No run from Tony. He just want-a looka thees mos' *beautiful* shirt inna world! What ees hees

name, Senor? Where can I get heem? How much-a he cost? I paint heem ina my scenery, no? Make much-a money for Tony, heem! $3.50 *Mitoga

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ARROW *LIGHTWEIGHT* **SHIRTS**

go in; he instantly focused the glasses on his face. And, as he did so, his hands shook slightly.

It was the first face he had seen when he had opened his eyes in the hospital.

The man was "Dr. Malcolm!"

Moreno was hurrying downstairs when Huan Tsung's car returned, and the shopman came out to help a fur-coated figure alight. It had been driven away before Moreno reached the street—and Dr. Malcolm had disappeared.

FU MANCHU said, "My mission is to save the world from the leprosy of Communism. I alone can do this. And I do it not because of any love I have for the American people, but because if the United States falls, the whole world falls. In this task, Sir Denis, I shall brook no interference."

Nayland Smith made no reply. He was listening, not only to the sibilant, incisive voice, but also to certain vague sounds which penetrated the cellar. He was trying to determine where the place was located.

"Morris Craig, a physicist touched with genius, is perfecting a device which, in the hands of warmongers, would wreck those fragments of civilization which survive the maniac Hitler. News of this pending disaster brought me here. I am inadequately served. There has been no time to organize a suitable staff. My aims you know."

Nayland Smith nodded. From faint sounds detected, he had deduced that the cellar lay near a busy street.

"I appreciate your aims. I don't like your methods."

"We shall not discuss them. They are effective. Your recent visit to Teheran failed to save Omar Khan. He was the principal Soviet agent in that area. Power is strong wine even for men of culture. But when it touches the lips of those unaccustomed to it, power drives them mad. Such a group of power-drunk fools now threatens the future of man. One of its agents is watching Craig's experiments. He must be silenced."

"Why don't you silence him?"

The brilliant green eyes almost closed, so that they became mere slits in an ivory mask.

"I have always respected your character, Sir Denis." The words were no more than whispered. "It has that mulish stupidity which won the Battle of Britain. The incompetents who serve me have failed, so far, to identify this agent. I still believe that if you could appreciate my purpose, you would become of real use to a world hurtling headlong aster. I repeat—I respect your char

"It was this respect, no doubt, prompted you to attempt my mu

"The attempt was clumsy. undertaken contrary to my wishes can be of greater use to me aliv dead."

Those softly spoken words were terrifying to Smith than any threat

Had Fu Manchu decided to sn him into his Far Eastern base b mysterious subway which so fa defied all investigation? As the dr prospect flashed into Smith's min Manchu exercised one of his uncanny gifts: that of answering a spoken question.

"Yes—such is my present inte Sir Denis. I have work for you. cellar is shared by several Asiatic t men, one of whom is an import Chinese coffins. A death has occ in the district, and the deceased—a of means—expressed a wish to be b in his birthplace. When his coffin i there, via Hong Kong, he will not it . . ."

There was an interruption.

Heralded by the sound of an op door, two stockily built, swarthy fi entered. One of them limped badly. carried an ornate coffin, which the down on the concrete floor. They sa Dr. Fu Manchu profoundly.

Nayland Smith clenched his straining, briefly but uselessly, a slender, remorseless strands which him. The men were Burmese ruffia the dacoit class from which Fu Ma had formerly recruited his bodyg The one who limped and had a vi cast in his right eye spoke rapidly.

Fu Manchu silenced him with a ture. But Nayland Smith had hea and understood. His heart leaped. H was reborn. But Fu Manchu rema unmoved. He spoke calmly.

"The preparation for your long ney," he said, "calls for time and car must be postponed. I believe you had opportunity to study example that synthetic death—a form of catal —which I can induce. I hope to ope in the morning. This"—he extend long-nailed forefinger in the directio the coffin—"will be your berth. You require no passport . . ."

Nayland Smith detected signs of easiness in the two Burmese. The who limped and squinted was watc him murderously—for this was the whom he had kicked the night bef Faintly, he could hear sounds of pas

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traffic, but nothing else. The odds against his survival were high.

Dr. Fu Manchu signaled again—and the two Burmese went toward their helpless prisoner.

THE life of Chinatown apparently pursued its normal midnight course. Some of the shops and restaurants continued to do business. Others were closing. There was nothing to indicate that every man and woman leaving Chinatown did so under expert scrutiny.

The grim deputy commissioner, who had arrived to direct operations in person, spoke to Raymond Harkness. "If Nayland Smith's here, they won't get him out—alive or dead."

In Huan Tsung's shop, Police Captain Rafferty found a young Oriental writing by the poor light of a paper-shaded lamp. He glanced up at Rafferty, without apparent interest.

"Where's Huan Tsung?"

"Not home."

"Where's he gone?"

"Don't know."

"When did he go?"

"Ten minute—quarter hour."

This confirmed reports. The ancient car had appeared again. Old Huan Tsung had sallied forth a second time.

"When's he coming back?"

"Don't know."

"Expect him tonight?"

"Sure."

"While we're waiting," said Rafferty, "we'll take a look around. Lead the way upstairs."

The young man offered no protest. He put his brush away and stood up. "If you please," he said, and opened a narrow door at the back of the counter.

At about the time that Rafferty started upstairs, a radio message came through to the car which the deputy commissioner was using as mobile headquarters. It stated that Huan Tsung's vintage car was parked on lower Fifth Avenue just above Washington Square.

Inquiries brought to light the fact that it stood before an old brick house. The officer reporting didn't know who occupied this house. Huan Tsung had called there earlier that night and had returned to Pell Street. He was now presumably there again.

"Do I go in and get him?" the officer inquired.

"No. But keep him covered when he comes out."

This order of the deputy commissioner's was one of those strategic blunders which have sometimes lost wars . . .

Police Captain Rafferty found little of note in the rooms above the shop. They resembled hundreds of such apartments to be seen in that neighborhood. The sanctum of Huan Tsung, with its silk-covered walls and charcoal t arrested his attention for a whil stared at the crystal globe with pa interest, then glanced at his guide, name—so he said—was Lao Tai.

"Fortuneteller work here?"

Lao Tai shook his head.

"Here Huan Tsung meditate. Tsung great thinker."

"He'll have to think fast tonigh show me the way into the cellar."

Lao Tai obeyed, leading R through to the back of the shop w narrow wooden stair was almost behind piles of merchandise. He sw on a light at the bottom of the sta Rafferty went clattering down.

He found himself in a cellar not greater in area than the shop abo chute communicated with a trap sidewalk overhead. Cartons and bearing Chinese labels and le nearly filled the place. It smelled st of spice and rotten fish.

One long, narrow packing case s to have been recently opened. R examined it with care, then turned t Tai who watched him disintereste

"When did this thing come?"

"Come tonight."

Rafferty was beginning to wonde this man's answers added up cor for he knew that such a crate had delivered earlier that night.

"What was in it?"

Lao Tai vaguely indicated the around: "This and that."

"Well, show me some 'this.' Th can take a look at any 'that' you handy."

LAO TAI touched a chest of tea a disdainful shoe, and point a number of bronze bowls stacked wooden bench. His slightly slanting held no message but one of a bor too deep for expression. And it was Police Captain Rafferty was wond what lay hidden under this crust and to break through it that Huan Ts remarkable chariot returned to Street and the old man was helped

He expressed neither surprise n terest to find the police on the pre He bowed courteously when Ray Harkness stated that he had some tions to put to him and, leaning o arm of his Mongolian driver, led the upstairs. Seating himself on the ioned divan in the silk-lined roon dismissed the driver, offered cigar and suggested tea.

"Thanks—no," said Harkness i quiet way. "Just a few questions. are acquainted with a doctor—a E pean, I believe. He is tall, dark wears a slight mustache. He called tonight. I should be glad of his addr

Huan Tsung began to fill a l

"You needn't bother here, Ed, this one's got plenty of oil"

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stemmed pipe. He had extraordinarily slender, adroit fingers.

"I fear I cannot help you," he replied in his courteous, exact English. "A European physician, you say?" He shook his head. "It is possible, if he came here, that he came only to make a purchase. Have you questioned my assistant?"

"I haven't. The man I mean is employed by Dr. Fu Manchu."

Not one of Huan Tsung's hundred wrinkles stirred. His benevolent gaze remained fixed upon Harkness.

"A strange name," he murmured. "No doubt a pseudonym. Tell me more of this strangely named doctor—"

"It's for you to tell *me* more. Will you tell me now, or will you come along and tell the boys at Centre Street?"

"Why, may I ask, should I drag my old bones to Centre Street?"

"It won't be necessary, if you care to talk. You are an educated man, and I'm prepared to treat you that way if you behave sensibly."

HUAN TSUNG went on filling his pipe. His parchment face creased into what might have been a smile.

"It is true. I formerly administered a large province of China, probably with justice, and certainly with success. Events, however, necessitated my departure without avoidable delay."

"Did you know Dr. Fu Manchu in China?"

Huan Tsung ignited a paper spill in the brazier and began to light his pipe.

"Your question is a foolish one. I thought I had made it clear that I am unacquainted with this person."

"Pity your memory's getting so unreliable," said Harkness.

"Alas, after seventy, each succeeding year robs us of a hundred delights."

Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs, and Captain Rafferty came in.

"Listen—there's a door down in the basement leading to some other place—another cellar, I guess. Let's have the key, or shall I break it open?"

Huan Tsung regarded the intruder mildly.

"I fear you have no choice," he said. "The door leads, as you say, into the storeroom of my neighbor, Kwee Long, whose premises are on the adjoining street. He will have gone, no doubt. The door is locked from the other side. I possess no key to this door."

"Sure of that, Huan Tsung?" Harkness asked quietly.

"Unless my memory betrays me." . . .

The door in the cellar was forced. It proved no easy job: It was a strong, heavy door. The police found themselves in a much larger cellar, which evidently ran under several stores and was of irregular shape. Part of it seemed to be used by a caterer, for there were numerous cases of imported delicacies. They could find no switches and worked by flashlight.

Then they came to the part of the cellar where Chinese coffins were stacked.

This place struck a chill—to the spirit as well as to the body. The deputy commissioner had just joined the party. Their only clues, so far, led to Huan Tsung's. Hope rested on the report of Officer Moreno that the pseudo doctor had been seen leaving there that night.

"No evidence anybody's been around here," Rafferty declared. "See any more doors anyplace?"

"There's one over here, Captain," came a muffled voice.

All looked in that direction. Sure enough there was one at the back of a deep alcove. The man who had found it tried to open it. He had no success.

"Smash it!" the deputy commissioner ordered.

They had just gone to work with enthusiasm when Rafferty held his hand up.

"Quiet, everybody!"

Nervous silence succeeded clamor.

"What did you hear?" the deputy commissioner whispered.

"Sort of tapping, sir."

"Where from?"

"The coffins . . . Ssh! There it is again!"

"Maybe there's a rat in there."

"Quiet! Listen!"

A faint, irregular knocking sound became audible. It was followed by what seemed to be a stifled moan.

"Quick! This way! Open all those things!"

A rush back to the coffin cellar took place. The men pulled down five or six, and found them empty. Rafferty held up his hand. "Stop the clatter. Listen."

All became quiet. And from somewhere near the base of another pile not yet attacked they heard it again, more clearly . . . tapping and a stifled groan.

"It's that thing with all the gilt. The second one from the bottom!"

To move the empty coffins on top was a business of minutes. And in the most ornate specimen of all they found Nayland Smith.

His wrists and ankles were lashed up with what looked like sewing silk. But clasp knives failed to cut it. A piece of surgical strapping was fastened across his mouth. One man gently removed it.

"Thank God you heard me," he croaked. "I could just move one foot. Don't blunt your knives on this stuff. Get a wire cutter. Lift me out."

Two men lifted him out and supported him to a bench set before the opposite wall. He smiled grimly as he sat there. The commissioner produced a flask.

"Thank God indeed, Sir Denis. It's a miracle you weren't suffocated."

"Air holes bored in coffin. Never mind *me*. What of Dr. Fu Manchu?"

"Not a sign of him."

Nayland Smith sighed, and took a drink. "He left here little more than half an hour ago."

"*What!* But it's impossible! No one left this area during that time who wasn't known to be a regular resident."

Smith gave him a grim look.

"What about Huan Tsung? Doesn't he wear a wide-brimmed hat and a heavy, fur-lined coat?"

The deputy commissioner and Captain Rafferty exchanged worried looks.

"He does, and he certainly went out again," said Rafferty. "He went twice to a house on lower Fifth. But he's back."

"He may be," Smith rapped. "But he only went there once. It was Dr. Fu Manchu, dressed like him, who came back and Dr. Fu Manchu who has just slipped through your fingers again! Have this Fifth Avenue place raided—*now*. . . . But already it's too late."

AN ENEMY, one who sought nothing less than dictatorship of the United States, was within the gates, watching Morris Craig's revolutionary experiments. London, knowing the hazard, watched also. Washington, alive to the menace, had instructed the F.B.I. And the F.B.I., aware of a further danger in the formidable person of Dr. Fu Manchu, had sent for Nayland Smith. But no hint of the desperate battle waging in their midst was permitted to reach the ears of those whose fate hung in the balance.

Nayland Smith called up Craig the next morning.

"Thought you might be worried," he said. "Had a brush with the enemy, but no bones broken. Watch your step, Craig. This thing is coming to a head. Hope to look in later. . . ."

The mantle of gloom which had enveloped Craig dropped from his shoulders. His problems no longer seemed insuperable. Clearly enough, opposition more dangerous than that of commercial rivalry was in the field against Huston Electric. His empirical mind, which demanded tangible evidence before granting even trivial surmises, had fought against acceptance not merely of the presence, but of the existence of Dr. Fu Manchu. Now he was converted.

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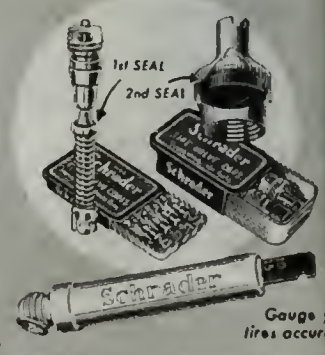

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nt, yet, of what had happened nd Smith, he must regard the at- n Moreno as the work of some nusually equipped. The mode k certainly suggested Oriental e. If, then, Dr. Fu Manchu— the Soviet agent?

night reasonably suppose, al- Smith had never even hinted it, ith acted for the British govern- Very well. Who was acting for mlin?

Camille came in, he turned to a happy smile.

heard from Nayland Smith. Heaven, the old lad's okay."

n glad," said Camille, and Craig to the harp notes in her fascinat- e. "I know you were worried."

worried about you, too, Miss ."

started; her eyes seemed to as- deeper shade. "Why, Dr. Craig?"

're overdoing it, my dear," he ex- . "I'm sure you're not getting sleep."

I look such a wreck?" she asked. always look lovely when you ear those damned glasses."

" said Camille. "Since you told didn't like them I only wear now, when I am working."

dn't say anything of the kind. I preferred your eyes in the nude, peak. There's only one other thing ght do for me."

at is that, Dr. Craig?"

ll—must you hide that wonderful hind your ears as if you wanted et it?"

Camille laughed, and her laugh- g true.

lly, you *are* ridiculous! But very mentary. My hair is rather— flamboyant, and I don't feel—"

a display entirely in order for the of a stuffy physicist? Well—I'll let T. But there's a proviso."

hat is the proviso, Dr. Craig?"

at you wear it long this week end ling Waters."

," said Camille, demurely. "Am I d to think it over?"

s. But make up your mind by the ng."

nille crossed toward the door of om, then paused and turned.

n sorry. But I'm afraid I quite for- mention what I really came to ask Dr. Craig."

hat is it?"

rs. Frobisher was speaking to me e phone yesterday, and we discov- we both suffered from insomnia. alled me this morning to tell me she rranged an appointment with Pro- Hoffmeyer. Of course, I should have dreamed of such a thing. ."

ou can't duck it because the boss' has fixed it? I quite agree. He'll probably prescribe six weeks at Palm Beach. But pay no attention."

"What I wanted to ask you was if it would be all right for me to go along there at eight tonight?"

"Eight?"

"Yes. An unusual hour for a consultant. I suppose he is fitting me in when he has no other appointments."

"Between the cocktails and the soup, I should guess. Certainly, Miss Navarre. Why ask?"

"Well"—Camille hesitated—"I know you plan to work late tonight, and I'm often wanted to take notes—"

"Forget it. And go right home afterward. We make an early start tomorrow morning."

"That's very kind of you, Dr. Craig, and I am grateful. But when I took this appointment I knew what the hours would be. I shall certainly come back."

AT a quarter to eight, when Camille set out, Craig was crouched over his work, a formula like a Picasso drawing pinned to a corner of the board and a pen in his mouth.

"I expect to return in an hour, Dr. Craig."

Craig raised his hand in a gesture of dismissal and said something that might have been, "Go to bed."

Camille pressed the button of the private elevator, and when it arrived, opened the door with her passkey and went down to the thirty-second floor. She closed the door there—they were all self-locking—and crossed the big office, in which a light was always left on, to a similar door on the other side. She knew the second elevator would be below, for Regan had gone down at four o'clock, when Mr. Shaw had relieved him.

She pressed the button, and when the signal light glowed, unlocked the door and descended to the main floor. There was a small, dark lobby which opened directly onto the street, a means of private entry and exit used only by the laboratory staff and Michael Frobisher. As soon as Camille stepped out of the elevator she knew that someone was in this lobby.

She stood quite still.

"Who's there?" she asked in a low voice.

"Don't be alarmed." A flashlight came to life.

"Sir Denis—!" Camille whispered.

She could see his face, now, framed in the upturned collar of an overcoat. It was a very grim face.

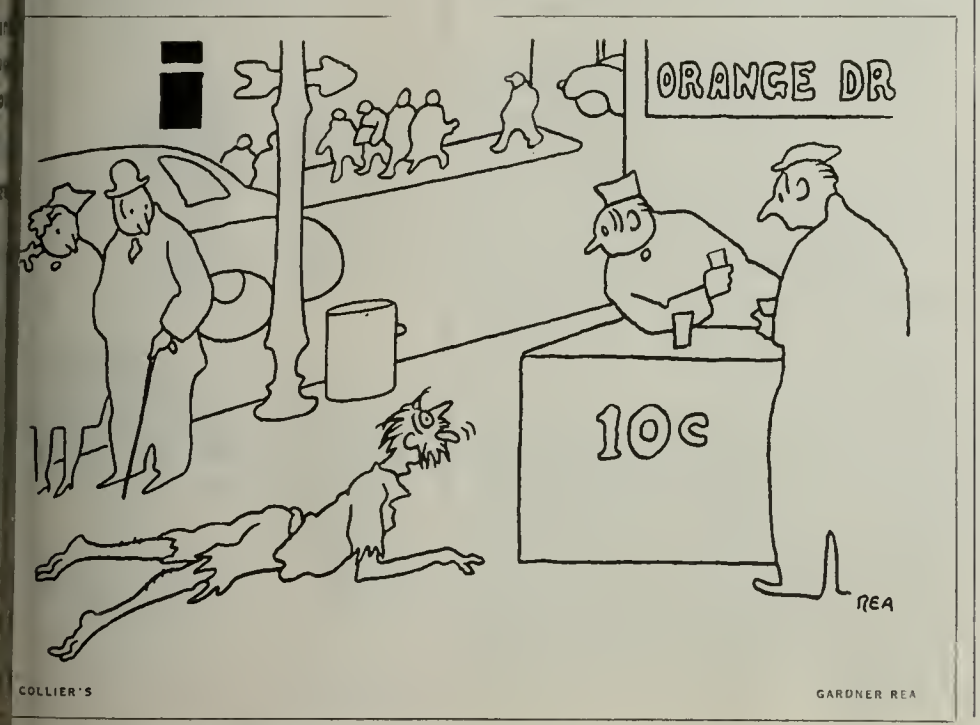
"Wondering how I got in? Well, I'll explain the great illusion. I have a duplicate key. Craig up there?"

"Yes, Sir Denis—and very busy."

"Are you off for the night?"

"Not at all. I hope to be back in an hour."

"Good girl!" A smile swept the grim-



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ness from his face swiftly as a mask removed. "I have excellent reports of your keenness and efficiency."

He patted her shoulder, passed her and put his key in the elevator door.

Camille went out into the street. Two men lounging immediately outside gave her searching glances, but she preserved her admirable poise, waiting with apparent calm until a cruising taxi came along.

She gave the address, Woolton Building, and then tried to carry out advice printed on a card before her, "Sit back and relax."

It was useless to ignore the fact that she had reached a climax in her affairs. The tangled threads of her existence had tripped her at almost every turn.

Morris must be told. She had made up her mind to tell him tomorrow. Her crowning dread was that he would find out from someone else. She wanted him to learn the truth from her own lips. . . .

Only one elevator remained in service at the Woolton Building. Most of the office staffs had left.

"Hoffmeyer? Top," the bored operator told her.

She stepped out on an empty corridor. Directly facing her was a door marked "Professor Hoffmeyer. Information."

It proved to be a well-appointed reception office. No one was there.

Camille sat down on a cushioned divan. A clock above the desk told her that she was three minutes ahead of time.

On the stroke of eight, a Chinese girl came in through a doorway facing that by which visitors entered. She wore national dress and had a gazelle's grace of movement. Clasping her hands on her breast, she bowed. "If you will be pleased to follow me," she said.

Camille followed her across a large salon decorated with miniature reproductions of classic statuary and beautiful paintings. There were richly cushioned settees, desks provided with the latest periodicals, softly shaded lamps. She began to understand that Professor Hoffmeyer was a luxury reserved for the wives and concubines of commercial sultans, and to wonder if Mrs. Frobisher had any idea of her salary.

From here they passed along a tiled corridor between cubicles resembling those in a Pompeian bath. There were medical odors mingling with all those perfumes peculiar to a beauty parlor. There had been no one in the salon and there was no one in any of the cubicles.

THE journey ended in an office which, unlike the other rooms, conformed with Camille's idea of what a consultant's establishment should be. There was a large, neat desk. One of the drawers was open, as if someone had been seated there only a moment before. A number of scientific books filled a heavy mahogany case. On the right of this was an opening which evidently communicated with another room.

Camille's Chinese guide clasped her hands on her breast, bowed and retired.

The place possessed a faint, sweetish smell. It awakened some dormant memory. Then a voice spoke, the voice of someone in the dimly lighted room beyond: "Be so good as to enter."

Camille's mind, her spirit, rose in revolt. Suddenly, she was fired by a single impulse—to escape. But she seemed to be incapable of escape. Those words were a command she found herself helpless to disobey.

Slowly, with lagging steps, she walked in. Her movements made no sound on a thick carpet. It was an apartment Orientally furnished. There were arched openings in which lanterns hung. She saw painted screens, lacquer. But these were only a background for a figure seated behind a long, narrow table.

He wore a yellow robe; his chin rested on his hands, his elbows on the table. And his glittering green eyes claimed and owned her.

Camille stifled a scream, turne the opening through which she ha in was no longer there; only a bea wrought lacquer panel. She twiste fighting down hysteria. Her glan in the whole room.

"Yes," the sibilant voice assur "you are not mistaken, Miss Nava you have been here before."

MORRIS CRAIG, seated w back to the desk, watched th restless figure of Nayland Smith ing the office. He looked gaunt, steps were springy, his eyes clear.

"The greatest compliment eve to me!" said Nayland Smith, "Dr. Fu Manchu considers I an useful alive than dead!"

"It's a miracle you're alive."

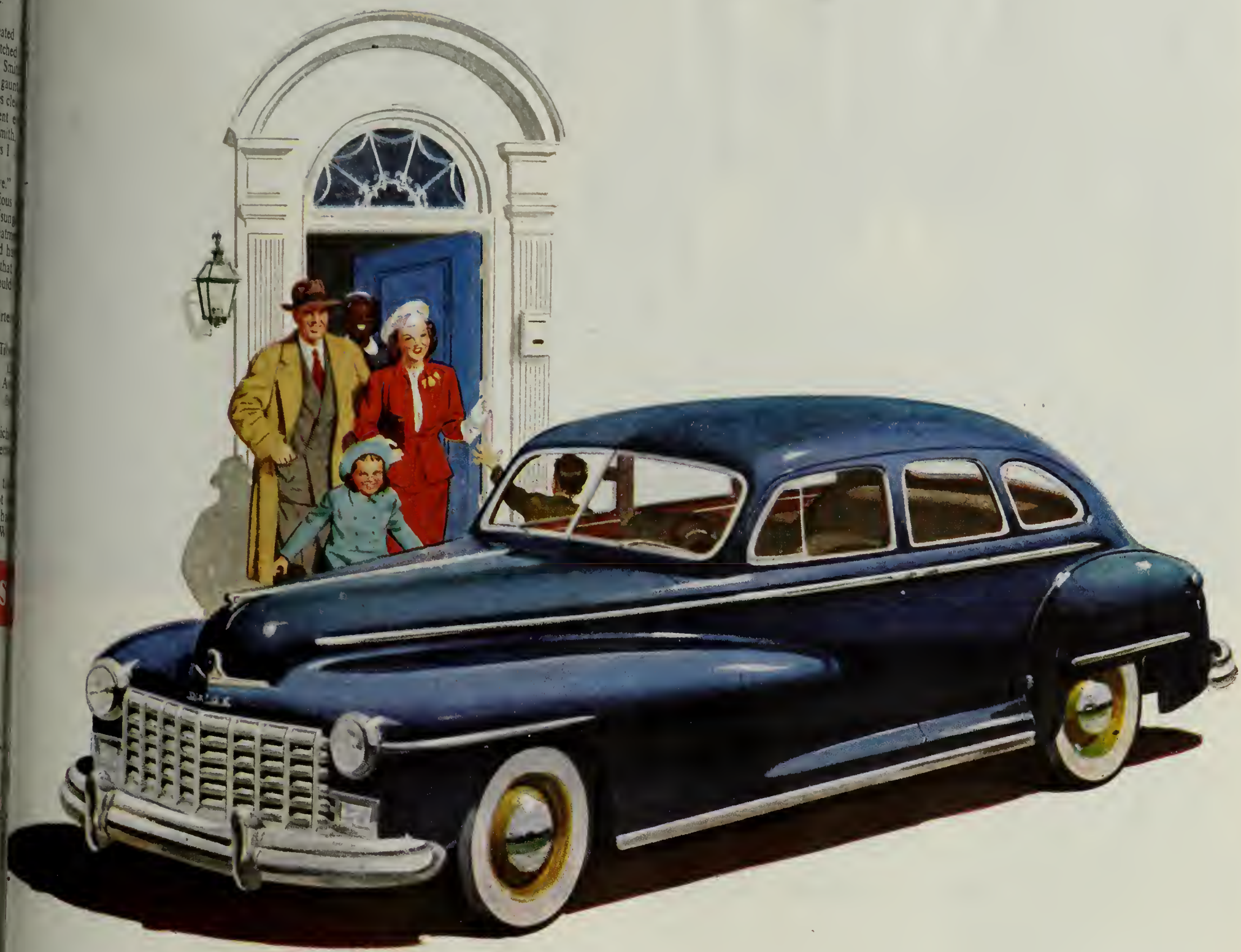
"I suppose it is. Mysterious n the pending raid on Huan Tsung's a postponement of the treatmer scribed. Otherwise, I should hav found, certifiably dead, in that coffin. Failing the raid, I should b be on my way to China."

"Do you think the headquarters thing are in China?"

"No," rasped Smith. "In Tibet completely inaccessible spot. Lh not the only secret city in Asia Everest the highest mountain. But that. I want certain facts."

Craig lighted a cigarette, which been holding for some time betwe fingers.

"You shall have them. But the certain facts *I* want, too. I'm not in from human curiosity, even if I hav nessed a force new to physics. Wh



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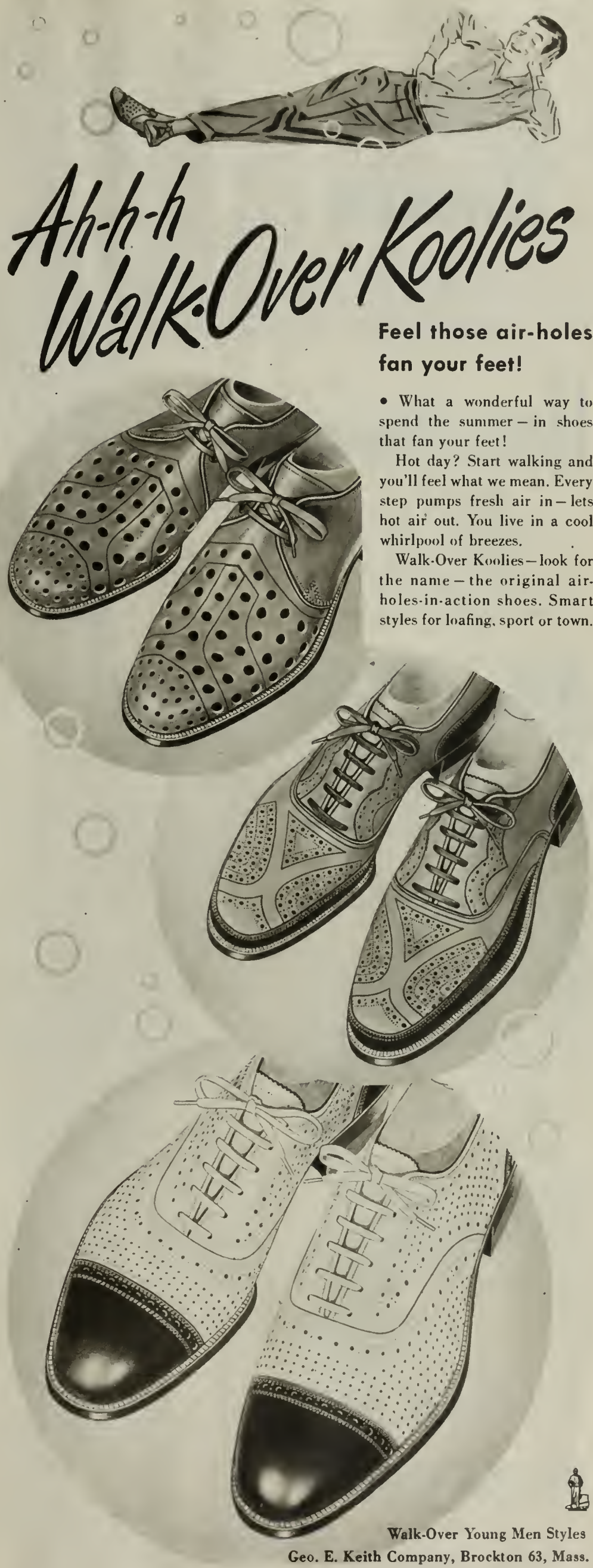
ound you last night, what about w Huan Tsung?"
smiled. It was a smile of pure nt. He pulled up, facing Craig. n Tsung, ex-governor of a province, and a prominent mem- he Council of Seven, I had met He blandly denied any recol- of the meeting. As I had clearly elivered at his shop during the in a crate, and taken into an ad- cellar, Harkness and the deputy sioner proposed to arrest him." ould have proposed ditto."
what charge?" asked Smith.
you tell me he doubled with Fu —"
doubtedly he did. But how can e it? A scholarly, elderly gentle- o claims to be French Canadian s the apartment on lower Fifth which Huan Tsung visited last They are old friends, it seems. ere discussing the political situ- China, and Huan Tsung returned Street for some correspondence on the subject."
you were found in his cellar!"
n't his cellar, Craig. Remember, ice *broke* into that cellar. And the whom it really belongs is out of Lastly, the shopman, a cultured oduced an invoice for the contents crate in which I was brought there wherever I had been before!"
you recognized Huan Tsung?"
tainly. But he blandly assures me istaken. He had the impudence to out that, to the Western eye, Chi- ces look much alike. Had he had ivilege of meeting me before, he uch an honor couldn't possibly scaped his memory!"
e going to get away with it?"
r the time being, I'm afraid he is. La Fosse of lower Fifth Avenue, s undoubtedly in Fu Manchu's em- declares that he never even heard h a person. Of course the police atch them closely. Their lines are d already."
d what about those damned injec- Do you feel no ill effects?"
one whatever. You must accept the Craig, that Dr. Fu Manchu has a ledge of medicine which is genera- ahead of anything known to West- cience. And now, waste no more y time. Listen—"
e big clock above the desk sounded gle note. Eight o'clock. The office opened and Regan came in. His face wore an odd expression.
may be mistaken," he said, "but I I saw a pair of tough-looking lads de the private door downstairs."

Nayland Smith laughed. "Part of my bodyguard!"
"Oh," said Regan. "That's it, is it?"
"We are invested," murmured Craig. "A beleaguered garrison."
Regan went up the steps and unlocked the laboratory door. Eerie vibrations invaded the office. His figure showed outlined for a moment against green light. Then, the door was closed as he went in.
"I want to know," said Nayland Smith, "when you will be finished?"
"Tonight."
"Sure?"
"Perfectly sure."
"Even allowing an hour for dinner?"
Craig brushed his hair back, staring.
"I'm stopping for no dinner."
Nayland Smith smiled again.
"Craig, I begin to agree with Dr. Fu Manchu, who informed me that you are what he described as 'touched with genius.' I don't want you to confirm his diagnosis by dying young. I have booked a table at a quiet restaurant. Until you are dragged away from that desk, your abstraction is deplorable. And there are important things I want to tell you."
"Won't they keep?"
"No. And by the way, I miss the invaluable Sam."
"The said Invaluable has twenty-four hours' leave. His mother is ill in Philadelphia. Result: For the first time in days I can go out for a drink without being tailed by a shadow in a peaked cap!"

THE laboratory yawned again and Shaw stepped out. He stood at the top of the steps for a moment, looking down. The chief technician had the heavy frame of an outdoor man, a mass of unruly blond hair and a merry eye.
"Just off, Shaw?" Craig called. "You don't know my masterful friend, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, do you?"
Shaw came down and shook hands.
"Free man until midnight," he said. "Then back to the bloody juggernaut that lives in there!" He turned to Craig. "If you had that valve detail ready tonight, I believe I could fit up the transmuter in time for tests on, say, Monday."
"Do you?" Craig replied. He grinned like a schoolboy. "Has no thought crossed the massive brain to file a will before that date?"
Shaw nodded. "It has, Doctor. Rests with you. But if we can keep the cork in when we really fill the bottle—"
He went out.
"Our convoy awaits!" said Nayland Smith. "Let's move."
Craig called the laboratory.
"Regan here."
"I regret to state, Regan, that I am

"Who around here answers to the name of 'Dreamboat'?"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO



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being forcibly removed to some restaurant to dine—"

"Good thing, too."

"Well, I shall be back at nine. Want to see me before I go?"

"No, Doctor. Enjoy your dinner."

Craig carried his drawing board and his notes across to the safe. When they were locked away, he glanced toward the door of Camille's room.

"She's out," said Smith dryly. "I passed her as I came in."

THEY were already speeding along in a police car, two F.B.I. men following in another, as Camille faced Dr. Fu Manchu across the bizarre study.

"You have been here before," the harsh voice had said. And, in a moment of cold horror, Camille knew this to be true. Her dream had haunted her so persistently that she had spoken to Morris, warned him to change the safe combination. In her wastebasket she had found those fragments of a torn note. And, although she had spent hours trying to piece the fragments together and had failed, she knew that the paper on which the note was written came from the Huston Electric office.

Now, the man, the inscrutable, dreadful face of the man and every detail surrounding him, told her that the dream had been a memory recaptured in sleep.

She had come to the appointment with Professor Hoffmeyer wearing her dark-rimmed glasses. At this moment the incongruity of her appearance in such environment struck her forcibly.

One angle of the room was occupied by shelves filled with volumes, some of them large and in faded leather bindings. Then came the lacquer panel. This, she knew, masked an opening through which she had entered. Beyond it a curtain partly concealed a recess. A silk-shaded lantern hung in an arched doorway. A cushioned divan rose like an island in a sea of rugs. There were two strangely shaped medieval chairs. A long, black table bore books, open manuscripts, jars and a mummied head mounted on a wooden base. The dim light of a green lamp just outlined a crystal globe.

And behind the table, hands with attenuated nails crossed under his chin, was the *Man*. . . .

"Please sit down." His half-closed eyes glanced sideways in the direction of the divan. He did not stir, otherwise.

Camille, fighting a desperate battle for calmness, for sanity, remained standing. She stared challengingly at the motionless figure. Her throat was dry, but her soft voice did not betray her. "I came to consult Professor Hoffmeyer. Who are *you?*"

He remained immobile. When he replied, his thin lips seemed not to move.

"I am accustomed to asking questions, Miss Navarre, not to answering them. But I must make a concession in the case of a fellow scientist—and one whose courage I respect. I am known as Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Dr. Fu Manchu!" she whispered.

"I believe you have been warned against me. I regret that I should be so misunderstood, that the world should think badly of me."

"But what are you doing here? If Mrs. Frobisher knew—"

"If Mrs. Frobisher knew what? That Professor Hoffmeyer is Dr. Fu Manchu, or that Camille Navarre is employed by the Intelligence Service of an alien government?"

"What are you suggesting?"

"I suggest nothing. I ask a question. Mrs. Frobisher made the appointment for tonight because I told her to do so—"

"You mean—that Mrs. Frobisher knows—?"

"Mrs. Frobisher does not know anything. But I believe that her husband might react unfavorably if he knew you to be an agent of Great Britain."

Camille's heart was throbbing wildly, but she had been trained to face the worst.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is true." Slowly, Dr. Fu Manchu stood up. "Your employers are within their rights in seeking to learn the nature of those experiments being carried out in the Huston laboratory. We live in a dangerous age. I admire them for their ingenious removal to a better post of Dr. Craig's former assistant, and for providing you with the necessary credentials to take her place."

He was walking around the corner of the long, narrow table, and coming nearer. He had a catlike step.

"My credentials are my own."

"Indeed. And where did you acquire them?"

Fear made her defiant. "Is that your business?"

"And where did you acquire them?" he repeated in a low, sibilant tone.

"I graduated at the Sorbonne."

"I congratulate you. These are details I had no time to gather at our former interview. And did you carry out Intelligence work during the war?"

"I worked with the resistance." Camille spoke faintly. "In Grenoble."

Dr. Fu Manchu returned to his seat behind the long table.

"Again, accept my congratulations. You speak perfect English."

"My mother was English."

Camille sank down on the divan. She was terrified, but her brain remained cool. One thing was clear. During that hiatus which had cost her so many sleepless nights, she must have been here. How had she got here? And why, except in a dream, had she completely forgotten all that happened?

Above all, what *had* happened?

Camille clutched the cushions convulsively. A quivering, metallic sound stirred the silence.

The crystal was coming to life. A radiance as of moonlight glowed and grew within it. For a moment it seemed cloudy, resembling a huge opal. Then, the clouds dispersed, and a face materialized.

CAMILLE thought, at first, it was the living face of the Egyptian whose mummied head stood on the table. But it soon declared itself as that of a very old Chinese.

"I have the report, Excellency."

The voice was clear, but seemed to come from a long way off.

"Repeat it."

Dr. Fu Manchu was watching the face in the crystal. A sudden urge to run flamed up in Camille's mind. She glanced swiftly right and left.

"Remain where you are," came a harsh command. "There is no way to leave this room without my permission. Continue, Huan Tsung."

"Nayland Smith and Dr. Craig are in the restaurant. Contact is impossible. There is an F.B.I. bodyguard at the doors. All my incoming messages are overheard. Therefore this was sent to me in the Shan dialect."

Camille realized that she was not witnessing a supernatural phenomenon but some hitherto unknown form of television.

"I have one hour," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "in which to make the first move."

The face in the crystal faded slowly, like a mirage. The moonlight died away. As Dr. Fu Manchu turned to her again, Camille stood up.

"I want to know," she said, "why I have been trapped into coming here. Perhaps you think you can force me to betray Dr. Craig's secrets to you?"

"Were you not prepared to betray them to the British government?" he asked softly.

"Perhaps I was. But from a motive *you* could never understand. In the hope of preserving the peace of the world—if that is possible."

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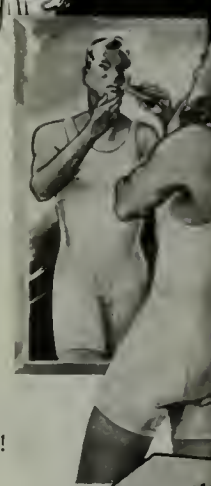

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o you regard Great Britain as hold- monopoly in peaceful intentions? ou suppose that Dr. Craig would me the knowledge that you worked him only to betray him?"

mille tried to meet the gaze of those "I—did not think of it as betrayal. as a duty."

or which you must be prepared to fice everything—even the respect of Craig—or possibly something more ous?"

mille lowered her eyes and dropped on the divan. Dr. Fu Manchu stood d walked toward her. He carried a l volume.

will never reveal one of Dr. Craig's ts to you," she said, on a note of eration.

My dear Miss Navarre—you have dy revealed them all, or all that you v at the time. Let you and me be ible. Communist criminals aspire to man by fear. Nations no longer the right to choose their rulers. As sult the market is glutted with politi- s, but statesmen are in short supply. n wants nothing but happiness."

e stood right before her, now.

You see this book? It is a complete f the megalomaniacs who are threat- g the world with a third and final . Power-drunk fools. They could all, e easily, be assembled in this room. unhappy peoples they claim to speak are only the fuel to be thrown into furnace of their mad lust. Advance rds of these ignorant ruffians already ck at the door—and one man holds is hands a weapon which may decide issue."

You mean Dr. Craig?"

I referred to him—yes."

amille, with desperate courage, stood and faced Fu Manchu.

And you think I would put that pon into *your* hands—even if I ld? I would rather die—and leave law to deal with *you!*"

ut Dr. Fu Manchu remained un- ved.

One who hopes to save civilization not afford to respect the law. You that rare freak of the gods, a person- e woman with a brain. Yet, like a man you permit emotion to rule you. y do you wear those pieces of plain ss?"

He fully opened his strange eyes, sed one long-nailed hand and pointed her.

Camille ceased to possess any individ- l existence. She found herself in that ncelike condition which had made her ams so terrible.

"Take them off."

Automatically, she obeyed. Something within rose in fierce, angry revolt. But Camille herself was helpless.

"Shake your hair down," Fu Manchu commanded.

She released her wonderful hair. It cascaded, a fiery torrent, onto her shoulders.

"Kneel."

She knelt at Fu Manchu's feet.

"Bow your head. . . . Sleep."

She bowed her head, a beautiful, submissive slave awaiting punishment.

Dr. Fu Manchu struck a silver bell which hung on a table beside the divan. Camille did not hear its sweet, lingering note. She was lost in a silent world from which only one sound could recall her—the voice of Fu Manchu.

A MAN entered through the archway. He never even glanced at the motionless, kneeling figure. He bowed, briefly but respectfully, to Fu Manchu. He was short, dark and thickset, with close-cropped hair. He wore a long, white, linen coat, like that of a surgeon.

Dr. Fu Manchu crossed and seated himself at the table.

"Koenig—tonight you will go to the Huston Building. The duplicate key you made after Miss Navarre's last visit opens the private door and also that of the elevator to the thirty-second floor. On the thirty-second floor there is another elevator. The key opens this, also. Any questions?"

"No."

"It will take you to the thirty-sixth where you will enter the office of Dr. Craig. The laboratory adjoins the office. The communicating door is locked. A man called Regan will be on duty in the laboratory. He must be induced to come out. Any questions?"

"No."

"M'goyna will be with you. If this alarms you, say so. Very well, Regan must be overpowered and taken back to the laboratory. M'goyna will then remain there with him. You will make it clear to Regan that should M'goyna be found there, he, Regan, will be strangled. Regan must speak on intercommunication should Dr. Craig call him. Any questions?"

"No."

Dr. Fu Manchu clapped his hands sharply. "M'goyna!"

The embroidered curtain which partly concealed a recess in the wall was drawn aside. A gigantic figure appeared. The shoulders of an Atlas, long arms, grotesquely large hands, and a face so

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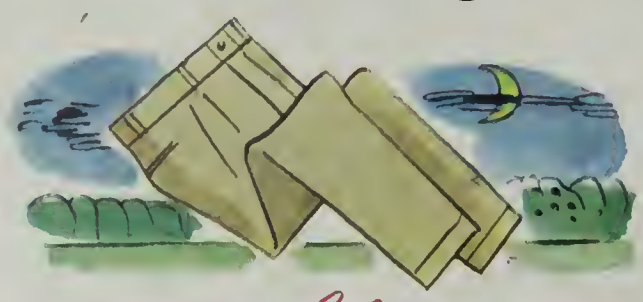

LOOK TO THE fabric FIRST

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scarred as to be incomparable with anything human. A red tarboosh crowned these dreadful features, and the figure wore white Arab dress, a scarlet sash and Turkish slippers.

Slowly M'goyna came forward. Every movement was unnatural, like that of an automaton. The huge hands hung limp, insensate—the hands of a gorilla. Like a gorilla, too, he coughed hollowly as he entered.

Koenig clenched his fists, but stood very still. Camille remained kneeling. M'goyna crossed to the long table and came to rest there facing Dr. Fu Manchu, who addressed him in Turkish.

"Change to street clothes. You go with Koenig to the Huston Building."

"With Koenig to the Huston Building," M'goyna intoned in a rasping voice.

"You will be shown a man. You must seize him."

"Shown a man," M'goyna repeated the command. "I seize him."

"You must not kill him."

M'goyna slowly revealed irregular fanglike teeth and then closed his lips again. He coughed.

"Must not kill him."

"You are under Koenig's orders. Salute Koenig."

M'goyna touched his brow, his mouth and his breast and inclined his head.

"You will do as he tells you. At ten o'clock I shall come for you. Repeat the time."

"Ten o'clock—you come for me."

"At ten o'clock." Dr. Fu Manchu turned to Koenig and spoke one word in English: "Proceed."

MORRIS CRAIG'S office was empty. Outside the windows, night had dropped a velvet curtain, irregularly embroidered with a black pattern where the darkened building opposite challenged a moonless sky.

Only the tubular desk lamp was alight, as Craig had left it.

So still was the place that when the elevator came up and stopped at the lobby, its nearly silent ascent made quite a disturbance. The office door opened inch by inch, and Koenig looked in. Satisfied with what he saw, he entered and crossed straight to Camille's room. This he inspected by the light of a flash lamp.

Noiseless in rubber soles, he moved to the laboratory door and shined a light onto the steps leading up to it. He examined the safe and went across to the long windows, staring out onto the terrace.

Then, turning his head, he spoke softly:

"M'goyna."

M'goyna lumbered in. He wore brown overalls now. That huge frame, the undersized skull were terrible portents. He stood just inside the door, motionless, a bulk of humanity.

"Close the door."

M'goyna did so and resumed his pose.

"The man will come out from there—" Koenig pointed toward the laboratory. "Seize him."

M'goyna nodded his small head.

"Choke him enough but not too much —and then carry him back. You understand me?"

"Yes. Must not kill him."

"Hide here, between the couch and the steps. When he comes out, do as I have ordered. Remember—you must not kill him."

M'goyna nodded, and coughed.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Koenig switched off the desk lamp. Now, it was possible to see that the night curtain beyond the windows was studded with jewels twinkling in a cloudless heaven. Koenig shined the light of his lamp onto a recess between the leather-covered couch and the three steps.

"Here. Crouch down."

M'goyna, walking as if motivated by hidden levers, crossed and sc there.

Koenig switched his lamp of paused for a moment to get accus to the darkness, then went up the steps and beat upon the door clenched fists.

"Regan!" he shouted. "Regan *Regan!* . . ."

He ran down and threw himsel the couch beside which M'goyna v

There followed an interval of s seconds—ten—twenty—thirty.

Then came a faint sound. Th door was opened. Green light p out, such a light as divers see bel surface of the ocean, giving no tru mination. The office became v with unseen force.

Regan stood at the top of the peering down.

"Dr. Craig! Are you there?"

He began to descend, picking hi

And, as his foot touched the b step, M'goyna hurled himself upo snarling like a wild animal.

"A-h-h-h—"

The words were choked out of F They faded into a gurgle, into nothi

"Not too much! Don't kill him."

M'goyna grunted. One huge clasping Regan's throat, he lifte with his free arm and carried hin a bundle, up the steps.

Koenig followed.

The door remained open. light permeated the office and fil with pulsations of invisible power. Koenig reappeared.

"You understand—he must a calls. If Dr. Craig, or anyone comes in . . . you have your order

He closed the door behind him, s silence, falling again, became a notable, almost audible. He stoo for a moment, taking his bearings crossed and switched up the desk

Noiselessly he went out.

The elevator descended.

"WAKE!" . . . Camille opene eyes, rose from her knee stared wildly at Dr. Fu Manchu, one hand to her disarranged hair.

"What—what am I doing here?"

"You are kneeling to me as if I the Buddha."

A wave of true terror swept ove She almost lost control.

"You . . . Oh, my God! What pened to me?"

She retreated from the tall, ye robed figure until her legs came in co with the divan. "There was—son else here—a dreadful man . . ."

"M'goyna? You were conscious presence? That is informative. I that I cannot give you an opportun examine M'goyna. As a fellow sci you would be interested. M'goyna ried my first invitation to you, alth I thought you had forgotten."

"I had forgotten," Camille whisp She was trembling.

"He can climb like an ape. He cli along the coping of the Huston E ing in order to present my complim You spoke of 'a dreadful man.' M'goyna is not a man. In Haiti he v be called a zombi. He illustrates the sibilities of vivisection. His frame is of a Turkish criminal executed for s gling women. I recovered the bod fore *rigor mortis* had set in."

"You are trying to frighten me. W

"Truth never frightened the scie mind. M'goyna was created in my laboratory. I supplied him with ar mentary brain—a trifle superior to of a seal. Little more than a receivir for my orders. He remains impe however. I have been unable to ri semihuman of that curious cough. S day I must try again."

And, as the cold voice continued mille began to regain her composure Dr. Fu Manchu had been unable wl to conceal a note of triumph. He v

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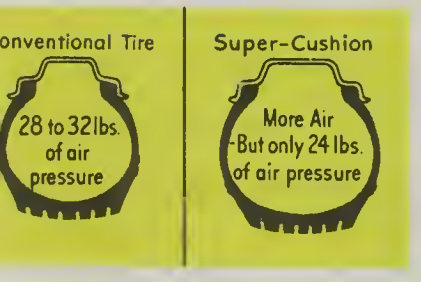
Lee Hunter, office worker, Jacksonville, Fla.: "My new car came equipped with Super-Cushions. I've never in all my life had tires that give such a soft, comfortable ride. And they make my car ever so much easier to handle, especially in traffic and on curves. It responds to the lightest touch on the wheel."



1. Softer ride, better car handling! Super-Cushions are bigger and softer. They run on *only 24 pounds* of air. So you get a wonderfully *softer* ride—and a great new ease and safety in car handling. Your car *hugs* the road, seems to *float* through traffic, to *flow* around curves!

2. Fewer rattles and repair bills! Pillowy Super-Cushions *soak up* both up-and-down and crosswise road shocks. They *soak up* jolts, jars and vibration. Result: a more comfortable ride, less driving fatigue, less wear and tear on your car, fewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

The new Super Cushi

en it will do for you!

NEW 15 YEARS:

.. VREELAND, road supervisor, West Milford Township, N. J.: "I Super-Cushions on my 1947 sedan, and they made a tremendous rence in the way it rides and handles. I get a much smoother ride, better traction, too. That's a big advantage in climbing the slippery in my territory."

3. More mileage, greater safety! Super-Cushions run cooler, build up less air pressure. *They consistently average more mileage than finest standard tires.* Because they're softer and bigger, they "roll with the punch," have extra blow-out resistance—dress up your car!

YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER HAS SUPER-CUSHIONS *NOW!*
If you want the smoothest ride you've ever had, more car economy and greater safety, switch to Super-Cushions *today*—whether your car is old or new!

MILLIONS OF SUPER-CUSHIONS ARE NOW IN USE ON NEW AND OLDER CARS!

1898 GOODYEAR 50 ANNIVERSARY 1948

n by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

"There's one thing I *can* tell a Doctor!"

"You'll never catch me offering medical advice to a Doctor—or trying to prescribe . . .

"But when it comes to hospital routine, I'll tell *any* Doctor how much more comfortable my patients are with Acousti-Celotex sound conditioning.

"And if he doesn't already know, I'll quietly inform him that hundreds of hospitals from coast to coast have installed Acousti-Celotex* to *blot up* noise."

You know Acousti-Celotex is so good at banishing rattle, click, and clatter that more *buildings of ALL kinds have been sound conditioned with Acousti-Celotex products than with any other material.*

Offices . . . schools . . . banks . . . churches and stores, as well as hospitals, have found that *quiet promotes well-being.*

You are entitled to a *free* analysis of your own noise problem by a trained sound technician—your nearest distributor of Acousti-Celotex products.

His judgment reflects the experience accumulated from more than 200,000 Acousti-Celotex installations for every type of sound conditioning. Write us *today* saying when you would like to see him.

Sound conditioning is a sound investment. * REG U. S PAT. OFF

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

ACOUSTI·CELOTEX

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

Sound Conditioning

PRODUCTS FOR EVERY SOUND CONDITIONING PROBLEM

dangerous genius, probably a madman, but he was not immune from every human frailty. . . . He was proud of his own fantastic achievements.

She dropped down onto the settee as he crossed, moving with that light, feline tread, and resumed his place behind the black table. When he spoke again he seemed to be thinking aloud . . .

"There are only a certain number of Nature's secrets which man is permitted to learn. A number sufficient for his own destruction."

A HIGH, wailing sound came from somewhere beyond the room. It rose and fell, rose and fell—and died away. For Camille, it was almost the last straw. Clasping her hands, she sprang up, threatened, now, by hysteria.

"My God! What was it?"

Dr. Fu Manchu rested his chin on interlaced fingers.

"It was Bast—my pet cheetah. She thinks I have forgotten her supper. These hunting cats are so voracious."

"I don't believe you. It sounded like . . ."

"My dear Miss Navarre, I resent the implication. Sir Denis Nayland Smith would assure you that lying is not one of my vices."

Delicately, he took a pinch of snuff from a silver box. Camille sat down again, struggling to recover her lost poise. She forced herself to meet his fixed regard.

"What is it you want? Why do you look at me like that?"

"I am admiring your beautiful courage. To destroy that which is beautiful is an evil thing." He stood up. "You wish for the peace of the world. You have said so. You fear cruelty. You flinched when you heard the cry of a cheetah. You have known cruelty—for there is no cruelty like the cruelty of war. If your wish was sincere, only *I* can hope to bring it true. Will you work *with* me, or *against* me?"

"How can I believe—"

"In Dr. Fu Manchu? In an international criminal? No—perhaps it is asking too much, in the time at my disposal, and the very minutes grow precious." He opened his eyes wide. "Stand up, Camille Navarre. What is your real name?"

And at command of the master hypnotist Camille was swept again into that gray and dreadful half world where there was no one but Dr. Fu Manchu.

"Camille Mirabeau," she answered mechanically. "Navarre was the name by which I was known to the Maquis."

The green eyes were very close to hers.

"Why were you employed by Britain?"

"Because of my success in smuggling air force personnel out of the C zone. And because I speak languages and had had science tr

"Were you ever married?"

"No."

"How many lovers have you h

"One."

"How long did this affair last?"

"For three months. Until killed by the Gestapo."

"Have you ceased to regret?"

"Yes."

"Does Morris Craig attract yo

"Yes."

"He will be your next lover. Y derstand?"

"I understand."

"You will make him take yo from the Huston Building not lat half past nine. He must not retur office tonight. You understand?"

"I understand."

"Does he find you attractive?"

"Yes."

The insistent voice was beating brain like a hammer. But she was less to resist its promptings; comp answer—truthfully. Her brain, he lay on Dr. Fu Manchu's mercil secting table.

"Has he expressed admiration?"

"Yes."

"And you love him?"

Camille's proud spirit rose str revolt. She remained silent.

"You love him?"

It was useless. "Yes," she whi

"Tonight you will show him u attention. The rest I shall leave to Craig. I will give you your instr before you leave. Sleep . . ."

THERE came an agonized inter which Camille lay helpless in ble chains, and then the Voice aga

"I have forgotten all that ha since I left my office in the Huston ing. Repeat."

"I have forgotten all that ha since I left my office in the H Building."

"When I return I shall remembe what I have to do at nine fifteen fifteen by the office clock."

"When I return I shall remembe what I have to do at nine fifteen, office clock."

"At nine thirty Dr. Fu Manch call me. Repeat the time."

"Nine thirty."

"The fate of the world rests hands."

Camille raised her arms, clutch head. She moaned . . . "Oh! . . . I

"Repeat my words."

"The fate . . . of the world . . . re in . . . my hands . . ."

(To be continued next week)

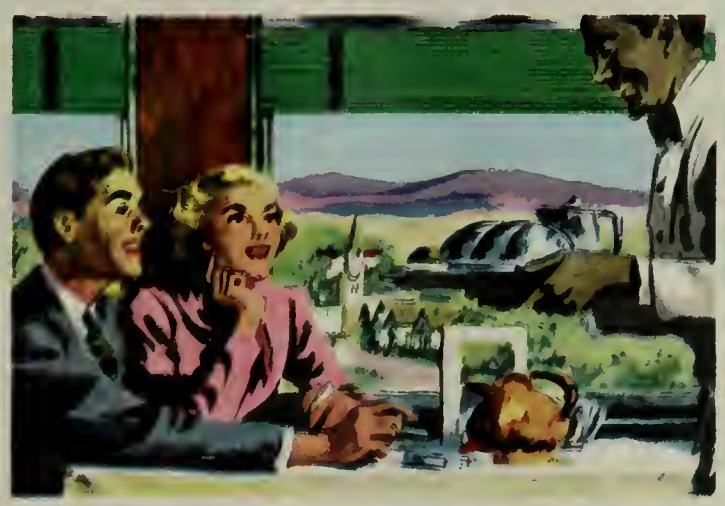
"Don't you think it's time we started thinking about a house, dear?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE REC

Holidate for Two!

on New York Central's New Luxury Coaches

Couldn't Budge on Our Budget! It looked a stay-home vacation for us... until we started ·ing on New York Central's low coach fares round-trip savings.



But Now Our Vacation Outlook's Great . . . Water Level Route scenery's a swell background for dining car meals. It makes great sightseeing, too, from the wide windows of our air-cooled coach.

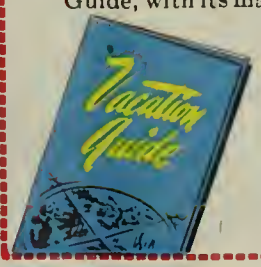
We'll Have More to Spend at the Other End! Coach fares save us enough for extra vacation fun. And that's beside the fun of our trip aboard world's largest new luxury coach fleet.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Scenic Water Level Route

FREE-1948 Vacation Guide Are you summer-dreaming of the Adirondacks, Niagara Falls, New England, Canada, the Great Lakes or the Western Wonderlands? Then you'll want this Vacation Guide, with its many pictures and fascinating fun map. For FREE copy, mail coupon to New York Central, Room 1334-A, 466 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.



NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

CRAZY LIKE A BOX TOP

Continued from page 13

millions of people and millions of homespun slogans.

By all authoritative advices 1948 will be the biggest contest year in history. Many companies have virtually doubled their budget of prizes. It is not unusual now for cash purses to surpass $100,000 in a single contest, which is more prize dough than that represented by all contests put together a few years ago.

In 1900 the combined kitty of contest prizes was a piffling $15,000. It is estimated that last year more than $2,000,000 in cash and merchandise was distributed to palpitating contestants all over the nation. Major manufacturers spent another $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 to get the contests organized, advertised and judged. They considered this figure a bargain. It was a mere fragment of total advertising budgets.

Legions of Contest Hounds

Their efforts incited at least 12,000,000 and perhaps as many as 40,000,000 citizens to remove box tops (or reasonable facsimiles thereof) and enter one or more of a thousand-odd big-league contests. An accurate over-all figure on the number of contestants is not available because there is no accurate way of telling how many contests one person enters. It is not uncommon for some hard-bitten protagonists to tackle hundreds of them per annum. These regulars, professionals, hobbyists, contest hounds or repeaters, as they are variously called, number somewhere in the neighborhood of 50,000. They are a special group or species, like numismatists and bird fanciers, to be examined in more detail later.

Mass production has set in on both sides of the game. Nearly all major contests are now staged and judged by special enterprises which hire themselves out to clients. They have high-speed batteries of mail-opening machinery and staffs of specialists to tabulate and classify each entry by scientific systems to winnow the best from avalanches of letters.

Correspondence schools have sprung up to teach a growing student body of would-be winners the secrets of success. The learning comes in streamlined and packaged lessons. There are places where you can buy box tops in bulk, and cheap, without having to clutter up your pantry shelves with excess orders from your dealer. (If you enter several contests or place several entries in one, as hobbyists invariably do, this is an important consideration unless you have a large pantry, a large appetite or both.) And out in the back alleys of the boom are the fly-by-night operators who, for fees ranging from $1 to $100, offer to slip you sure-fire solutions, or ghostwrite your "original" testimonial of why you prefer Honey Bee hand lotion.

In one recent national foray 3,000 of these ghosted gems turned up. During the closing stages of the Miss Hush guessing last December street hawkers made quick profits in Manhattan by selling the "identity" of the mystery lady in sealed envelopes, at a buck a throw. In the best race-track tradition the tip was wrong, but the operation has been repeated in Hush sequels.

Radio has revolutionized the technique of contesting with a device called the audience-participation show, which critical people consider the most disastrous development in world affairs since the invention of gunpowder. This gimmick began prosaically enough as a straight quiz in which prizes were given for the best questions used, and bonuses were paid for stickers. A classic example is Information Please, a 10-year-old, reasonably sane performance.

The Truth or Consequences show combines the horrors and thrills American Legion conclave, an egg hunt, a Congressional investi and bank night at Monte Carlo, a coast-to-coast hookup. Master of monies Ralph Edwards, inventor Hush panic, once ordered a youn who had missed a question to spen consequence, three weeks in his wear on a traffic island in the he Los Angeles. Afterward the victi paid $1,000 in nickels.

By just such performances, Ed has raised millions for War Bonc March of Dimes and the American Association. He has been eulogi the poor man's Orson Welles, ar greatest showman since P. T. Ba With an unerring eye for drama, edy, the spectacular and the h weakness for jack pots, he broug hotfoot to radio. On one occasior successful contestant's mouth w for a glittering plum from the mo of prizes on the studio stage, Ed awarded her a seven-foot revolving

So many radio variations of a parlor games have appeared that t evitable finally happened and p pants began getting prizes for *m* questions. On a spot called It Pa Be Ignorant, a man who works hooked-rug factory in New Jerse asked this one night: "If a dozen ens cost $12, what would 12 chi cost?" He was given $24.24 for n swering it.

Many contest veterans swear would not be caught dead on these edy clambakes. It might lower standing in more serious competitio

"We leave those studio shows t lunatic fringe;" a Bronx hobbyist o impeachable reputation declared.

The old-fashioned contest invo testimonials, rhymes and slogans, solid cash prizes as the reward, i meat for the regulars. But the old s bys are being increasingly threaten what might be termed the booby-l brand of competition.

A Few Make a Fair Living at

Experienced contestants, or cont as they prefer to be called, take t selves and their hobbies so seriously a handful of them have become ficient enough to be able to aba their jobs and support themselves s on their winnings. Some have regis earnings averaging $5,000 a year for stretches. But for the vast majority the most persistent contesting yield irregular and uncertain income.

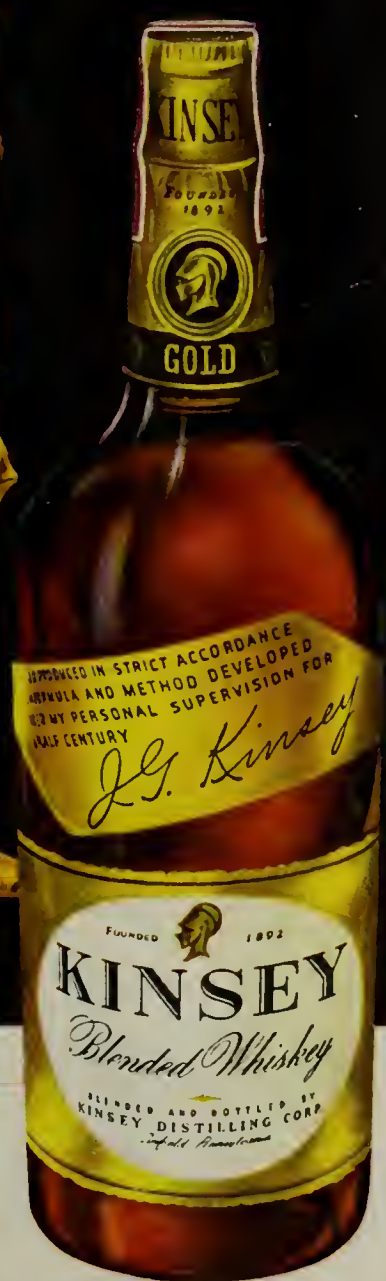
There's one sad fact which big wir often overlook in the first flush of tory: income taxes. Prizes, whether or commodity, are taxable; and the 000 internal-revenue agents scatt about the country have good mem for the names of winners in all lea contests. There have been instance newly crowned champions giving a parts of their boodle and then lear they had to pay taxes on these it Sometimes successful participants had to sell substantial proportion their winnings to raise enough mone meet taxes.

For years a San Francisco newspa man named Gilson V. Willets, reigned as the unofficial elder states of the contest world, picked an an "All-American Team of Contesta consisting of the 10 most important ners in the country. The selections discontinued, however, after the dividuals themselves became leery publicity. Countless nonwinners plag them with pleas to share their t tricks. They feared the notoriety w prejudice judges against them, altho

That Noble, *Noble* Flavor!

KINSEY

because it's unhurried



K. D. C.

KINSEY "GOLD"

Rich, full-bodied . . . a truly luxury whiskey. You'll find it exceptionally smooth and satisfying. Try this superb blend *tonight.*

KINSEY "SILVER"

Light, mellow . . . a wonderful value! Ideal for mixed drinks because it retains its delicious, distinctive taste always!

Choice Blended Whiskies. *Gold Label:* 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. *Silver Label:* 86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

EASY! LOVELY! THRIFTY!

way to finest rooms

Kem-Tone

MIRACLE WALL FINISH

OVER 40,000,000 ROOMS DECORATED WITH KEM-TONE!

OIL & RESIN FINISH! Kem-Tone is made with OILS and RESINS that are scientifically processed to mix with water for your convenience and economy. These fine ingredients give a rich, suede-like finish that makes a charming background for your room furnishings.

There's a Kem-Tone dealer near you!

√ Check why all America uses Kem-Tone

1 Applies like magic! ☑
2 One coat covers most interior surfaces! ☑
3 Right over wallpaper, paint, plaster! ☑
4 Dries in one hour! ☑
5 Gorgeous new colors! ☑
6 Rich suede-like finish! ☑
7 No "painty" odor! ☑
8 Washable! Durable! ☑
9 One gallon does average room! ☑

There's Only One Genuine Kem-Tone! Accept No Substitute!

$3.49 PER GAL. (paste form) DOES AN AVERAGE ROOM

Kem-Tone TRIMS . . . 20¢ up
Kem-Tone ROLLER-KOATER 98¢ ea.
Kem-Tone 4" BRUSH . $2.39 ea.

Acme White Lead & Color Works, *Detroit* • W. W. Lawrence & Co., *Pittsburgh* • The Lowe Brothers Co., *Dayton* • John Lucas & Co., Inc., *Philadelphia* • The Martin-Senour Co., *Chicago* • Rogers Paint Products, Inc., *Detroit* • The Sherwin-Williams Co., *Cleveland*

major contest-running organizations flatly deny there is partiality or prejudice of any kind.

Some judges might shy away instinctively from the "polished professional" but the fact that repeaters aren't legislated against as a class is proved by the regularity with which contest correspondence-school graduates appear in the money. George Hill, of Bremerton, Washington, ex-president of the National Contesters Association (the regulars' own official organization), has won more than 1,000 prizes. Mrs. Helen D. Radie, of New Haven, Connecticut, copped two Nash cars in a row. Mabel Abramson, Minneapolis teacher, topped a 300-prize total with a $20,000 cash award. Mrs. Ruth Subbie, blue-eyed, brown-haired Texas matron, who is gradually recovering from the impact of the $21,500 Miss Hush windfall, had won other, more modest, contests.

Thousands Take Courses by Mail

Wilmer S. Shepherd, Jr., director of one of the principal correspondence schools, has trained 10,000 contesters in the writing of homemade advertisements since he opened his Philadelphia institution seventeen years ago. In his youth he won $5 in a local ice-cream contest and then as a bonus was taken to a drugstore and fed all the ice cream he could eat. He decided then that contesting had a promising future. Shepherd's 75-lesson course today (he doesn't compete any more himself) is loaded with sloganlike pep talk—"Go in to win and to win, go in!"—and includes comprehensive bulletins giving tips on latest contests.

Contesters, the majority of whom are housewives, are a folksy lot with a tendency toward clubs, mottoes, synthetic words and the most shameless use of the pun since the birth of Groucho Marx. They maintain a certain professional reserve, even among themselves. Like the cartoons about inventors in the patent-office waiting room, they recognize a common bond but take pains to camouflage their winning inventions from one another.

Besides the National Contesters Association, which is holding a contest to change its name, there are scores of local clubs scattered across the country. They have wonderful titles like the Oklahoma Windians, Texas Contesteers, Pennwins of Pennsylvania, U Penaprize of Ogden, Utah, and the Winnesotans.

Constantly preoccupied with the lem of packing superlatives into stricted space of an entry blank, re often develop their own syntax and ims. "Mental-facture your ey pers!" an author of a "how to pamphlet wrote. Translated loose means "make your entries origin arresting."

G. G. "Go-Getum" Browder, o folk, Virginia, who has been in as as 40 contests at once—not necess course record—got in the habit of ping whatever he was doing (wh he got an idea) and racing to a not to jot it down. When asked how t he replied, "Keep continually at i when up a tree, branch out."

Contests are a godsend to shut-ir of whose best friends is the Na Contesters Association. It maint special department for invalids "Winsiders." It "adopts" as many v shut-ins as it has funds for and the period of two years, or until the $100 worth of prizes, sends ther nothing, box tops, stationery, c publications and postage stamps. tha Barnhart, a Rossville, Indian who has been confined to her hon years suffering from complication lowing an influenza attack, got he as a Winsider and since has won 400 prizes.

Being numerous, and human, th testing public naturally nurses a v of peeves. One of the most imp targets of this resentment is the s of investigating potential winner major contests it is common pract check up on the finalists. Usually confined to the person's signing a davit to the effect that his contrib was original. This, it is emphasized protect other participants as well a sponsor. In some cases, though, p detectives are hired to ferret out th ord of a contester's past winning financial condition, and even his s ing in the community.

There is the story that a lady of ure, somewhat celebrated in her owr once won a grand prize in a nat contest. Poised to throw banquets otherwise publicize her, the com sponsoring the contest broke out in pimples when it heard of her reputa It recovered in time to pay mademo off in full, and picked a more c runner-up to accept a duplicate pri public.

The possibility that an entrant m

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVI

"The lawnmower doesn't work, but Alfred thinks he could fix it if he had a screwdriver and a pitcher of lemonade"

COLLIER'S

PLENTY-PLUS of everything . . . in this great REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

PLENTY-PLUS ROOM . . . More than 10 cu. ft., plus adjustable shelves that drop down or lift out for bulky foods.

Full-Width Freeze Chest and Ice Cube Tray hold 56 lbs. of frozen food. Chest freezes food, too, if you wish.

2 Humidrawers hold ¾ of a bushel of fruits and vegetables.

PLENTY-PLUS COLD . . . Plenty of 3 kinds of cold needed to keep all types food market-fresh and delicious.

Normal Cold for staples and leftovers.

High-Humidity Cold for foods that need it.

Zero Cold for freezing foods or storing foods already frozen.

PLENTY-PLUS CONVENIENCE, BEAUTY. Door closes automatically, opens with touch on either side of handle.

Beautiful Styling, trimmed with new "Apricream", exciting "go-with" color.

See It, and other members of this famous family of appliances, at your Westinghouse retailer's, now.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Plants in 25 Cities • Offices Everywhere
Appliance Division • Mansfield, Ohio

Every house needs Westinghouse

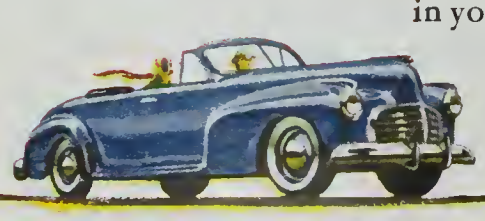
Maker of 30 MILLION Electric Home Appliances

TUNE IN *TED MALONE*
EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
ABC NETWORK

Top Performance

...in your car, calls for Sky Chief

A quick start—a flashing pace—an extra surge of power. That's *top* performance—the kind you get in your car with Texaco Sky Chief gasoline. It's the gasoline for those who want the best... sold by your Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN... TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night featuring Gordon MacRae and Evelyn Knight. See newspaper for time and station.

has also been probed on occasion. e Walter Winchell best-definition-Communist campaign, the social political status of contesters was led. However, the contest company ed that this was done at the col-st's own request, to give him an of what kind of response he was ig, that it had no bearing on the ng, and that if Mr. Gromyko had, r the rules, come up with the best of punditry, he would indeed have ne $10,000 mink coat.

e fact that winning entries are sel-published brings out another major and invites the inference that mon-business is afoot. Mrs. Henrietta G. s, who is contest director of the en H. Donnelley Corporation and rally recognized as a dean of the est business, is ready to open the rds at any time to dispel such suspi-s. She explains that nine times out of publication of the winners and their ucts would only add to the bitterness sers and bring more grief and con-n to operators of contests.

hen Winchell released the winning nition of a Communist a hue and cry raised. The winner had written that mmie was "one who would like to de everything . . . particularly these ted States." Losers yelled, "It stinks," ne was better than that," and, "Rob-."

he embarrassing truth is that even mpionship contributions are usually led with corn. In one contest the es refused to make their selections l company executives sifted sample ies to be certain they weren't being led by the winning specimens. Do frijellicious Fruitrio." "Colorapt treat," and "Menu-et in Glee" sound bell ringers to you? They all made ney in a dessert-naming race.

he fellow who will go to any lengths prove he should be awarded a dupli-e first prize is a big headache. A few ks ago Mrs. Davis received a stern nmunication from a gentleman in Cal-rnia who stated he had proved, to his n satisfaction, that he had tied for t place in a large number of Donnel-contests and that he was preparing to for damages. Before turning the mat-over to his attorney, he said, he was gesting an out-of-court settlement for ew sedan and $50,000 in cash. His let-went into the "pending" file and that Mrs. Davis hopes—is the last of it.

The Donnelley Corporation, an adver-ing-service organization, runs and ges 75 per cent of all national con-ts held today, charging manufacturers a sliding scale of 2½ cents to 10 cents r entry for the job.

Mrs. Davis and her "engineers," as she calls them, have devised special sorting and judging methods that are considered the fastest and fairest in the business. Machines slice open letters at a rate of 150,000 a day (they could do 500,000 in 24 hours if pressed). The entries are channeled through three echelons of judges. Elimination starts with technical violations of the rules, such as no box top or wrapper, no signature, improper number of words and so on. Judging points vary, depending on whether the product is a perfume or a spark plug, but in general such items as sincerity, concreteness, personal experience with the product, lilt, logic and lucidity of writing all figure high in the scoring.

Federal Sleuths Spot Rackets

The Post Office Department and the Federal Trade Commission are perpetually checking contests to see that they are handled according to law. Postal inspectors are apt to bob up at a judging, unannounced, and nose around for a week to see that everything is in order. Such precautions have cut racketeering to an almost invisible minimum. A typical come-on contest, which still hangs on, involves a silly puzzle, the solution of which brings the contestant a letter, redolent with praise, informing him he's now in position to compete for the grand premium (which he thought he was after all the time) if he'll just sell a dozen bottles of the firm's horse liniment and remit. Usually the contester tires at this point and quits.

Contests which most quickly bring the shakes to hapless librarians throughout the land are the rebus and word-building types. Long ago the New York Public Library banned the use of its dictionaries, encyclopedias and reference books by contest hounds because once they seized on a copy they'd pore over it for days while the rest of the customers languished. The ban is difficult to apply and almost every new competition produces a scuffle to mar the erudite quiet of the reading rooms.

The growth of what has been scornfully called the "parasitical practice" of ghosting entries and selling solutions is being watched by advertisers, the NCA and the government. But many of these outfits which operate out of post-office boxes manage to stay within the letter of the law. Open infractions are hard to find.

Contesters themselves draw a fine line of morality between the use of proxies in submitting multiple entries (widely practiced), and the actual purchase of entries from professional

"He has marvelous prospects—he's going to be on a quiz show next Tuesday"
COLLIER'S SALO

8.95 to 19.95 at better stores coast to coast

Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin

America's largest exclusive makers of men's fine shoes

It's a **FREEMAN** *shoe*

It's an

ALLIGATOR

BEST NAME IN RAINWEAR

BEST for RAIN!
BEST for STYLE!
BEST for VALUE!

Surveys show—owners *know*—it's Alligator *first* in the rain! Smartly styled, impeccably tailored—yours in either water repellent or waterproof fabrics, exclusively processed for outstanding performance and long, smart wear! Get your Alligator today. The best *name*, the best *value* in rainwear!

Better Dealers Feature:

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Alligator Company, St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles

"ghosts" (frowned upon in the best contesting circles). Calculating that the more entries the more chances, regulars go to great trouble to vary their stationery, their style, even the color of their ink; they contribute efforts in the names of cousins, uncles and friends, usually cutting the latter in for 10 per cent of any winnings. Occasionally these plans backfire—the proxy claims the prize entry as his own or holds out for a fatter dividend.

Some manufacturers like wistfully to think their relationship with customers is on an intimate kind of doctor-patient basis and that all testimonials come straight from the heart. But a registered nurse in Pennsylvania once shocked the sponsor's sensibilities by brazenly stating she didn't care a hoot about the product she was praising.

"It chaps my hands and is more expensive than my own favorite soap," she said, "but I entered the contest because I need the money. My apartment and everything in it recently burned up."

Bronx Cheer for His Safe Car

One gent who testified in a national automobile contest was a little more on the coy side when he said, "I like my Blank car because the fenders rattle, the doors squeak, the emblem keeps falling off the steering wheel and all of these noises keep me awake for safer driving."

In every contest the crackpots stand up to be counted. The flood of legitimate entries is interspersed with ugly threats, invocation of the Almighty's blessing on the corporation, pleas for support of a perpetual calendar and appeals to help lift the mortgage from the farm. There are thinly veiled bribes addressed to judges, that range from crisp greenbacks to dainty pairs of panties.

Contest mottoes sometimes are done up with elaborate care. They arrive inscribed, painted or embroidered on or nestled in six-foot parchment scrolls, bedspreads, pillow slips, oil paintings, cakes, eggshells, milk bottles, books, bird cages, dollhouses, cowhides and coconuts. This booby-trap type of entry is dwindling; bewildered judges have reemphasized that it adds nothing to the score.

The public has no monopoly on the sprouting of rhubarb, as they say in Brooklyn. Every now and then sponsors dream up what they think will be the supercolossal contest, except that it's against the law or full of some other kind of dynamite. Once, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, six babies were distributed as prizes.

On the unsuspecting citizenry of Miami, Florida, some years ago, an insect-exterminator company let loose a covey of 2,000 houseflies and then announced that a bounty would be paid for their capture, dead or alive. One fly, named Big Butch and identified by a gold spot on its back, was worth $500 and the others, bearing silver spots, $5 each. A mass swatting, such as never has been seen outside an Egyptian royal court, ensued. Butch, several of his brothers and hundreds of innocent bystanding flies were snared, but to this day old-timers insist that Miami, allegedly less fly-specked than Los Angeles anyhow, would never have had any insect problem if it hadn't been for this stunt.

The $64 question on the whole phenomenon of contesting is, "Whither are we drifting?" Will American merchandising of tomorrow be molded by the practical jokester?

A favored advertising axiom says there is safety in numbers—catch the crowd's eye, get the people to listen and the product will sell itself. The contests and the trick quizzes are packing them in, indubitably. Many competitions have pulled over a million entries, and Ralph Edwards' Hooper rating the night he unveiled Dancer Martha Graham as Miss Hush indicated an audience of 25,000,000 was tuned in. But some rebels have alleged that the pull reflects the sex appeal of the gaudy prizes, not the item for sale.

In an exhaustive treatise on contests, Printers' Ink, an advertising trade jurnal, once observed: "Perhaps some research organization will attempt to find out someday exactly how most contest losers feel about a sponsor and his product."

Bitter is the word for it, according to a number of seasoned contesters.

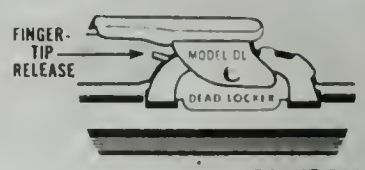
The loony enterprises are on the increase. But here and there you can still thrill to the promise of a genuine, old-fashioned sporting proposition. Not long ago a girl in Ojai, California, launched a competition of her own, through an announcement in a contest magazine. Lamenting a series of disappointing blind dates, she offered a hand-embroidered kitchen towel as first prize for the best hints on how to catch a husband.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Miss Wilson, I wish you'd wait until I've finished dictating before you start checking your spelling!" ROLAND COE

ANCO® RAIN-MASTE
"Dead-Locker"®
WINDSHIELD WIPER ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON... STAYS PUT



CAN'T FALL O
CAN'T BLOW O

(A war-born invention—by ANCO—firs
for military aircraft—now for your car

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he know how dangerous it is for you to drive your c . . . in stormy weather . . . with your dull o windshield wipers that SMEAR and SMEA He'll gladly put on for you quickly a pair keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wip Blades and Arms. He has them—Newe Models! But he forgets to remind you? To busy? You can't shoot him for that!

PATENTS MAKE JOBS

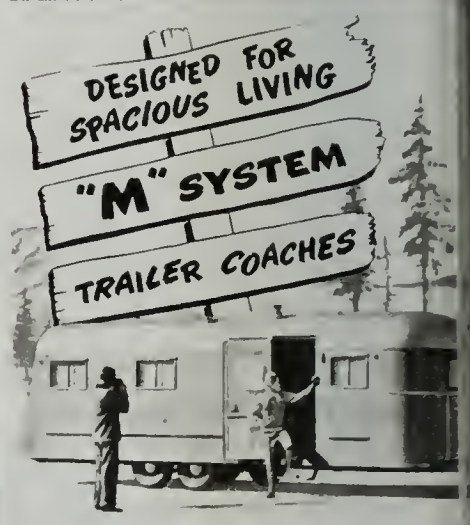
After all, it's YOUR car to protect. So YO remind HIM. Get RAIN-MASTERS . . patented features . . . original equipment fo years on De Luxe models of quality cars . . and on high-grade trucks . . . used also o our fighting Ships and Tanks and Truck and Bombers too . . . because ANCO RAIN MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . last longer.

May save you a costly smashup!

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wipe Arms and Blades next time you buy ga

Quality Protected Under Fair Trade Laws
ANCO Patented Products - Patents Make Jo

THE ANDERSON COMPA
GARY, INDIANA
Our Thirty-first Year in This Business



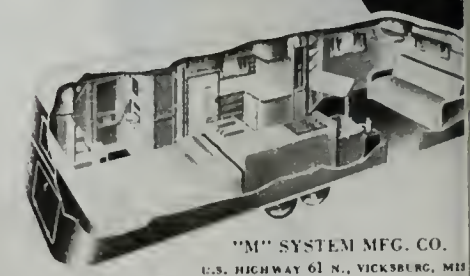
AMERICA'S MOST WANT TRAILER COACHES . . .

"We've seen them all, and *this* is it" . . and "M" System's **Deluxe Tandem** v on the receiving end of this fine tribu . Here is a trailer coach that challen comparison — spacious — rugged — a thoughtfully appointed for care-free l ing. The **DeLuxe Tandem** is one of 5 n "M" System models that are setting t pace for '48—ready for your inspecti

WRITE FOR CATALOG E-48

A trip through this catalog is just like a trip through the trailers. They are that accurately described and illustrated.

PRICED MODESTL with all Fed taxes paid.



"M" SYSTEM MFG. CO.
U.S. HIGHWAY 61 N., VICKSBURG, MIS

"M" SYSTEM TRAILER COACHES
Designed for Spacious Livin

CHIEF OF THE UTALS

Continued from page 25

ning run on first. That was when nson called Harry.

"Now would be a nice time for a hit o right," he said.

"It will go across first base," Harry d him. "It will score both your runs d it ought to be good for a double."

The Chief went out to the plate wear- a uniform that fit him this time, but re was an excited roaring in the stands en the announcer finished with his me. The Chief was just as calm as if were on duty in front of an old-time ar store. Adler looked him over and u could almost see that pitcher trying make up his mind what to throw. ere was no book on the Chief and ere never would be, but some stories d been passed around in spite of John- n's secrecy. Finally Adler shrugged and rew a knee-high curve. The Chief ung and missed at least two feet and en turned and nodded to Harry.

"Hey!" roared Johnson. "What kind a double-deal is this?"

Harry told him, "That was on pur- se. I told him to miss the first one just mix that Adler up a little. That bum es me a poker debt from back in '41."

"Good thing I didn't have a hit-and- n on," Johnson grunted.

Adler meant to waste the next one, but e Chief didn't let him. He smacked it wn the first-base line just as Harry id, only it was a foot inside the bag. y the time Stark, out in right for the agles, had chased the ball to the fence, are and Sherman had scored and the stomers were starting for the exits. It as a three-bagger for the Chief.

THAT was the way our secret weapon was unveiled. Believe me, it made st as big a bang as we expected. The ports writers all came to the dressing oom to interview the Chief, but they got Harry instead and he told them the story gain and again, with every minute de- ail except the pay he was giving the ndian. The Chief looked bored through t all. Harry had promised to take him o a horse opera before dinner.

Next morning the papers kidded the whole idea of Quetzal, calling it a pub- icity stunt that happened to work the irst time out; but that afternoon the ndian hit for somebody and wedged a ine drive under third base so fast Mc- Keogh of the Eagles didn't find it until the catcher came out and showed it to him. The Chief was sitting on second by that time and the crowd had gone crazy.

From then on, the Chief and Harry were the hottest celebrities around town. Everywhere they went the crowds followed them asking for their autographs and pulling their clothes apart, until the mayor assigned them a permanent police guard. When they were at the hotel, they were usually being interviewed by feature writers and photographed for the picture magazines. A doctor examined the Chief and found that although he was physically no different from anyone else, his vision was probably better because of a diet of lizards and toads his mother had fed him when he was young. Immediately kids all over the country were out catching toads and frogs and bothering their parents about how to cook them until another doctor made the observation that the French had been eating frogs for years and he'd never heard of any outstanding French ballplayers. Of course, he was overlooking Jack Fournier and Frenchy Bordagaray, and a couple of others.

Then a congressman in Washington got up and asked if some committee oughtn't to investigate the Chief since he was an alien and maybe an agent of a foreign power trying to undermine the national pastime and also the Constitution. Another congressman answered him next day and said any investigation into the Chief would constitute government interference with private enterprise.

At the same time the pitchers all over the league were trying to figure out something to do about the Chief. In the third game with the Eagles, Johnson put the Chief in against Fitch, their best lefty, and Fitch dusted the wide guy off with the first pitch. No one ever tried that again. Quetzal got up looking thoughtful, brushed the dirt from his uniform and slapped the next one through the box. It may have been a pure fluke, but the ball grazed the seat of Fitch's pants where they were tight and exposed by the lefty's peculiar throwing motion. Fitch gave a howl and grabbed the place where he was hit and the ball went through the second baseman's legs, still too hot to handle, and out into right field.

Fitch was lucky he got off as easy as

COLLIER'S "By the way, dear—that isn't the right key" VIRGIL PARTCH

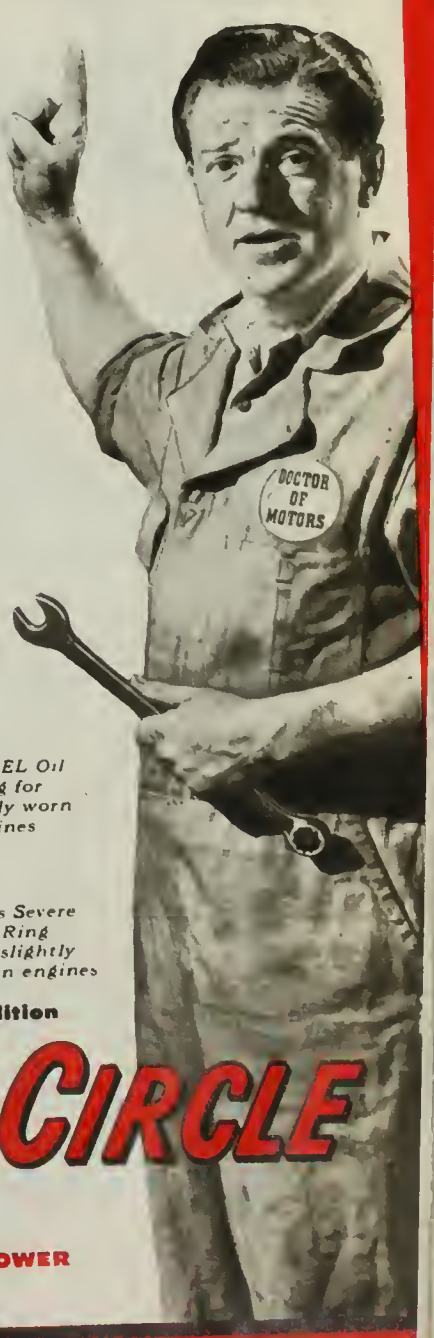
"A Dopey Dick—I sure am slow,
Eat gas and oil, can hardly go.
I tie up traffic, make you curse,
And I get worse and worse and worse!
I'm sunk, tho, if you get those things—
Those Perfect Circle Piston Rings . . .
They slay me!"

Doctors of Motors Everywhere Acclaim Perfect Circle Piston Rings!

Yes, your Doctor of Motors, your expert mechanic, recommends Perfect Circles and here's why! He knows that Perfect Circle makes a set of piston rings for every engine condition. With *Steel* oil rings for the worst or badly worn oil pumpers . . . with less severe oil rings for the slightly worn or rebuilt engines.

Further, he knows that no other piston rings are made with the same care and precision, engineered as thoroughly or tested as completely as Perfect Circles. That's why better mechanics everywhere *always* install Perfect Circles. That's why leading car manufacturers recommend them, too.

Your Doctor of Motors, your favorite mechanic, will install a set—Custom Made for your car.



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PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS... AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE
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BODY
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PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS...AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE
BALLANTINE'S
XXX
BALLANTINE'S
ALE
PURITY
BODY
FLAVOR

. He only had to take his meals ng up for a week. And no other r ever intentionally threw one any- near the Chief's head. . . .

Griffins were in town next, and f their pitchers tried walking the t. We had a man on second and e sure to score on a hit. Well, their r stepped out and the pitcher threw st ball and the Chief frowned and l a little puzzled. Then the pitcher another high one and the Chief a couple of quick, shuffling steps wung on it like a midget beating ts. The ball was still rising when it d the scoreboard.

nson was happy when the Chief trotting in, but the Chief wasn't. as mumbling to himself and frown- hen he crossed the plate and as soon got to the dugout he cut loose a string of talk to Harry.

'hat's the matter?" Johnson asked. e had to hit that home run and he's " Harry said. "According to his , he just lost a run and you can't im anything different. His game is d of religion with him."

ell him I'll sit up and take him to an cowboy show tonight to make him better," said Johnson. "Tell him ke him to an extra show every time ts one like that."

rry sighed and said, "I wish you l but it wouldn't be any use. You ln't translate the words into Utal im. He's wearing me out. I've seen any of those things in the last two s, I put myself to sleep nights count- osses and stagecoaches."

READY I'd noticed Harry's end of the deal wasn't the cinch it looked at Harry was a quiet guy who liked his , but as soon as the Chief found out were late shows in the city, he kept ry up till 2 A.M. translating everything the pistol shooting. When Harry plained, or mentioned training rules, Chief would mention the agreement which he could go to all the shows he ted to. The Chief was very particu- about the agreement.

Harry told me once, "I'd try teaching English so he could go by himself, if I did that, he wouldn't need me longer to play ball and where would ? He's already learned a little like, ey got me, podner,' and 'They went taway.' Where'll I be if he learns ugh to tend to his own business?"

said, "I guess Johnson would get him aper then."

"Don't kid yourself," Harry laughed erly. "That Indian would just as soon home as stay here. He don't care out money and he don't especially care out the way Americans play baseball, ting the balls out of the park all the time, and he's a little homesick besides. It keeps me worried for fear he'll get tired of the cowboy shows. They're all that keep him."

Harry had room to worry. The Indian was getting hard to handle and several times I heard long arguments between him and Harry, and while I had no idea what they were saying, it seemed to me from the tone of their voices that the Chief took a lot of pacifying before Harry got him settled down.

With that on his hands, Harry had to start asking for more trouble. I got an inkling of it one day when I was in his room and he had a couple of calls on the phone. I heard him using phrases like "on the nose" and "across the board" and I got right out of there. I have so much respect for the commissioner I don't even want him hearing I was ever around where talk like that was going on.

Later I collared Harry and told him how foolish that was. The commissioner is a crusader and the two things he crusades most about are ballplayers who bet on the races and ballplayers who don't uphold the dignity of the game.

I told Harry all that, and he said, "I know you're right, but I'll be careful. I've got to have some kind of relaxation. The way things are, I can't even call my life my own. I'm telling you, that Indian's driving me crazy. I just made a few bets to settle my nerves, but I'll be careful."

That was all there was to it then. The Chief went on getting the hits and Harry went on signing testimonials for him and taking in the money. The Wrens went on winning ball games, too. We were ten games in the lead when it happened. I guess Harry's nerves had got the best of him and he hadn't been as careful as he said.

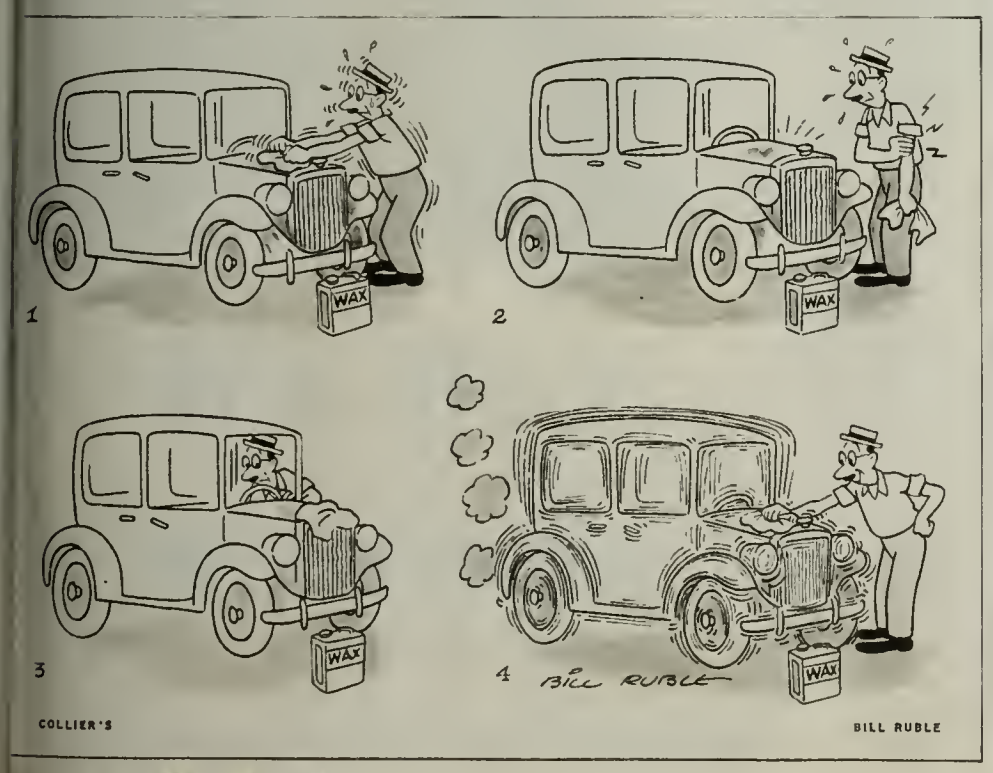
There was no publicity at first. The commissioner just called and asked Harry to come and see him. Johnson and I waited up for Harry that night and he was sweating when he came in.

"I got to watch my step," he said. "The commissioner heard somewhere that I'd made a few bets and he laid down the law to me. I'll be a good boy from now on. A very good boy."

"That's dandy," said Johnson. "Make mine a chocolate malted."

Harry was so busy thinking things out I don't believe he even heard Johnson. "Yeah," he said. "Where's the Chief? I promised to take him to see Mad Stampede, and he'll be sore. I'll have a lot of explaining to do."

It turned out that was the first night the Chief had gone without seeing a show and he didn't like it. We played the Blues next day and all through the first part of the game, Harry was pleading with the Chief in Indian. Quetzal



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90 PROOF

"No wonder FLEISCHMANN'S makes America's most Delicious Gin Drinks!"

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! One of *Four Big Reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks.

Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly light, delicate *taste!*

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DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

had quit answering him a long time before. Instead, he just sat there on the bench pretending not to listen.

"I don't know what I can do," Harry told me. "He thinks I've broken the agreement with him and he doesn't care anything about the reasons."

And Harry went into another spiel in Indian, pointing over at the commissioner's box along the third-base line and then back at himself, but even I could see he wasn't getting anywhere. Quetzal didn't even grunt.

THE ball game was going well enough. Bergh had set the Blues down one-two-three, and our guys had picked up four runs in the first two innings. They got to Bergh for a run in the fifth, but he stopped them without any trouble. Then in the sixth the crowd began shouting the battle cry that had been in our ears ever since the first stories about Quetzal had been published: "We want the Chief! We want the Chief!"

The fans had yelled it so much they had it down and when they began stamping in time with the chant, they could really make the stands rock. It didn't matter much to them about the Wrens' winning or losing. They felt cheated if they didn't get to see the Indian hit. For a couple of weeks, as a publicity stunt, Harry had been telling the Chief to point with his bat in the general direction he was going to hit. Of course, the infielders would make passes at getting into position, but they were just faking. After what happened to Fitch, they knew they had no more chance of stopping one of the Indian's drives than they had of catching a .50-caliber bullet.

"All right, Harry," said Johnson. "Let him hit one. I don't care where."

Harry didn't look happy. He said, "Boss, how about forgetting it today? I'm having trouble with him. Lay off today and it will be all settled tomorrow."

Johnson said, "You put him in now and let him hit. I'm paying you enough so you're not supposed to have trouble with him. Well, I want him now and so do all the fans. Hear them?"

"Okay, Boss. I'll try," Harry said.

Harry talked to the Chief and sent him out and then said to me, "I told him to hit it wherever he wants to. That might make him feel a little better about missing the show last night. I don't know what will happen if I ever happen to get sick for a day."

The Chief walked out to the plate and took his stance, same as ever, and I couldn't see what Harry was in such a state about. Gordon, the Blues' pitcher, was the man who should be worrying.

The crowd started yelling, "Where's it going, Chief?" and I remembered he probably wouldn't point with his bat since he was going to hit it where he pleased. He didn't point. He just stood there in that half crouch, his big shoulders bulging like a couple of cantaloupes. Gordon turned loose a slow ball.

The Chief swung and the bat cracked but the ball didn't go through the infield. Instead, a white streak shot straight for the commissioner's box and ricocheted off the rail where the commissioner had been leaning a minute before, to fly high up in the rear of the first deck of stands.

Then a lot of things happened at once. Harry yelled, "Take him out! It's murder!" and started running for the plate with Johnson and me close behind. The park police came out behind us and all together we escorted the Chief back to the dugout, and then someone thought of looking after the commissioner.

He was nowhere in sight. We all started over toward his box and we got there just in time to see him raise his head cautiously and peer with one eye over the rail. There he was, gray in the face and cowering with terror, crouched down behind the rail in the most undignified posture he'd given the public in his many years as commissioner.

I don't really know what happe the rest of the game, but I rememl big scene in the clubhouse. Th had come back into the commiss face, but he was still wild-eyed a hair was all rumpled and his voice when he spoke.

"You're suspended as of now," Harry, "you and that Mexican ki yours."

Harry looked pitiful and helples said, "But, I couldn't help it, sir. don't understand that Indian. smarter than you'd think. Smarte I thought, too. He just did that b he's sore at me and he knew it queer me with you, sir."

The commissioner sneered, "Sav for your touting acquaintances, D Everyone knows that Indian hits you tell him. After our conversat last night, it's quite clear to me wha intended."

"You can't kick a man out of ba for hitting a foul ball," Harry argu

"Maybe not," answered the co sioner, smiling coldly, "but I car him out because he associates with track gamblers like you, Dorgan. associates incline to shake the fans in the integrity of baseball and to d from the dignity of the game."

"Gee, Pop, do I? I'd like to be like Jack Benny!"

COLLIER'S

That broke it off sharp. The missioner didn't say anything abou own dignity. He just shut everyon and that was the end of Chief Qu in organized baseball.

According to performance, it oug have been the end of Harry, but J son and I spoke to the commissione finally the old guy believed the stor way it happened and let Harry tak old scouting job back, but first he r Harry promise he wouldn't try to l up any more players from the Utal t

I TALKED to Harry the day he c back to the park and he was happ

"I am finished with easy money, said, "because there is no such th Look what the horses did for me. I what that Indian did for me. Su made a lot of money with him, bu drove me nuts and I lost it all on horses and the horses got me can Now I don't have to go to cowboy n ies any more and I can live norm Did you ever wake up in the night sweat because they were about to h you for killing the sheriff and you k the guy that really killed him was one trying to put the rope around y neck?"

"What happened to the Chief? asked.

"Oh, some guys out of the Tan League, down in Mexico, got nex him," Harry said. "They went to trouble of learning the Utal langu and they even bought a moving-pic house for Quetzal alone. Next week going to put on a special exhibition them. He's going to kill a fighting by hitting it with a batted ball."

THE END

ENOUGH Americans to elect a President tell time by g Ben and his family of Westclox. His platform is honesty. s cheerful, friendly face is known and respected the orld over. Year after year you nominate him to serve you . and he keeps his promise by keeping America on time.

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Here's the car

they said was years away!

the only car you step down into..a new type of automobile no one else in America is prepared to build today!

HUDSON is the only American-built motor car you *down* into when entering, not *up* on!

This new development in automobile design and constru brings you many sensational advantages—among t newly streamlined beauty and a breath-taking flow of built lines that would otherwise be impractical.

This new kind of motor car is only five feet from grou top, yet by stepping down, you get *more* head room *roomier* seats than in any other mass-produced car today—and there's good road clearance, too!

Because you step down, Hudson's new, all steel Mor body-and-frame* completely encircles you, even outsid rear wheels, with a rugged, box-steel foundation fra and this brings you a new measure of added safety.

You ride within this frame—cradled between axles—n top of a frame as in the past. Hudson's new, lower c of gravity and rugged basic structure give this car delig roadability—a hug-the-road way of going, especiall curves, that is so safe, so serene, so smooth, it is unlike thing you've known before!

Hudson dealers invite you to enjoy this ride—to thri the eager power of Hudson's all-new Super-Six engine- most powerful six built today—or the masterful Super-E You're invited to experience automatic gear-shiftin forward speeds as provided by Hudson's "Drive-Ma transmission.

This is the motor car they said was years away, but nearest Hudson dealer will show it to you now! Hu Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

* Trade-mark and patents p

This time it's Hudson

Eight body styles in a Super Series and the Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. improved Super-Eight engine. New, low-pressure, Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at slight extra cost.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEO ROSENTHAL

The three diplomats above made the doodles shown at the bottom of the page. Left to right they are Dr. Wellington Koo, China's ambassador to the United States; Georges Bidault, France's Foreign Minister; and Trygve Lie, U.N.'s Secretary General. The numbers on the doodle descriptions in the story show who scribbled what doodle

DOODLES INTERNATIONAL

Continued from page 23

and the community of interna- lawyers. He has developed the nack of adjusting himself to dif- audiences in order to interpret affairs to each in terms best under- by them. I assume that this is xibility to which Dr. Wolff refers. sophisticated, gentle, almost frag- eorges Bidault, France's Foreign ter (No. 5), is called an "oscillo- ic type" by Dr. Wolff.

is person thinks in abstract terms, y sensitive, nervous, moody, easily ssed and irritated. His doodle is a typed formula of an oscillating ment that has the character of a ture. The only oscillation-unit is ourish which emphasizes the move- leftward. Since the writing hand esses from left to right, a movement right to left might be considered pposite of progression. This man is apt to be progressive, though not sarily conservative. It is also likely such a person is occupied by ideals e past rather than by prospects for uture."

l of this is largely true. Mr. Bidault's ervative Catholic upbringing at a t college is often at war with his ressive tendencies. His intense dis- for General Charles de Gaulle, aside personal reasons, is also based on levotion to liberal democracy.

private interviews he is very frank. sensitivity, which Dr. Wolff notes, ch that it can have an inspiring ef- on an interviewing journalist.

e pencilings of Dr. Wellington Koo, a's ambassador to the United States 6), reveal an emotionless personal- Dr. Wolff found.

This person's doodling, composed of ental letters and Oriental faces, indi- s an abstract way of seeing things of dealing with human problems," report stated. "His profiles of human gs are more like abstract elements."

he psychologist—who had no idea authored any of the doodles—pointed out that even the ear in Dr. Koo's profiles is like part of a letter.

"His abstract, aesthetic attitude comes to the fore, too, in the drawing of leaves with the emphasis on outline and design," the doctor continued. "It is characteristic that the strokes are sharp, as in an etching. Such a person knows perhaps all too well what he wants, but he lacks in some measure an understanding of individuals and their emotions."

Dr. Koo's speeches in the League of Nations and now in the United Nations are so polite, diplomatic and tactful that fellow delegates say it often eludes them as to whose side he has taken.

I remember that when the debate of Iran's case against Russia began in the Security Council meeting in London, I asked Dr. Koo how he felt after Vishinsky and Bevin had fired their opening shots. It was an awkward question, because China, in the Iran case, was sitting precariously between East and West. With his perfect English, his controlled manner and impersonal logic, Dr. Koo replied, "I told Mr. Vishinsky that I was impressed by his arguments. And to Mr. Bevin I said his speech was very convincing."

The last of the scribblings in this series belong to Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the United Nations (No. 7).

"These few attempts at doodling are so closely related to the writing of words that we actually cannot see a doodling pattern here but rather ornamentation of the written word," Dr. Wolff said. "This combination of graphic patterns is indicative of a person who thinks more in words than in pictures, who likes words rather than action. He could be a lawyer. The fluidity of movement and the many dots which appear as colons—as before the word 'qualification' and between the strokes—characterize him as a juggler who plays with thoughts and arguments, which he enjoys and prefers to decisive action."

This description is not only a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Lie, as the public knows him, but it could also be a short history of the United Nations itself—too many words and too little action. Often, when Mr. Lie has been on the point of intervening in a dispute—and in his case, words mean action—he has backed down and kept mum. Perhaps some early experiences in the United Nations scared him so that he shies away from action now.

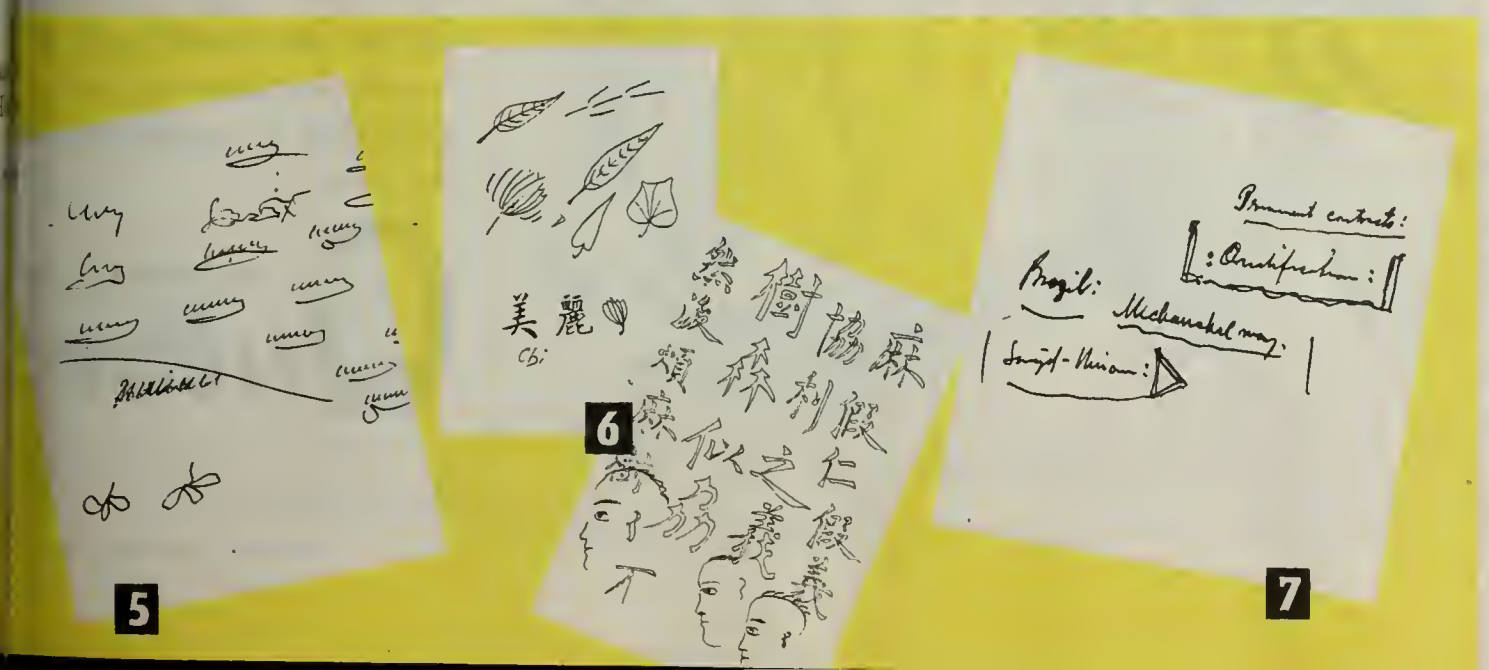
Mr. Lie saw the dangers in Russia's No! No! No! policy, but his warnings were faint. When American progressive, liberal groups urged him to criticize the "Truman Doctrine" because it seemed to by-pass the United Nations, he kept quiet, even though he was uneasy about his own silence.

My collection has one glaring lack. Up to now I haven't been able to pick up a doodle from a leading British statesman or diplomat. Not that my army of helpers, from delegates to sweepers, is in cahoots to protect the secrets of British diplomacy. The fact is that neither Ernest Bevin, Britain's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Hector McNeil, British Minister of State, nor Sir Alexander Cadogan, permanent delegate to the United Nations, indulge in doodling.

I wondered about that. What meaning could be attached to the fact that a person or persons either never doodled or developed a resistance to the habit? I asked Dr. Wolff. The absence of doodling, he said, could spring from a number of causes. "Basically, it seems to be a fear of unconscious self-revelation. This fear may be expressed in a very strong intellectual self-control and restraint of emotions, in a distrust of people, in a suppression of all daydreaming, or in a turning away from one's self and one's problems. Only an analysis of a particular case could show which of the motives are decisive."

The first three attributes seem to fit the British storybook sort of diplomat.

THE END



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HOW AMERICA WILL DEFEND HERSELF

Continued from page 17

of trouble. A Russian strategic-bomber force, based within range of us, could put us on the aerial defensive, just as we put the Japanese on the defensive, and as the British and ourselves put the Germans on the defensive. Our air attack smashed all the important German and Japanese cities and war centers in spite of the stiffest local defenses the Germans and Japs were able to throw up. If the Russians put us on the defensive, they might do the same to us.

So if we go to war, our first problem—our security problem—is to be ready to move outward about 2,000 miles to protect the areas from which Russia might make trouble for us. To do this we need an altogether different kind of peacetime military establishment from the one we have been maintaining.

Air Bases Must Be Serviced

The Air Force is now our first line of defense. But the Air Force is dependent, in turn, upon the activities of our Army and Navy. If we set up an air outpost to meet Russian air attack, we need some 60,000 Army troops to service and secure the ground area around that one air base, and we need a large string of supply ships, tankers, transports and hospital ships to maintain touch between home and the base—and to protect this shipping we need Navy antisubmarine patrols, antiaircraft sea defenses, defense against enemy raiders.

War has become incredibly complex. Today no one arm—land, sea or air—can move without the support and co-operation of the other two.

When our military leaders asked Congress, last March, for an additional $4,000,000,000 to bring our 1948 military estimates up to $15,000,000,000, it was for the purpose of converting our present passively defensive military establishment into a fully ready striking force able to move outward, if necessary. This would take care of us, if war should come, through the period while we are mobilizing our full strength.

As this is written, our Army is at a peacetime strength of 542,000 men, of whom 258,000 are on duty outside the continental United States. At home, the Army has a mobile striking force of 54,000 men—a pathetic total for a nation as strong as we were three short years ago.

The Army wants to build this combat part of the home force up to a strength of 194,000 men, fully equipped and ready to move—that is, a strength of three infantry divisions, one armored division and one air-borne division, with the necessary supporting arms and service units. This is a very small combat force for the protection of our precious homeland, but it would do for the first moves in our defense.

As this is written, our Air Forces are at a paper strength of 55 squadrons—paper strength because all but a very few squadrons are under strength in airplanes, pilots and men. The Air Force wants to build these squadrons up to full peacetime operational strength. Their goal is 70 squadrons with sufficient personnel to man and service them.

As this is written, our Navy maintains 277 combat ships and 488 supporting ships of all types on active duty, but with crews reduced well below wartime strength, and with carriers not fully equipped with aircraft and pilots. The

"I know I proposed—but isn't this carrying it a bit too far?"

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IER'S LEW FOLLETTE

r of combat ships on active duty than one third of the 663 major g vessels on the Navy list—the rest reserve, and could be put on active from three to nine months.

build up to strength considered ary for peacetime security, the proposes to add 63,000 naval per-, plus 11,000 Marines, together additional equipment, chiefly in t. This would give us 92,000 Ma-all told.

fore Appropriations Are Asked

the first time in history, these s requests have been passed gh the hands of our military leaders in joint session before being ed in the lap of Congress and d along to the pocketbooks of the e.

who will enforce the peace of the today beyond our own defense e?

e want world peace. We want or-all over the world. We want the of tranquillity that will permit us de, to go about our normal com-e 12 months a year. We want to d and go sight-seeing. We want to nge students. We want to share the rest of the world the benefits vilization as it can be lived in the century.

the old days, we might have tried it by setting up a peacetime empire rce—the kind of empire the British p beginning in the days of Elizabeth. hat, today, would be sticking out the rican chin, inviting a greedy and pus world to take swipes at us and o knock our empire apart as the Brit-mpire is being knocked apart before eyes.

day it would cost us more than it is h to be strong enough to police the d, alone. Much as we want a well-policed and orderly world, it is probably beyond our strength to force world peace by ourselves, anyway. World law and order is something that must be undertaken, if it is to succeed, by the peace-loving states of the world, acting together. If not through the United Nations, then perhaps by a working alliance of those who believe in order. Perhaps there is hope for world peace and security in a structure built on the foundations of the present European Recovery Plan, with the peace-desiring nations of South America and the Middle East joining in.

But those who want peace must be strong enough to fight for it, and to help one another. If America is to help others, they must be ready to help us, too.

Perhaps, if we are strong enough to stand alone—and at the same time confess that we are not strong enough to police the entire world—we can promote the share-and-share-alike kind of security that will guard all of the peace-loving people against the aggression of the agitating groups.

But our first job is to take care of ourselves. In demobilizing as we did at the end of the last war, we weakened ourselves beyond the safety point. Today, awake to the danger of another war, America is building up strength for peace.

We don't want an empire. We don't need one. We don't want—or need—to live with our nation fully mobilized. But if we are attacked, we must have enough three-dimensional combat strength ready to strike outward, and strike fast—to build up a "temporary" empire that will keep the Russians, or anyone else, from our vital points.

America needs a 1948 model land, sea and air force to meet the problems of a 1948 world.

Another article on our national defense will appear in an early issue.

Rust-clogged radiators overheat!

Clean out rust with

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Drain out your anti-freeze, and clean out winter's accumulation of scum, scale, and rust. Neglect now may mean trouble and costly repairs later. Just pour a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine 30 minutes or more, and drain. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly—improves engine performance. It's safe, sure, and easy to use.

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After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming, and keeps out acid, too.

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Also available in 12-ounce bottles and cans.

Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Michigan.

World's largest selling beer in small bottle

GOEBEL BEER

in the original Bantam bottle

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

st of us get along quite well, you see, s income than those enjoyed by the e families in the article. I make y more than the $50 weekly which en as the subsistence requirement for ily of four on public relief. I am g a substantial 3-bedroom house. My oys get plenty of wholesome food. t that any of that is easy, you under- . There is no grinding, petty econ- practiced by any of Mr. Velie's cts which I don't know all about. lothes are mostly prewar. My wife some of her friends' hand-me- s. I use shoestrings until they are hort to tie. I stretch out haircuts by ing betweentimes. I do all my own pair work.

ave the greatest admiration for Mail er Mantsch raising eight children in times, but the rest of Mr. Velie's Hor- Examples are obviously either poor gers or are spending too much for vice or luxury.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST,
Newark, N. J.

LETTERS, INC.

R SIR: In answer to Mr. Braun, Dallas, s (The Week's Mail, Apr. 3d), we have and are doing the thing he suggests. persons interested in writing to some- in a foreign country can contact bers of the federation, and they will nost happy to secure a foreign con- for them, or I will gladly send them es, if they state which country they er. These names are authenticated by ambassadors, then scrutinized and ap- ed by our extension secretary in Wash- on, D. C. Every state in the Union is ged in this project and we feel that a t chain of friendship and understand- between the women of the world is g forged. MRS. EDWARD H. OLSON,
State Secretary, Foreign and
Territorial Clubs, Pendleton, Ore.

ANIMAL LOVER

AR SIRS: I don't think readers Barnard, efer, Weidman *or* Phillipson (The ek's Mail, Apr. 3d) show much horse se or anything else arguing about which mal has the most sense. Don't they w that all they have to do is look it in The World Book? There they will l that the chimpanzee is the most in- lgent, the cat is listed 5th, the dog 6th, l the horse 10th. I am in 1st grade at rmon Avenue School and we have just shed studying about animals.

RICKY FANNING, Age VI, Dayton, Ohio

FAITH IN FAITH

AR SIRS: Faith Prior's The April Road pr. 3d) has renewed my faith in modern iters. How refreshing to come upon works of a genuine, down-to-earth alist! To write of such commonplace ppenings in such a fascinating manner that's talent! Let's have more Faith!

MRS. DONALD ROEMER, Macon, Missouri

FOR MEN ONLY

EAR SIR: In your article Detour to a radise Lost (Apr. 3d) your reference to obart as a college for women shocks us. s far as I know, we have no long hair th curls. Please, we are known as men. Your reference undoubtedly refers to illiam Smith College, our sister across e road, which was founded by William nith. Hobart was founded by Bishop hn Hobart in 1822. Thanks anyway for e informative article.

ROBERT N. TUTHILL '50, ROBERT H. LADD '51, GRANT GIBBONS '50, PAUL ANDERSON '50

. . In the map for Detour to a Paradise ost you picture Amelia Bloomer wear- g "bloomers" in 1899: maybe she was —but not in the Finger Lakes region—as she slipped this mortal coil in 1894 A.D. But she did wear them there in 1849, when my mother was eight and wore eight-rowed pantalettes in a near-by region.

Also the statement that when you see one of these lakes you see them whole: I have yet to find a place on Lake Seneca or Lake Cayuga where you can see the entire length of either—sixty miles is one long look in any man's country.

WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS,
Madison, Wis.

That was Mrs. Bloomer's ghost you saw on the map; and in the lines "the lakes are not large but when you see them, you see them whole as a jewel is seen when you snap open the lid of the box," Mr. Lagemann was indulging in a purple passage.

. . . All of us at the Department of Commerce here in Albany were extremely pleased with Detour to a Paradise Lost . . . thought it an imaginative and nostalgic treatment . . . excellent in every detail . . .

ALLEYN H. BEAMISH, Albany, N. Y.

LACK OF RESERVE

DEAR SIR: Does The Army Want The Reserves? (Apr. 10th) fanned into flame my smoldering bitterness against the Army for its lack of interest in its former officers and men. While the Navy reservists buzz my home in TBFs, F4Us, and F6Fs, I crane my neck skyward and swallow hard.

The crowning insult came a few months ago when I applied for flying duty in a reserve unit in Philadelphia. After completing various forms, following instructions, typing copies of my orders and paying $5 for a physical examination, I was informed that I was then eligible to be placed at the end of a waiting list of some 200 other pilots. When I protested, I received an understanding shrug of the shoulder symbolizing T.S. Roger out.

EX-LT. SAMUEL R. FOSTER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Had it not been for the reserve officers and men where would our country have been in this last war? Certainly we can train our boys in three summers and build an effective reserve.

JOHN P. BORT, New York, N. Y.

. . . The planes assigned to my Naval Reserve squadron were turned over to us after having been worn out by the regulars. They are just plain not safe.

SUPER GRADE LIEUTENANT

SCOTCH EDITION

DEAR SIRS: I should like to say how much I enjoy reading Collier's Magazine. My husband's sister in Orange, N.J., sends us copies. When my husband and I finish, my father and brother read it and it is sent to my other brother in another district. His wife has relatives and friends in the Orkney Isles, who then get it.

NAN D. HEWITT, Lanarkshire, Scotland

VAN JOHNSON CASEY

DEAR SIR: Does Van Johnson have a double, or does Artist Wolsky use him for a model? Casey (See Nord Riley's The Half-Shot Hereford, Apr. 10th) is a dead ringer.

S. A. BEYMER, Seattle, Wash.

Van and June Allyson

Casey and Susan

Used on more new cars -sold by more dealers!

replace with a

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DELCO-REMY
WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

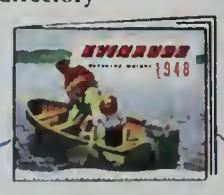
QUESTION: **"What's different about a 'fishing' motor?"**

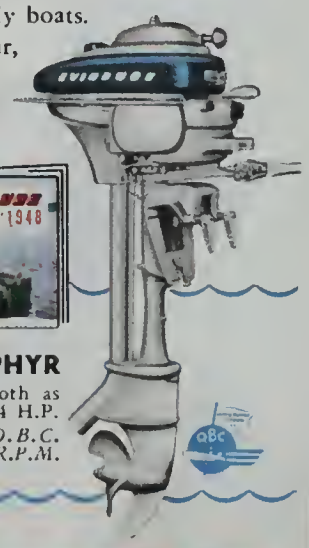
ANSWER: **"Plenty!" Ask fishermen who know their outboards!** Compare Evinrude's light models against the field. Check "fishing feature" after feature that Evinrude owners enjoy. Think what the Fisherman Drive *alone* is worth ... *there's nothing like it!* Gives you real "freedom of the waters" — the best *fishing waters!* You can drive confidently through thick reeds and weed beds to where the big ones lurk . . . you can bang unworried over stretches foul with snags, rocks, stumps . . . you can go wherever there's water to float your boat! Study the host of sparkling features in the new Sportwin — you'll find even the fuel gauge you've always wanted on your outboard motor!

First for fishing

First for fun

Years ago, Evinrude perfected *a new kind* of outboard motor, surpassingly smooth and responsive — a thrill to ride with, a joy to own! Today you can enjoy matchless *four-cylinder* performance in three great Evinrudes covering a wide range of power. In the famed Zephyr, it's yours in the popular 5-horsepower class — pedigreed *four-cylinder* performance for average fishing and family boats. For powering light runabouts and fast fishing craft, the Lightfour, 9.7 horsepower.* And for largest, fastest hulls, the Speeditwin and great Speedifour. **See your Evinrude dealer** — look for his name in your classified phone directory under "Outboard Motors." CATALOG FREE — Address, EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5734 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin. IN CANADA: *Evinrude Motors, Peterboro, Ontario.*





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**All Evinrude power ratings are O.B.C. certified brake horsepower at 4000 R.P.M.*

First in outboards 39th year.. EVINRUDE

Both Gid and Zebedee would have liked to die with their boots on—but there was only one pair of boots

THE BUGLER AN GIDEON LEE

BY NEILL C. WILSON

FOR the first time in his married life except when two Klikitat arrows took him in the buttocks while he was milking, Gideon Lee was being put to bed and kept there. Chills and fever shook him like two bears in a bee tree. It was the punishment of heaven, lashed Marilla, for sneaking off goose shooting when he should have stayed home to pick apples. Forcefully she tucked him under four quilts, and set pots and kettles going all over the stove.

At whiff of those brews, Gid tried to sit up and holler. Bells in his head and that swallered-whole anvil in his stomach smacked him back. So he let Marilla have her way, and that way was practically to boil up the whole almanac and spoon it to him page by page. Sassafras tea for colic. Goose grease for cough. Mustard seed and chimney soot for heartburn. Milk toast and barley wa general discipline.

Marilla also sprinkled asaf his underwear for grippe, and she took no chances with fever. She held under his r fumes of boiling vinegar, pi and wild cherry bark, with whisky added. When this f chirk her husband up, alarr into her voice. She announced was going for Dr. Allen, thou sawbones would probably ask ounce of gold for making t around Buffalo Hump and whoop Mountain, and anyway nothing but a lot of big worc

But there was no help for put Gid's dosages on a box by pushed a warm stove lid un quilts, snapped at him sternly he took this for a sign of af stuck a comb in her bun and a

Bootjack, the fighting tom turkey, sprang upon the bed, but Gid didn't belt him off, he just blinked and murmured, "Go away"

d, went out and saddled up. tted back in her hickory-hard hat if he dassed to remove that rag from around his throat, he have her to answer to.

watched through the window rode away—a work-lean no-se figure in a dollar's worth of Yet in the days of their sweet-g, she'd been pretty as a brand-ucksaw in a hardware window. r three decades together, it was o'd been the contrarious knot ied her temper. Many and many he'd gone trouting or cooning there were potatoes to be dug. t suddenly repentant.

THIS discovery about himself, id sat forward in genuine con-and got a good look at his iron-ered visage in the mirror. He'd o idea that a misery here and could knock a man so peaked. is teeth were worn close to rim-and there was a bald spot as big bobcat's behind right on top of ead. But, trunk and branch, he long way from being done for, if he was a-perishing at the tips. was no hurry to start building offin like the one that was waiting ebedee Applewine.

d was thirty years younger than eighbor Zebedee.

But the catawampus in his skull and the tucker in his bones made him drop back to the pillow. No two ways about it, he felt puny. Punier even than the time in youth when the black she-bear cuffed the seat out of his courting pants. Maybe Marilla had done right in setting out for the doctor at Camas Meadow.

A fly strolled on his bald spot. Gid half raised his hand. He let it fall. The strength was surely running out of him like beans out of a sack.

His hound Lilybelle looked over the doorsill, whined, and padded in. She was going to have a family and wanted fussing over. Gid tried to fumble her silky ears but the misery stabbed again and he gave it up.

Bootjack, the fighting tom turkey, sprang upon the bed and looked Gid over with a red eye set in a menacing blue face. Their way of showing fondness for each other was usually a boisterous one. But Gid didn't belt him off with a sledge-hammer fist. He just blinked back and murmured, "Go away."

Swiveltail, the belled mule deer with, "Don't Shoot!" painted on his dun sides, poked his wet nose in at the window and tried to make Gid see how his neck had thickened, how the velvet had gone from his young horns.

(Continued on page 82)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

Photograph by Charles Kerlee

Copr. 1948, The Manhattan Shirt Co.

The 38 that looks like a 34

Mansco swim trunks are designed to make a man with a 38 waist look like a 34! Skillful tapering and pleating turn the trick. Even if you already have an athlete's torso, *Mansco* trunks will make your shoulders look broader, hips flatter, waist smaller. Comfortable as can be, too—they're at your dealer's now, in a wide choice of exciting patterns, bright colors. Model shown above $3.95. Other *Mansco* swim and play trunks: $2.95 to $5.95.

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MADE BY THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY

Don't do it the hard way. Do it the HEUBLEIN way! Serve *professional* cocktails at home...superb cocktails made of the finest liquors by *cocktail specialists.* Just ice and serve.

Eight kinds at your local liquor store.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

THE STORM

Continued from page 14

shook her head slightly in alarm. But Storrs appeared not to notice.

"These American fellows are all the same," he said, as though explaining the national character to the two women. "They live for the moment. Oh—" He looked at Matthews and chuckled. "We had no love for you, of course. There *we* were, in Africa or India or Italy, and here you were, back home with our women. But that's all in the past now." He glanced at Laura. "Isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," she said lifelessly. "Past and done with."

There was an awkward silence. Outside they could hear the moaning of the wind in the apple tree. The garden gate creaked faintly again.

"Are you here on business?" Storrs asked.

"Not exactly," Matthews replied, looking down at his clasped hands. "I—you see—well, it's a little hard to explain—" He saw the two women looking at him with sudden alarm, so he went on at once: "I wasn't too happy when I got back. There wasn't any real peace. No one seemed to want to do anything much—just walk around and talk about the next war. Nobody wanted to help anybody else. And I couldn't get England out of my mind. England seemed more down-to-earth, somehow."

Elizabeth laughed mirthlessly.

"Don't," Laura reproved, glancing worriedly at her husband. "Let him go on."

AS MATTHEWS went on, Laura gazed at him fixedly, her expression a curious mixture of puzzlement, fear and pity. Once she closed her eyes, as though better to listen to the tone of his voice, and then her expression altered; the sadness and the resignation disappeared. But when she opened them again she found her husband looking at her quizzically. Reaching out, she clasped his hand and smiled. Matthews observed this little interchange and was silent. Outside, the wind fretted at the house.

"I feel this way—" Storrs began. But he was interrupted by the sudden faint wail of a child somewhere above them in the house.

Matthews' face paled a little.

Laura set down her glass unsteadily.

"I'll see about him," Storrs said.

"All right."

When he was gone the two women looked at Matthews, who seemed stricken.

"What's the matter?" asked the older sister scornfully. "Are you afraid?"

"Beth, please," Laura begged.

"It's a boy?" Matthews asked.

Laura nodded.

"Is he—is he all right?"

"He is now," answered Laura. "For a long while it was touch and go. We weren't able to give him the proper things to eat. They aren't to be had in England."

"May I see him?" Matthews asked, speaking with great difficulty.

"Dear God!" exclaimed Elizabeth, rising and going to the window. "After three years he wants to know if he may see him! Why? In the name of the dear Lord, why?"

"Beth, stop it!" Laura cried. "Can't you see? It isn't easy for him!"

"Was it easy for you?"

"Then *I* should be the one to say!" Laura turned her head slightly: "Now do sit down. Here comes Storrs."

Angrily Elizabeth returned to the couch. Storrs entered the room carrying the child in his arms; an attractive, though rather pale and undernourished boy with dark hair, wide eyes and a solemn expression.

"This is Mr. Matthews, Donnie," said Storrs. "Say, 'How d'you do?' "

The child only blinked his eyes. At the other side of the room the two sisters exchanged glances. As Matthews rose to his feet and took the child's small fingers in his hand, the boy turned and saw Laura. "Mummie," he said. Freeing himself from Matthews' grasp, and struggling to get away from Storrs, he held out his arms.

She rose to her feet and took him from her husband. "Come on, Don-o," she said, in a voice roughened with sudden tears, "I think we'll go back to bed now. Don't you think so?"

Holding the child closely, she turned for a moment to look at Matthews. The veins bulged on Matthews' temples; he swayed forward, his fists tight.

"Here now," said Storrs, frowning a little. "What's all this?"

Turning with a sob, Laura fled from the room.

In the silence that followed, Storrs looked first at Matthews and then at Elizabeth. The only sound was the moan of the wind.

"I realize you gave me a raise just last week, Mr. Watson, but now I find I need more money to meet the higher standards the increase permitted me"

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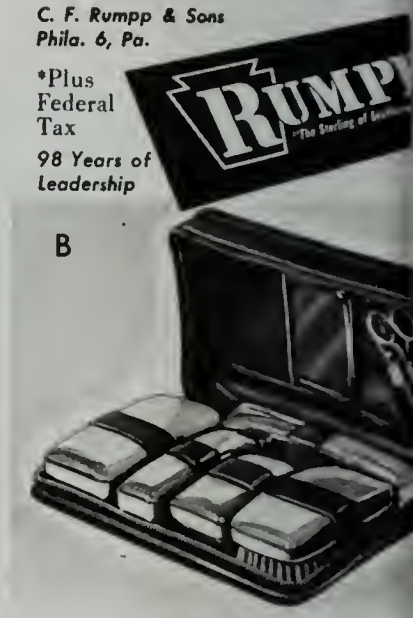

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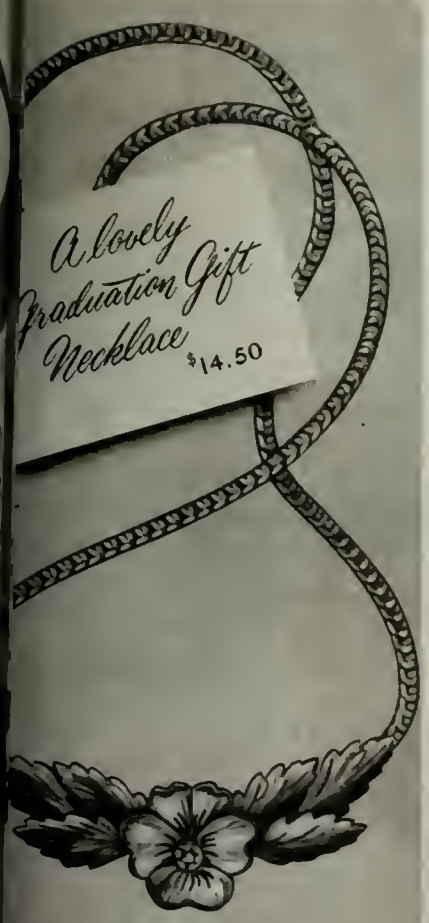

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"I see," he said at last.

With slow deliberation he collected the glasses and took them to the kitchen. When he returned, Matthews was still motionless in the center of the room. When Storrs looked at him, Matthews fell back onto the couch and buried his head in his hands. Without another word, Storrs went out.

Moving about the room, Elizabeth extinguished the lamps one by one. When all except the table lamp over the piano had been turned out and the room was in partial darkness, she stood still and looked down at Matthews reflectively. In the gloom and the quiet the wind was more distinct; the faint, recurrent creak of the garden gate was clearly audible.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going," he said dully.

He got to his feet and made his way unsteadily to the hall. Elizabeth handed him his scarf and flight jacket without a word and then followed him in silence to the front door. For several minutes after he had gone she stood there, motionless.

WHEN she returned to the living room, however, she saw, on the table near the piano, the package that Matthews had carried with him. Seizing it up, she listened. In the noise made by the wind it was impossible to tell whether or not he had gone, so she went swiftly back into the hall and, taking up her coat, ran out through the front door to the garden gate.

She could not see Matthews anywhere at first. Then, as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she made out a dark figure walking, not toward the village, but toward the deserted house at the top of the hill.

She caught up with him. "You left this behind."

He started at the touch of her hand on his shoulder. Seeing who it was, and what she carried, he turned and continued along the way he had been going, his eyes fixed on the low outline of the house ahead.

She kept pace with him. "Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Do you care?"

She was silent.

In the sky low down to the east was a faint luminosity, a clouded moonglow.

"Were you in love with Laura?" Elizabeth asked a moment later.

"Yes."

"Then why in God's name didn't you answer her letters?"

"I didn't know I loved her! Not then! Not in the war!"

"You were a coward. A weakling."

"I came back. Didn't that take courage?"

"Courage!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Did you write first? No—because if you'd written her you might have found out that it was too late. You couldn't have faced that—it would have shown you up for what you were. You just came back, hoping to take up where you'd left off, hoping to be forgiven, thinking that if you were right here and Laura could see you she'd forget everything you'd done and fall in love with you again. Isn't that it?"

His fists clenching and unclenching, he pushed on in silence. Elizabeth began to fall back.

The wind whined through the shell of the old farmhouse as they approached it, and a loose board swung somewhere.

"This is where we always came," he said.

Elizabeth stood still on the road to watch him. As Matthews approached the house, his footsteps faltered. He slowed, then stopped altogether. Motionless on the windy road, he stared at the black gaping hole of the doorway. He seemed to shudder. He took a step forward, then stopped again, staring, transfixed.

His tension communicated itself to Elizabeth. She came up to him.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"I don't know—"

They waited in silence; Matthews still trembled. He took another step.

"There's somebody in there," he breathed.

The wind screamed in the branches over their heads. Matthews' body seemed to strain forward.

"I'm in there," he said harshly. "It's *me! I'm* in there!"

"Stop it!"

So sharply were the words spoken that Matthews was shaken from his hysteria as if by a blow. He turned. He stumbled back down the road. She followed him at a little distance, and when they reached the garden gate again, and he groped clumsily for his bicycle, she put her hand on his arm.

"Come back in, Matthews," she said.

Within the amber-lighted, old-fashioned living room, Matthews sank into a chair and put his head in his hands. Elizabeth set down the parcel she had carried for him and brought a half tumbler of whisky. While he was drinking it she closed the door and sat down at the piano.

Except for the unceasing rush of the wind and the occasional creak of the garden gate, the house was very silent; there were no footfalls upstairs. Somewhere a clock ticked. Matthews put the empty glass to one side and, closing his eyes, leaned back wearily against the worn plush of the chair.

"Just a minute," he said in a low voice. "I'm going . . ."

Elizabeth looked at him compassionately. She turned to the piano and played a few measures tentatively. Then, opening a sheet of music on the rack, she began, in a low, warm, lovely, trained contralto, to sing:

"Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein
Schatz . . ."

Elizabeth sang the melancholy tune so softly that the creak of the garden gate remained audible. When she had finished, she was still for several moments. Then she glanced at Matthews.

"Heine wrote the words," she said quietly. "I'll read you what they mean." With her finger she traced the lines:

"Still is the night . . . Peace has descended
upon the street.
In this house lived my beloved . . .
She has long since departed from the
town

"Yet there stands the house, in the same
place . . .

"There stands also a man, staring into
the heavens,
Wringing his hands, heavyhearted
I shudder when I see his face—
The moon reveals to me—myself!

"You double! You ghastly vision! Why
do you ape my heartbreak?
That overwhelmed me on this spot, so
many nights in long ago?"

THE room was silent. Elizabeth folded her hands and looked gravely at Matthews.

"You were strong enough for war, Matthews," she said. "Because war was lawless. But this is peace. And peace is a dirty bare time—it's long years and hard work and courage."

He did not respond. She went on:

"When you went away and never wrote, Laura cried for days and days. She called out your name in her sleep. When she realized that you weren't going to answer her letters at all, she became ill. She almost died. The child was born and for a long time the child was ill, too. It was his need that saved Laura: It pulled her out of herself. She knew she'd have to face things herself: there was no one who could help her. Then when Storrs came

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back and offered to marry her, she turned him down. She thought he was only doing it out of pity.

"But Storrs wasn't," she continued quietly. "He took her and your baby both, and though he knew that Laura still loved you, in spite of all that you had or hadn't done, he thought she might forget it little by little, and even that she might learn to love him. He's a decent, kindly man. He lives for her, and for the child. He's good-natured, he's a little commonplace. He's slower than you are, and not so outspoken and clever, and not so quick in a fight. There's just one difference. He's a man—a mature, adult, responsible man."

Matthews got to his feet. His hair was awry, his eyes troubled.

"I—"

"Goodby, Matthews," she said.

"I—"

"Goodby, Matthews."

He looked at her in silence.

Turning, he went out of the quickly. The front door closed him; the garden gate creaked ag der his hand.

When Elizabeth looked up a fe ments later, her eyes fell on the p that Matthews had again left behi Without hesitation this time she s and tore off the wrappings. She di a toy stuffed bear.

Her shoulders sagged. She be head and she began to cry quietl

Upstairs there was the faint sou door opening. She straightened u footsteps began to descend the sta moved swiftly to the dying fire and out hesitation, tossed the bear in it pings onto the embers. A sudden b new flames illuminated the room.. as the footsteps reached the h Elizabeth turned her back to the fi the tears wiped from her eyes, wai her sister to open the door.

THE END

CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Teachers, lawyers and others who have long experience in listening to people account for their actions develop a technique by which they can discover when a person is trying to withhold information. With some talkers this means speeding up their words, with others it is some physical mannerism, such as stroking the chin, at the moment of reaching the delicate subject. The magician explains these facts to his audience and announces that he almost invariably can discover when a person wants to withhold information and offers to demonstrate this ability.

He uses a pack of playing cards as the means of choosing a subject. He has the pack dealt on the table in four piles. He then turns his back to the audience and asks that one person take a card from any one of the four piles, to look at the card and to remember which it is, and to put the card on top of any one of the piles. Then, while the magician continues to keep his back toward the audience, the four piles are to be put one on top of another in any order. The spectator, further, is to cut the pack and complete the cut. He may do that again if he wishes. The spectator is reminded that he has selected one card in the deck, but that he does not know where in the deck that card may be found and, of course, the magician could not possibly know. The magician then turns around and says that if the spectator reads off the names of the cards as he goes through the deck one card at a time, he will give away the card he is thinking of by the tone of his voice. The moment the spectator names the card following the correct card, the magician stops him and repeats the name of the chosen card. The magician always is right.

The secret is that before beginning the trick, and quite without the knowledge of the audience, the magician has arranged the cards. He has put the four fives together on top of the pack and the four threes together on the bottom of the pack. When the cards are dealt one at a time into four piles each pile will have a three on top and a five on the bottom. No matter which pile the card is placed upon, or in which order the four piles are picked up or how many times the deck is cut (cutting doesn't mix the cards), the thought-of card will be between a three and a five. The other threes and fives will not be separated.

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YACs solved the problem of dance intermissions by getting up their own home-grown entertainment. Dick Hanchette is providing blackface and softshoe

Tobogganing was a big winter activity. Here are (from front to rear) Charlene Brickson, John Collier, Joyce Stephen, Aaron Schuster and Caryl Schweppe

FOR YOUNG ADULTS ONLY

BY MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

When the USO folded after the war, the young men and women of Madison, Wisconsin, were mighty forlorn. Then somebody got the idea for a Young Adult Club and sold it to the city authorities. Now sociologists from other cities are studying the setup

THE way the girls out in Wisconsin tell it, all they wanted when they got The Idea was a place to dance, meet fellows and chew the rag—just the way they had been doing three times a week back in the happy USO days. They knew The Idea was pretty good, but they never expected it to bring down on them the wholehearted approval of sociologists and requests from cities between Maine and California for full details of the wonderful Idea.

Maybe what inspired them was the fact that they were downright envious of the attention being paid to their kid sisters and brothers—the teen-agers. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about the young men and women in the tender twenties, the ones who were adrift between high-school graduation and their younger-married-set days.

When they shut down Madison's USO in January, 1946, and the G.I.s at near-by Truax Field were on their way home, the town's 400 USO hostesses were spiritually in the dumps. They recalled prewar Madison and the pitifully few places where a nice girl could meet a nice guy.

The girls were just short of a good cry when they popped up with The Idea. "What we need," they decided, "is our own peacetime USO."

They rounded up some fellows they thought would be interested. There was Roger Blackmore, for instance. He had been a student at the University of Wisconsin until the war interrupted his studies. After a spell as a bombardier with the 11th Air Force he returned to Madison just in time for the ex-USO hostesses to sell him a bill of goods.

On February 7, 1946, a delegation of 24 young men and women called upon Howard Danforth, who was then Madison's director of recreation under the Board of Education. The delegation came prepared with an itemized list of the meager entertainment and recreation facilities that Madison had before the war.

Director Danforth was willing to go along and see how the delegation could get things organized. They were promised use of the Community Center—formerly the USO building, which the city had purchased for $32,000—for at least one night a week. The city would consider the whole idea a success if the group could get a paid-up membership of 300. They received further encouragement from Philip H. Falk, superintendent of Madison's public schools.

The delegates nominated a temporary executive committee of seven with Roger Blackmore as acting president. They initiated a contest to provide a name for the new organization.

Nearly 100 young people were present at the next meeting. Bruce Pattou State Journal reporter assigned to cover the meeting, won the name contest with his simple, sober Young Adult Club and got a year's free membership as his prize. Forty-five paid the required $1.50 for annual membership, and three important decisions were made: (1) Anyone over nineteen could join, (2) dance nights would be on Wednesday to give the town its first midweek dances and (3) there would be no liquor served or allowed in on dance nights.

The first dance was scheduled for March 5th. For membership-drive purposes, it was made free to anyone who joined up for a year; others had to pay a small admission charge. They had a fine band. In spite of the steady downpour that night more than 500 showed up—and 350 joined. The YAC was in Madison to stay.

Within three months the YAC had a thousand members, and the Board of Education, favorably impressed, offered to pay the salary of a full-time adviser who would take care of the heaviest paper and organizing work. They chose Roger Blackmore.

One unexpected development was the fact that nearly 100 men students at Wisconsin University joined the club. As one veteran put it, "On $65 a month you've got to watch your beer and movie money."

As the YAC passed the thousand mark, its treasury was in such a healthy condition that the members were able to vote to buy an $800 air-conditioning unit for the ballroom of the Community Center.

Other YAC activities, a photography club, regular picnics and outings, toboggan and skating parties, scavenger hunts, softball and basketball teams, roller skating and bowling parties and dancing lessons were decidedly popular with the members. But the necessary committee work was being done by only about 10 per cent of the members.

In order to get around this uneven distribution of voluntary labor, the council proposed the solution of work

party room is the most popular meeting place for all YACs. Soft drinks and lwiches are always available and those who work near by have lunch here

uirements for full membership. ay a prospective member must in at least three hours in any one mittee or combination of com- tees handling floor shows, outdoor vities, hospitality, decorations, mbership, publicity, checkroom or h register. Then, as a full mem-, he is entitled to enter the dances only 25 cents instead of the usual hission charge of 40 cents, and he priority for the limited-attend- e functions, such as picnics and oggan parties.

"The Idea" Attracts Notice

Before the club was one year old it gan getting considerable attention m educational specialists. A Mid- West convention of recreation ex- ts made a special visit to Madison watch the YAC in operation. om time to time visiting sociolo- ts dropped in.

About 65 marriages have taken ce between YAC members since club was organized, and another couples are officially engaged. The erage YAC is 23 years old.

One romance was made possible by fact that every membership card ust bear on it a small picture of the plicant. One evening, member Steve ynoha, an ex-G.I. attending the iversity, ran into the YAC office in e Center and asked if he could go rough the membership card files.

He said that the week before he had nced with a girl, and then she nced with someone else and he lost ck of her before he had a chance to t her name. He simply had to meet r again. He kept on thumbing rough the cards. Finally he pulled a card out of the file and exulted, "That's the girl! That's the girl!"

She was Mary Ann Crase, a lab technician at the university. They were married five months later. Of course, they're still members.

Don and Joan Evans are typical of the many couples who met at the YAC and have continued their memberships. As Don, a draftsman, explains it: "Joan and I figured that if we ever tried to do all the things on our own that we can do through the club it would probably cost us at least $250 a year. And in our budget that's big money."

At no time has there been any question of considering race and religion as a qualification for membership.

YAC members are always a little startled when they learn that their club is almost unique in the U.S. (Bath, Maine, has recently initiated a program similar to the YAC setup).

"It's so simple an idea," YAC President Tom Maloney points out, "and so many communities are just crying out for something like it that we can't understand why it doesn't spread all over. Any town can have one. All that's needed is about 5,000 square feet of dance space and at least 2,500 square feet for lounge room and some facilities for a snack bar. Sure, it takes a little work getting started but is there any other way to get yourself so much fun for $1.50 a year?"

For decades population experts have been worried about the excessive migration of young folks from the town to the metropolis. The YAC might turn out to be one answer to the new query: How are you going to keep 'em down in Middletown after they've seen New York? ★★★

YAC members can take in any of the 20 special activities run by the club. John Syberson (above) strings his fellow members along as he gets over the fine points of the guitar. The mural on the wall (below) is one of four done by member Darlene Garnnier, a talented university coed. This corner of the party room always gets a rush. Many of the YACs' 65 marriages started here

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"All this war talk's the same old nonsense we were hearing back in 1936 an

COLLIER'S JOHN MIL

BEHIND THE PALESTINE REVERSA

Continued from page 26

General As-Said was smiling: "What would you do if your government would instruct you to change your position and vote against partition? Would you resign?"

Somewhat surprised, I replied, "I cannot even contemplate such a possibility. You can be sure that I act with the backing of my government and my people."

"Nevertheless," interrupted el-Khouri, "if such would be the case, what would you do?"

"I tell you it is impossible."

"But suppose it would happen, what would you do?"

"I tell you it will not happen, but if you want to know what I would do in that impossible case, I would resign before I would act contrary to my convictions."

"Well," said Jamali, "you may have to resign, because we are working very hard on your government."

No new instructions ever came to me. But I was not surprised when Ricardo Fournier, delegate of Costa Rica, told me indignantly that the Arabs had offered to support his country's candidacy for the U.N. Trusteeship Council providing he would change his propartitionist stand. "I told them flatly that I not sell my vote or sacrifice my h he told me.

Partition could not be killed open vote of the nations, but secret were at work to kill it even befo vote was taken. Day after day ou nation working group labored ously to fit the partition plan to B program of withdrawal, and da day Britain refused to make clea cisely what that program was.

On November 20th, nine days the vote, I was unable to endure th longer. I declared before the Unite tions:

"We are confronted here by a tion forced upon us. The Unite tions did not ask for the Pale question to be brought here. It was Britain herself who dropped this pr into our lap.

"We can only conclude that alt the United Kingdom had said it not oppose the partition plan, it fact, opposing it by devious means.

"The United Kingdom's plan a havior will lead only to bloodsh Palestine. I warn you that there torrents of blood and I tell you no fore it is too late, that the only res

"Howard and I have been married twelve years and the magic has never gone out of our marriage"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCH

OLLIER'S "David is an awfully nice person—when he's single" JOHN RUGE

party for that blood will be the ed Kingdom."

en as I spoke an intrigue was devel- g behind the scenes to prevent the mission which was to go to Palestine supervise the setting up of the two pendent states from being composed en who were actively propartition- his commission was to be composed e representatives of Iceland, Nor- Poland, Uruguay and Guatemala. as no secret that Professor Enrique riguez Fabregat of Uruguay and I, had both been members of SCOP, would do our best to see that tion was carried out faithfully.

dro Zuloaga, a delegate of Vene- a, was approached by a liaison man ched to the United States delegation suggested that to place two Latin ericans as strongly propartitionist as regat and I on the commission uld hamper its work."

few days later the chief Norwegian gate announced that Norway consid- the present composition of the com- sion unsatisfactory, and must reserve cceptance of a post.

Power Politics Like Football

was angry. I thought it unfair for country to become a football of the powers. There was only one course uld take consonant with dignity. It ht not be diplomatic but it would be est. I asked Herschel Johnson of the . delegation to join me for a private versation.

nce we were alone, I began:

Mr. Johnson, I hope you will excuse for being frank and even rude. I have sons to believe that your government ects to the inclusion on the commis- n of Uruguay and Guatemala. I know that your delegation controls suffi- nt votes to bar our election. I have right to expose Guatemala to a rebut- from the Assembly. If through the ridor and lounge propaganda of the ited States we shall be rebuked and miliated, I prefer to withdraw the me of my country from the list of can- dates."

Johnson said: "I appreciate your speaking frankly to me and I shall be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Granados. The State Department feels that to include both you and Mr. Fabregat on the commission would arouse Arab animosity. I tell you this is not my feeling but I must carry out the instructions given me."

"I think the United States is making a tremendous mistake by following this policy of appeasement," I said. "If the Arabs are not shown that a real intent exists to carry out the United Nations resolution, they will be encouraged to oppose it."

Our conversation made it obviously impossible for this concealed game to continue. Thus, later that afternoon Fabregat came to me and said soberly, "A few moments ago I was informed that the American government thinks it very inconvenient for both of us to remain on the commission. At least one of us should be withdrawn, I am told. What do you say?"

I replied with great indignation:

"I think neither you nor I have the least chance of being elected. The Big Powers are maneuvering partly to please the Arabs and partly to please the British. It is a shameful and sordid business!"

There was nothing we could do. We agreed that when the moment came, we would withdraw the names of our countries, and we did so.

In place of the original five countries, Bolivia, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Panama and the Philippines were appointed.

Let me stress that I am convinced that partition ultimately will become a fact, no matter what decisions may be taken on paper. Let me emphasize that the choice before us was never one between a solution leading toward disorder, and one leading toward peace; it was a choice between disorder leading toward a solution, and disorder without a solution.

This was the choice at the time when the British, facing bloodshed, put Palestine into the hands of the U.N. It is still the choice today.

THE END

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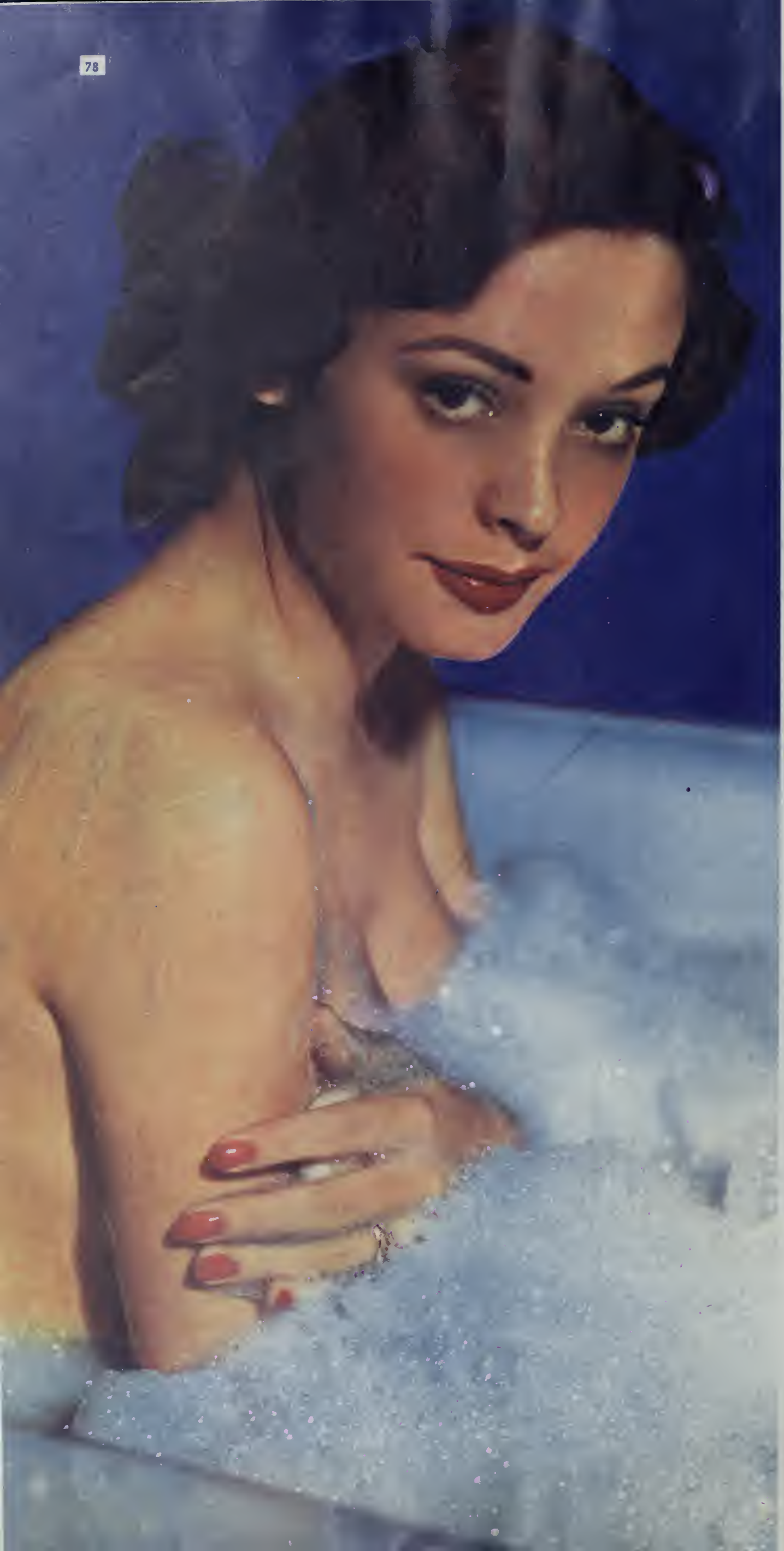

JAUNT WITH JANIE

BY JIM MARSHALL

We spare no expense—well, hardly a
—to rush you the facts about Jane Gre

Hollywood, Californ

Editor, Collier's,
New York, N. Y.

Your telegram was handed to me while I was the shower. The ink ran some, but as near as I c make it out you want me to do a piece on som body named Joe Green. There is nobody arou here named Joe Green and the best I can figure that you were asking for a piece about Giusep Verdi, which was his Italian name. For your i formation, Signor Verdi (or Green) has been de for some years. He was a song writer.

Jim Marsh

Jim Marshall,
Hollywood, California.

Hereafter don't read wires in shower. What want is piece on Jane Greer movie star. No inter in Joe Green under any name but thanks for tra lation anyway. Regards.

Editor, Collie

Hollywood, Californ

Dear Editor:

Immediately on receiving your wire, which read on my patio, I got in touch with RKO, whe Miss Jane Greer labors, and learned that she h just left on a honeymoon with a young man nam Edward Lasker (her husband) in South Americ I am leaving at once for Rio de Janeiro to intervie her. Please wire some expense money to Hot Sphinx, Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro. Braz

Jim Marsha

Jim Marshall,
Hollywood, Calif.

Don't go to Rio. Cruel interfere Miss Gree honeymoon and fear climate there may make y careless with expense money. Await Jane's retu Hollywood. Regards.

Editor, Collie

Hotel Sphin
Rio de Janeiro, Braz

Dear Editor:

Your telegram telling me not to go to Rio caug up with me here just as I caught up with Miss Gree She is staying with Mr. Lasker (her husband) the Copacabana Palace Hotel and is recoveri from the hardships of the flight, as I am. Just soon as we have both recovered I will interview he At the moment she is trying to translate "Han burger steak and black-eyed peas" into Portugue so she can get some in order to rebuild her nervo system after the flight down here.

"All I can tell you now is that I was born i Washington, D. C., September 9, 1924, and chri tened Bettejane," she told me. "One of my gran fathers was Speaker of the Tennessee House Representatives. I went to Western High Scho and took dancing and dramatics and ended up president of the school dramatic club. *Yo* wouldn't know what is the Portuguese for 'blac eyed peas,' would you?"

I will investigate Miss Greer some more tomo row. Regards.

Jim Marsha

Jim Marshall,
Hotel Sphinx,
Rio de Janeiro.

Please do not follow Miss Greer around Sout America interviewing her. Remember your ow

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

NY freight car — of any railroad — anyre in America — can be coupled up with other freight car.

his simple fact makes it possible to com- in a single freight train many cars ed at many different points, moving ard many different destinations.

his in turn makes possible the low-cost tinent-wide mass transportation which railroads provide. And on mass transtation depends the mass production that nation must have to keep well fed, well hed, well housed—sound and strong.

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pon if you can think back that
lvise immediate return Holly-
Regards self and happy couple.
Editor, Collier's

São Paulo, Brazil

itor:
cable to me at Rio was delivered
here, where I have followed the
oneymooners. I am not the sort
ter who gives up or who is un-
ntimental. After all, Miss Greer
career to think about and it is
y young star who can get into
. Miss Greer recognizes this and
tted a scheduled visit to the snake
order to talk to me. (I told her
es frequently leap from the pits
people.)
she was graduated from old
High, she began a career as a
ith various night-club orchestras
Washington. She was singing
Madriguera band when a public-
for the Wacs asked her to pose in
niform, as none of the Wacs at
ment was shaped quite right.
picture was printed widely and she
ee Hollywood offers. She ac-
one by Howard Hughes, who
her up and forgot all about her
year. She never got before a
, but the pay check came in every
st the same.
ng in 1944," Janie told me, "I felt
is couldn't go on forever, so I
way and signed up with RKO,
hey had cameras and everything.
n six pictures in eighteen months
n got a lead in Sinbad the Sailor
laureen O'Hara and Doug Fair-
Jr. . . . And now here is Ed com-
k from the snake farm and I will
in Petropolis, maybe, if you can
e more expense money. We are
here right away."
ough Miss Greer did not say so, I
und out that she was married in
ber, 1943, to Rudy Vallee, who
to have been a Yale man. This
out not so good and after a few
tions and reconciliations they were
ed in 1945. Miss Greer had her
changed officially from Bettejane
Vallee to Jane Greer.
n chartering a hack to follow Ed
nie, as I now think of them, up the
Petropolis. I will keep you well
ed of developments.
Jim Marshall

Marshall,
polis, Brazil.
p. Stop. Go no farther. Your
se account endangering dividend.
Earnestly advise return home from Petropolis by slow economical boat. Do not further exasperate young honeymooners. Were you never young yourself? Regards.
Editor, Collier's

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Editor:

We all arrived here safely and I have some more information about Janie: When she was a kid half of her face froze up and for a long time she couldn't do a thing with it. But a lot of exercising cured this affliction and now she can work both sides of her face separately or simultaneously. She was also a great trial to her mother when she was a child, because of an obsession for imitating everyone she met. In the case of dignified people, who abounded in Washington in those days, this was embarrassing, and Miss Greer was heartily spanked.

I cannot tell you more now as I have just had a phone call from a spy saying we are leaving almost at once for Santiago, across the mountains in Chile. In haste.

Jim Marshall

Jim Marshall,
% U.S. Embassy,
Santiago, Chile.

If you survived Andes crossing please abandon your sordid and unfeeling interference Miss Greer's honeymoon. Has it occurred to you maybe young people wish to be alone for few minutes? Love more important than literature and that sort of thing. Have had research department locate Santiago on map so please go Valparaiso and take first boat north.
Editor, Collier's

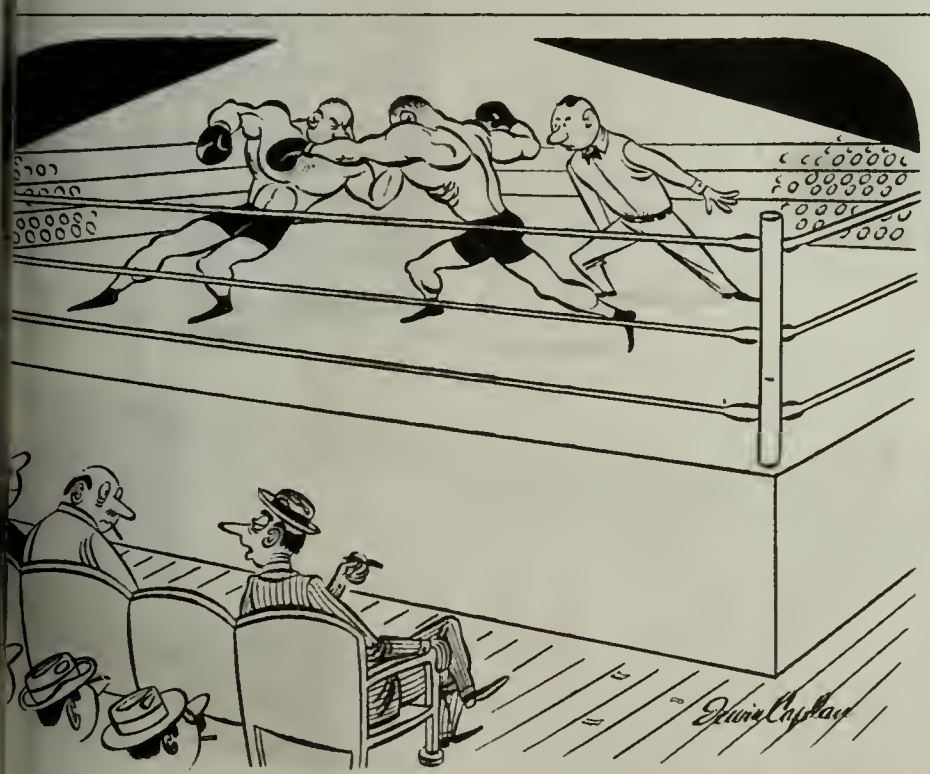
Santiago, Chile.

Dear Editor:

Upon my arrival here I found your cable. I can see your point, and am leaving for Valparaiso in the morning. Since you don't want me to take up any more of Janie's time all I can add to the wealth of information I have sent you is that her current picture is Out of the Past, and she has just finished making Station West, with Dick Powell.

Also, last night she got hamburger and black-eyed peas. She just found an American-speaking waiter and ordered them. If she had thought of this stratagem back in Rio, she would not have gone hungry for so long, and would have had more strength for dancing and so forth. However, all's well that ends well.
Jim Marshall

THE END



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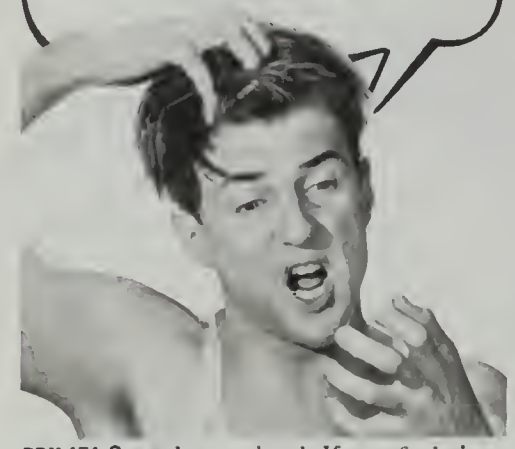

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THE BUGLER AND GIDEON LEE

Continued from page 69

Generally Gid would have grabbed their autumn-hard points and given them a good rassle. Now Gid didn't even notice. Swiveltail backed away in melancholy.

Gideon closed his eyes.

From Stormwhoop Mountain came a bugling. Silvery notes, starting true and round but flatting, bounded down the sunny morning.

Gideon fluttered his eyelids.

The song, lusty and fluty, tumbled down the slopes again. A wren in a rock canyon, busting out of his feathers for late Indian-summer gladness? The throaty whistling came from too far on the upland and bore too much challenge.

Gid kind of sat up on one elbow.

He strained for a look at the peak high and sharp over the forest tops. He wished his eyes weren't so full of smart from Marilla's herb pots. He scanned the heights and made out a few dots. They weren't boulders, for they stirred. They wouldn't be bighorns, come down out of summer ranges for the fall fighting and mating, for they weren't dusty-tan. They were white. So they were mountain goats. But goats don't bugle on silvery war horns, or sing like lovesick tenors to their lady friends across the ravines.

Down the barrens came the tuneful bawl again. Miles away, the serenader could be. But on Stormwhoop Mountain he was. Gid sat bolt upright.

Pangs lanced him, but his shins stole out from under the bedclothes. Underwear-clad shanks followed.

He slid into shirt, pants, socks, and looked for his boots. Marilla had hid 'em. Well, women were like that. He caught his hat from its nail. He reached to the pegs for his rifle. Not there. Marilla again. But, by tunket, there was a way.

He stepped from the cabin, staggering a mite. The bugling came again. With every crag-searching note of it, strength charged back into Gid's legs.

Lilybelle whimpered from the door of the barn.

"See, girl? I ain't got a gun," he called to her truthfully.

The bugling grew infrequent as the sun rolled higher.

DOWN yonder in a clearing was a two-room cabin with chimney fragrantly busy; with woodpile, outhouses and vegetable patch in a deer-tight fence. Zebedee Applewine's oversize coffin, which his nephews at Camas Meadow had made for him, stood on end on the front porch where it had been for two months waiting until needed. Of good red cedar; would last in the ground longer. Abitha, who'd had a wife's hackamore on Zebedee for sixty years, was outside hanging wash.

Gid crept to the window on the side away from Abitha, keeping low. He straightened and peeped in. Old Zebedee, gaunt and white-bearded, lay in bed looking at the ceiling. Shavings on the floor and a knife and lean cudgel on a chair by the bed showed that he'd been whittling. The staff he'd turned out was smooth and oval, with the smell of clean, strong second-growth hardwood, and Gid found himself craving to wrop fingers around it. When Zebedee carved an ax helve, it became a thing of life.

Zebedee had hewn as many ax helves in his time as there were hairs to his beard. But now the blue-veined hands lay tired and frail-looking on the coverlet.

"Hist!" said Gid.

Zebedee twisted his thin neck and regarded Gid without speaking.

"Bugler atooting on the mountain. I heered him seven-eight times."

"Go way," said Zebedee crossly. "I'm dying."

"Could be a young, fat six-pointer," suggested Gid.

"I can't come. My box's ready. I ain't long for this world." Zebedee closed his eyes.

"I ain't asking you to come," said Gid. "I want to borry your boots and rifle gun."

Zebedee opened one eye.

"And two cartridges," mentioned Gid.

Zebedee opened the other eye. "A good shot don't need two cartridges."

"There might be two elk."

"Have you heard a second one a-bugling? Anyway, you know as well as I do that one dressed carcass is as much as one man can carry."

"Lend me your boots and rifle gun and one cartridge then," urged Gid, "and I'll plunk a prime haunch on your steps, come evening. I'll leave you and Nabby meated up for a week."

OVER the forest and across the clearing it came again. Somewhere on a miles-away look-off-point, antlers laid back, nose thrust forward, ribs pumping, a bugler elk was sending his song of love and defiance across the gorges. Zebedee sat up.

"Do I git the gun?" pleaded Gid. His pangs had turned to tweaks and twinges.

"You do not," said Zebedee. His legs were out of bed. There was an elderly wobble to them, as to his voice, but they soon began to steady. "The boots you kin take with you, but not the gun."

"What will I do with just boots? Kick him to death?"

"Old Steamboat, upon them wall pegs, is a high-pressure rifle gun with a caliber-forty-five b'iler fitten only for a real man to handle. You take the boots and work above that tooter and kind of shoo him down. All I ask of any bull elk is a fair crack at him across a canyon and not more than two thousand foot of drop. I'll be lying tight with my shooting eye ready."

This wasn't what Gideon had come for at all. He opened his mouth to argue.

The back door bumped open. Light heels sounded in the kitchen. Zebedee plunged back to the bedcovers.

Gideon ducked below the window.

Nabby Applewine entered the little bedroom. "How you feel now, Zebedee?" Her voice was edgy from endless watching and waiting, her white hair skimpy and tight, her eyes wept-out.

"Bad," said Zebedee, the quaver returning. "Powerful bad. I could do with something real strong and gripping."

"There's a nice rabbit broth," retorted Nabby, "simpering on the stove. So don't you go to pretending you're a bit worse, Zebedee Applewine, than you were ten minutes ago. You're to have no liquor." She swept up the litter on the floor, scolding as a woman does who knows what's good for a man. "Such a mess! And while the tub's still full of suds, I might as well take along your pants and throw 'em in." She gathered up the garment and withdrew, clicking the door to for drafts.

Zebedee's head rose cautiously. Another trumpet peal sounded from the far-off heights. Zebedee's feet hit the floor. His long arm went to the rifle on the wall. "Cartridge is in it," he announced after a sharp snick of inspection.

"But you got no pants!"

"Don't need no pants. I kin lay out in the bresh in my nightshirt as comfortable as in bed, can't I?"

"Give me that ax handle then," said Gid. "I might meet up with a snake." He waggled the lithe shaft in his hands. It had perfect heft and swing.

"Wait till I hide my teeth," said Zebedee. "I'd purely hate to come home with all that fine elk meat, and find I'd

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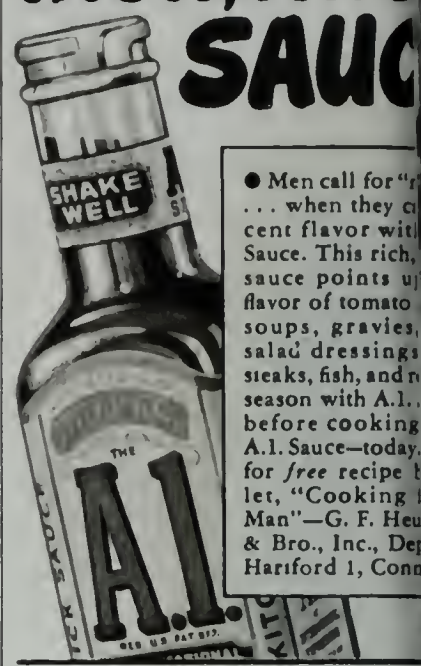

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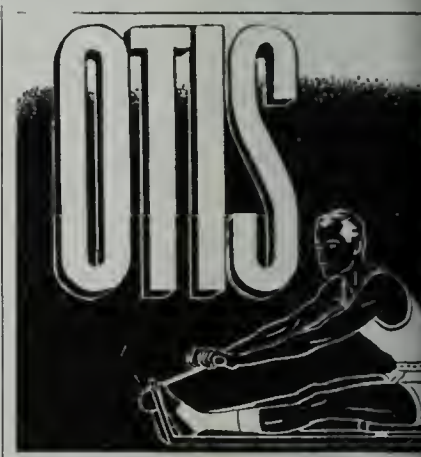

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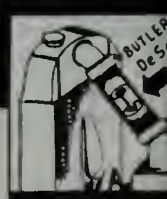

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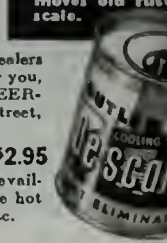

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dropped my teeth out in the bresh." He thrust the chompers under the pillow.

While Gid pulled the boots on, Zebedee, all legs and whiskers and cusses and flowing nightshirt, made it out the window. He scurried barefoot across the clearing, the gun he called Old Steamboat slanted across his arm. He turned, and with a sweep of gun pointed for where he was heading. "Skull Creek, east bank, looking across to west fork!" the gesture said plainly. He waved in the direction he wanted Gid to circle, and scuttled.

With a look cabinward from the edge of the clearing, Gid made sure that Nabby hadn't witnessed. He tried not to think of her shrill dismay when she'd return to Zebedee's bedroom and find him gone. It brought up his own fix too sharply. And what for was he out here? Why, for nothing but to beat game for Zebedee, with a stick in his hand and Zebedee's oversize boots on his feet. Yet if the old one wanted it this way, running around in his shirttail, with one bare foot in the grave and the other hobbling down the hunting trail, Gideon guessed it was all right. Pore old feller, thought Gid generously, there ain't much fun ahead for him in a coffin, even in an extra-length one, and he knows it.

The light stir of air was downward off the mountain. But if Gid didn't want to alarm that elk, he'd better work to northward and make a wide uphill hook.

Down here, Gid was in beech and oak country. He breasted thickets of red thimbleberries and blue huckleberries and waded pungent beds of wild geranium. After a trudge through the aromatic forest he turned and struck upward. He pulled himself by bushes of witch hazel and laurel. In a gulch were close-set alders, ladder-like against the mountain. Animals of size had thrashed and tromped here. But they'd been deer. Elk, Gid figured, preferred the pines of the higher places for antler-polishing. He scrambled through the interlaced alders and broke out upon a benchland. Pines and firs fringed a meadow.

He lifted his foot high as a grouse whirred out of the grasses with the abruptness of a shotgun bang and darted ahead of him. He stepped high again when cicadas buzzed and rasped like a den of rattlers. He shuffled through steep gardens of late-blooming flowers and drying ferns.

He grew thirsty. But when he came to a rivulet, he stopped sharply and stared, without crouching to drink.

Day was nooning, sun warm, but Gid felt a chill on his back. The paw marks were huge. The boots on Gid's feet had found a rival. Claws had left deep dents in the mud.

The traveler who'd made those prints was pigeon-toed. About four foot tall from ground to shoulder, Gid judged—eight foot from ground to claws when he reared and stretched. Weight could be a healthy five hundred pounds. Growing sleepy, most like, and not as wary as he'd be when he'd come out of his snowed-up hole next spring. But even with a full belly and a dulled eye, a lot of customer. Again Gid felt that chill wind up his spine, though the needles in the pine trees were motionless.

Well, the bear with the big feet had lumbered on, veering away from the course Gid was following, and Gid hadn't yet reached to where he could count on being above Zebedee's elk. So Gid pushed ahead. He gained a bare ridge that was one of the main props of Stormwhoop Mountain.

He had no mind to expose himself and send every creature in the high country scooting. He crawled over the ridge and down its far side, came to a brawling snow-fed creek with sharp banks, cast about for a tree bridge and found none, lowered himself in, lost footing, and was rolled and pummeled under. He got his head up, gasped at the icy battering, floundered from rock to rock, and dragged out upon the other bank.

He sat down weakly in the sun. In moments he was dry. Feeling returned to his limbs, and he found that he still clutched the ax handle. The whip and eagerness of it, the joy of its shape and heft returned to his tingling fingers. He pushed himself to his feet and strode on.

Pines gave way to stubby spruce.

This was getting into true bighorn and wild-goat country. The bugler had probably been snoozing out the hours while Gideon climbed. It was time for Gid to let his presence irk the lonesome elk's nostrils. Just enough to make a prudent elk start walking.

Gid dropped back to timber, working up and down stiffish cross gulches and around the heads of ravines. Afternoon breeze began moving upmountain. He figured he was north and west of the quarry. Skull Creek, and Zebedee, were down yonder to the southeast.

AFTERNOON waned. Shadows lengthened. And from an outthrust of rock straight ahead on the route between him and Zebedee, Gid heard it: the evening solo of the young bull elk.

When he heard it again, it had moved a mile directly onward for Skull Creek. Gid had the comforting feeling of a day's work well done. The rest was now up to Zebedee.

But it was high time to strike out for home if he was to get himself back to bed before Marilla and the doctor got there. Marilla was a strong-minded woman. Gid changed his own course, and started on a beeline down the mountain.

He was down in the middle belt again. A fallen fir lay across the knife-edge he was following. Roots and branches of the blowdown stuck out over steep, loose walls on both sides. Groaning at the obstruction, but seeing no way around it, Gid set foot and hand to the stairway of rough bark.

The face that rose to meet him looked to Gid about as big as a flour barrel. Behind rusty snout and chawed ears Gid

NEXT WEEK

Collier's begins publication of The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins. Here you have the last word on modern history's most tragic era. When Franklin Roosevelt died, there remained but one man who could tell this frequently incredible story of America at peace and at war—Harry Hopkins. When Hopkins died, the work just begun, the prodigious task was taken on by the American playwright and author, Robert E. Sherwood. This panorama of men and events has never been told, even in part. Only Hopkins could have collected these papers. They start next week in Collier's.

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perceived a giant pair of brown shoulders.

Gid acted first and thought later. With a yell of mortal fright that all but tore the innards out of him, he twirled the hand-fitting ax helve high and brought it down.

The owner of the snout tumbled back with a grunt. He could be heard crashing out of there, perhaps heading rapidly southward. Gid didn't wait to see. If the bear wanted that ridge, he could have it. If he wanted the whole mountain, he could have it. Straight off the loose east face of the knife-edge went Gid, riding the chute of gravel on his heels and helping with nine-foot strides. He hit the parklands, the flowerlands, the huckleberries and thimbleberries and beeches.

DECIDING he was not being pursued, and stopping to puff, he found that he still gripped the ax handle. He stared at it. Busted. First of Zebedee's carving he had ever seen in such a state.

"He's made a weak ax handle," marveled Gid. "Pore old gent! To think of Zebedee Applewine a-whittling a helve like this!"

He became aware how his hands were stinging from the almighty belt. "Pore old bear!" he added.

He threw away the ax handle, which was now the shape of a grasshopper's leg, realizing how ashamed Zebedee would be if that sample of his workmanship got back to him.

And standing there, Gid caught the silvery note. The evening bugling of the elk. This time from the very vicinity of Skull Creek.

He waited. Moments passed. The mountain above him turned purple. And he heard a single shot. Very far and small, but carrying enormous finality. Like the scratch under the signature of a will, thought Gid. Like clods falling on a coffin. Old Zebedee finishing his last hunting spree.

Realizing how late it was growing, Gid hustled onward. Under the stars, he reached his clearing. A bronze tinkling turned rattledy-bang as Swiveltail arrived to meet him with a dozen jumps. "Hi, you old walking signboard!" said Gideon, giving the flinty-brown points a neck-straining twist.

Bootjack, rumbling ferocious challenge, pounded the path with black wings. "All right, take that!" cried Gid chummily, sending him end over end with a h'ist of hobnailed sole.

Lilybelle stole to her homecoming master. She behaved as if she had a tremendous secret. "Don't tell me it's six!" said Gid.

Lilybelle's tail waggles showed that six didn't express it. "Eight?" demanded Gid incredulously. Fagged but happy, she tugged at his pant leg. He followed her to the barn. There were nine.

"Lilybelle, it's been a great day, hasn't it?" he whispered patting her thin sides.

Marilla's horse wasn't in its corral yet, praise be, and the cabin was dark. He washed at the pump and eased himself to the milking stool, mindful of those bygone punctures from the Klikitat arrows. He filled the pail and carried it in. He started the supper fire.

He shooed his pets out and got his duds off and tumbled beneath the quilts. In the nick of time. For here came Marilla, stiff and sore from that forty-mile ride and good and ready to be cantankerous. After she'd tied into him for getting up and doing the milking and fire-building, she asked him how he felt.

"Turrible," groaned Gid, not wanting to disapp'int her, and in truth his legs did ache some; the day's trip had been a mite coarse, things considered.

"Dr. Allen will be here right soon." She started his milk toast to warming, wound a new flannel around his neck, and made him get into fresh underclothes. . . .

Dr. Allen clattered up outside. He hitched at the rack and strode in. When Gid had cast his third vote for President, Dr. Allen hadn't even been born yet. Still, the young doctor knew how to boss folks around. "Let me see that tongue of yours." Gid stuck it out.

"H'm," said Dr. Allen. "Marilla, let's have a lamp over here." Marilla fetched and held the lamp.

"H'm," said Dr. Allen again.

"Is it bad, Doctor?" Marilla's tone was anxious.

Dr. Allen didn't answer. He drew out his watch. To Gid, "Let's have your wrist."

Gid drew his arm from under the quilts. Dr. Allen grasped it. Seconds passed. The doctor's lean young face grew somber

"What is it, Doctor?" Marilla's voice was badly frightened.

"H'm." Dr. Allen put away his loud-ticking silver watch. "Let me listen to that chest." He put tubes to his ears and pressed around with some kind of a button inside Gid's woolens.

He removed the ear tubes. "Has this man done any walking today?"

"He went clear to the barn," informed Marilla shrilly. "Agin my orders, Doctor. I told him not to git so ramdamnbunctious."

"Cow was bellering," defended Gid.

"M-m," said the doctor.

"Oh, Doctor!" cried Marilla.

Gid suddenly didn't feel well. Not well at all.

"M-m-m-m-m," continued the medico.

"Dr. Allen!" Marilla's voice was a wail. "Is he going to—?" The words stuck in her throat. She put the lamp down unsteadily.

"Brace yourself, Marilla," the doctor said.

With a gasp, Marilla fell to her knees and clutched Gideon's hand to her breast. "Oh, Gideon dear, don't go! Gideon, stay with me!"

GENERAL bewilderment made Gid slow to comprehend that all this referred to him. At Marilla's next act, his astonishment was complete. She flung her arms about his neck, sobbing, "Gideon dear, I love you so!"

"Why, that's all right, Marilla d-darling," stuttered Gid, wondering if this could be really happening to the two of them, and drawing his hand down her tumbled hair. Caressing her back, strong and taut, and her waist, trim and supple—why, it was like courting days. "Don't you mind about me, Marilla," urged Gid. "I've had a right good time, living with you these thirty year. It's been a grand time, sweetheart!" He broke off, because her lips were on his. "A great old time!" he managed to repeat, then returned that kiss.

Dr. Allen drew aside, and put things back in his bag. "Yes, I'm afraid nothing will save you, Gideon," he stated, "unless it's elk meat."

"Huh?"

"Elk. Seemed to me I heard one today on the mountain. But who can fetch you a haunch, now that Zebedee is meated up on bear steaks?"

"Bear?" yelled Gid, sitting up.

"Poor Zebedee." The doctor shook his head. "I swung over to his house before coming here. There he was, out on his front porch in his nightshirt and his whiskers blowing, whooping, 'I'm still a dang good one-cartridge man!' and laying into that fine cedar coffin with an ax. Knocking it to kindling. Nabby was near frantic."

Gid's heels hit the floor with a thump. Screamed Marilla, "Gideon Lee, where are you going?"

"After that elk. Where's my gun? I told old One-Shot a man oughter take two cartridges. I love you, Marilla, but I want my gun!"

"And I," sighed the doctor, "could do with a slug of tea."

THE END

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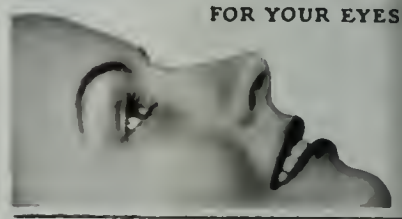

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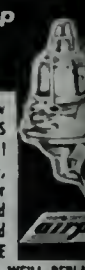

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FOR BUSINESS REASONS

Continued from page 18

he was fine and exhibited her dog companion. Burdette wanted ball with them. They said they'd s. Fish it was okay.

n Spike did return, it was after the morning and Fay was sound She struggled from her chair to r a tall brunette with bare shoul- d a plunging neckline bending to ecstatic Burdette on the bridge of nose. The brunette was very and she managed to straighten up t losing her clothing.

mply adore this house," she said. I adore Spike. And I think, after ampagne, that I even adore you, te." She caught sight of Fay. "My ss!"

ss Brooks," Spike said, "this is—

ss Kramer," Miss Kramer said, o vertical lines came between her ws.

ss Kramer, Miss Brooks," Spike 'Of course." He added, as an after- t, "I'm Spike."

the sitter," Fay said, because she Miss Kramer would want to know. p—Burdette."

scratched on the doors and d," Spike said. "When I heard of ter service at the university—"

OUT OF ORDER

four o'clock I must confess
e Sunday papers are a mess,
hich state is pretty much akin
the jumbled world described therein.

—Stephen Schlitzer

's perfect," Miss Kramer said. "The t idea I ever heard of. Spike, you divine fool! Don't you just love Burdette, Miss Brooks?"

o," Fay said, and picked up Spen- Decline of the West. "I think he's k! . . . Is that all, Mr. Harrison?"

h, no," Spike said. "I have to take Kramer home, and—"

e'll let Spike ride with us," Miss er said. "I'd love having him, and ustn't bore Miss Brooks, must we?"

guess not," Spike said, and looked y with sudden, odd concentration. ccompanied her to the door, fum- in his pocket.

he league will send you a bill, Mr. ison," Fay said. "Good night. I ate f your apples."

rop in any time," Spike said. re's plenty more where that one from."

Y walked two blocks west to Sierra lanca Road, and presently caught last Fairborne Avenue bus. As she back to the campus, she thought of e, Burdette and the bare brunette. ainly Miss Kramer should not have that backless and frontless gown ss Spike was in a white tie and tails, these were strange times and there something about the master of ten — The whole episode was odd.

he following evening Fay reported to Ready Room carrying a copy of stein's Myths of Economic Progress. . Fish called her over for a talk.

You should have phoned me last t," she said. "I was worried."

It was a dog," Fay said. "I sat with og. I was sort of astonished."

Is that a fact?" Mrs. Fish said.

ay told her the whole story, growing htly heated at the backless, frontless clusion. Mrs. Fish studied her in- utably.

Ah," she said. "Incidentally, I checked on Spike, just to be sure. Up at the school, they tell me Spike is the most brilliant young architect of the last two decades. He has a big office downtown, and he's doing the new Grain Exchange Bank Building, drawing plans for another hotel in Beverly Hills and putting up a dozen houses. Coining money, naturally. Unmarried, of course." The telephone rang. "Pardon me—Students' League, Mrs. Fish speaking. Oh, good evening, Mr. Harrison. I have no objection whatever to calling you Spike. Miss Brooks immediately? Of course."

"That was Spike, huh?" Fay said.

"Yes, quite a coincidence," Mrs. Fish said. "He wants you up there right away to sit with Burdette."

ONCE again Spike met Fay in a dinner jacket. He seemed glad to see her, and so did Burdette.

"Do sit down, Miss Brooks," Spike said. "My, you have big blue eyes. What's your first name?"

"Fay."

"Sit down, Fay. I note you have another of those nice big books to read, and I hope you won't find Burdette too dull."

"I'm sorry I spoke harshly of Burdette last night," Fay said, "but that strip-teaser you had with you was so silly about him that I was revolted."

"She's no strip-teaser," Spike said hastily. "No, no. That's—uh—Miss Kramer. I forget her first name. Her father is the biggest contractor in town. A lovely girl, and I have to be nice to her for business reasons."

"Well, anyway," Fay said, "it's none of my business."

"Tonight I'm going out with —a—uh—a Miss Campbell. Her brother is a wonderful boss carpenter. I'll probably bring her by later to see my architectural drawings, and I think you'll like her better.". . .

During the course of the evening Fay ate a bag of cookies and a chocolate almond bar and played approximately eighteen innings of ball with Burdette. She came within an ace of getting him to shake hands on command, but the trick proved finally to be just out of reach of his intelligence. A sinister moodiness overtook Fay, and she thought often of Miss Kramer and Miss Campbell. Around twelve o'clock Spike turned up with a tall, glittering blonde.

"Miss Brooks," he said, "I want you to meet Miss—uh—"

"How do you do, Miss Campbell?" Fay said.

"You're the sitter, aren't you?" Miss Campbell said. She laughed. "The one for Spike—Burdette, rather. What a charming idea!"

"Yeah!" Fay said.

"Miss Brooks is quite a reader," Spike said, with approval. "Reads heavy stuff —stuff she can barely lift."

"Is that all, Mr. Harrison?" Fay said.

"By no means," Spike said. "Later on I have to take Miss Campbell home, and Burdette—"

"We'll take him with us," Miss Campbell said. "Don't bother about that—I love him. And this is a darling house, Burdette!"

"*I'm* Spike," Spike said—"I'll see you to the door, Fay."

As a matter of fact, he saw her clear to the eugenia hedge which divided ten sixty from the road. They shook hands.

"It's been charming, perfectly charming," Spike said, rapidly and distractedly. "I'm crazy about that color combination of yours—red and blue. Your hair and eyes, that is. In a white dress you'd be a patriotic spectacle. I hope you'll grow to care for Burdette as you sit with him."

"I already feel sorry for him," Fay

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—first thing on arising

said. "He's a case of arrested canine development."

"We can't all be geniuses," Spike said. "I'm glad you're at least sorry for him. Pity is akin to love, I read someplace. And now I must return to Miss—uh—"

"Miss Campbell," Fay said.

"Thank you," Spike said. "Good night, beautiful."

"Uh—good night," Fay said.

SHE expected Mrs. Fish would get another call from Spike inside of twenty-four hours, and she was perfectly correct. They had quite a conversation before Fay was summoned to the desk.

"That was Spike," Mrs. Fish said, and raised her plucked eyebrows a few thousandths of an inch. "He said—and I believe I quote him correctly—that age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of your sitting. He wants you again tonight."

"Uh-huh," Fay said.

"In addition," Mrs. Fish said, "Spike said that you don't like his dog. He said every other girl he has met has worshiped the very ground Burdette trots on."

"They're all playing up to him, dammit!" Fay said. "Pretending to like that four-legged Mongolian idiot so they—"

"Miss—uh—Brooks!" Mrs. Fish said.

"I beg your pardon," Fay said. "But I can't help it—it makes me so mad! He's only a lousy opportunist. All he does is go with girls who are related to people who can help him in his work. He's a low, fawning, self-seeking—"

"My dear," Mrs. Fish said, "they also serve who only sit and wait. In the words of some poet, probably Shakespeare, ours is not to question why. Get it?"

"Of course," Fay said, and proceeded to pull herself together and smile. "Anyhow, what do I care how he operates? It's nothing to me. I guess I've been reading too much of the Decline of the West, which I'm beginning to believe in."

She ate a sack of honey-encrusted popcorn on the Fairborne Avenue bus, which calmed her, and was not surprised to find the architect in white tie and tails. He gave her an apple and seated her in the living room. Burdette gave her his ball.

"This is quite a formal affair I'm going to," Spike explained. "The opera first, and then a champagne supper afterward. I'm taking the daughter of the president of the Board of Trade."

"I'm very happy for you," Fay said. "Sp—Burdette and I will drink to your health in a pan of water at midnight."

"Thank you," Spike said. "I'll drink both of your healths in champagne at the same hour. You look awfully cute. Where's your big book?"

"I prefer just to think tonight," Fay told him.

The hours went by. She ate three apples and played two double-headers with Burdette. At midnight they went in the kitchen, and Fay raised a glass of Colorado River water ceremoniously.

"To the guy who could charm the plaster right off your ceiling," she said, "and then find some dame whose father would put it back on for you."

At ten minutes past two Spike, the unctuous toady, appeared with a heavy brunette in what seemed to be only a few loose shreds of chiffon. The heavy girl's name, which Spike had difficulty recalling, was Morrowby. Miss Morrowby was amused at Fay sitting with a dog, felt the house was adorable, and suggested that the lovable Spike come along with them when Burdette took her home. She stated that Burdette was the most amusing male she'd ever met.

"I'm Spike," Spike said.

"But I meant Burdette," Miss Morrowby said, and threw Burdette's ball for him. "It was before that I was mixed up, darling."

"Oh," Spike said. "Oh, yes—listen, the busses have stopped running, so I'll have to take Miss Brooks to Westwood. Do you mind sitting with Burdette do that?"

"I'd like nothing better," Miss rowby replied, and stared for a sec Fay.

Spike drove rapidly to the frowningly and in silence. Judgi he was trying to concentrate on n bering Miss Morrowby's name didn't speak until she had to poi where she lived in the temporary h development on one end of the uni campus. Spike stopped the ca scowled with distaste at the whe velopment.

"Former barracks," he said. "W they do these things? With the hel little ingenuity, a bit more money, of taste—"

"And the help of the father of babe in a plunging neckline," Fa

"Yes, yes," Spike said. "With they could have light, space, func arrangement and an exterior harm Why are you living here?"

"Because I'm the type a church would lend money to," Fay said. because I like former barracks. I'm an ex-G.I., an ex-Wave, and a six-m old baby." She decided she ought explicit. "The Wave and the G. married and going to school. The is theirs and isn't going to school going to school, and I'm a junior. I on a couch."

"What's your age, height and wei Spike asked. "And political affiliat

"Eighteen," Fay said. "Five feet A hundred and two pounds. No po affiliation as yet."

"Ah, youth, youth," Spike said. " you can't even vote. Good night, Brooks." He leaned past the ste wheel and kissed her tenderly o mouth. "You don't know what a Burdette was to me until you came a Heaven bless you, Miss Brooks. good night."

"Uh—good night," Fay said.

THE next day she had a messag layed to her by Mrs. Fish; wanted her to telephone him a downtown office. She made the c lunchtime.

"Hello, Fay," Spike said. "I h didn't offend you last night."

"No, you didn't. At least, I don't offended now."

"That's swell. How about a dat night?"

"You mean for sitting?"

"No, a regular date. Could you something besides those moccasins socks and that baggy sweater?"

"I guess so—but I won't have new, bare look."

"That's all right. How about it?"

"Gee, I hardly know what to Fay said, "other than 'Okay.'"

"I'll come by for you at seven."

"No, I'll come up to your h Where I live is too crowded to re anybody."

"That's wonderful service," Spike "but remember you're not on salar night."

"I can afford a little luxury once while," Fay said.

At six o'clock she ran by The R Room to see Mrs. Fish and give her news. An odd excitement made cheeks the color of her hair.

"I should make this plain," she "so there'll be no misunderstand This is a date, not a job. I'll be off tonight."

"I'm absolutely astonished by news," Mrs. Fish said. "I'll be darne You like Bur—Spike, don't you?"

"All I can say at this time," Fay "is that when I'm around him I feel I'm going to blow my top. It's not with college boys at all. Last nigh kissed me. He doesn't like where I Do you think I ought to wear that g dress I've been saving for the an homecoming dance?"

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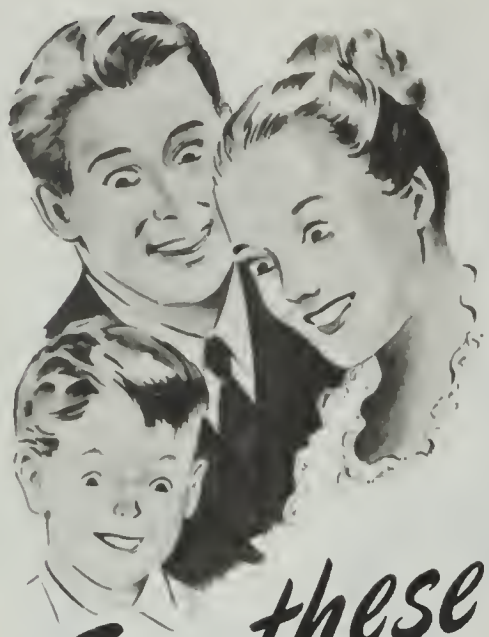

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"Certainly," Mrs. Fish replied. "Shoot the works, Fay. This is a time for decision."

Clad in lovely green and wearing an emerald clip once owned by her mother, and teetering on French heels, Fay took the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road and walked two blocks east. She felt rather happy.

Spike and Burdette came to the door. Spike was wearing a polo shirt, a sport coat, baggy slacks and old scuffed leisure slippers. Burdette was wearing a leather collar. They all examined one another with wide eyes.

"You needn't have dressed up *that* much," Spike said. "This is going to be a quiet evening."

It was. He fixed special egg-hamburgers of his own devising, and there was no wine—only milk. The meal was topped off by gluey bakery pie and slabs of cheese. Fay ate two egg-hamburgers and had a second piece of pie.

"Do you always eat this way?" Spike asked.

Fay nodded. "I'm a growing girl."

"You'll be growing in the wrong direction if you keep it up."

After dinner the three of them went in the living room. Spike turned on the radio, slipped off his shoes and relaxed. Fay sat rigidly. Burdette, who had successfully begged meat and pie, fell asleep.

"This is just like old times," Fay said gloomily. "I should have brought Farbstein and Spengler along with me."

"Who are they?" Spike asked.

"Never mind," Fay said. "Listen, can't we go out somewhere?"

"Who would take care of Burdette?" Spike said.

EVENTUALLY they set out on a walk, with Burdette on a leash. By then Spike's interval of digestion was over, and he talked with some animation. They got as far as the campus, and the buildings aroused his ire.

"Oh, that university-watered-down Gothic!" he said. "All they want is something ivy will grow on. Why, if they had an ounce of imagination, they could have light, air, space—"

"My feet hurt from these high heels," Fay said. "Walk slower and tell me about yourself. Leave out the part concerning the women."

Mrs. Fish practically never guessed wrong—Spike was a Harvard man. He was thirty-two years of age, a Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier man who yearned for glass houses on stilts or growing out of the soil, and he wanted to make his mark on his time.

"Yes, I've noticed your sycophantic manner," Fay said.

Spike stopped and looked at her queerly. "You're an odd girl. You don't think I have a darling little house, do you? And you don't like Burdette."

"I'm not exactly crazy about either of them."

"I've always said, 'Love me, love my dog,' " Spike said. "But why take a firm stand in these uncertain times? Do you mind kissing me?"

"I don't know," Fay said, and failed to resist.

There was a long pause. Burdette grew restless.

"What are you majoring in?" Spike said.

"Economics."

"Not home economics? You can't cook, can you?"

"Not any better than you can," Fay said.

"Well," Spike said, "the whole thing is unhealthy between us. It's structurally wrong. It's a sort of a triangle, if you include Burdette. Why are we doing this? What ironic quirk of fate brought us together? How did you happen to be a student at this school and a sitter and thus meet me?"

"Because," Fay said, "I'm working my way through college."

Spike said, "It's madness. I'm thirty-two and you're eighteen. We have nothing in common, and when I'm in a wheel chair in the old folks' home you'll only be starting to worry over your hips and wear a girdle— No, it can never be, and I'm a fool." He bent and kissed Fay's hot forehead. "Farewell and good night, Miss Brooks."

He then went off in the darkness, dragging Burdette with him. Fay stared after them for a long time, in the grip of high excitement. This was like a novel.

"Oh, my aching feet!" she said to herself, and took off her shoes and went the rest of the way to the housing development in her nylons.

The following day, at a drugstore counter, she met Mrs. Fish. The latter beamed and put down her sandwich.

"How did it go?" she demanded. "I refer to last night. Is he pricing diamond solitaires today?"

"No," Fay said. "It's funny. He cooked the dinner. We went for a walk. He kissed me twice, once on the forehead. He said I was too young—"

"Don't let him kid you," Mrs. Fish said. "I'm a worldly type of woman—I was a housemother once in a sorority. This is in the bag."

"But—" Fay began.

"Furthermore," Mrs. Fish said, "I take credit for the successful progress of this romance. Once I knew the situation, and you had given me a run-down on his character, I resorted to a little stratagem. It happens there is a rich lumbering family in the State of Washington by the name of Brooks. They own thousands of acres of virgin timber and they're lousy with saw and planing mills. So I called Spike, and told him you were the daughter of old man Brooks, the lumber king. I said it was a family tradition that the kids male or female had to make their own way once they were old enough. But I told him eventually you'd come into enough six-by-eights to cover Texas."

"Oh," Fay said.

"Quite a little idea for speeding things up, huh?" Mrs. Fish said. "All's fair in love or war, you know."

"Is that so?" Fay said.

Slipping from her stool, she left her double-malt unfinished and fled from the startled Mrs. Fish. On the corner of Fairborne Avenue and Wilshire Boulevard, her heart broke. She stopped walking, blinded by tears. One of the best blocking backs the school had ever had saw her and came over.

"Look, honey," he said, "I'm having a hell of a time with my general economy. If I was to hire you from The Ready Room, would you come up to the fraternity house and sit with me and seven other guys and help us get the flow of commodities straightened out? Hey, why is your nose running?"

"I've got an allergy or something," Fay said. "Beat it."

NOTHING was left in the hollow mockery of her life except the sustaining thought of revenge. Obviously the scene on the campus, with the crabbed-age-versus-youth speech, was part of Spike's loathsome come-on. Even the fatherly kiss on the forehead was an element in the master scheme of a master opportunist who was out to get finished lumber at any cost. He would be back again by nightfall, telephoning with honeyed words, both eyes on the main chance. Her role was merely to wait, invite his proposal, and then denounce him in the most ringing phrases since Lincoln's debates with Douglas. There would be a certain pleasure in telling him that she didn't have a shingle to her name—and watching him cringe. She even considered ending the interview by punching him in the nose, but rejected it as unladylike. Her conduct would be cold, scornful and entirely correct. She knew she ought to feel gratitude to Mrs.

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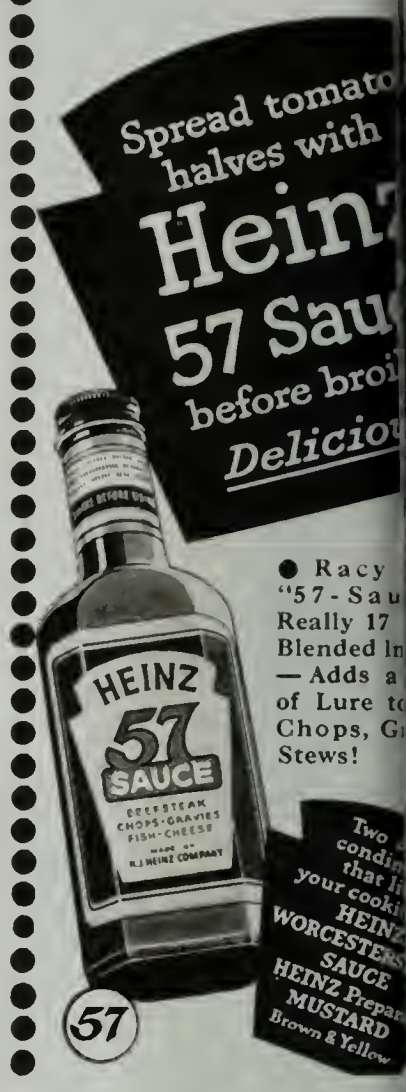

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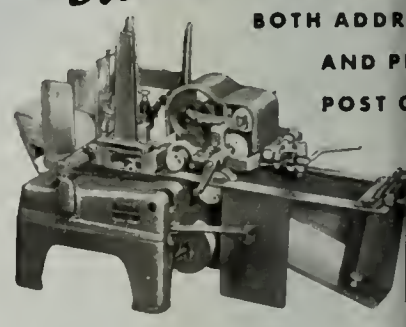

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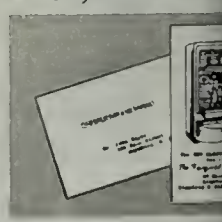

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Fish because her trick had forced Spike to hoist his true colors. But she didn't feel anything.

Only one thing missed fire—Spike failed to call her. A whole week passed. Fay sank slowly from profound rage to acute melancholia, surmising that Mrs. Fish had informed Spike of the deception. Even this last small crumb of satisfaction was swept from her reach. She sat no longer, had little appetite for peanut crunch or almond bars, and lost two or three pounds. The ex-G.I. and his mate believed she was studying too hard.

A strange wave of emotion crashed over Fay on the eighth night. She took the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road, got off and walked two blocks east. The harried owner of ten sixty opened the door and gazed at her glumly. He was wearing old pants and a rumpled shirt.

"Good evening, Miss Brooks," he said. "Isn't it funny how I always remember your name and none of the others? Come in and have an apple."

"I thought you'd be in a dinner jacket," Fay said. "Aren't you wining and dining any more?"

"I'm too low in my mind," Spike said. He gave her an apple. "I just sit home these days with Burdette. We eat egg-hamburgers."

"Where's Kramer, Campbell and Morrowby?" Fay asked.

"Who?" Spike said. "Oh, them. Who knows? Out with other architects."

Fay played ball with Burdette and ate the apple. Spike studied his feet.

"I'll take him for a walk, if you want," Fay said humbly. "No charge."

"No, thanks," Spike said. "I'm thinking of burning this joint to the ground."

"Oh, no," Fay said.

"Also," Spike said, "I'm considering having Spike put to sleep."

"Oh, no!" Fay said. "I couldn't stand that. I adore Spike! Anyway, you mean Burdette."

"I mean Spike," Spike said.

SHE began to cry—it had become so easy to do this last week. Turning pale, Spike rushed into her arms. He kissed her with great skill and conviction.

"I'm too old for this," he said gloomily. "We might as well recognize it."

"You're not too old yet," Fay said, and was sure she was going to pieces. "Let's not think of the future. I'll take care of you—I'm young and strong. It'll be social security for you."

"Will you marry me?" Spike said. "I make that statement against my better judgment."

"Certainly," Fay said. "Of course. Immediately. My gosh, everything's settled!" She burst into fresh tears. "No, it isn't! Mrs. Fish lied to you—I'm not the right Miss Brooks. I have absolutely no virgin forests."

"I knew that all along," Spike said. "Last winter in Palm Springs I had some dates with the right Miss Brooks. She was homely and you're beautiful. You're not the same girl."

"We're not?" Fay said excitedly. "Oh, Burdette, do you realize how much I love you?"

He licked her hand and wagged his tail rapidly.

THE END

VAN SCHRIEBER

SPORTING ODDS

Umpires' decisions have caused many a diamond fracas and many a hot hot-stove-league disagreement. These two incidents may illustrate why.

Last spring, in an Iowa-Northwestern Big Nine game, Iowa's catcher, Lyle Ebner was on first. The next batter hit a low fly which Northwestern's pitcher caught but dropped as he turned to double Ebner at first. Ebner, by now on second, saw the ball on the ground and assumed he was safe. The pitcher, recovering the ball, threw it wild over the first baseman's head. Ebner went to third. The first baseman retrieved the ball and, still trying for the double at first, threw to the pitcher who had backed him up. The throw went wild and Ebner went home. In the meantime, the batter, playing it safe, went around to third. Ebner's frantic teammates rushed him from home to first, so when the dust cleared Ebner was back on first and the batter was on third. At first the umpires called both runners safe; then they reversed themselves and called Ebner safe on first, but the runner on third out.

Then there's this game between Windber and Central City (Pennsylvania) in 1941. Frank Laslo, Windber outfielder, hit a ball deep into left field for a home run. As he came home, his teammates told him he'd failed to touch first base, so he circled the bases again. The ball was retrieved, thrown to first, and the umpires called Laslo out, saying he should have reversed bases on the second trip around, that is, home to 3d to 2nd to 1st to 2nd to 3d to home.

—Henry E. Tompkins, Burlington, Iowa (Iowa-N.W.)
—John W. Yoder, Johnstown, Pa. (Windber-Central City)

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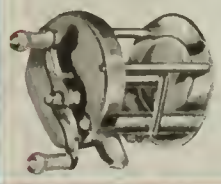

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...AIR MAIL CAN TAKE TWO BOWS

THE U.S. Post Office Department's Air Mail Service is 30 years old. On May 15, 1918, the first air mail was flown over a 218-mile route between Washington, D. C., and New York City. The Post Office Department and the nation's air lines and air industry are more than justified, we think, in setting aside the week of May 15-21 for a jubilee and publicity jamboree.

Fast, efficient and thoroughgoing air-mail service has, of course, proved a great boon to all manner of Americans, from top-drawer business tycoons to sweetie pies who just can't wait for that next letter.

But government support and enlargement of the air-mail service have been assessed as the greatest single factor that kept our aircraft industry alive through its infancy and early youth. U.S. aviation might have died on the vine, or at best have been a pale and sickly growth, without the air-mail stimulus —which is to say that this stimulus was in some considerable part responsible for our coming out on the winning side in the late war.

So the Air Mail Service and the Post Office Department are entitled to take at least two bows on this 30th birthday of U.S. air mail.

. . . WE CAN'T HAVE ATOMIC STRIKES: Two strike threats at the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, atomic laboratories have, to date, failed to materialize. The plants are operated by the Union Carbide Corporation under contracts with the government.

If any such strike should be pulled, it would be a knife thrust into the vitals of U.S. national defense. Production of fissionable materials and of atom bombs simply must not be interrupted while the world is in its present state.

The atomic workers are of course entitled to fair pay and good working conditions. They have a right to air any genuine grievances, and to have them fairly adjusted.

But to admit that they have a right to strike would be like granting soldiers, sailors and warplane pilots a right to strike. We do not believe this country is ready as yet for any such suicidal gesture as that.

In short, we can't have strikes against National Defense, and that, our friends, is that.

. . . PARAPLEGICS CAN TEACH US A LESSON: A paraplegic is a person whom some accident, too often a battle wound, has paralyzed from the waist down. One of our legacies from World War II was about 2,600 paraplegic veterans.

What the Veterans Administration has done and is doing for these men was dramatized recently in what, offhand, we'd nominate as 1948's most heartrending yet most heartening spectacle put on anywhere in the world. It was a basketball game played at Madison Square Garden, New York City, by two teams of paraplegics riding small, specially designed wheel chairs capable of being maneuvered at great speed.

This spectacular show demonstrated what has been done for these tragic victims of the war. The best available medical and psychiatric treatment has been given them. About 80 per cent of them are now able to move around with the aid of crutches. Of these, some 80 per cent have jobs or are training for jobs.

The great majority of our paraplegic veterans have been rescued from the initial despair which threatened to overwhelm them. Their ambitions have been stirred up, their morale built to astonishing levels, their potential skills and aptitudes encouraged.

It is a great and a stirring chapter in the history of U.S. medicine, and one of which all Americans can be proud.

Incidentally, any American who may be inclined to self-pity over his own physical handicap co well afford to give some thought to the enorm victories these paraplegic veterans have rack up. If that doesn't renew such a person's hop he's probably past help.

. . . SHORTER TRIPS MIGHT BE SMARTER: Pred tions are a dime a dozen among spotters of tra trends that the coming summer will see many a r ord broken in U.S. tourism.

That's a telescoped way of saying that America in hundred-thousand lots this summer are expect to be scooting furiously around their own coun on vacation trips—assuming, of course, that t present "cold war" doesn't turn hot sometime d ing that period.

Travel to Europe is not yet back on a prew basis by a long shot, while money for travel is s reasonably plentiful among Americans.

And there are any number of excellent places f delightful and interesting vacations right here in t United States. Collier's has described some of the in recent articles which evidently have intrigu the customers—the Big Bend country in Texas, t Finger Lakes region in upper New York State, t Pacific Coast, etc.

We hope you enjoy your vacation, wherever may take you. If you don't mind, though—we even if you do mind—we'll inject a word of ca tion here. It is that you'll most likely be smart n to go too far from home base, because of the e pected mild shortage of gasoline.

This scarcity will probably hit only in spots, a nothing in the nature of a crisis is anticipated. B it's a personal and poignant crisis when you're long way from home and run into a string of filli stations which have gone dry. Of course, if you c take a train, or nail down airplane space, this wo of caution doesn't apply to you.

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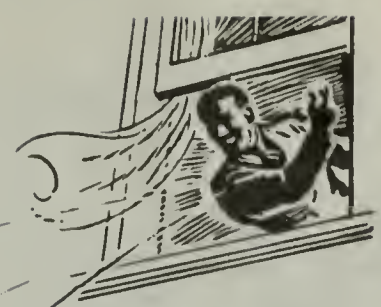

THROW AWAY YOUR whisk broom

Like so many so-called "overnight" remedies, your whisk broom is but a feeble makeshift when you're troubled with the infectious type of dandruff as so many people are.

If ugly flakes and scales persist, it may be infectious dandruff and you need to treat the infection as an infection should be treated—with quick germ-killing action. If you are wise you will start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage...the treatment that has helped so many.

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Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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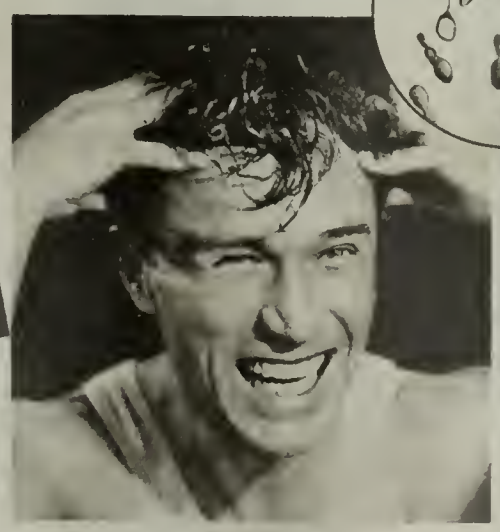
WOMEN: [illegible]

AS A TREATMENT: If flakes, scales, germs and itching persist it may mean you have infectious dandruff, in which case apply Listerine Antiseptic morning and night as long as infectious dandruff is in evidence.

The "Bottle Bacillus"
Pityrosporum ovale



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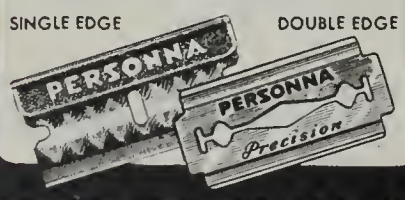

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COVER By *EARL CORDREY*

THE WEEK'S MAI

MEN, MIKES & $

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Mr. Aylesworth' interesting articles give a wrong impressio of the early days of WEAF, while it wa still owned by the A.T. & T. I know, hav ing sold broadcasting during those earl days. The A.T. & T. had very stringer regulations. No script went on withou being okayed, every performer had an au dition. The Brass Hats had eagle ears t spot anything which could even remotel be construed as undignified or offensive.

The Happiness Boys always wanted a audience, as they could work better. Tw or three people would be allowed in th studio on pledge of absolute silence. Th number would grow to a dozen or mor Then somebody would laugh, others woul join in—and orders would come down t keep the studio clear as the broadcast wa being spoiled.

The beloved Roxy was always in ho water with the Brass Hats because he wa fundamentally unable to stick to the scrip More than once on the verge of bein thrown off the air, his tearful promises an great popularity saved him.

The first real commercial sustained mu sical program was that of the Nationa Carbon Co., handled by N. W. Ayer Son. This was a big feature and set th pattern for later musical programs.

ERNEST EBERHARD, Media, P

. . . These recollections of early days i radio should be collected and publishe in book form. They would be valuable t all those who wish to study a picturesqu phase of the American scene.

FREDERICK C. OBERMYER, New York, N. Y

BLACK & WHITE

DEAR SIR: Marvelous and timely and tru is your editorial on the civil rights pro gram, We Need Something Stronger Tha Law (Apr. 24th). It is indeed gratifying t see your influential magazine hit the na so squarely on the head.

The best friend the Negro has is th *good* white people of the South.

S. N. CRISP (White), Laurens, S. C

. . . Your editorial is not only disgustin but ignorant of the aims and hopes of th American Negro.

MRS. ELVERA DAWSON, Long Beach, Ca

[illegible] laws will no [illegible] we have a state law in Pennsylva nia that is largely ignored.

(Continued on page 75)

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COLLIER'S

SPORTS

HOGAN'S LAST STAND

BY BILL FAY

BEN HOGAN had $85 safety-pinned in the watch pocket of his golf slacks when he checked in at the 1936 Oakland Open. That night thieves stole the back wheels from his fourthhand flivver. Ben bought new wheels and teed off with $14, which wasn't enough to pay the caddy.

Ben ate oranges for three days, finished tenth and collected $300. The fresh pin money carried him South with the pro caravan. Suddenly, Ben's game clicked. He won three straight tournaments—playing 12 consecutive rounds in 55 under par!

Since that Oakland escape from bankruptcy, Ben has accumulated $200,000 in prize money and every important title—except the Big One. He's never won the National Open. He'll be trying again (June 10-12) on his favorite course, Riviera in Los Angeles, and it may be his last chance for victory.

Little Ben's 140 pounds can't stand the steady tournament pounding any more. He's bothered by the backache and backswing miseries which started last summer when he broke his driver shortly before the Open. Most pros would have wired their manufacturer for a replacement. Not Hogan. Ben used his brassie off the tee while he looked around for a replacement.

It was a long search. Ben's fussy about his woods. He's always shaving handles, adding weight to the club heads, rewinding grips. He discarded 31 drivers in six months. Finally he experimented with an old driver he'd stored away in his cellar at Fort Worth. It felt good. Ben used it last January to capture his second straight Los Angeles Open with a record 275 over rough and tough Riviera, battling dense fog on the last round for a 67—probably the finest 18 holes of his career.

But Ben didn't win another tournament for three months. Maybe he'll get going again at friendly Riviera. It's now or never, because the younger pros will be in command next year.

Time was when the Three Texans—Jim Demaret, Hogan and Byron Nelson—defied the field, but the balance of golf power has been swinging steadily southward. North Carolina, especially, threatens to usurp Texas' position as the Number One golf state. Either of those amiable Carolinians, Skip Alexander or Johnny Palmer, could ruin Hogan's Last Stand at Riviera. Then there is Al Smith, the driving-range graduate from Winston-Salem. Certainly, no state boasts a finer threesome of young pros than North Carolina's Alexander-Palmer-Smith.

Placid is the word for Palmer, the sturdy, square-chinned youngster who rode side gunner on 22 B-29 raids over Japan. When 20th Air Force flight surgeons gave Johnny his going-home checkup, they were surprised to discover that he didn't display a single symptom of combat fatigue. Johnny takes everything in stride. Five words sum up his fairway philosophy: "Worryin' never sank a putt." He moved from 17th to sixth place among the money men last year without changing expression.

Phenomenal is the word for Alexander, the 200-pound six-footer from Duke University. Bespectacled Skip can outscore anybody—when he's hot. Britisher Bobby Locke fired a 66 at Skip in an exhibition. Skip retaliated with a 58. "I'm six under par," Locke commented sadly, "and I'm six down. Fawntastic."

Alexander finished in the money in twelve straight winter tournaments. He has the wit and an infinite capacity for relaxation. When Hogan coming through the fog at Angeles, Skip quipped: "If I was there, I'd have to fly on instrumen He has 20/600 vision and can't te bunker from a sand trap without glasses (he calls them "wind panes").

After Alexander and Dick M were beaten in the International F Ball at Miami, somebody asked Skip was going on to Jacksonville, next tournament stop. "No," S replied thoughtfully, "guess I'll curl up on the beach here for a days with a good book—and a cas beer."

Either of those amiable Carolinians, Skip Alexander, Johnny Palmer or Al Smith, could ruin Hogan at Riviera

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

Tattletale Épée

The courtly sport of fencing become an electrifying spectacle. more daubing red ink on weapon t No more peering for tattletale *tou* marks on your adversary's white The new electrical *épée* keeps sc with lights and buzzers each time y point makes contact. When a dou (simultaneous touch) occurred du a demonstration by Olympic as ants, both lights flashed on the sc board, both buzzers buzzed and delighted spectators yelled: "Tilt!

Human Punching Bags

The National Boxing Associa has launched an educational prog to make "champeen" a three-syll word in the lexicon of fight nouncers. It's part of the clean-and-dress-up campaign for televis Abe Greene, N.B.A. president, w fighters and seconds to be neater ab dress and equipment, too. Ba tights, stained water bottles, and elegant corner cuspidors must go!

Such solicitude for women children in the expanding televi audience arouses optimism. A tional reforms may be on the v Perhaps Mr. Greene and his gressive associates will insist fighters learn how to fight—or employment in a less hazardous tr

There ought to be a law aga human punching bags. Cons Jimmy Allen, the Philadelphia li weight. Allen made his debut in 1 by losing 16 fights—three of them knockouts. Three fights ended draws, and he never won. He los of 22 starts in 1945—including e more knockouts. His four-year rec totals 50 defeats and four draw 58 mismatches. He's been knoc senseless 19 times. And the pay on Allen is that two of his victories were scored over Willie exander. Willie must be quite a sc per.

No wonder so many old figh walk around with bells in their he and ring fatalities are frequent.

Citation is the least temperame of the top thoroughbreds. No ma how hard the race or workout, C tion cools quickly, eats a big sup stretches out on the floor of his —and snores all night long.

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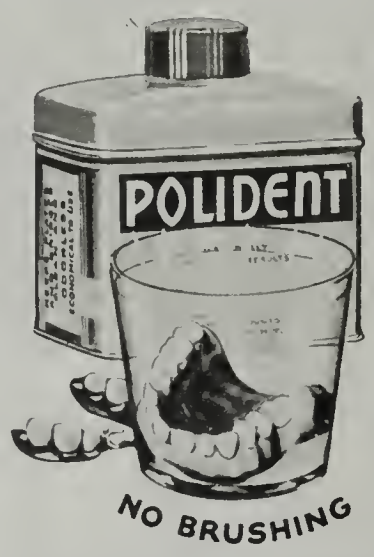

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KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

BY FRELING FOSTER

At dog shows in this country, the average number of animals entered per owner does not exceed two. But at the 1936 Morris & Essex show at Madison, New Jersey, one exhibitor, Dr. A. P. Munn, of near-by Long Branch, entered 101 dogs, a record for entries never approached before or since.

While stopping at a Dallas hotel in 1919, a Texas ranch owner named Frank Norfleet became so friendly with a new acquaintance who claimed to be a "lodge brother" that the man was able to trick the rancher out of $45,000 in cash and skip town with four confederates. Vowing he would get the crooks, Norfleet had their descriptions published in hundreds of newspapers and he himself searched scores of cities from coast to coast. This private man hunt, which cost Norfleet $30,000 was successfully concluded three years later with the capture and conviction of the last of the five swindlers.

The most complex legal system ever devised to govern the consumption of distilled alcoholic beverages exists today in Sweden. Drinks are sold only in restaurants and the maximum quantity allowed a patron—twice as much for a man as for a woman—depends on the price of the meal. The quantity obtainable monthly with a ration book for home consumption depends on the purchaser's age, sex, income, occupation and reputation.

Tornadoes in this country have ranged in forward speed from five to 139 miles an hour, have varied in distance traveled from 100 feet to 219 miles, have differed in width of path from six to 5,500 feet, and have ranged in property damage from a few dollars to the $26,000,000 destruction that was caused in and around St. Louis, by a single twister within five minutes, on September 29, 1927.

Nearly every American city is referred to in the underworld by a special nickname. For example, New York is The City, Chicago is The Village, Hot Springs, Arkansas, is Bubbles, Richmond, Virginia, is Grantsville, and Ossining, New York, (site of Sing Sing Prison) is Stirville.

Shortly after the Crosby House was erected in Chicag 1865, its owner, Uranus H. realized it was a financial fai conceived an ingenious sch save his investment. Announc the theater was to be raffled sold 185,000 tickets at $5 ea after the drawing, promptly b back from the winner for $ As the stunt made the house and successful, Crosby soon re the whole $1,000,000 that he h to build it.—*By Leonore R. son, Chicago, Ill.*

Although the ordinary lea costs only five cents and is co a simple article, its manufac quires some 25 materials and ferent operations.

For flights at night and weather, all passenger planes scheduled air lines are now e with an electronic instrume flashes a light and rings a be the plane comes within 2,000 a mountain or other obstacl path, thus warning the pilot must increase his altitude at o

No statue in Europe is more than The Little Manikin, a bronze figure of a boy that h in the heart of Brussels for sc years. During this time, celeb cluding Louis XV and Napole presented him with many swords and other gifts, and n uniforms in which he is dre gala occasions. Among them dress of a Belgian grenadier, a chevalier, a Chinese Manchu, ish master of hounds, an Indi and an American G.I.

For the first time in hist menace of locusts has been eli in Arabia and four African c by a poison-food campaign on by the British Locust Missi 1942. The project required t of 1,000 men, covered 2 square miles and cost $20,000

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contributi be accompanied by their source of tion. Address Keep Up With th Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Yo N. Y. This column is copyrighted items may be reproduced without

The **CARDINAL** *wears a crest on his head —a characteristic that distinguishes him from other red birds.*

The distinguishing feature of all **HUMMINGBIRDS** *is their high-speed wings, which enable them to fly backwards.*

This saucy blue fellow is not a bluebird. The crest on his head and his raucous cry proclaim him to be a **BLUE JAY.**

A bold, black V on his yellow breast is the conspicuous identifying mark of the pretty **MEADOW LARK.**

When you see these birds

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identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

A pair of red epaulettes distinguish the **RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD** *from other black birds you might see.*

A brown coat and yellow wing lining identify the **FLICKER** *. . . a species of woodpecker.*

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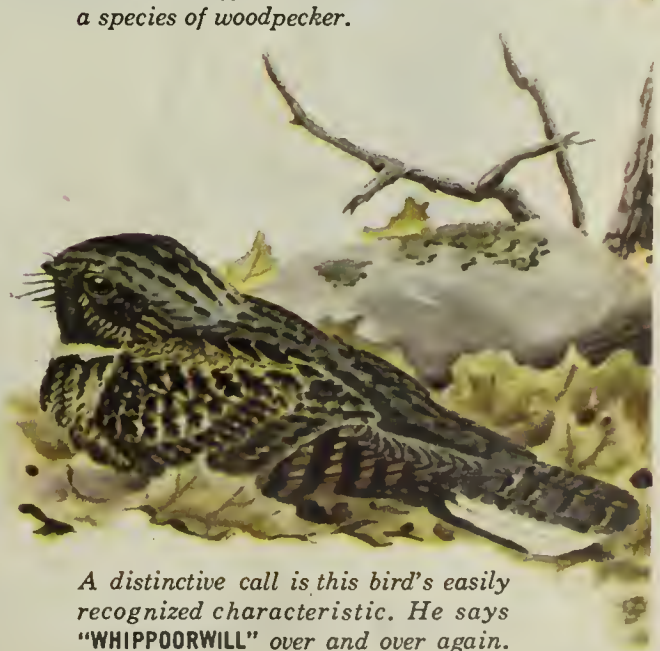

A distinctive call is this bird's easily recognized characteristic. He says **"WHIPPOORWILL"** *over and over again.*

**Bird drawings by Don Eckelberry, illustrator of the "Audubon Bird Guide"*

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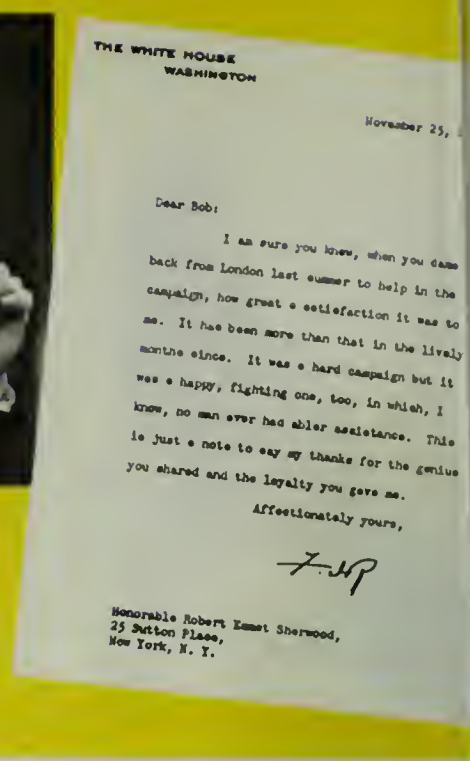

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 25,

Dear Bob:

I am sure you knew, when you came back from London last summer to help in the campaign, how great a satisfaction it was to me. It has been more than that in the lively months since. It was a hard campaign but it was a happy, fighting one, too, in which, I know, no man ever had abler assistance. This is just a note to say my thanks for the genius you shared and the loyalty you gave me.

Affectionately yours,

Honorable Robert Emmet Sherwood,
25 Sutton Place,
New York, N. Y.

THE WEEK'S WORK

WHEN Harry Hopkins' will was probated, among the items was a mass of papers representing his twelve years in the government service. By family agreement his papers were turned over to Robert E. Sherwood, a colleague in the F.D.R. unofficial Cabinet. In March, 1946, Sherwood got to work and, with a single interruption to write The Bishop's Wife, for Hollywood, has been extremely busy turning out The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins, which begins its historic course on p. 13.

Hopkins himself was writing his story for Collier's when he died. He had saved every scrap of his part in history making. He hoped eventually to write four books, over a period of seven years. Of his theme, he had remarked: "I've been waiting twelve years to get back at some of those so-and-sos and now at last I can do it!

"When I finish it, I'm not going to have a friend left in this or any other town."

Choosing as an assistant, war veteran Sidney Hyman, a college classmate of David Hopkins (Harry's son), Hopkins got to work—sorting papers. "There were forty crates of them," says Hyman. "They lay in an empty room in a new apartment the Hopkinses had taken on Fifth Avenue, New York—'overlooking the rent,' Mrs. Hopkins said.

"They covered every conceivable subject from the average hourly rate of cotton pickers to the minutes Hopkins had taken at various wartime meetings. There were voluminous, handsomely bound reports and also little undated scraps of paper with penciled jottings. It developed later, when Bob Sherwood took over, that these bits and scraps of paper contained more crucial information than the encyclopedia-sized reports."

Embarking on one of his hurried trips, Hopkins might merely pencil, "See Churchill—destroyers—Lend-Lease—De Gaulle—ask Stalin about air bases!" on a memo card and operate from that.

There were also vicious anti-Hopkins letters, which he insisted on keeping for use—being firmly convinced that though he may have been guilty of politics in his career, history would prove F.D.R. and himself right. "There is no sense in trying to gild things over," he said.

The forty crates—some of them containing several files of documents—had been sifted down to 14 files, and Hopkins was on his writing way, when he died in January, 1946.

Sherwood came on the scene, fresh from writing The Best Years of Our Lives, and a natural for the had campaigned with F.D.R and 1944—had been party important war decisions, bo role as director of overseas o for OWI, and because of his lations with F.D.R. and Hop

Though he'd met Hopkins off, it was Sherwood's work William A. White Commit threw the two together. Hop one of the few men ever to Olympian calm that char Sherwood. He did this deli during a discussion of old de for Britain. From this flare-u their productive war collabora

Without Hopkins there to links, add his personal side terpret the scraps, Sherwoo monumental problems.

Inheriting Hyman as re along with the 14 files, they si erything down to a mere t Sherwood began filling ga launched into long, sustaine spondence and interviews w bigwigs of the New Deal a years—often got many differe sions of the same event. The small seminars, luncheons, ni Sunday meetings. Sherwood three trips to England for mat the source. He ambushed VIP ing through America. Oft checked one source against a set someone right for the first t what actually happened. Ev was most co-operative, often personal records.

After months, Sherwood h book shaped and set to work v Some 500,000 words will go i published book. About 500,00 went into the wastebasket. She was ruthless about this—he ha tremendous responsibility for p ing the story in its true light—h no tricks or dodges to concea thing. Where he doesn't kn says so—he has done no "supp editing" in the text of any doc

Apart from his own knowle events, Sherwood also brougl quality of temperance to the which might not have been the Hopkins been alive to "crack do the so-and-sos."

There isn't a word of venom ger in Sherwood's dramatizati the forty crates. He hopes he ha tributed in his way to eviden how our democracy works in wa peace.

This week's cover: Flower Hat Designer Keneth Hopkins of B Hills made the hat especially fo Cordrey to top his model and the cover. . . . TED SH

s Caroline B. Johnston,
f Baltimore, Maryland,
me of her engagement
painted by Peter Lauck

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

ROBERT HOPKINS

idential party arrives at Saki airfield, 90 miles from Yalta, to attend the 1945 conference. Shown are Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Molotov, Hopkins and F.D.R.

Here begins the story of how Roosevelt prepared to turn his "greatest political liability"—Harry L. Hopkins—into a winning candidate for the Presidency, and how fate made him, instead, a unique and powerful go-between in top-secret negotiations with Churchill and Stalin

PART I. HE WANTED TO BE PRESIDENT

When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by the dramatist and author, Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. There were forty large crates of these papers. Months were spent in sorting, relating and studying a huge accumulation of stenographic records, personal observations, letters, official documents and scribbled memoranda. Mr. Sherwood had to bridge gaps by interviews with and letters from men at home and abroad with whom Hopkins had dealt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

DURING the years when Harry Hopkins lived as a guest in the White House, he was generally regarded as a sinister figure, a backstairs intriguer, an Iowan combination of Machiavelli and Rasputin. Hostility toward him was by no means limited to those who hated Franklin Delano Roosevelt. There were many of Roosevelt's most loyal friends and associates, in and out of the Cabinet, who disliked Hopkins intensely and resented the extraordinary position of influence and authority which he held. He was unquestionably a political liability to Roosevelt, a convenient target for all manner of attacks directed at the President, and many people wondered why Roosevelt kept him around.

But the Presidential aide who developed in the war years—and of whom General (later Secretary of State) George C. Marshall said, "He rendered a service to his country which will never even vaguely be appreciated"—was in large measure Roosevelt's own creation. Roosevelt deliberately educated Hopkins in the arts and sciences of politics and of war and then gave him immense powers of decision for no reason other than that he liked him, trusted him and needed him.

A welfare worker from the corn belt, who tended to regard money (his own as well as other people's) as something to be spent as quickly as possible, a studiously unsuave and often intolerant and tactless reformer, Hop-

Harry Hopkins, sitting with his daughter, Diana, talks with Chicago's Mayor Edward J. Kelly at the 1940 convention

kins was widely different from Roosevelt in birth, breeding and manners. But there were qualities in him, including some of the regrettable ones, which Roosevelt admired and enjoyed, perhaps partly because they were so different.

A revealing story of Roosevelt's regard for Hopkins was told by Wendell Willkie, who was not one of the more fervent admirers of either man. After his defeat at the polls in November, 1940, Willkie asked Roosevelt a pointed question: "Why do you keep Hopkins so close to you? You surely must realize that people distrust him and they resent his influence."

Willkie quoted Roosevelt as replying: "I can understand that you wonder why I need that half man around me." (The "half man" was an allusion to Hopkins' extreme physical frailty.) "But—someday you may well be sitting here where I am now as President of the United States. And when you are, you'll be looking at that door over there and knowing that practically everybody who walks through it wants something out of you.

"You'll learn what a lonely job this is, and you'll discover the need for somebody like Harry Hopkins who asks for nothing except to serve you."

A Contrast in Impressions

I first met Hopkins in September, 1938, when he was WPA administrator. I did not quite like him. He used such phrases as, "We've got to crack down on the bastards." I had the characteristically American suspicion of anyone who appeared to be getting "too big for his breeches." A year or so later, when he was beaten down and chastened by terrible illness, I came to know him much better and to form a friendship which must color everything I write about him and for which no apologies are offered.

In the year before Pearl Harbor, and the years of war that followed, Hopkins made it his job, he made it his religion, to find out just what it was that Roosevelt really wanted and then to see to it that neither hell nor high water, nor even possible vacillations by Roosevelt himself, blocked its achievement.

Hopkins was with Roosevelt at the Atlantic Conference, at Casablanca, Quebec, Cairo, Teheran and Yalta, as well as during the four meetings with Churchill in Washington. Also, Roosevelt sent him by himself on various overseas missions of historic importance, the first of these being visits to Churchill and Stalin during the year of extreme peril before Harbor when it seemed that n could stop Germany and her allies from winning the war. these informal, even unofficia often dangerous trips by a ma held no regular position in th government which paved the w Roosevelt's relationships wit leaders of Britain and Russia second World War. As Roc said, "Harry is the perfect am dor for my purposes. He doesn' know the meaning of the word ' col.' When he sees a piece of re he just pulls out those old g shears of his and snips it. And he's talking to some foreign dig he knows how to slump back chair and put his feet on the c ence table and say, 'Oh, *yeah?*' "

First Meeting with Stalin

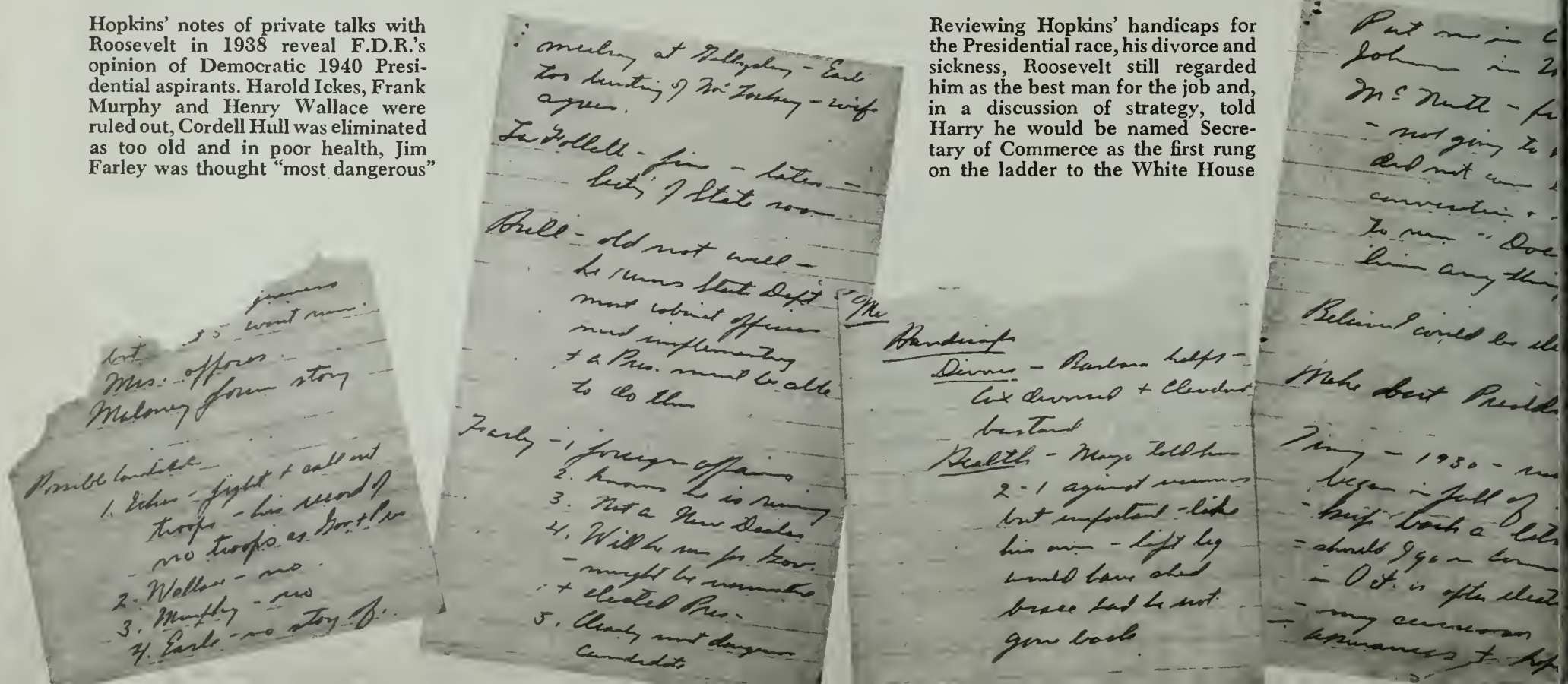
When Hopkins first flew to cow, in July, 1941, within a r after Hitler's assault on the Union, Roosevelt sent a messa Joseph Stalin: "I ask you to trea with the identical confidence would feel if you were talking di to me." At that time, Roosevel never had any personal contact Stalin, but Stalin took him at his and talked to Hopkins with a d of candor that he had displayed previous wartime emissary fro democratic world.

For instance, in the course of versations which will be detailed in these articles, Stalin gave Ho a frank and full description o Russian war position and the Army needs. Then, according to kins' report to the President:

"Stalin said that the Russian had been confronted with a su attack; he himself believed that would not strike but he took all cautions possible. . . . Hitler ma demands on Russia. . . .

"He (Stalin) stated that he w to give the President the follo personal message: Stalin said H greatest weakness was found i vast numbers of oppressed p who hated Hitler and the im ways of his government. He bel these people and countless other lions . . . could receive the ki encouragement and moral str they needed to resist Hitler from

Hopkins' notes of private talks with Roosevelt in 1938 reveal F.D.R.'s opinion of Democratic 1940 Presidential aspirants. Harold Ickes, Frank Murphy and Henry Wallace were ruled out, Cordell Hull was eliminated as too old and in poor health, Jim Farley was thought "most dangerous"



Reviewing Hopkins' handicaps for the Presidential race, his divorce and sickness, Roosevelt still regarded him as the best man for the job and, in a discussion of strategy, told Harry he would be named Secretary of Commerce as the first rung on the ladder to the White House

source, and that was the United s.

Ie stated that the world influence ie President and the government ie United States was enormous. He said that the one thing that d defeat Hitler, and perhaps with- ever firing a shot, would be the uncement that the United States going to war with Germany . . . he wanted me to tell the Presi- that he would welcome the erican troops on any part of the sian front under the complete mand of the American Army. . . . epeatedly said that the President the United States had more influ- with the common people of the ld today than any other force."

opkins also talked to Foreign ister Molotov and reported:

Mr. Molotov stated that . . . the So- government is by no means clear o the policy which the Japanese ernment intends to pursue. . . . He ed that the one thing he thought ld keep Japan from an aggressive e would be for the President to some appropriate means of giv- Japan what Mr. Molotov de- bed as a 'warning' . . . it was ectly clear that the implication . . . that the warning would include a ement that the United States ld come to the assistance of the iet Union in the event of its being cked by Japan. . . . Mr. Molotov ed repeatedly that Russia did not h any difficulties with Japan."

t was Hopkins' ability to break all ed records in getting down to brass ks that endeared him to the heart Winston Churchill, who has said:

"I have been present at several at conferences where twenty or re of the most important executive sonages were gathered together. ien the discussion flagged and all med baffled, it was on these occa- ns Harry Hopkins would rap out a adly question: 'Surely, Mr. Presi- nt, here is the point we have got to tle. Are we going to face it, or not?' ced, it always was and, being faced, s conquered."

"Winnie" Suggests a Title

At one time Churchill, during a eting in the White House, turned Hopkins and said:

"Harry! When this war is over, His ajesty's government is going to re- rd you by conferring upon you a ble title. You are to be named ord Root of the Matter.' "

In one of the darkest hours of the ir—in February, 1942, when Singa- re was falling—Churchill closed a ng cable to Roosevelt with a solicit- is inquiry about Hopkins' health. oosevelt replied:

"Harry is much better but I am try- g to confine him to barracks until learns to take care of himself."

On another occasion, when Hop- ns and General Marshall were in ondon arguing for the establishment the Second Front in France, Roose- lt learned that Hopkins had stayed all night at Chequers talking to urchill, and Marshall received the llowing cabled order from his Com- ander-in-Chief:

"Will you please put Hopkins to ed and keep him there under day- d-night guard by Army or Marine orps. Ask His Majesty (King George I) for additional assistance if re- ired."

Hopkins, the son of a harness- aker in Sioux City, Iowa, never ceeded in becoming sophisticated. espite his furious devotion to duty, and his persistent ill health, he had a zest for living which caused him often to revert to the role of a Grinnell College freshman when turned loose in the Big Town. He was pleased and rather proud when the hostile press denounced him as a "playboy." That made him feel glamorous. Roosevelt regarded his mild frivolities with amusement not unmixed with considerable concern.

Following is a handwritten letter, dated May 21, 1939, during one of the many periods when Hopkins was bedridden with wasting sickness:

Dear Harry:

Good boy! Teacher says you have gained 2 pounds.

2 Lbs. = 2$

Keep on gaining, and put the reward into your little Savings Bank. But you must not gain more than 50 lbs. because Popper has not got more than 50$.

As ever
F. D. R.

Clipped to that letter were two one-dollar bills. They are still clipped to it. There was not a great deal more money left in the Hopkins estate.

Another letter of May 18, 1944, when Hopkins was in the Ashford General Hospital:

Dear Harry:

It is grand to get the reports of how well you are getting on at White Sulphur Springs. . . .

One of the things I get from it . . . is that you have got to lead not the life of an invalid but the life of common or garden sense.

I, too, over one hundred years older than you are, have come to the same realization and I have cut my drinks down to one and a half cocktails per evening and nothing else—not one complementary highball or nightcap. Also, I have cut my cigarettes down from twenty or thirty a day to five or six a day. Luckily they still taste rotten but it can be done.

The main gist of this is to plead with you to stay away until the middle of June at the earliest. I don't want you back until then. If you do come back before then you will be extremely unpopular in Washington, with the exception of Cissy Patterson who wants to kill you off as soon as possible—just as she does me. . . .

I had a really grand time down at Bernie's (Baruch) — slept twelve hours out of the twenty-four, sat in the sun, never lost my temper, and decided to let the world go hang. The interesting thing is the world didn't hang. . . .

Affectionately,
F. D. R.

It is of incidental interest to note that the foregoing letter was written two weeks before the Allied forces were due to land in Normandy, a time when Roosevelt was bearing a formidable weight of responsibility and anxiety. But Roosevelt simply could not be obsessed by fears and apprehensions. He had a faculty—and it was always incomprehensible to me—for sloughing off care and worry, no matter how grave the emergency. It was this quality which enabled him to survive until victory was in sight.

One time when Hopkins, Samuel I. Rosenman and I were working with him, Roosevelt dictated a paragraph for insertion in a speech indicating that the current problems were giving him "sleepless nights." One of us protested: "You may get away with that at the moment, Mr. President, but future historians are bound to find out that every night you go to sleep

(Continued on page 51)

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

These men helped sway the destiny of nations. These men and many others like them weave the pattern of an unparalleled story . . .

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Wendell Willkie found out why Hopkins was so close to Roosevelt

Farley felt that Hopkins' utterances embarrassed Roosevelt politically

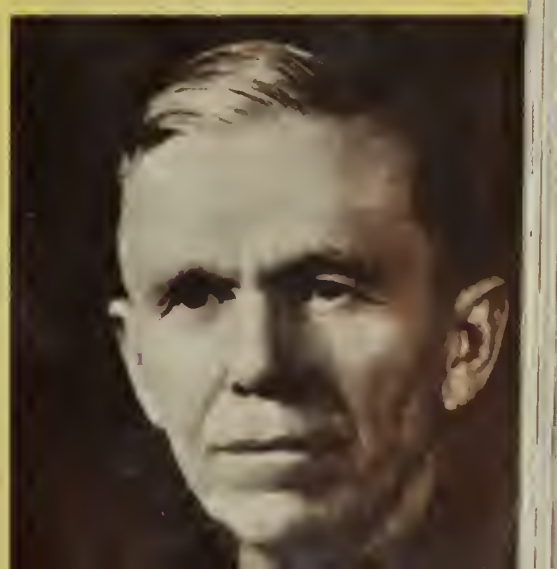
Stalin gave Hopkins his opinion of Roosevelt's influence in world affairs

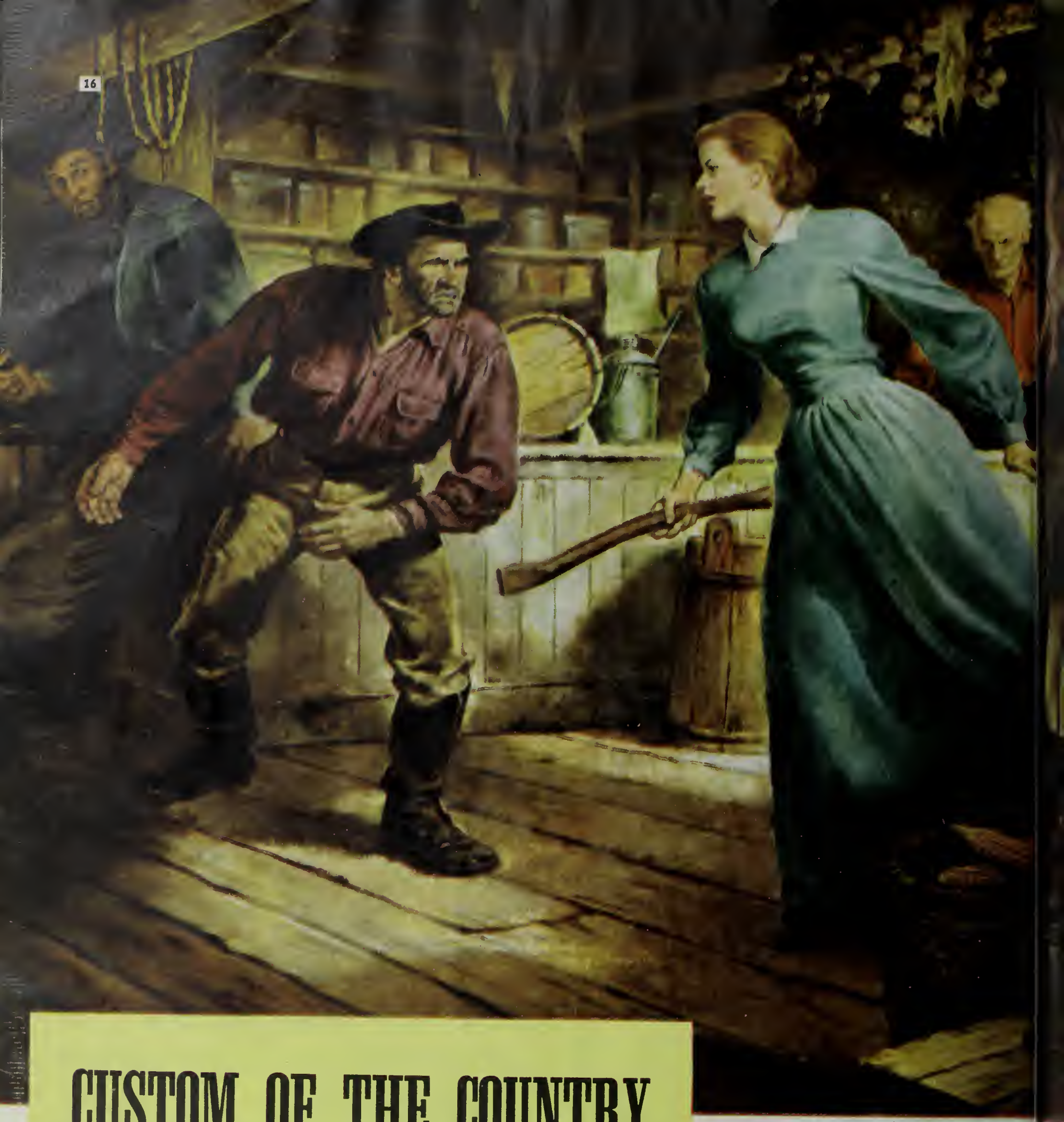
Churchill promised Hopkins a noble title, "Lord Root of the Matter"

Foremost in Hopkins' mind was the early defeat of Adolf Hitler

General Eisenhower became a key figure in the Roosevelt-Hopkins plan

General Marshall helped to teach Hopkins the military facts of life





CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Rose Ann dragged MacBride into the quarrel for two reasons: He was the only man who could whip Walling—and the only man she could love

PEOPLE who had lived so closely togeth during the long crossing of the plains wer scarcely the kind to fear their neighbor and therefore not one of Portland's dozen house had a lock. Nor was it the custom to knock on door before entering; the habits of the trail wer still strong in these settlers. At the Lord cabin, Ros Ann Talbot simply called out, "Here's your mill Mrs. Lord," lifted the latch and walked into the cab in's single room.

A fireplace blaze lightened the afternoon gray ness of the room and touched Hobart Walling, tha bold and strutting little farmer who was here t drive his bargain. He had driven his stock in fro the Tualatin, the mud of which was still on h

Rose Ann seized an ax handle and came toward Walling. "Now, then," she said, "do you mean to lay that grimy paw on me?" He gave her a killing glance. "I must take this up with your father," he said

oots and trousers; his face was roughened and rimsoned by weather and his close-set eyes held n aggressive shrewdness.

Dislike moved through Rose Ann as his glance ouched her, ran across her cheeks with its prying amiliarity, and returned to Lord. "You and your voman understand the work a farmer's wife has got o do. I wouldn't want Sarah to think it was an asy life."

Lord said, "Sarah's fourteen, and work's all she's lone. That's all this family knows, is work. Hell, ny woman was twelve when she married me."

Mrs. Lord stood near the fire, silent, apparently greeable. Sarah, the main party to this dickering, emained in the shadows of the room's corner. She had a plain sweet face touched with freckles, and a flat body; her silence reflected the uncertainty of any immature little girl, there was nothing about her, Rose Ann thought, to show she really understood this bargaining or to show that she had any deep feeling about it. She was still; she was intent; she watched Hobart Walling closely.

"You'll get an extra half section of land with a wife," said Lord. "That's important, Hobart."

Walling nodded and glanced at Sarah. He said, "What you think about it, Sarah?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Walling, "then it's settled. I got to get back to the farm by Sunday night."

Lord said, "We'll fix it for Sunday morning. You talk to that Congregational preacher about it, Hobart."

Walling used the back of his hand to scratch the whiskers under his chin. He nodded at Sarah but he spoke to Mrs. Lord. "She got clothes and things? We won't get into town much this winter. I don't mind if you want to buy a few things for her on my account." He looked at Rose Ann again, and the greasy sensation renewed itself within her; then he turned out of the room.

Lord turned to his wife with sharp triumph: "That's it."

Mrs. Lord looked toward Sarah. "Sarah, you got a good practical man. You'll have a better home than I ever had."

Rose Ann tried to keep the protest out of her voice: "Sarah, do you really want to get married?"

She caught Mrs. Lord's wondering glance, and the annoyance on Lord's cheeks. Sarah's expression was one of smooth and flattered self-satisfaction. Her eyes were round and large. She was confident; she had had her own moment of triumph. "I'll be married—I won't be an old maid. I'll have a house. I'll have babies."

Rose Ann turned to leave the cabin before unwise words escaped her. Mrs. Lord called, "I'm grateful for the milk, Rose Ann," but she paid no attention. She walked along a slick pathway winding around the stumps of a future street, through the early twilight which came upon this settlement crouched between the river and the huge fir forest directly behind; she walked with her head down and her thoughts were fretful. The Lord family got a prosperous son-in-law to lean on while Walling took a hired girl without pay; for Sarah it was nothing but a dollhouse dream magnified.

ENTERING her own cabin, Rose Ann lighted the candles and dished the meal and waited for her father to return from the store; there was distress in her face, and her father noticed it. "We must be out of salt or flour or something," he said.

"The Lords have just horse-traded Sarah to Walling."

The news didn't disturb him. "That's been coming."

"A fourteen-year-old girl marrying a man of thirty—a child marrying an old man."

"She's old enough," he said. "It's not uncommon. As for Walling, if he's an old man at thirty, what am I?" He sat up to the table ready to enjoy his meal. She took her place across from him, astonished that such a thing made no impression on him.

She said, "Would you have wanted me to be married at fourteen?"

"That's a different thing. You've had some education. The man you marry will have some education. You'll want somebody who'll get on in the community, who'll wash his face before he comes to supper, who'll pull back your chair for you. But Sarah's not got those prospects. She's out of the Missouri backwoods. Not one of her ancestors ever learning to read or write; not one of them ever rising to a house made out of boards. This marriage will be the best one ever made in her family. She'll be a thousand times better off than her people, and her children will get a chance she never had."

"She'll be a drudge," said Rose Ann. "At twenty she'll be worn out."

Her father, usually so quick with his sympathies, sat back to give her his smiling tolerance. "We've all got to work and wear out—Sarah in one thing, you in another." Then, still smiling, he added, "Sarah, marrying at fourteen, is the common thing. You, single at twenty, are the exception."

She wondered how much he worried about her singleness, and from that she began to think of herself, for a little while forgetting Sarah. She rose to do the dishes, and a slight fear came to her because she was growing old and no man had yet appealed to her, though men had looked upon her and would have asked if she had encouraged them. Her father went to his rocker, slowly swaying it across the squeaky board on the floor. Sarah came back to Rose Ann's mind and when she had finished the dishes she left the house and walked along the pathway toward the riverbank.

A BIG bonfire burned close by Hawley MacBride's saw pits. As she came nearer she saw him standing on a log, trimming it with a broadax into a square timber to be used in somebody's building. By day, with a hired man, he stood at one of the pits and sawed out the boards which furnished such lumber as this town had; by night, with his hired man gone, he lighted his fire and worked late on timbers. The swinging of the ax was like him, unhurried, regular and patient; he was young and quietly stubborn in his persistent laboring.

Having her thoughts on Sarah, she went by him without speaking. Children were shouting through the shadows, to remind her that Sarah, passing from the drudgery of the Lord house to the drudgery of Walling's house, missed this fun which was hers by the rights of childhood. There would be no youth for her, no running through the shadows, no free girlhood, no knowing ever what it would be like to have the eyes of a young man come to her with a message, no dreaming, no foolishness—nothing but being old forever.

Mist came down upon the river, raw and strong, and water lapped against the muddy bluff at her feet. Hawley MacBride's ax ceased its metal ringing and in a moment she heard him whetting the edge of the blade with a stone. She turned to the fire and watched him make a few tentative strokes to test the sharpness of the ax, each light stroke rolling thin shavings from the log. He put the ax aside, lighted his pipe and sat down on the timber for a little talk, his smile coming across the fire. Black hair, with a single rolling curl to it that any woman might envy, dropped against his forehead.

"Do you know Sarah's going to marry Walling?" she asked. "It's a shameful thing."

He puttered at his pipe, clearly trying to understand what she meant. By the firelight his face cast off a bronze shadowing, his lips made a long roll, his eyes flashed against the blaze. He shook his head. "Guess she doesn't think so, or her people."

He was like her father; he could not see what she saw. She stood still and for a moment wondered if she were wrong; but the distaste would not die. "She's a little girl, anxious to be a woman. This flatters her. She doesn't really know what it means. Of course her folks would like to see her married. They're poor and Walling's got land and money."

"It's their affair. Not yours and mine."

She said, "It's like a Siwash Indian selling his daughter for a string of beads."

He watched her with a sobering, steady attention, slowly drawing on his pipe, his big hands idle across his knees. "Maybe," he said. "But it won't do to interfere."

"You'd interfere if you saw a man trying to kill another man, wouldn't you?"

He brushed that remark aside with instant common sense. "Not the same. No man consents to being killed. But Sarah's consented to be married."

"The kind of consent you can buy with a bag of candy. She doesn't know."

He rose from the timber and tapped out the smoke from his pipe. He put his hands behind his back and looked into the fire, challenged by what she had said. He brought up his glance, not with the expression he had worn before, but with a direct interest in her. "It troubles you, doesn't it?"

She said, "If Lord had a job, maybe he'd think better of letting her get married."

"That's just hoping," he said.

"It's got to be stopped." *(Continued on page 81)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

RICH GIRL, POOR MAN

BY PETER B. KYNE

She wore poverty like a mask—to conceal her designs on the man who swore he'd never marry for money

ON a Saturday morning late in 1941 (her twenty-first birthday) Miss Chloe Mae Coltrane sat in the office of Thomas H. Graydon, an attorney who had been her father's friend since boyhood and was now Chloe Mae's guardian. Like her, he was one quarter Hispano-Californian, and she had long ago conferred on him the title of Tío Tomás, which, in Spanish, means Uncle Thomas.

Tío Tomás was speaking: "You are now free to hoard the estate I have just turned over to you or blow it, as our Spanish ancestors blew theirs. People often heed advice when they pay for it, seldom when it is given free. Listen to some free advice. A small estate may prove attractive to any number of men. You are very dear to me, Chloe Mae, hence I hope that the day you fancy yourself in love you will tell me and accord me ample opportunity to check on the man. I consider myself a very coyote old worldling."

Chloe Mae promised, and Tío Tomás resumed: "I do not understand why a girl as attractive as you should lack ardent suitors."

"I do not lack them. I cancel them out the first time they say—and they say it shortly after being introduced—'Gee, babe, I could go for you in a big way.' You have no idea, Tío Tomás, how much the modern young man resembles a cracked phonograph record, repeating the standard stupid clichés."

"Well, of course, you are of the *gente* and these *Americanos* are hybrids." To Tío Tomás all Americans who lacked Spanish ancestry were hybrids, by nature impolite. "What do you plan to do to avoid boredom, my dear?"

"You are the general counsel for the National Bank of Santa Ana and chairman of the board, and somehow it occurred to me you might have sufficient influence to get me a job there, where I could meet the public." The girl smiled. "I am not liable to meet sterling men of affairs if I remain at home making lace, as my grandmother did."

Tío Tomás got Mr. Pugsley, president of the bank, on the telephone instantly, and was assured that Miss Coltrane was welcome to take over the office of note teller, to be vacated in a month by the present occupant who was resigning to get married. There would be ample time to break Miss Coltrane in before the old teller departed and would Monday do as the first day to report for duty? Tío Tomás said it would, and for his services received Chloe Mae's assurance that he was a lamb, before she departed.

Her car started sluggishly, and as she got under way, two cylinders continued to cut out; so she started limping around town on four cylinders in search of first aid. But it appeared that all the auto-repair shops in town observed a five-day week. She was about to pass Follansbee's Garage, when she noticed the door was slightly open. Getting out, she peered in and saw a young man's legs protruding from under a red truck. She knew he was young because he sang at his work, and in very bad Spanish; it was La Golondrina. Chloe Mae waited until he had finished the first verse, then she sang the second—and when Chloe Mae sang people listened.

The young man crawfished into the open, dashed to the door, rolled it open, leaped into her car and drove it in. Without a word he lifted the hood; in two minutes he diagnosed the trouble. Then he said his short spell at the wheel had indicated the need for lubrication, adding that she should be ashamed to neglect a car so.

Chloe Mae put a finger to her lip and hung her head in simulated sorrow.

"Officially, this shop is closed on Saturday, but since I neglected to close the door tightly, thus, in a sense, issuing an invitation to the casual wayfarer caught in distress, I will see to it that you will not have to walk home," he promised.

"Oh, give it the full treatment," Chloe Mae suggested airily.

"And while I work, suppose we have a singsong. You have a wonderful contralto."

"And your baritone should make you welcome in any barbershop, although your Spanish could use some work."

"You should know. I suspect my Spanish carries a strong pig-Latin accent." He grinned and proceeded to run her car outside again and onto the pneumatic hoist. Then he got her a chair from the office and went to work.

"Let's stick to English," she suggested, and began singing When It's Springtime In The Rockies. As she suspected, he was a ballad singer; craftily Chloe Mae went back to the old-timers, and the mechanic kept pace with her.

AT ONE-THIRTY he filled out a bill form in duplicate and stood before her with the pencil over the space provided for the customer's name. In sudden, inexplicable perversity Chloe Mae said she would pay cash, to which he replied patiently, "I'd like your name for the record. I'm hustling for new business because, in addition to the union scale, Mr. Follansbee gives me ten per cent on all new accounts." However, he did not persist, and receipted the bill: *Paid, per Judson C. Kirk.* He handed her the duplicate bill and she noticed he had charged her for materials only.

"You didn't charge me for your time," she said, looking up.

"My time is my own today; I'm making you a present of some of it. Your car tells me that you, too, are a wage slave, and to such who find the shop open, even two inches, on Saturday, I give a trade-sweetener." He grinned.

"But I've probably kept you from earning some overtime. I used to have my car serviced here," said Chloe Mae, "but after hearing Follansbee scold his employees, I took my trade elsewhere. I felt like throwing a monkey wrench at Follansbee's head."

"Oh, and you don't want Mr. Follansbee to know that you came to his shop in distress."

"How can you work for the man?"

"Mr. Follansbee is no longer a sourpuss," said the young man. "He complained of a gnawing pain in his midriff and I argued him into seeing a doctor, an idea he's always dreaded. Well, what did the doctor find but a cancer just starting, so he snipped it out and now Mr. Follansbee is all sweetness and mirth. I wish you would forgive him and bring your trade back."

"May I leave the car here long enough to dash down to that beanery on the corner for lunch?" asked Chloe Mae.

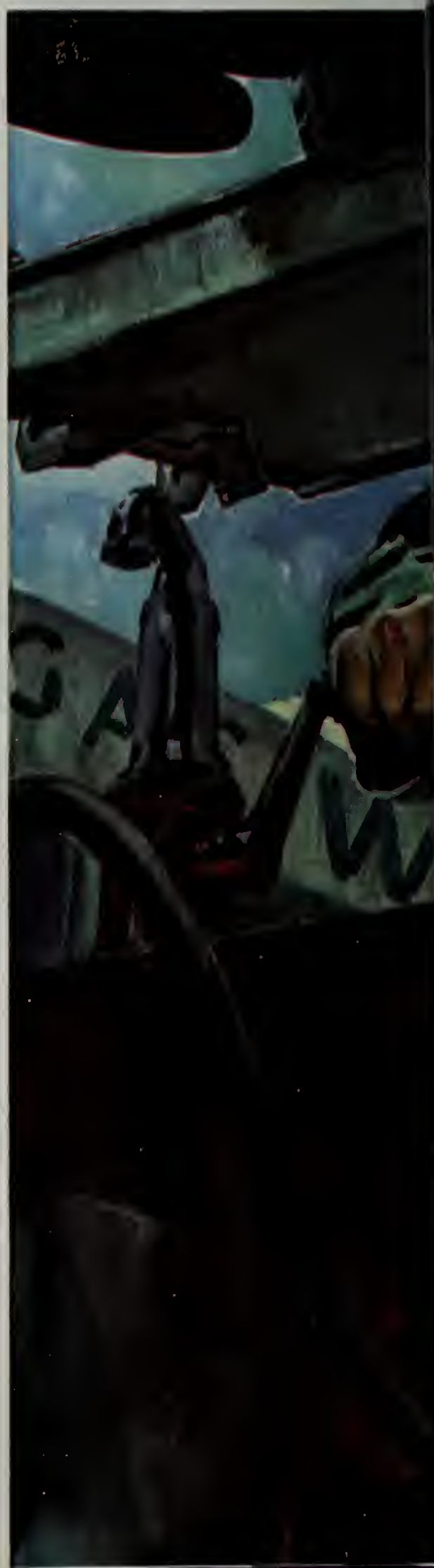
"You may not. In the first place it will be safe parked at the curb and in the second place that beanery has cockroaches in its kitchen."

"Where do you eat your luncheon?"

"I bring it and eat it on the desk in the office. An were it not that I lack the nerve to invite to shar my humble meal a lady to whom I have not bee properly introduced and who, obviously, prefers t remain incognito, I would issue the invitation."

"Now I know," said Chloe Mae, very repentan "that many a noble heart beats beneath a fade coverall. I am Chloe Mae Coltrane, Mr. Judson C Kirk, and very pleased to have been introduced t you by remote control."

They chatted a while, then Judson Kirk said, "O the desk, Miss Coltrane, you will find my lunch



"Let's stick to English," Chloe said, and began to sing. As she suspected, he was a ballad singer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

asket, with everything in it necessary to a successul two-person party. Please set the table while I ash my dirty hands."

He departed for the rear of the shop and instantly hloe Mae telephoned Tío Tomás, who said he was ery busy and wanted to know if her business was nportant, to which Chloe Mae replied cautiously, n Spanish, that it was of extreme importance; she ad just fallen in love.

"Infatuation! A disease common to your sex."

"Well, it hit me like a bolt of lightning."

"Did it hit him with similar impact? Any passes?"

"I couldn't tell you—and the poor prim darling wouldn't know how to start a pass."

"You must be furious."

"I am."

"What does he do and what does he look like?"

"He's a mechanic in Follansbee's Garage. He's about six feet tall and not a string bean. He's good-looking when he smiles, which is often, because he has a sense of humor. He is polite, tolerant and persistent—"

"Blah-h-h! I suppose he talked about himself."

"He did not. Only to say that he has an invalid mother with whom he lives—which, I suppose is the only reason he's still in town. And the only question he asked me was quite a normal one. Was I any relation to the Coltrane Building?"

"Fortune hunter," said Tío Tomás.

"Tío Tomás, you are uttering criminal libel. I told him there were a great many poor Coltranes in the Valley; I told him I am the assistant note teller in the First National Bank. It's hardly a lie to advance the truth forty-eight hours."

"Undoubtedly you have this young man rocking on his heels, for I take it he *(Continued on page 46)*

GOD'S UNDERGROUND IN RUSSIA

BY FATHER GEORGE

AS TOLD TO GRETTA PALMER

Father George, whose real name cannot be revealed, is a Croat who helped the Partisans in Yugoslavia. After the war he went into Russia as a Partisan officer whose real mission was to contact the religious underground. He found thousands of churchless priests ministering to millions who secretly still adhere to the Christian faith.

EUROPEAN

Under the rule of Bolsheviks many of Russia's churches were either burned or requisitioned. This Moscow house of worship was converted into a gaudy cinema

I HAD been in Russia for several hazardous months with the Christian underground at the time I made a careless gesture that might easily have landed me in Siberia. Instead, it won me the confidence of Vanya and his wife and provided my first contact with the Protestant branch of the secret religious movement.

Vanya was the barber in a Volga town. I had been directed to his home when, dressed in my Partisan officer's uniform, I got off the train and asked where I might find lodgings. A few nights later, as I sat in the dingy little parlor waiting for dinner, I was quickly making the sign of the cross when I caught sight of Vanya's face in a little mirror hanging on the wall just over my head. I had thought myself alone. Vanya had seen me but he smiled and said, "We, too."

Vanya and his wife, Elka, were Baptists. They told me their story and described the risks run by the faithful during the thirty years the Soviets have waged war against the churches in Russia. In the early Bolshevik days there had still been a traffic in smuggled prayer books and Bibles across the Polish border. Vanya and Elka were part of the network of agents who distributed them. One night they had to go to a town where the Communists had burned all the churches, jailed or killed all the known ministers and priests.

"We had to deliver the books to Ivan, a pastor, who had come to the town disguised as a tailor," Vanya said. "We reached his city late at night. There were no street lights and we were uncertain of our way. As we stumbled through the mud, carrying the heavy suitcase filled with books, an O.G.P.U. agent stopped us.

" 'What are you doing here?' he asked.

"We told him we were seeking Ivan's home, bringing him tailor's materials. He escorted us, silent and suspicious, and as we arrived at the dark little house he said to me, 'That suitcase. Open it.'

" 'Comrade,' I told him. 'I will gladly open it when we get into the light. But Ivan has a dangerous dog. Best let me go first and see that he is tied. He knows me.'

"The agent watched sullenly. I slipped to the door, gave the signal knock and waited in fear. When Ivan opened it I pushed inside hurriedly, emptied the suitcase, hid the prayer books under a pile of lumber in the kitchen and stuffed the suitcase with lengths of cloth. Then we let my wife and the agent come in. The delay had angered him.

" 'The suitcase,' he said sternly. We were ready for him. Its contents were innocent, but he was still suspicious.

" 'And where is that dangerous dog?' he asked.

"My heart was in my mouth. So far as I knew, Ivan had never owned a pet.

" 'The dog?' said Ivan. 'Why, he is tied up for the night! See him here.'

"He led the way to the yard, where an ugly mastiff was chained. The dog had been a gift sent to him only the day before. That dog saved our lives."

ow that they were certain of my pathy Vanya and Elka told me y things. By this time they knew s a citizen of Yugoslavia, a Chris- and a Partisan who had been ed to flee to the forest and fight the guerrillas when the Nazis ured my home. They did not w that I was also a Roman Cath- priest traveling incognito. Only man in Russia knew that then. hat was I doing there in Russia? church has, from the beginning, osed both the Nazi and the Com- nist regimes. It was with the Nazis I first clashed, long before the break of World War II. As an as- ate of Archbishop Stepinac I set a system of shelters in Croatia for ish refugees fleeing Hitler.

A Fugitive from the Gestapo

y the time war did break out, my e was on the Gestapo's black list. en the Nazis attacked Yugoslavia d to flee. I went south, to Dal- ia. The Italians had occupied this ion and I knew they would be er to evade than the Germans. e, at Split, I organized a clan- tine university of anti-Fascist th, teaching Christian doctrine to ng men and women who had been ered by the Italians to study either Fascist philosophy or nothing. In 3, I was expelled from Dalmatia these activities.

My movements during those years known to the Federal Bureau of estigation. I have furnished it with ails of the Eastern European un- ground. That information still not be revealed. Defeat of the zis did not allow our Christian th groups to emerge. Now the eat comes from another quarter.

But U.S. officialdom has been told how the 1944 Slovak uprising inst the Germans was secretly pre- ed by Catholic youth groups, and how I made my way to Bratislava act as adviser to the Partisans then ming. When the rebellion broke t, the Gestapo was rushed in and th a group of militant young Chris- n workers I fled again, this time o the forest where the Partisans re fighting a guerrilla war. I served re for a year and a half as a sanita- n officer.

Only a handful of young Partisans knew I was a priest. I said Mass for them secretly. We concealed our Christianity cunningly, because Partisan troops were receiving aid from the Russians, and the Communists—no less than the Nazis whom we helped them fight—were enemies of religion. But when our Partisan unit was formally attached to the First Ukrainian Front of the Red Army I had a chance to get to know Russian soldiers well and to number many of them among my friends.

During my service in the forest I learned that a widespread belief in God has survived bitter Soviet persecution, and that at least a third of the young Red soldiers have a strong, although secret faith in the Christian church. This religious feeling is not restricted to the peasants. The Communist "elite," the graduates of Moscow's universities, have begun to doubt the truths of the Marxian philosophy.

During the nights of storm and sleeplessness, when our huts of snow and branches failed to protect us from the cold, the Russians would pour out their souls to any sympathetic older man who was near by. These were not Marxian souls. I found that the same distrust of Communist atheism existed among some of the highest-placed officers. Actually there were two conflicting viewpoints evident at the loftiest army levels in 1944.

The dispute centered about the question: Was Russia fighting a war of national survival or a war for the triumph of the Communist ideals? In the very earliest days of the Nazi attack the Kremlin realized it would be hard to rally the Russian people to defend a regime which had starved and abused them. So the war was presented as an Otechestvenaia Voina—a struggle for national survival. Peter the Great and the historic czarist leaders were now praised as heroes. The old Christian name, Mother Russia, was revived.

Men with no trace of Communist ideology in them were suddenly given positions of power in the army. This was partly because, in the emergency, there was such a great lack of military skill that men of uncertain politics could not be dispensed with. But it was partly, too, because such men were able to rally the kind of Russians who distrusted and deplored the party leaders. Marshal Zhukov, who commanded all the Soviet troops in Germany, had been suspect before the war because of the known Christianity of his wife. He was allowed to take command and be worshiped as the savior of the motherland.

During my months in the forest it seemed possible that men such as he would continue in power after the victory. Many of us believed the British and Americans would so exert their influence that the Communist party chiefs must yield the reins of government to non-Marxian heroes of the war.

So there was a chance that Russia might soon be governed by men with whom the Christian world could deal. That was why I crossed the Czech border into Russia on V-E Day to be on the spot in case the Kremlin should pass into the hands of men with whom my church might be able to talk. The Stalin clique could never be acceptable, nor could any Communists. Any apparent concessions to religion on their part were bound to be opportunistic and insincere. But only three per cent of the people of Russia were members of the Communist party. It was then reasonable to hope that the Stalin clique might fall.

Help from Red Army General

A Russian general made it possible for me to get into the Soviet Union. I had met him in the Slovakian forest when my Partisan unit was attached to his Red Army command. I got to know him well. He alone among the Russians knew I was a priest.

One night he offered me my opportunity.

"Ours is a country of 300,000,000 slaves, longing to be freed from the bloodiest and most cynical despotism of history," he said. "The proof that we Russians are not all Communists lies in the continued existence of a Christian underground inside my country. It is one of the most important facts in the world today, yet no one in the West knows of it.

"If I arrange a pass for you to visit Russia, will you go? Will you get in touch with the members of God's underground? Will you come out and tell the skeptics of the West that our suffering men and women are still true to the faith?"

"If it is possible, I will do so," I told him.

"It will be possible," he assured me. "You shall be our voice."

Thanks to him I was able to spend six months in Moscow, Kiev, Stalingrad, Leningrad and Odessa, and many smaller towns. My pass bore the very highest signatures. My Russian had become fluent in the forest. I was fortunate in visiting the country while an army uniform still carried an aura of glamor.

"The greatest danger to you," the Russian general had told me, "may be in the present policy of toleration of the churches by the Kremlin. Do not be misled; this is a wartime measure. So long as the Communists are in control no true priest may safely admit that he *is* a priest in Russia.

"Treat every man who calls himself a priest and does not flee from Communist detection as a quisling and a spy. The churches in Russia are open today. Yes. But they will be closed again tomorrow if the Communist clique remains in power. Above all, avoid the followers of Acting Patriarch Sergii, the man who has called Stalin 'our leader under God.' He betrayed his church to the Communists once before in the twenties. This 'toleration' is a hoax."

My friend was right. The Communists later openly renewed their war against religion as he had predicted they would.

I knew then, from history, that religion and Communism could not live side by side. The war on religion has been a cornerstone of Communism from the start. Karl Marx was a professed atheist even before he wrote his books on economics and called religion "the opium of the people."

As a Slovak Partisan, I was an honored guest in Moscow. During my first weeks I was given army billets—the finest the country could provide. I was assigned to a room in the barracks that housed the Russian secret police!

The celebration of Mass was made the more difficult by the presence of secret police on all sides of me. The only time I could hope for safe

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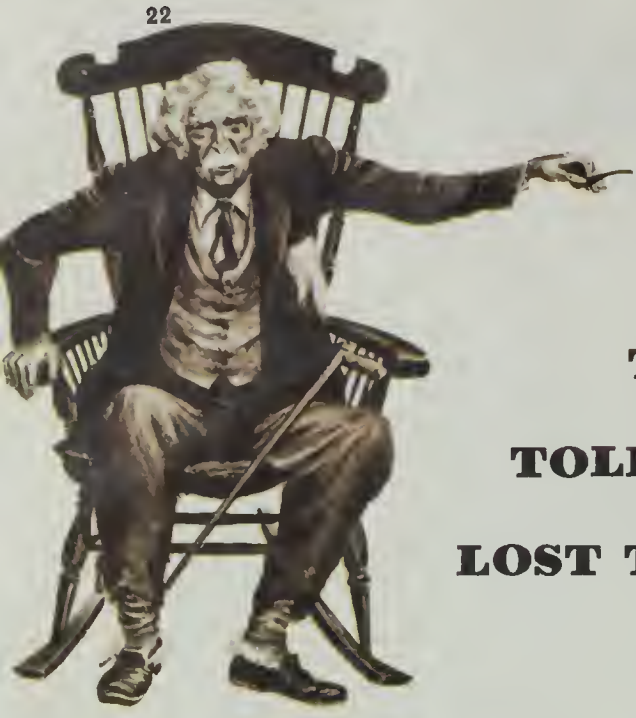
elics of Father Leonid Fedorov were brought to Rome from Russia by a priest e martyred cleric ordained in jail. Father Fedorov died after ten years in prison

KEYSTONE

A priest raises his hands for the Deo Gratias during services in 1945 at the Russian College in Rome where priests were trained for work in the Soviet Union

KEYSTONE



THE FAR-OFF BU

THE WAY THE OLD MAN TOLD IT, NOBODY LOST THAT BATTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

THAT was the June of 1919, and Dick Williams had come down home with me for a visit. The war—*our* war—was finished. Supposedly, we were there for a rest and a forgetting. Of course, we couldn't quite forget it. One short year before, it had been all around us. We were in it, part of it. So it kept cropping up in our talk, even there on the quiet porch with the honeysuckle vines shutting us in, and Grandfather dozing near by in the high-backed wooden rocker.

Dick said suddenly, out of a long, lazy silence, "What made it tough, that day at Soissons, the Germans had—"

Grandfather stirred impatiently and his voice rasped like an unoiled hinge in the afternoon quiet.

"What's all this to-do about *Germans*, anyhow?" He sounded pet lant.

I had thought he was asleep. I dropped into cat naps, off and on, day. But he hadn't been napping th time. I threw a look of apolo toward Dick. Within the family, had been telling one another privatel for some time, that Grandfather w getting a little odd—that eccentriciti usually seemed to show up as peop got along in years. I had noticed more, of course, coming back fro that long grind overseas. And I cou recall a time when Grandfather was his sixties, instead of almost eight and not odd a bit—except on o point.

That foible of his had been accept in the family, long before my time. was born to it, you might say. W

BUGLE

BY CONSTANCE WAGNER

knew that we must never, under y circumstances, ask Grandfather out Chancellorsville. If he chose bring it up himself, well and good, t he very seldom did. And all of us ew the look of angry bafflement at came into his usually kind and endly face when some well-meaning tsider was awkward enough to ention it. That was all part of fam- history. Since I'd come back, ough, I couldn't help but notice that seemed far more withdrawn, in neral, than I'd remembered him to . It was as if most of his contacts th the outside world were broken, d his life seemed cast inward and ckward.

Dick and I watched him with a cer- in amusement, a certain pity. We re only twenty, and, to us, he seemed incredibly old—his face yellowed by time like a sheet of ancient newspaper, and the skin so thin that the bony structure of nose and jaw jutted sharply beneath it, while the mouth and eyes seemed to have receded almost out of sight.

He looked vaguely from one to the other of us. "What's all this blather about Germans? And Frenchmen?" he said again. In his face was the only emotion that seemed constant with him now—indignation, the impotent rebellion of the aged against time. "There wa'n't any foreigners there. Not a one! People have got all mixed up lately. *I* know how 'twas. . . ."

I glanced at Dick and murmured, "You don't understand, Grandfather. This is another war. This is 1919, not 1861." I said it conscientiously, as I had said it before, knowing that he would pay no attention to what I said. I could feel Dick taking it all in, confused but polite.

"Germans!" The old man spat out the name contemptuously. "'Twas a good while back, but *I* haven't forgot. There was just us and the Southrons. I recollect like yesterday how they come through those woods, hell-for-leather. Singing, they were. And I recollect just what they was singing, too. It made me mad."

I looked over at Dick again. He was from Alabama, and he'd never talked to a Union veteran, he had told me with a curious eagerness. So far, the old man hadn't opened up once, since he'd been there. I think Dick was a little disappointed. I could see his mouth getting ready for a question, so I shook my head at him. Grandfather showed a queer streak of perversity nowadays. He'd talk only when he felt like it, and then he wanted to tell his stories his own way. One ill-timed question was enough to shut him up for good.

It was funny, the way he felt about the War of the Rebellion, as he always called it. Even when I was a little fellow, and before his mind began to dim, it had been the same. He'd spin his yarns about Fredericksburg or the Rappahannock—and I listening with half an ear, because it all seemed like someone recounting a dream, something that hadn't ever really happened. But when he spoke of Chancellorsville—his last battle, where he was wounded and taken prisoner—he

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"Our skirmish line was broken," Grandfather was saying. "They were coming through"

OPEN LETTER TO JIMMIE FIDLER

Many a movie magnate's ulcer can be traced directly to the inconsistent sermonizing of Jimmie, who tells Hollywood how to behave, while millions of radio listeners eavesdrop. An avowed enemy of divorce, he has been divorced three times himself

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

Every Sunday night, sermonizer Fidler points out what's wrong with Holly

Adeline, Jimmie's fourth wife, cavorts with Jeff, her young son by a former mar

ONE morning late in the summer of 1945, Jimmie Fidler, the syndicated Hollywood columnist and radio commentator, was hurrying purposefully through his office when he suddenly stopped and wheeled around. There was an unwonted note of excitement in his secretary's voice as she talked on the telephone.

"*Real*ly?" she was saying. "Why, that's wonderful! That's absolutely *mar*velous!"

Fidler, whose tireless concern with other people's affairs is well known, cocked his head with the inquisitiveness of an old Georgia bird dog. This, he reasoned, might be the text for one of his Open Letters—those shrill sermons with which he regularly admonishes the motion-picture industry to mend its errant ways.

"And you're absolutely certain?" the secretary said. "You are? . . . Oh, that's *won*derful! And thanks for telling me."

As she set the receiver down, Fidler pounced toward her.

"What is it?" he demanded. "*What's* wonderful?"

The secretary's voice was tremulous. "The flash," she said, "just came through. The war's over."

Fidler studied her with curiosity for a moment and then shook his head. "Look," he said, in a voice edged with reproof, "there's nothing in that for us."

Fidler's single-mindedness communicates its gleanings to the readers of the 160-odd papers which print his column and to the estimated 11,000,000 people who listen to his two Sunday-evening radio programs. Everything considered, it is understandable if, in his eagerness to scoop his rivals, he is sometimes betrayed into passing on erroneous information.

On his broadcast of November 10, 1946, for instance, Fidler confided that David Rose might marry Betty Bigelow, Morton Downey Lillian Nelson, and Stuart Barthelmess Sonja Henie.

None of these couples has yet had the courtesy to substantiate his prediction about them. His motives were undoubtedly above reproach.

On January 12th of last year Fidler allowed himself to indulge in a moment of sheer gloom. "Exclusive!" he announced breathlessly. "Watch for a formal announcement from Kathryn Grayson that she and Johnny Johnston have called off their wedding plans."

Here, Fidler was being so exclusive that he apparently neglected to inform Miss Grayson and Mr. Johnston. At any rate, they went right ahead and got married.

Fidler is inclined to view such errors with philosophical calmness. In one instance, a press agent for a dancing school decided that his client could do with a little publicity in Fidler's column. Accordingly, he informed Fidler that Jackie Coogan was in love with a dancing instructor named Alice Hastings. Actually, there was no basis for the story and even the girl's name was a pure invention. When Coogan read the item, he phoned Fidler and irately asked where he had got the story. "I got it," said Fidler, with complete assurance, "from the girl herself."

Favors the Homely Virtues

Although he is generally regarded as a specialist in gossip, Fidler likes to think of himself as a man who helps shape a better and more moral way of life. To this end, he has, on his radio program, accused Bob Hope of "big-city sophistication," advised a prominent movie star to remember that her husband was a man, and come out unequivocally in favor of motherhood. In 1946 he determined to ascertain who the most popular living person in the world was. The results of the poll he conducted among his listeners showed Bing Crosby in first place, followed by Frank Sinatra, Pope Pius, Eleanor Roosevelt and General Eisenhower.

Some listeners may preserve a certain calmness in the face of Fidler's pronouncements, but his devotees receive them with all the excitement that he intends they should. Like his faithful parishioners, he is a wide-eyed movie fan with a relish for juicy gossip and an aggressive veneration for the simpler virtues. He is also, like them, a simple-spoken person.

Skeptics insist that his evaluation of pictures by the ringing of one, two, three, or four bells is "the age's greatest concession to illiteracy," but his disciples interpret it as evidence of his straightforwardness. In the minds of his ardent partisans, Fidler is a man who deplores drunkenness, divorce, and gangster movies as passionately as he cherishes dogs and little children. The motion-picture industry does not share this view.

One of Fidler's most baffling incongruities is his aversion to divorce. For although he rants against it constantly, he himself has been married four times.

On several occasions, the movie industry has gone so far as to question his integrity. It has accused him of being a traitor to the business from which he indirectly earns his living, of trying to induce a studio to purchase a movie title of his coinage, of not writing his own column and of coercing actresses into buying their clothes at a dress shop operated by a former wife of his.

Fidler managed to survive all of such criticisms without sustaining any permanent injuries. One of them, indeed, resulted in only a politician's pleasantry.

This occurred during the 1941 senatorial investigation into charges that Hollywood, by turning out anti-Nazi films, was guilty of warmongering. When Fidler appeared in Washington to testify to the truth of these allegations, the movie industry did everything within its power to discredit his evidence, trying to show him up as a person who was not above sacrificing his integrity for money. One of its more persuasive witnesses promised to be Harry Brand.

Brand, the head of the publicity department at 20th Century-Fox, was not a witness at the hearing, but in formed the investigating committe by telegram, that among other things he, at Fidler's request, persuaded Al ice Fay to buy a dress for which sh was charged several hundred dollars and that the first time she wore th dress it fell apart, causing her mucl embarrassment and humiliation.

Instead of turning out to be a bombshell, however, this merely in spired a member of the committee t observe rather wearily, "Pretty soo we'll find ourselves investigating th gown industry."

Fidler's answer to Brand's charg was: "I never, at *any* time, asked *an* actress to patronize this shop. Wh would I do *that* when I have refused $10,000 bribe to boost a bad movie?"

Fidler holds the upper hand in th incessant quibbling between himsel and the film industry. Hollywood' occasional triumphs over him hav mostly been minor ones, and eve these have not been uniformly deci sive. Although Errol Flynn, for exam ple, once slapped him on the chee during a cabaret quarrel, the the Mrs. Fidler evened matters by nickin

rmed hypochondriac, Jimmie keeps his office stocked with pills which he gulps down frequently. Here he polishes off breakfast with a dose of vitamins

ynn's valuable face with a fork. ter, when Hollywood proved quite nclusively, and with considerable ee, that Fidler delegates much of the iting of his column to a subordi- te, he took the edge off the dis- osure by simply admitting that this as true. After that, no one bothered mention the fact.

The Defense Was Adequate

"I do write or edit my column ily," he reported. "The collection of ems, and the first writing of them to column form, falls on the shoul- rs of one of my subordinates, who s trained himself over a period of ears to write in my style. I defy any litor to pick up any individual Fid- r column, and discern between his d my writing. But I edit daily, often write in part or in full, and often rite the entire column by myself, rticularly when my employee is va- tioning (4 weeks annually) or is ill." etter, April 5, 1948.)

The persistent snideness toward idler's column and broadcasts, al- ough probably justified in many in- stances, doesn't disturb him either. He has accumulated more than a mil- lion dollars from the craftsmanship that Hollywood professes to scorn.

All in all, Jimmie Fidler seems to have made the movie industry a good deal more uncomfortable than it has made him.

Twentieth Century-Fox had hyster- ics the Sunday night Fidler informed his radio audience that Gene Tierney, a property whom Fox likes to think of as one of its most demurely lady- like, had become ill from smoking a cigar. He grievously offended War- ner Brothers by proposing that the Army, instead of drafting a man with 22 children (as it was about to do), should disband the This is the Army cast then working at Warners' and put it into combat.

Columbia grew gray overnight when Fidler divulged that one of the executives was planning to build a pri- vate projection room at a time when no one could get building materials for vital construction. RKO's resent- ment toward Fidler was occasioned by his announcement that it had signed an Irishman, Sean McGlory, to a contract the same week that it had dropped two ex-servicemen on the plea that it had a surplus of lead- ing men. In each instance, Fidler was speaking the truth.

To appreciate Fidler's importance, it is first necessary to understan the remarkable position a journalist or broadcaster occupies in publicity- conscious Hollywood. More news emerges from Hollywood daily than from anywhere else in the world with the possible exception of Washington during a session of Congress.

Prima Donnas of the Press

Of the 385-or-so Hollywood corre- spondents, a handful have achieved such power they feel able to dictate to the movie industry. Unfortunately, some of them are capable of bitter resentment when they feel their pres- tige has not been recognized.

A few years ago, for example, a Hollywood lady columnist was furi- ous when she heard a certain actress wouldn't invite her to a surprise party she was giving for a young niece. The columnist retaliated for the snub by telephoning the child and informing her of all the party details which the actress had carefully been keeping se- cret.

The movie industry is well aware of the sensitive nature of the Hollywood correspondent and strives to avoid offending it. Sometimes the industry carries its pacificism to absurd ex- tremes. A few years back, for in- stance, when a prominent contributor to the movie magazines got married, a studio press agent had some of his clients—all celebrated actors and ac- tresses—serve as ushers and brides- maids. In true Hollywood style, the proceedings were kept in hand by a master of ceremonies. The high light of the affair came when he held up his hand for silence. "We will now," he announced, "have the singing of Oh, Promise Me. Please do not applaud."

Typical of him, James Marion Fid- ler's origin poses a problem in incon- sistency. According to both himself and the bureau of vital statistics in St. Louis, Missouri, Fidler came into the world on August 24, 1900. The United States Marine Corps, however,

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

An intellectual-type guy starts hanging around Mabel, and Joe can either make like an Einstein or blow. Double or nothing

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

SHAKESPEARE SHOULD DROP DEAD

BY

IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

I AIN'T saying I'm against knowledge. A little knowledge, like everybody knows, is a dangerous thing. A whole lot of knowledge ...es atom bombs, which ain't exactly safe. I'm wondering, after what happens to me, if it ain't ...er in the long run to leave knowledge strictly ...e and stay happy you're a dope.

...pring is supposed to be a time for being in ... It's the spring of the year, and my girl friend, ...s Mabel Stooler, hates me. We been going to-...er for about seven years, and every spring she ...s me, regular, like clockwork. The reason is ... a lot of other girls are gettin' ready to become ...e brides, and Mabel is not. She blames me for ..., although the fact is that I never said I wouldn't ... married. I just don't want to rush into noth-... premature.

...Joey," she says, "you remind me of a character ...m Shakespeare. All's well, except you don't end ...l."

...haulin' off to let this joker have one right ...ere he's grinnin', but Mabel takes hold of my arm

This is a familiar song, but the words got a new angle to them. Mabel has red hair and blue eyes to go with them and a nice figure on her, but up to this time Shakespeare ain't her strong point. I let the remark pass by, but it ain't the finish.

"Joey," she says another time, "when it comes to Romeo and Juliet, you're a regular Horatio, I mean it."

It don't sound like Mabel. It don't even sound like English. From her attitude, I know she still hates me. The rest I can't figure out.

"If Figaro can get married, just like that," she says, "how come it takes some other people I can mention so long to figure out what's the way of all flesh?"

"It's all how you look at it," I says.

It's no answer but I don't even know the question. I feel like a guy in the last row at the ball park at the boxing bouts. I know there's a fight going on, only I can't tell who's winning. I don't even know what round it is.

I get the score about a week after this. Right between the eyes I get it. I shoulda stayed in the last row.

I'm up at Mabel's house this one evening. The radio is on and we're listening to some classical music. Also present is Mabel's kid brother Sherman, a twelve-year-old murderer, for who music will never have enough charms to soothe him down. Also Raphael Pottley, an intellectual.

"Beautiful music they're playing, Joe," Raphael Pottley says. "From the classical period, if you follow me."

"No," I says.

"The classical period," he says, "was a period when— Say, I'll bet you don't even know the name of the selection they are rendering."

"No," I says, "I'm listening to the music."

Raphael shakes his head. He's got long black hair that he combs back in waves, and eyeglasses with big black rims on them. "Every school child knows this composition, Joe. The Spring Song by Mendelssohn."

Mabel lets out a sigh. "Gee, what a brain on this Raphael Pottley!" she says. "Honest." It's not the first time she says it durin' the evening. I'm beginnin' to see where Shakespeare comes in.

"I'm surprised you don't know this selection, Joe," Raphael says. "In my humble opinion, it is one of the master's greatest works."

"Thanks for telling me," I says. "I can hear the music clearer now that you're finished."

"Joey," Mabel says, "that's enough. If Raphael wants to help your education a little," she says, "it won't hurt you, believe me."

"Okay, okay," I says.

"And you don't have to act so smart," she says, "a guy who is twenty-eight years old, awready, without enough sense in his head to get married to some nice girl, awready, present company excepted for the reason that I am too particular."

RAPHAEL POTTLEY is humming with the melody, staying a couple of notes ahead of the band to show he knows how the thing goes without hearing it from the radio. Actually, this guy is just a part-time intellectual, evenings only. During the day he's a stock clerk in the department-store business. The band isn't finished with the selection, but suddenly Raphael is finished listening.

"I have been doing a lot of thinking about the international situation," he says. "From my point of view, it is absolutely a crisis."

Mabel can't get over him. "He thinks about everything, this Raphael," she says. "You see, Joey?"

"What's so wonderful about that?" I says. "Everybody knows things are in a crisis."

"Sure," she says, "only Raphael *thinks* about it."

"The key to the whole problem," he says, "is Lower Moravia. You know where that is, don't you, Joe?"

Every slob you run into these days can't wait to show you he knows more than you know. This slob is overdoing it.

"I don't know where Lower Moravia is," I says. "I don't even know where Upper Moravia is. So what?"

Everybody is shocked, like I said I didn't know who's President of the U.S.A., Harry S. Truman.

"Shame on you, Joey!" Mabel says. "Look, even Sherman, a twelve-year-old child, is sitting there quiet, trying to learn something. But not you. Oh, no!"

"That's right," Sherman says, very sweet. "I can't get enough education." The little stinker is givin' me the needle.

"Lower Moravia," Raphael says, "is a seething caldron of political unrest. That's just my opinion, of course. The population is 238,562."

"You hear, Joey?" Mabel says.

Enough is enough. "Lower Moravia," I says, "in the pig's elbow!"

"Joe Sparton!" Mabel yells. Her blue eyes are shooting off sparks. "Either you apologize to my guest or you can leave my house this minute. I mean it."

"But, baby," I says, "he's just showing off!"

"You should show off so good," Mabel says.

"Yeah," Sherman says. "Joe the dope."

"Now wait a minute," I says.

"Sherman," Mabel says, "that's not nice."

"It's the truth, ain't it?" Sherman says.

"It's not a question of the truth," Mabel says. "No matter how true it is, you gotta be polite."

"Now wait," I says. "Just because your two-bit genius is sittin' there is no reason for insultin' me."

"Oh, yeah?" she says. "If you had as much brains in your whole head as he's got in his little finger, you would know the way of all flesh in June, instead of sitting there like—like I don't know what."

This is where I come in. I get up and get my hat. I'm burning. Just because Raphael Pottley is there is no reason.

"If I ain't smart enough for the present company," I says, "maybe I better go home."

When I open the door, I can hear Raphael telling Mabel how high is the tallest mountain in Lower Moravia, and the name of the chief of police.

"Gee, what a brain!" she says. I close the door and head for a short beer. I can see who's ahead at the end of the first round. It ain't me.

THE next night I figure I better call up Mabel and straighten things out with her. She says, "Maybe you better come up some other night, Joey," she says. "We're having another intellectual evening and I don't think you would enjoy it."

The next night the same thing. Likewise the night after.

"Does an intellectual evening mean Raphael Pottley?" I says.

"He will be among the guests present," she says.

This goes on for a week, and the situation gets no better. It gets worse. And then, right at the zero hour, I find The Complete Quizzer.

It happens almost like pennies from heaven. I just dropped off a fare at Madison and Fifty-sixth, who broke his heart and let me keep the change for two bucks, with a buck ninety on the meter. I look in the back of the hack and there's a book the guy left.

I lean out the window and holler, "Hey, you left a book here, Jack!" Since I'm only yellin' ten cents' worth, which was this spender's tip, he don't hear me.

You hear about books changing people's whole lives? This one come close, with me.

The name of the book is The Complete Quizzer. It's full of questions and answers, like a quiz. That book is stuffed like a turkey, only with plain simple knowledge.

I sit in the hack and think: I bet even Raphael the mastermind don't know half this stuff. I bet . . . That's when the idea hits me. Right then, I feel like Columbus discovering America—1492—only better, because I know right off what I'm gonna do with my discovery.

Two nights after this I'm ready. I call up Mabel. She gives me the routine about an intellectual evening.

"Fine," I says. "Wonderful. That's my meat." I go right up to her house.

Raphael Pottley and Mabel are having a big discussion when I get there, with Raphael doing most of the talking. Mabel tells me to sit down and keep quiet. Like I expected, the rest of the guests is only Sherman, the P.S. 87 intellectual.

I let Raphael get his steam up good. Then I let him have it.

"But when it comes to the great writers of history," Raphael is saying, "who can compare, after all, with Count Leo Tolstoy, 1828 to 1910?"

"Nobody," Mabel says.

"Which river is longer," I says, very casual, "the Missouri or the Mississippi?"

"Huh?" he says.

"The Missouri," I says.

"Oh?" he says. "Very *(Continued on page 41)*

"Merry-Go-Round" is a lively oil painting by Betty Wagler, 14, of Richmond Hill (New York) High School. Betty also won a national honorable mentio

Presenting the prize winners in Collier's fourth annual selection of outstanding art by creative high-school students

TEEN-AGE TALENT

BY LEONARD A. PARIS

Andrew Spaeth, 18, painted "Dock in a Creek." He attends Flushing High School, Flushing, New York

A SEA of pictures—a broad, billowing sea as full of hidden power as a uranium pile—stretched across the vast floor of the Fine Arts Galleries at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute. The man from Collier's looked at it. "Whew!" he said. "Might as well try to pick one diamond from the Kimberley mines."

That was John C. Pellew, of Collier's art staff, a distinguished painter himself. He and William O. Chessman, art director of Collier's, had a tough job. They had to pick about a dozen paintings and drawings for Collier's awards. And they had only about 1,400 entries to choose from—all of them by talented high-school youngsters, all of them winners in earlier competitions. The twelve chosen by Collier's for certificates of merit and $100 in cash are reproduced on these pages. Thirteen others received honorable mention.

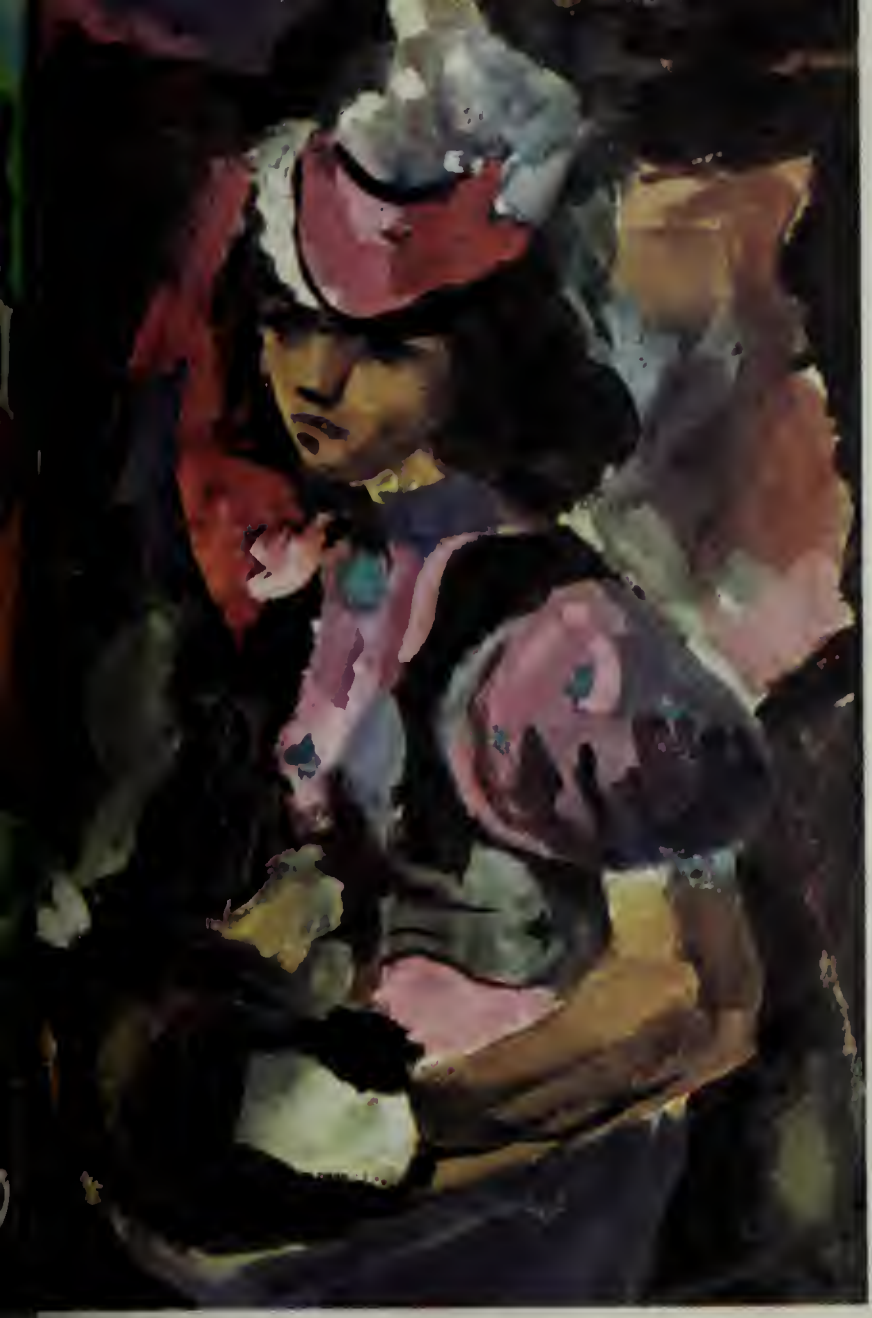
The show from which these independent selections were made is sponsored annually by Scholastic Magazines. It claims the title of world's largest art competition, which will be undisputed by anyone goggling at the figure of 125,000 preliminary entries. "The show gets bigger every year," says Maurice R. Robinson, publisher of Scholastic Magazines. "And although I don't see how it can, it gets better, too!"

Entries are judged regionally in department stor throughout the country, and the best are shipped Pittsburgh for final judging and further honors.

Ana there have been plenty of honors. Willia Shaffer, for instance, who also won a Collier's awa last year, has just been awarded a scholarship to t Carnegie Institute of Technology. Some of his ca toons have appeared in Pittsburgh newspaper Here's what Bill says about art: "Some people sa they can't feel right until they have a cigarette. I d not smoke, but my art has the effect on me that cigarette seems to have on them. It releases built-u tension."

Richard Zayac, who won his second Collier award this year, writes: "After a long convalesce period from polio at the age of sixteen, the re understanding of the potentialities of art began. was no longer a pleasing toy but a tool and powe ful weapon. It helped me fight the agonies of wai ing, pain and despair." Dick's high-school princip thinks so much of his work that he has commi sioned the young artist to do an imaginative portra of his son as a child. This year Dick also won scholarship to John Herron Art Institute, India apolis.

In addition to the young artists whose work



Pink Hat" is a tempera study. It was painted by Paula Winter, 18, hington Irving High School in New York. Note individualistic style

and Mourners" is the work of William Shaffer, 19, who will go from ley High School, Pittsburgh, to the Carnegie Institute of Technology

Noel Yaueh, 17, painted "Evening Pink and Yellow" in oils. He attends Cass Technical High School, Detroit; was awarded a scholarship to the Art Students' League, New York

The medium is pastel; the title is "Corner at Night"; the painter is Sebastiano Garro, 17, of Leavenworth High School, Waterbury, Conn. All these pictures won regional awards

From far-off Hawaii, Sueo Miyagawa, 17, submitted this oil painting of a marine scene. Sueo attends McKinley High School, Honolulu. Nearly all the states were represented

"The Dancers," by Elaine Havelock, 17, Cass Technical High School, Detroit. This ink drawing helped Elaine win a scholarship to Parsons School of Design, N. Y.

This striking study in oils, called "Refugee," is the work of a 17-year-old g She is Roberta Shoemaker, of Oakmont Senior High School, Oakmont, Pennsylva

shown here, the following won Collier's certificates of honorable mention: Earl Shropshire, 18, and Conception Vallejo, 19, Jeff Davis High School, Houston, Texas; Mario Prisco, 16, and Audrey Flack, 16, High School of Music and Art, New York; Tom Courtos, 18, Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn; Arnold Yturralde, 21, E. R. Snyder Continuation High School, San Diego; Joyce Sutter, 16, University City (Missouri) Senior High School; Frank Simon, 16, Grossmont (California) High School; Tiglath Perch, 15, English High School, Boston; Nancy Clark, 17, Roosevelt High School, Des Moines, Iowa; Suzanne Gravelle, 17, North Hollywood High School, Los Angeles; Patricia Hallock, 17, Lower Camden County Regional High School, Clementon, New Jersey; and Carol Cushman, 16, Dana Hall School, Wellesley, Massachusetts. ★★★

George Weiss, 18, of James Monroe High School, Bronx, New York, calls this "Across the Street"

"Early Morning Street Scene," by Richard Zayac, 18, of Cass Technical High School, Detroit. Ink wash drawing

Angelo Stevens, 17, of Lincoln High School, Clevela Ohio, painted this study in oils titled simply "Fra

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THE FAR-OFF BUGLE

Continued from page 23

always stopped short in the middle. Invariably the story ended in the same place, with the "Southrons" coming through the woods, hell-for-leather, singing the song that made him mad. I used to ask him, "*Then* what happened, Grandfather? What did you *do*?" But it was no use. He'd sit looking stubbornly off into space, as if he'd forgotten.

So, for a long time, I never knew the end of it. It was a serial, the last installment of which had got lost—until years later, when I found it in the pages of a high-school history. Then I knew not only the disastrous denouement, but I also understood why he could not tell it. Being young myself, I could recognize in a measure the fierce pride of the young soldier, the almost fanatical devotion to a general who had failed. Perhaps if Grandfather had come through the victorious shambles of Gettysburg, that earlier defeat might have been canceled in his mind. But, for him, there was nothing after Chancellorsville—nothing but the shame of the ignominious, scuttling flight of the Union army before a force less than half the size of their own; nothing but the dreary, beaten ride to Richmond with a wagonload of other wounded prisoners; nothing but the jeering contempt of the women of Virginia, all along the way. As far as the old man was concerned, the surrender at Appomattox was something not quite real. *His* war had ended at Chancellorsville.

At the moment I was wishing he'd talk about one of his earlier engagements. It would be hard to make Dick understand why the story stopped in the middle.

"All comes back to me—" He spoke quite suddenly, as if he'd just remembered it.

LATELY, past and present had merged in his mind. Under those conditions, there would be *nothing* ended and done. The tents would be pitched for all eternity, there in the wilderness, the brave voices would sing forever by the flare of campfires, and it would be always May.

He took his pipe from his pocket, stuffed it, with his fingers shaking slightly. This, in itself, was reminiscent of the days when I'd sat on his knee, listening. In those days, he used to say crossly, "Now run along and quit pestering me," when I coaxed him for the end. He couldn't say that now. He'd probably just clamp his jaws tight and pretend sleep.

Dick held a match to the pipe, and the old man drew on it several times, till it glowed red. Then he settled back in the rocker, looking beyond us.

"I shared a tent with Lew Enright down on the Rappahannock," he said. (Yes, it was going to be the same story. I watched Dick, sitting forward in the swing to catch every word.) "Some of the heroes had deserted by that time. Fredericksburg finished 'em." He spoke with a scorn undimmed by half a century. "Morale? Bah! There wa'n't any—after Fredericksburg. They were damned sick of the whole thing. They'd ruther have gone home for the spring plowin' and let Jeff Davis run his show any way he'd a mind to. I tell you, it took old Fightin' Joe to whup 'em back into shape that winter. Nobody else could have done it. Nobody but Joe Hooker. . . ." He wouldn't relinquish the luxury of hero worship even after all that time, even after all that had happened.

Then he spoke more briskly. He seemed to have forgotten, for the moment, that the story could have no ending, or only a bitter one. His voice held a note of braggadocio. He was proud of what he told. And I was thinking about Dick waiting there in the swing, like someone about to receive a revelation. I was thinking that sometimes the old man told his yarns better than at other times. I felt rather as if he were a precocious child that I was showing off.

"Three days and a half it took us to cover the forty-five miles, and we crossed two rivers a-doing it. The Rapidan was clear up to our armpits, where we forded. Been raining like all get out for two weeks. The mud squashed up around your legs, so it didn't make much difference whether you were in the river or out of it. It was dark as a pocket that night, at the Rapidan, and they'd built bonfires all along the banks to light us acrost.

"Come daylight, we covered the last five-six miles, mostly through the wilderness. Men and horses and pack trains crashing through the mud and the scrubbly underbrush. And there was Chancellorsville just up the Turnpike Road a piece. And there was Lee's army, off to one side, and Joe Hooker with fifty-four thousand of us, on his left flank, and Stoneman with as many more again, on his rear. They were tearing up the railroad, to cut off the rebel retreat toward Richmond. Because they were bound to retreat. 'Twas a dead sure thing, any way you looked at it. Why, we had 'em outnumbered two to one or better. You never saw so many men in your life. Nor so many cannon and guns and mule trains totin' ammunition. There was even cattle—cattle enough on the hoof for a five-day meat ration for the whole kit and caboodle."

I knew what Dick must be thinking: Strange that he can remember all these details, but he doesn't know what happened yesterday, or this morning. . . .

"Well, sir, on the thirtieth, Joe Hooker sent orders to withdraw into the woods. We hadn't seen hide nor hair of the rebels. So our bunch dug in just off the Turnpike, fellin' logs and tearin' up rail fences for breastworks, with ditches behind 'em. And we pitched camp with pretty nigh all the comforts of home.

"Then, on the second of May, say an hour before sundown, I was on picket duty at the edge of our camp, and Lew Enright next to me, picketing likewise. 'Twas a fine, clear evening, and ever'-body in high spirits. When I looked over my shoulder, I could see the guns at stack like shocks of wheat and the tents in nice, orderly rows, and the men gat round the fires, cooking the ev ration. I was hungry as a bear, after in' away at that infernal underbru day, and anxious to be relieved. S body started singing Sweet Alice, member. It made me kind of hom and I got to thinking about Sally D mond, and about Ma and the rest wondering how long it'd be before them again.

"I could see Enright every few utes, kind of slouching on his bi mare, walkin' her slow back and among the trees. It was so peaceful with a bird piping up now and ther somehow it made you think of hom mind how I called out to Enright 'Don't you worry, bub,' I says. 'W dancin' with the gals in Richmon time next week.' "

His thin laugh sounded without nance, like the ring of cracked Dick smiled, and I was pleased be the old man was remembering so m

"Then it seemed to me I heard a l faint and far-off and nigh smother the trees. But I wasn't sure—" He his head sharply, as if he were still s ing his ears to hear.

I SLUMPED down on the porch and lighted a cigarette. It was the story, all right. I knew just wh would end—with the Southrons co through the woods hell-for-leathe didn't even need to listen. I knew a by heart the words that would lead, there, to that inconclusive endin could settle down, with the bees ming drowsily in the vines behin head, and see the whole thing wi actually listening. As a child, I ha it to be strangely dramatic, and i seemed so. I saw the horses am there on the edge of the clearing, the two blue bodies standing high lief—and the fires and the moving fi about the fires, like a backdrop co life behind them. And I heard G father (who was not Grandfathe course, but a young private named Lathrop)—heard him call out cl "*Lew!* Hear anything? Off yonder

The bay mare was checked in he surely walk. We three, sitting ther hind the honeysuckle, could see E jerked erect, listening intently. "

BUTCH by LARRY REYNO

"I said th' big scoop!"

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sound," he called back. "You must be hearin' things."

It was only a few minutes later that the wood creatures began to appear: foxes scurrying through the brush, with their bellies close to the ground—wild turkeys flapping their big wings—even a pair of deer that leaped past Jude's horse, almost touching its flank, and tore straight through the camp, their eyes wild and panicky. Laughter broke out around the fires. It didn't occur to any of them what it might mean. A rabbit streaked across the space, and some wit sang out, "Damn my eyes, if 'tain't a rebel deserter!"

Then, while they were still laughing, there was the sharp crash of musketry down among the trees, and Jude yelled, "Godamighty! They're comin' through the woods!" The whole forest seemed to move at once, to come alive before his eyes. His horse jumped and stiffened as a bullet whined past his ear.

"Reckon you never heard the rebel yell," said the old man, looking over at Dick. "Well, and you don't want to, either— We could see 'em comin' up through the trees. Infantry. Looked like a million of 'em. Whoopin' like demons out of hell. And singin' 'Old Joe Hooker, won't you *come* out the wilderness—*Come* out the wilderness—*Come* out the wilderness!' I tell you, it made me mad."

AND that's all, I was thinking, and I looked at Dick, wondering what he'd make of it. This is where the film got broken. There's nothing more to follow. They're frozen, arrested at this point: the blue flags, and the dust-colored, bedraggled figures, halted in the very act of moving forward through the mottled light and long shadows; the stillness splintered, rent apart by the blood-chilling scream, and left broken, never mended. Just that one volley—the multiple crack and sizzle of bullets, the answering voice of guns on the Pike—and always that song that made him mad, a song rising fantastically from the throats of men, ragged, dirty, half starved—rising and hanging forever in the frozen air.

"Our skirmish line was broken open like an eggshell," Grandfather was saying. "They were coming right through. I saw Lew Enright's mare stumble and fall on her knees, and Enright jumped clear of her just before she rolled over. I remember how she stretched out her neck and let out that scream that horses give, then rolled over with blood spattering her withers.

"I fired once, blind, then pulled my horse round. That camp was like nothing I ever saw, before or since. Our brigade was tryin' to form in some kind of order, but it wa'n't much use. 'Twas like a big kettle, with men and animals and guns all boiling and whirling together, till you couldn't tell one from t'other. And the campfires still blazin' in the midst of the confusion, and some o' the men chokin' on the last mouthful of supper. It struck me funny, somehow—I got out of the line of fire as quick as I could, dodging behind trees, and there was a scramble for rifles, and we stood and fired another volley—those that had anything to fire *with.* I could see them piling the wounded into ambulances, off to one side, but it had all happened in the wink of an eye, it seemed like. And we fell back and fired again—but they still came on—"

He stopped abruptly, and I looked at Dick's intent face, thinking, "This will be the end. But it's something. At least they fired a couple of times into those oncoming ranks. At least they're not caught forever, in a web of sun and shadow, with that song half finished."

But there was more.

"After the third volley, there was nothing for it but to fall back. We did it as orderly as we could, what with the ambulances plunging ahead of us, and the cattle and mules stampeding and gettin' in the way, and the rebels' enfilade fire rakin' us acrost the whole time. Only thing I remember clear, out of the hullabaloo, is Lew Enright, lying on the ground, kind of twisted, with his face toward the sky. But it was no use taking him back to the ambulances, because he was dead.

"In the end, we had to leave one of our guns and most of our wounded there in the woods, and get back to the road a-running. Run a few steps, turn and fire."

His voice had altered suddenly. He spoke more slowly, with a gathering uncertainty, as if he were dragging this memory from some deep place where it had lain buried a long time. And all the while, I was wondering what queer change had taken place in the quality of the old man's perversity, that he should decide to see it through to the end for the first time within the memory of two generations. At the moment, I thought it must be because Dick was there, but I knew later that Dick hadn't anything to do with it. Neither of us, listening there in the hot, humming silence, had anything to do with it. It was something entirely inside himself.

"You could see the Turnpike," he was saying—"back through the trees, and the whole road was moving, looked like. 'Twas just about dusk, then. I noticed the shine of the wagon wheels and the brass on the cannon. And, when you got closer, the sight along that road was a thing you'd never forget: men and horses and mules rushing and clanking along—the men cursing (or praying, maybe) and the beasts' eyes red and their teeth showing with fright—and wagons and gun carriages banging and jolting and going off the road—and the white smoke hanging over all, like a hot fog. And all the c noises seemed drowned in the inf roar of the artillery, which was brin up the rear to cover the retreat.

"I remember seeing a couple of bl on horseback, scroochin' low on horses' necks, mingling with the cr And a clerk of some kind or other, ing along hell-to-split, with a face tallow, and papers spillin' out of his dlebag. The officers and a few ca were skirting the edges of the colu aiming to keep the retreat in some kir order, but 'twa'n't much use. 'Twas r of a race than a battle, by that time."

His voice had grown slower slower, like a clock about to run d While he talked, he had shrunk low his chair, as if the memory of that were almost unendurable, even Then a strange thing happened. pulled himself suddenly erect, with shoulders squared and his hands ping the arms of the rocker so hard the blue veins stood up in high relief der the transparent tissue of skin. there he sat, very straight on the of the chair, with something in his that I'd never seen there before. His seemed to come to life, in the deep erns of the sockets, and you felt that he saw was some point in space and t immediate to him, but far removed f Dick and me. Then his voice came clear and strong:

"But we kep' right on their heels, ryin' 'em every foot o' the way. And a bit, the moon come up, and there the flare of burning houses all along sky—and, by God, they were *still* ret ing!"

I was sitting bolt upright now, an was Dick. He couldn't keep still longer. He even forgot to be polite.

"*Wait!*" he almost shouted. "*Who* was retreating?"

The old man's eyes came bacl Dick's face for an instant, with a fli of impatience. Then he looked a again, quietly and with immense dig not to be hurried. His chin went proudly. The words rang out with viction, with triumph: "*Lee's a Down the road to Richmond.*"

MY FEET made a clopping soun the porch, as I slid off the railin forgot about what Dick must be th ing. I seemed to see the old green his book with its dog-eared pages, and paragraph that had made it clear at why the old man wouldn't talk abou disaster and the shame of Chancel ville, the defeat of his hero, Hooker. of his personal humiliation—that cla ing, bleeding trip to Richmond, and insults along the way. Now I could stare at him, aghast. He had never about anything before, to my knowle What had happened in the depths of tired and aching memory?

For a long moment, oblivious to u sat gazing serenely into his past— past on which he had labored more fifty years, to rebuild it in a braver tern. Dick and I exchanged looks. haps we were a little frightened. We, in the end, would need to forge the t into shapes of valor, wherever valor absent. For an instant of percept our brash youth was rebuked, lool forward as well as back. We both tu to the old man, and, as we looked at l he settled gently back in the rocker, fragile eyelids drooped, and the m fell slightly open. He looked like a t and happy child.

Dick said in a whisper, "He's gon sleep."

But he never woke up. It had ta him fifty years and more to turn back ragged invaders of Chancellorsville stop the insolent song, to restore his l to a high place. Now it was done. myth was complete, and anger gave to peace. He could rest now. He'd that battle at last—he and Joe Hoc

THE END

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Wide-Tread Front Axles (shorter turning—more stability)	62 in.	56 in.	60.03 in.	58⅜ in.	56 in.
Modern "Cross-Type" Steering	Yes	No	No	No	No
Turning Diameter * —Left —Right	50½ ft. 50½ ft.	61½ ft. 61½ ft.	60½ ft. 54½ ft.	54½ ft. 54½ ft.	66½ ft. 66½ ft.
Maximum Horsepower	109	93	100	93	100
Total Spring Length (Front and Rear "Cushioned Ride") †	194 in.	171⅝ in.	162 in.	176 in.	182 in.
Cab Seat Width (Measure of Roominess) ‡	57¼ in.	52¼ in.	51½ in.	47½ in.	52¼ in.
Windshield Glass Area ▲	901 sq. in.	713 sq. in.	638 sq. in.	545 sq. in.	713 sq. in.
Vent Wings plus Rear Quarter Windows	Yes	No	No	No	No

* To outside of tire (curb clearance.) Computed from data based on tests or computations obtained from usually reliable sources. † All four springs. ‡ Measured from production models. ▲ Computed from width and depth measurements; no allowance for contours.

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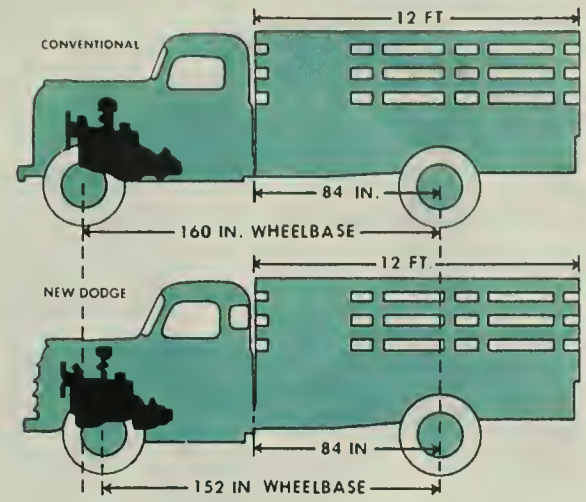

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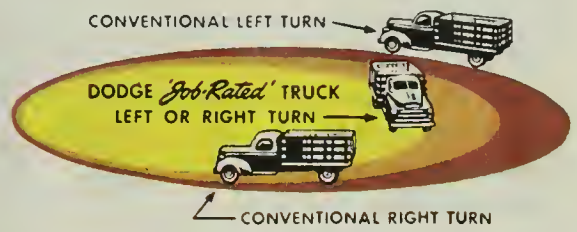

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GOD'S UNDERGROUND IN RUSSIA

Continued from page 21

privacy was after they had gone to bed, and in Russia that is very late.

I always waited until midnight to make my preparations. Then I would spread out a copy of Pravda so that I could cover the materials of the Mass and lean protectively over them across my bed in case of interruption. The wine I carried in a bottle marked "Iodine." The hosts were concealed among my aspirins.

One night, when I had been in Moscow a week, there was a knock on my door as I was ready to begin. I flung myself along the length of the bed and cried, "Come in."

It was a woman captain in the NKVD (known first as the O.G.P.U. and now as the MVD) who had a room across the hall. She seemed surprised to find me clothed and with a candle burning. She herself was dressed for the night. I knew her. Her husband, another secret police officer, was away for a few days.

"I'm lonely," she said. "I thought perhaps you were lonely, too."

I cast about for a subject that would stop her flirtatious approach. Most people like to talk about their own childhood. So I said, "I have wanted to talk to you. Sit down. Tell me about your childhood, Comrade. Where is your father?"

"My father's dead," she said sharply. "He was a doctor."

"Where?" I persisted.

"Moscow . . . Kiev . . . other places. And once, when I was a child. . . ."

The device had worked. She began to tell me her memories of her father, whom she had adored. As she spoke of his kindness, and his sacrifices for his patients, her mood softened. She mentioned the possibility of an afterlife for such a man.

For two hours I told this girl the basic truths of Christianity. When she left at four o'clock I proceeded with my Mass, and said a prayer for her.

The next night she returned and I gave her a second instruction. At the end she said her husband would be back the following day. Might she bring him to talk with me?

"Of course," I said.

After another week she brought a second couple to me, and then a third. Before I left Moscow I had baptized seven members of the dreaded NKVD.

Ilyena Knew the Kremlin Gossip

I could not stay, but the seed that was planted then has flourished. How such groups spread I learned from a woman named Ilyena. Her address had been given to me by her brother, one of the Comrades at the front. He was not a Christian and neither, I supposed, was she. He had said to me, "If you get to Moscow, look up Ilyena. She has plenty of beaux among the party big shots. She can tell you the gossip of the Kremlin before it's taken place."

Ilyena was a widow, living in an apartment that was the most prosperous-looking I had seen in Russia. We sat on pretty, well-cushioned chairs and drank tea from fine French china. While she was in the kitchen for a moment her ten-year-old daughter asked me gravely about a Balkan army medal I had on. It had the shape of a Greek cross. I wore it simply because I found it carried a certain prestige value.

"Christos," murmured the child.

"What do you know of *Christos?"* I asked. As I spoke Ilyena returned. Setting down the tea she turned to me.

"It is so hard to know what to do in Russia today," she said. "My child may suffer because I have made her a Christian, but I have spared her the alternative —life in the bleak universe I knew."

Then she told me her story. When she was a university student she had president of the Comsomol. U loyal to the party, she believed, t the pursuit of truth. But in her s year there were things that began to ble her and she went to see a part cial.

"You tell us," she said, "that m comfort for the masses is the goal state. Yet we have nothing but n You tell us the Soviet exists for th tentment of the workers, yet the w are never safe and may disappear out warning. These people have offended the regime. How can yo tend they are counterrevolutionis am puzzled, Comrade Secretary. me. I want to know."

Faith in Marxism Is Shaken

The official evaded her questio yena was disturbed, and the more sl served, the graver grew her doul Marxism. Finally, she went to tall friend and was surprised to find th ond girl had come to the same c sion. Her friend introduced her priest. He talked to her and loane many books to read, and she bec Christian. Still, she kept up her f ships with party leaders.

"Some of them will see the falla the Marxian doctrine we have taught," she said. "I want them to someone there to help them wher do!"

When I last heard she had br fourteen others to Christianity.

The story of Vova is more sta He was a young soldier I met near I grad. I had known him for several before he abruptly decided to tell r story.

As a schoolboy he had been a m of the Militant Atheist League cell Communist youth organization. he was sixteen he began to have d One of his friends, who worked as boy in a hotel used by foreigners, br Vova and a group of his friends a ber of magazines that had been prin the West. Some of these containe cles on religion and philosophy.

One night a friend gave Vova a b of papers covered with writing in hand. It was a rough copy of the C According to Saint Luke. Vova r and passed it on to other Comrade inside their Militant Atheists' L cell, this group formed a core of Christians.

Just at that time the governmen organizing new collective farms. and company applied for and recei license for a piece of land and bu materials. In the structure they p with their own hands they organiz underground monastery; for two they led a monastic life of praye work. The end came quickly whe secret police discovered their Bible. and one other managed to esca night, but the rest were imprisone

"There are other secret monaste Russia," he told me. "Some time a government raided and closed t them, condemning the monks to jo 15,000,000 men and women in the centration camps."

At the seventeenth convening Bolshevik Congress a resolution passed admitting the Soviets "hav yet pierced the ideological front church. This shows a misunderst of the fact that the religious ideal of the principal obstacles to the transformation of the country, an religion and Socialism are incompat

Izvestia complained of the lack o tive atheism among even the Comso workers, Red Army. Their tolera religious obscurantism is unpardon

Varoslavsky, chief of the Mili-heists' League, admitted in his ending atheism that "two thirds llage and one third of the urban ons believe in God."

40 the MAL confessed failure. reported this. In an emergency the vice-president of the League l that only ten of the organiza-bs showed any vigor. Members pping out, and in some villages were opening classes with pray- scandalized meeting heard that towns Communist party mem- been tried for hanging icons in mes, that children in Semenov caught circulating hand-written that in a Leningrad factory, were found reading the Bible ring lunch hour.

overt practices of religion have re dangerous to Christians at nes than at others. There have ee separate periods of intensive ion. Today with another "toler- eriod apparently coming to an th the party faithful being re- that atheism is their duty, it likely that the religious under- is stronger than ever before.

est sources estimated that the roups (sometimes called "Christ- had as many members as the Communist youth groups, the mol." This would mean that 000,000 children are secretly in- g one another in Christianity. imates of adult believers, which m one third to four tenths of the ion, would involve between 67 millions. Perhaps half of these hed by the underground militants raveling priests, the wandering ls and other men who smuggle h to them.

Underground Priest's Story

ugh Vova, I met one of the "trav- riests." This priest told me that umbers run to thousands and that 65 registered priests are probably merous than the men, like him- ho work underground. I talked in the cellar storeroom of a large ent house. We sat on upturned g boxes, our gloomy corner by a single candle's wick.

old man, who had a noble, serene old me he had been underground fteen years—an "unregistered" who passed as a hardware sales- He concealed his Mass kit among nples and carried his censer in his

underground hero had wandered huch of Russia, administering the ents to villagers whose churches en destroyed. As I listened to him e one of his narrow escapes a light came at the door. We were joined riend whom he introduced as an- Orthodox priest, and who could have been twenty-five years old.

w did you receive your training?" d him in astonishment.

He smiled. "A few years ago torture would not have made me answer that," he said. "But since our secret has been discovered by the secret police there is no point in my not telling you. I am a graduate of the Moscow cellar seminary. It was destroyed when the police found it."

The seminary, an Orthodox theological school under Archbishop Batholomey, was run in connection with an unregistered church. Courses in theology and Scripture were actually taught in a cellar, to young men in the dead of night. Some of the graduates became traveling salesmen. In the towns they visited they made friends of young people, organizing soccer teams and singing groups. Then when they had won the youngsters' confidence they taught them the truth about God.

Administer Sacraments Secretly

The secret priests continue to work in God's underground, hidden from the eyes of the MVD by a score of different disguises, baptizing and marrying, hearing confessions and giving Holy Communion to the Orthodox believers.

But priests are not the only men who work this way. In a village near Samara I was taken to hear a traveling singer. On the side of a lake a great bonfire had been built. Here the troubadour played an accordion while peasants chanted the choruses of his songs. As one of them began, my Christian friends nudged me. The singer seemed to be telling a simple love story of the old, prerevolution days. But I soon caught the notes of the Russian Church's Easter hymn, "Christos Boskrese." An old man's voice took it up and soon the whole crowd was singing with him.

Minstrels like this keep the religious songs alive where churches are few.

There was no church at all in the town where I met Fiodr and his wife.

"We are post-office Christians," he told me.

In towns where churches no longer existed there were "post-office" Christians, like Fiodr and his wife.

When Fiodr's grandfather died religious funerals had been forbidden and, in any case, no priest was near enough to conduct the services. So Fiodr's grandmother smuggled a message to one of the surviving priests in Samara asking him to consecrate a little earth so she might scatter it on her husband's grave. That was the beginning. From then on, other things were sent to the priest—wedding rings and water for baptisms.

There are not many communities where religion is admitted so openly. More often Christians guard their secret as carefully as do Vanya and Elka. But in the cold war that is keeping the world tense, we who are outside Russia must never confuse the Russian people with the tiny minority who are Communists. I discovered there are millions who have kept the faith alive and millions more who are eager to learn of it.

THE END

"hy don't you sit down and row for a while, dear, before you get all tired out?"
LLIER'S KIRK

HAM ON CHEESE ON RYE

BY FREDERIC SINCLAIR

BEFORE he went to the washroom the fat man picked up his change off the bar. When he came back, the bartender said, "You shouldn't have picked up your change like that."

"It's my change." The fat man wasn't sore. He was just challenging.

The bartender wasn't sore, either. He was just aggrieved. "They think you think they might have swiped it." His nod took in everybody standing at the small bar.

The fat man looked down the bar. There were six of them. Oldish men. They were all staring at themselves in the back-bar mirror. Some were tall. Some were short.

"Did they tell you that?"

"Of course not. I know, though. It's just etiquette."

"But it's my change. Why shouldn't I pick it up? You just don't leave dough laying around."

The bartender said, "You want another beer, Mister?"

So the fat man bought another beer. He paid for it with a quarter. The bartender rang up the sale and placed fifteen cents on the bar in front of the fat man.

"Say," the fat man said, "don't they ever buy a drink?"

"Who?"

"Them." The fat man dipped his head at the other customers. "I been here an hour and they haven't spent a dime yet."

"How do you think they got them beers in front of them? They're just slow drinkers."

"Yeah," said the fat man.

He drank his beer. A clock ticked. None of the customers spoke. They hardly moved. They just looked in the mirror. The fat man bought another beer. The cash register hummed; the dime clinked in.

After a while, the fat man said, "You serve food?"

"Yeah. Ham sandwich. Cheese sandwich. Or both."

"Oh." The fat man gave it thought. "Fix me up a ham on cheese on rye."

The bartender eyed the fat man's nickel. "Ham on cheese on rye costs thirty cents."

"Okay," said the fat man. "And some mustard."

"Thirty-five cents."

"You charge for the mustard!"

"Look, Mister," said the bartender. "I don't get mustard for free."

The fat man took his hat off, rubbed his bald head and put his hat back on. "Yeah," he said. "Fix me a ham on cheese on rye. No mustard."

"No mustard!"

"No. No mustard."

A customer coughed. The fat man looked down the bar. Everybody was looking in the mirror. The fat man picked up his nickel from the bar. He put the nickel in his pocket. He stared at the bartender. Then he went to the washroom again.

When he came back the bartender was waiting. He held a ham on cheese on rye on a dish. "Thirty cents," he said.

The fat man said, "I'll have another beer."

Putting the plate and sandwich on the back bar, the bartender refilled the fat man's glass. "Forty cents," he said.

The fat man brought out the nickel and some pennies. He dropped them on the bar and dug for his wallet. He pulled out a dollar and dropped that on the bar, too.

It was picked up almost immediately. The bartender placed sixty cents change on the bar in front of the fat man. Then he reached back and picked up the plate and sandwich and slid it on the bar.

"Thank you," said the fat man.

"Any time," said the bartender. He wiped the bar. "You just added insult to injury," he said. "Picking up your change again like you did when you went to the washroom just now. A lousy nickel!"

The fat man was silent.

"It's guys like you that gives places like this a bad name," the bartender said. "Don't you think they got any feelings?"

"Who?"

"Them." The bartender nodded down the bar at the customers. The fat man inspected them again. They were all in profile. In front of each was a glass. The glasses had progressive rings of old foam. Each glass was nearly empty.

"No," said the fat man. "I don't think they've got any feelings."

"Well, they have," said the bartender. "Just like you and me."

"And you think they think I think they'd swipe my change if I left it on the bar when I ain't here?"

"It's a fact."

"H'mm," said the fat man. He took another bite out of one half of the sandwich and chewed thoughtfully.

"Flat, ain't it, without mustard?" said the bartender.

"It's not bad," the fat man said. "The beer helps." He picked at a tooth with his little finger. "Got a toothpick?" he asked.

"A toothpick!" said the bartender.

"Yeah, I want to pick a tooth."

THE bartender looked dubious but he moved down the bar and disappeared. He returned some minutes later. He placed a paring knife in front of the fat man. "Here," he said.

The fat man looked at the knife. "What's that for?"

"We ain't got no toothpicks. So whittle one." The bartender indicated a bar ash tray with an inverted box of wooden matches. "Make your own."

"Skip it," said the fat man. "Give me a glass."

"Of beer?"

"No. An empty glass. I want to get a drink of water," the fat man said.

"Water!" said the bartender aghast. "You wanna drink water? Here!"

The fat man pursed his lips. "I want a glass so I can get a glass of water and rinse out my mouth," he explained. "I got something in my tooth."

The bartender shook his head and got a wet glass from under the bar. Then he took the paring knife and went into the kitchen.

Holding the glass, the fat man reached toward his change. A customer coughed. The fat man took his hand off the bar. He pondered. He dug at a tooth with his tongue. Finally, he left the bar. He left his sixty-five cents and three pennies on the bar.

When he came back, the bartender was just returning from the kitchen. They met at the bar. "Get it out?" aske bartender.

The fat man shook his head. "Gi another beer," he said.

The bartender served him an beer. "That'll be ten cents."

The fat man gestured at the bar. ' it out of the change," he said.

The bartender looked at the "What change?"

"My change." The fat man st drinking his beer and looked do the bar. There were three pennies That was all.

"Hey!" said the fat man. "My cl is gone. Sixty-five cents. I left it when I went to the washroom."

"*You* left it there?"

"Yeah. Right there. On the Now it's gone."

The bartender placed both hand on the bar. "Look, Mister," he "you've always picked up your cha

"Yeah, but—"

"Even a lousy nickel!"

"Yeah, I know, but—"

"And now you say change *you* le the bar is gone." The bartender l forward. "What is this?"

The fat man peered under the which contained the uneaten half c ham on cheese on rye. No chang

"Well?" said the bartender.

The fat man breathed hard. He s for and found his wallet. "All I'v is a five." His voice was tight.

"I can change it."

The cash register hummed. The tender counted four one-dollar bill ninety cents in change out on the b front of the fat man.

A customer coughed.

Another customer, the one neare fat man, said, "I'll have a beer. Giv friends a beer, too." He dribbled cents on the bar. "Have one you he said to the bartender. "A short He dropped another nickel on the b

"Thanks, boys," said the barte He bobbed under the bar for gl "Well, whaddyaknow!" he said. handed something to the fat man. " you are, Mister."

It was a toothpick. "On the ho the bartender said.

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SHAKESPEARE SHOULD DROP DEAD

Continued from page 27

ng. Now, if you consider the riter Charles Dickens, 1812 to hose books I am happy to say ead nearly all of, then it's some-lse again."

!" says Mabel.

in' of that," I says, "whose writ-ve long formed the basis of edu-n China?"

," Mabel says, "stop inter-."

t's going on here?" Raphael

fucius," I says. "The one whose s have long formed the basis of on in China. Confucius."

what?" Mabel says.

st thought you'd like to know."

ow we know, so let Raphael fin-at he's saying."

back and give Raphael a little e time. I can see I got him worried. ps looking at me. After a while s to catch his breath, and Mabel Ain't it wonderful what this man Joey? What an intellect!"

hael gets pink in the face, he's so about his intellect.

s, "He's not bad for an amateur. inds me of a guy askin' me the ay, 'What is the Holy City of the , Joe?' he says."

at?" Mabel says.

nswer him right off. Benares."

ere's that?" Sherman says.

at difference?" I says, "You goin'

eems to me, Joey," Mabel says, ou're suddenly in possession of a education, which I know for a fact dn't have up to last week."

een studyin' up a little," I says.

u're studyin', Joey? And you learned all this already?" She suddenly looks happy. "Gee!" she says.

Raphael says, "I don't see anything so remarkable about it. Anybody can answer questions he asks himself, especially when he makes them so easy even he can answer them."

"Oh, yeah?" I says. "I suppose you know how far are we from the sun."

"Gee, that's a tough one, all right," Mabel says. "Do you know, Joey?"

"Sure I know."

"Well," Raphael says, gettin' pinker in the face, "everybody knows it's a long way to the sun, but if you think the exact distance is so important, with people starving in Europe, then you might as well tell us."

"Ninety-three million miles," I says.

"Gee!" says Mabel.

"I can't get over it," Sherman says.

Mabel says, "You don't have to be so smart about it, neither, Sherman, a kid who can't even pass in Seven B and needs a tutor to help him, if we can afford it."

I'm feelin' pretty good around this time. "Well, well," I says, "so the little genius is gettin' left back, is that it? I always thought Sherman is a regular Einstein in school."

"Look who's talkin' about Einstein," Sherman says, "as if you even know who he was."

"Yeah?" I says. "If you're so smart, what's the world's greatest cotton port?"

"New Orleans," he says.

The little stinker is right.

"We had it in geography last week," he says.

"Ha, ha," Raphael says, "look at what Joe is showing off with. Stuff even a kid in school knows better than he does."

Mabel doesn't say anything. She is looking at me with a funny look I know from way back. It's the way a cat looks at a canary, only more friendly. It don't give me a friendly feeling.

"Joey," she says, "that gives me a wonderful idea."

"Now wait a minute," I says.

"If you know all about what Sherman is learning in school, like what's the biggest cotton port New Orleans, then you can help him with his homework and we don't have to pay for a tutor."

Right from the beginning, I know it's a losing fight. I tell her I'm too busy. She don't believe me. I tell her I ain't feelin' up to it. She gives me an aspirin.

"How about Raphael helpin' Sherman?" I says.

"Joey!" she says. She's shocked. "I couldn't ask Raphael to do a thing like that! Anyway, Raphael and I got a date to go someplace tonight, so you can start right in."

"Aw, now, Mabel," I says.

She pulls me over to one side and whispers, "You don't want Raphael to think you don't know enough to teach a kid in Seven B, do you? Go ahead."

What can I do? It's only round two, and I'm on the ropes. Mabel and Raphael put on their things and go out. I start in teaching Sherman.

It ain't easy. I'm a long time out of Seven B and anyways it wasn't one of my good years. The only way I can even keep up with Sherman is to rent a set of schoolbooks from a kid lives next door to me who is also in Seven B. The kid soaks me two bits a night rent. A shmoe and his dough are soon parted.

That ain't the worse part of it. Every night I'm at Mabel's house with Sherman, and Mabel is out someplace with Raphael Pottley every night. My head is busting from thinking so much about Sherman's homework. And my heart ain't in much better shape.

This goes on for two weeks, and it's got me down. I'm losin' weight. I'm losin' my girl. Finally, I can see there's only one way left. I throw myself on her mercy.

THIS one night, I'm workin' late at her house after Sherman's in bed, on a composition he needs for English. About eleven o'clock I hear Mabel come in and say good night to Raphael at the door. When she walks in the parlor it makes me feel sad. She looks as pretty as a cherry sundae, with the red hair and all.

"Hello, baby," I says.

"Hello, Joey," she says.

There's a pause. I says, "It don't feel like old times. Does it, baby?"

She gets a gentle look on her face. "Gee, you look terrible, Joey, like what the cat dragged in."

"I feel terrible," I says. "I miss you."

"Gee, Joey," she says, "I don't want to be mean to you, or nothin'."

"How do you think I feel?" I says. "The girl I been goin' with for seven years suddenly starts goin' out with another guy."

"Eight years," she says.

"Okay, eight years," I says, "only where do you go every night while I'm writin' compositions for English?"

"Where do we go?" she says. "To quiz programs. Where do you think?"

"Quiz programs?" I says. "On the radio?"

"Where else?" she says. "As soon as I can get Raphael picked for a contestant, we're gonna make a lot of money. Gee, what a brain on that guy!"

"You mean you and him are gonna make money together," I says, "like a couple?"

"Well," she says, "he ain't said nothin' yet, but a girl can tell."

It's worse than I thought. I says, "How

"Look! This girl is in love with this guy, see? Only he don't retaliate, ya know? Anyhow, this girl joins up with the ambulance corps, so's she can be near the guy. I forgot to mention that the guy is drafted and is serving his country in the Army—in Italy, say—or somewheres. Well, while she's drivin' this ambulance—and, incidentally, looking for George, which is the guy's name—she meets a doctor who is very bitter against the world at large, havin' been tossed out of a sweet practice for havin' fatally operated on a lame kid—and the kid later died. So, by the time she locates George, she's sort of gone on the doctor—only she ain't—only sorry for him, like. THEN there's a big scene where she is sent out to pick up a wounded soldier—AND WHO D'YA THINK IT IS?"

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about you and me, baby? You gotta give me a chance."

"You had eight years," she says. I got no answer for that one. It's a crisis. But I can see from her expression she's thinkin'. It gives me hope.

"Joey," she says, very thoughtful, "I bet you hafta know a lot of things to teach Sherman, don't you?"

"Sure," I says. "I'm no dope, if that's what you mean."

She thinks some more. Suddenly she gets a bright look on her face. I hold my breath.

"A battle of the brains," she says. "For a de luxe refrigerator and me in the bargain!"

"What?"

"I made up my mind," she says. She smiles at me. "You can come to the quiz shows also, Joey."

"Thanks," I says, "only what did you say about—"

"I'll get you and Raphael both on a quiz show, see, and whoever wins the intellectual battle of wits wins my hand in matrimony also. What do you say?"

"Matrimony?" I says. It's goin' too fast.

She gives me a look as hard as a two-day old bagel.

"Nobody is forcing you," she says.

You see how she works it? Nobody is forcing me, but no matter which way I turn I'm as dead as a strip act in a nudist camp. If I win, I lose, and not vice versa, neither. You gotta hand it to the women. If you don't, they take it, anyways.

MABEL and me and Raphael start goin' to quiz programs every night. I feel like a pig goin' to the slaughter-house. Raphael is happy about the whole thing. Every night we're at a different program. Every night Raphael keeps score on how he would do, if they would only pick him. After two weeks he figures he woulda won a trip to Hollywood, twenty pairs of nylon stockings, a thousand, seven hundred and eighty-three dollars in cash and two free weddings. I just sit there and sweat. Thirty-two dollars I woulda won altogether on a baseball question, and I woulda give that back on the sixty-four-dollar one.

Then one night, as sure as death taxes, we're sittin' at a program the "You Better Be Right—Or Else!" fore I even know what's happenin', with a big smile and wavy hair c over to where we're sittin', points t and Raphael, and I'm sittin' on the with the lights shinin' in my Raphael is on one side of me. Ma on the other side. She ain't a conte but she's more excited than anybo

She whispers to me, "This is th moment, Joey. Confidentially, rootin' for you."

This shoulda made me feel goo cept I don't feel nothin'. A guy c over and asks me my name. I can h remember what it is.

"You're not nervous, are you, Sparton?" the radio guy says. "Ha

"Ha, ha," I says.

"Ha, ha," he says, and walks a It's a jolly-type program. Everybc laughin'. Except me. The program s It's the beginnin' of the end.

I only got a foggy memory of happens that night on the stage. member most of the time the mast ceremonies is laughin' his head of the people in the audience are screa I sit there thinkin' that any minut gonna make a dope outta myself coast to coast, including Canada, lose my girl into the bargain.

I sneak a look at Raphael. He a funny green look on his face. The minute the master of ceremonies p to him, and Raphael walks up t microphone.

"Ha, ha," the master of cerem says. "Here is your question, Mr. Pc Who fiddled while Rome burned?"

This sounds like an easy on Raphael, who is a music spec Everybody waits. Raphael don' nothin'. He just looks a little gr

"Ten seconds, Mr. Pottley," the says. "Tell me, do you get down on *knee* when you *row* a boat? Ha, h

I look at Raphael. His eyes are pc out. He's shakin' all over. He green as a lime. The genius can't his mouth from stage fright!

A buzzer buzzes. The M.C says, answer is Nero! You weren't right Pottley. And now—Or Else!"

Everybody starts screamin'.

ED NOFZIGER

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In September, 1914, only one horse went to the post in the Belmont Park Autumn Weight-for-Age Race, yet he had to do the course twice to collect the purse. Of the three entries, Virile, Spearhead and Roamer, the first two were scratched. By the rules, Roamer had to be mounted under his correct weight and with the colors and his number displayed, fully saddled, gallop around the course to collect the purse. Roamer's jockey, Butwell, took him around the track—only to be ordered around again. Butwell had gone around the wrong way—counterclockwise on the (at that time) clockwise Belmont Track—and had to go around the right way to collect the purse.

—Lewis P. Towns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"—You don't want to run for President, do you, Joe?"

MISCHA RICHTER

look. I hear the M.C. tellin' l he is supposed to be a railroad arryin' the mail, and he's got to ough a storm. They turn a shower and shove a piece of coal in uth. Then they tell him to sing, ones. The place is in an uproar. ebody hits Raphael on the head llers, "Low bridge!" The people They light a fire under him and "Hotbox!" The people scream. e are only two serious people in hole place. Mabel is one. She What a humiliation, honest!" I'm er one. I'm next.

M.C. says, "Thank you for being a ort, Mr. Pottley." He gives him razor blade that the sponsor is and Raphael goes off the stage, g wet and staggering. It's the last of him.

next thing I know I'm up at the hone, opposite this guy who is ' at me with his big teeth. "Well, Mr. Sparton," he says. "I'm afraid got a tough one for you."

nderful," I says.

u Better Be Right . . . Or Else!" he

people laugh like crazy. I just here. It's the finish.

right," the M.C. says, "here it is. is the Holy City of the Hindus? a tough one, all right. What is ly City of . . ."

e Holy City of the Hindus?" I says. a funny stranglin' feeling, like I breathe. "Is that what you said? minute! Hold it!" I'm thinking d I can't see straight. The Holy f the Hindus. It's right out of my book! "Benares!" I holler. res! The Holy City of the Hindus! Mabel! I win!"

at a wonderful feeling! In front million people, I get the correct r. The next minute something hits the face. A custard pie. A guy up and pours a pail of cold water ny head. Another guy kicks me in nts.

y!" I says. "What goes on here? the right answer!"

u're correct, Mr. Sparton," the says, "but you pronounced it . Ha, ha! Here is your five dollars. e a fine sport."

haulin' off to let this joker have ght where he's grinnin', but Mabel s up and takes me by the arm and me off the stage. Even dripping l feel good. Coast to coast, I'm Benares.

s only the beginning, Joey," Mabel "We're gonna make a fortune as soon as you learn how to pronounce things right."

"I made five bucks, didn't I?" I says.

She looks shy and gets red in the face. "That ain't all," she says.

In the excitement, I forgot about the rest.

"Congratulations, Joey," she says. "We're engaged to be married."

I can't think of nothin' appropriate to say for the occasion. I take her home and say good night. She tells me to sleep good so I'll be ready for the next quiz program. I tell her I hope she sleeps good, also. I don't sleep at all that night.

I GUESS I would be a married man today, and still goin' to quiz shows, if I was depending on knowledge exclusively. The next night, when I walk into Mabel's, I can't see no way out. I'm sewed up like a patch quilt.

"Well," I says, "what's the program tonight?"

"The program," she says, "is no program." She don't look like a blushing bride, but her face is pink.

"Is something wrong?" I says. "Ain't we goin' to another quiz show?"

"No," she says. "Joey, I hate to say this, after practically promisin' to join the winner in happy matrimony, but you're gonna have to smarten up a little if you want to marry me eventually."

"Eventually?" I says. It's a pretty word.

"Eventually means later on, Joey," she says.

"I know," I says.

"I was never so humiliated in my whole life," she says. "That means ashamed, Joey."

"I know," I says.

"You know, you know!" she hollers. "With what you know, intellectual genius, Sherman only got left back in school, with your composition!"

"Oh," I says.

"A composition!" she says. "'Why the Brooklyn Dodgers Will Win the World Series for 1948.'"

"What's the matter with that?" I says. "It's the truth, ain't it?"

She looks at me a long time. Finally she says, "Joey, you're still a nice guy, and I like you. But when Sherman said that about you being a dope, I'm sorry I even corrected him. Honest."

Still, it's like Shakespeare and Mabel says. All is well that ends well. With knowledge, I'm in trouble and married, practically. Without it, I'm single and happy. Right? So what's the odds on knowledge? You see what I mean?

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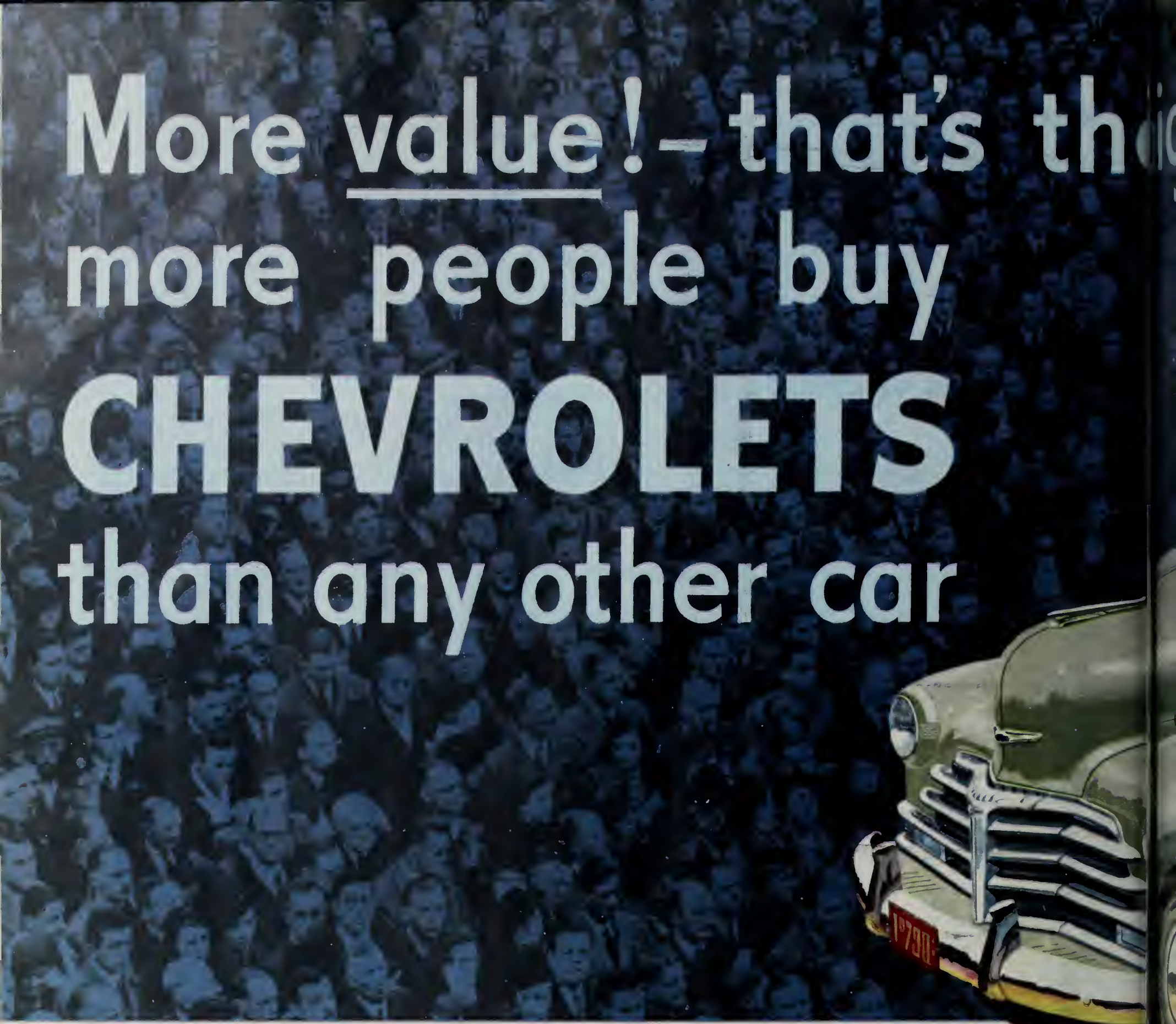

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RICH GIRL, POOR MAN

Continued from page 19

is intelligent, and not to rock on his heels would be very greatly to his discredit. Tell me more."

"We sang while he worked on my car."

"This," said Tío Tomás dryly, "is undoubtedly the grand passion that is said to come once to every man and woman, which is nonsense. He cannot afford you and if he has the proper masculine pride he will not admit it while his mother lives and the expense of her care keeps pace with his income. So you will see him only on the infrequent occasions when you bring your car to him to be serviced. I will, however, investigate him briefly on Monday and if he impresses me I will consider the case further."

ON MONDAY morning Tio Tomás drove his car into Follansbee's shop and told Jud Kirk to tune it. Jud asked him to move over; then he got behind the wheel and drove the car around several blocks and returned to the shop. "I cannot feel, see or hear anything to indicate that it requires tuning, sir," he said. "Sometime, when you have a real job to be done I'll be pleased to skin you to death, but unfortunately this is Monday and every Monday I start the week with a firm resolve to be honest." He took a swift look at the license in its leather case strapped to the steering column and added, "Thank you, Mr. Graydon."

Tío Tomás telephoned Chloe Mae and in Spanish informed her that Judson C. Kirk would do; that she could live fifty years with him and never get a fight out of him, although all the while he would be manhandling her and making her like it. "I'll investigate his background," he concluded, "and if it stands up I'll hobble him for you."

"I can supply it, Tío Tomás. Before we parted on Saturday he had his mother telephone me and invite me to dinner. It's a marvel I wasn't killed in the rush to get there. While Jud was cooking dinner his mother told me all about the Kirk family. When Jud was twelve years old his father, a naval officer, took a submarine down and never came up, so Mrs. Kirk returned to her premarriage job teaching English in junior college. Jud took up some of the slack in the income by carrying two newspaper routes for fifty dollars a month. Somehow he managed to study electrical engineering at Stanford, but when he left, in 1938, there weren't many jobs, so he applied for flight training in the Marine Corps. This, apparently, was the only fun he ever had. After he got his wings he put in a year of active service with the regular establishment, and returned to civil life just as his mother's health failed. Of course he couldn't leave her for a distant job and he couldn't afford to miss any paydays, so they came down here and he went to work for Jim Follansbee. His mother is lovely and I think she liked me. She told me Jud has never had a girl. Isn't that beautiful?"

"It's horrible, but understandable. He probably had a well-deserved reputation for being as poor as a peon. Well, you concentrate on getting invited there a few more times while I'm setting my trap."

"Trap?"

"I'll tell you about it when it's been sprung and I look inside for the victim," Tío Tomás promised. . . .

A month passed, during which no invitations to Jud's house were forthcoming. However, Jud telephoned her at the bank to say that his mother was confined to bed, which was why Chloe Mae had not been asked to come over.

A week later Mr. Howlett, the cashier, brought Judson C. Kirk to the note teller's window and introduced him t Mae. "I think I know Mr. Kirl said. "You fixed my car once, you?"

"Your face seems vaguely fa Jud admitted, smiling.

Mr. Howlett said gallantly, hardly a compliment to Miss C Young men usually retain a ver picture of her." Then to Chloe "Mr. Pugsley has authorized a credit of twenty-five hundred do Mr. Kirk, at six per cent."

Chloe Mae filled in a note for son C. Kirk signed it and Mr. H initialed it, then glanced at the wal "Three o'clock. My business da career—are now over. Goodby Coltrane, and good luck to you. luck to you also, Mr. Kirk. You' it if you meet the monthly amort payments on that note. Slip up o and you'll discover the P in Pug different from the P in philanthr He shook hands and left them.

"Fired?" Jud queried.

"Resigned. He's marrying a lad millions."

"I trust she's charming?"

WHEN IS A WOLF

If he's handsome, debonair,
With lazy smile and knowing st
The chance is
Girls respond to his glances.

But if he's rather unattractive
When he's amorously active,
He's apt
To be called "wolf" and slapped.

—Dorothy B. Griswo

"She's twelve years his senior, a a mustache."

"I guess that's the hardest way t money—marry it."

"Maybe he needs a sense of se And she *is* taking him to Florida, she plans to buy a motor cruise spend long idyllic days with him fishing. But poor Mr. Howlett get sick at sight of a high tide."

"A man who marries for mone serves little miseries."

"Don't you suppose it's possible Kirk, for a man to love a woman d her wealth? If you loved a girl who too awful to look at, or unintell would you refuse to propose t merely because she had money?"

"I would. Love, in time, can di be decently interred, but loss of se spect and independence will ride a all his days. I'd be expected to drone. And no matter how char such a girl might be I'd always reme she held the whip hand over me a a moment of anger, might remind my dependence upon her bounty."

"Why, Mr. Kirk, I had no susp you were so narrow-minded. You nalize the poor girl because of her w Suppose she was willing to give charity, and accept whatever liveli you had to offer her?"

"I wouldn't know, because I'd get around to asking her."

"I hope you develop into a crust bachelor."

"I know you'll never develop i crusty old spinster."

"I don't know, Mr. Kirk. All the I meet here seem to be fuddy-dudd ancient and married." She sighed.

He grinned, and Chloe Mae had a pulse to leap through the window

him. "Your latest fuddy-duddy ke to invite you to a movie oc- y, just to indulge a yearning to r hand—" He laid his hand be- it was impregnated with graph- t what self-respecting girl would itt like that?"

a super-fuddy-duddy would for- it's dark in movie houses."

e way," he smiled, "I am now in for myself. This bank took over ess of a fine auto-repair shop on Avenue near Lime Street. Busy ideal for a gas station; shop only rs old and equipment in pretty ape. I will be pleased to give erservice." He turned to go. 'll be seeing you once a month."

can mail your check."

ow, but every little while—say nonth, I like to give myself a pres- e winked.

the bank closed Chloe Mae went e office of Tío Tomás. "Have you your trap?" she asked.

ve," said Tío Tomás. "The bank close in on a man who owned a hop, so—"

you high-pressured this little r Judson C. Kirk. He takes over strength of his invisible assets of industry and willingness to ac- sponsibility. You told Mr. Pugs- d should have some working " Her eyes shone. "Thank you, más."

on C. Kirk was now securely hob- the bank of Santa Ana by debt a business of his own to fight for.

T night Jud's mother passed y. Chloe Mae sent flowers and e only person, except Jud, to at- he funeral, for the Kirks were rs in the city. As the two left the ry on foot Jud took Chloe Mae's nd said gently, "You're a working ou shouldn't have sent that expen- wer pall."

e flowers were from my garden."

was a silence.

you know John H. Graydon?"

s, he's the general counsel for the nal Bank and chairman of the . He met you once and liked your f doing business, so when this fore- e bobbed up it occurred to him you just the man to take it over."

s a wonderful bargain, and the ledge that I was headed up the road Mother's last hours happy."

Jud dismissed the limousine furnished by the mortician and rode home with Chloe Mae in her jalopy. After dropping him off she hurried away, her eyes brimming with tears at the thought of Jud cooking his lonely meal that night.

That was on Thursday. On Sunday morning the Japanese bombed the United States Fleet at Pearl Harbor and half an hour after the first bulletin came over the radio Tío Tomás called on Chloe Mae. He said nothing—just opened his arms to her and held her while she emptied her full heart. There was no need for words. Jud Kirk, who had never had time for play, would now have no time for love. All their scheming had come to naught.

On Monday a *For Sale* banner appeared over the front of Jud's shop. On Friday, Jud appeared in John H. Graydon's office, handed the latter his last will and testament and a sealed envelope, bearing the notation: *To be sent in the event of my death;* the envelope was addressed to Miss Chloe Mae Coltrane. Jud explained to Tío Tomás that he had already received his warning order from the Marine Corps. He had to designate a person to be notified in the event of his death or injury, and he asked if Tío Tomás would act as his next of kin. If the bad news were to come, would Tío Tomás be good enough to break it gently to Miss Coltrane?

Jud was amazed when Tío Tomás at parting, embraced him, kissed him on each cheek and murmured: *"Vaya usted con Dios."*

On Saturday morning Jud appeared before Chloe Mae's window in uniform. "I'm taking off at ten o'clock tonight for Miami—where I'll take a refresher course in flying—and I was wondering if you'd care to drive me in, dine with me and see me off."

"Pick you up at your house at four," Chloe Mae promised—and did. Jud had paid his December rent, the landlord had bought the furniture and all Jud had to do was lock the door and mail the key to the landlord.

Chloe Mae suggested a quiet, out-of-the-way restaurant; she hoped Jud would avail himself of this last opportunity to break down and tell her how he felt about her. But when they arrived at the airport he was still shrouded in the gloom that had enveloped him since they had left Santa Ana. Chloe Mae was very close to tears of frustration while she waited in

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PIN BALL

the car for Jud to pick up his ticket and check his baggage. The plane would not take off for twenty minutes, so he rejoined her and she drove over into the parking area and turned off the lights.

And then Jud said, "Would you mind kissing me goodby?"

"So you want something to remember me by?" Her voice was a whisper.

"No, I don't need that. I love you and am never going to love anybody else. I fell in love with you that morning you came to the shop . . ."

"Jud—" she reached up and caressed his hair, his cheek.

He found her hand and her fingers moved over the calluses on his palm. "In the circumstances—taking off for a war that may last years and from which I stand a good chance of not coming back—I thought it might be kindest not to tell you. In a weak moment I might be selfish and ask you to wait for me. . . ."

Chloe Mae caught her breath and pulled his head down to hers. "Oh, my dear prim, precious darling. Kiss me . . . hold me. We don't have to be engaged. And if when you come back you don't want to marry me, just telephone and say so; such things happen. There won't be any tears, I promise. Now hold me, darling, hold me. . . ."

ONE day in June, 1945, the bad news came. Jud had been shot down in flames at sea and was presumed lost. The following Sunday Tío Tomás brought Jud's will and the letter over to Chloe Mae; Jud had made her his sole heir and what with his insurance, and his account at the bank, it amounted to quite a lot of money. In the letter he told her of his love and said that since she would one day marry he hoped she would keep the money in a personal account, and use it in the event of any personal emergency.

He concluded with a line that caused Tío Tomás to clear his throat noisily and nod a hasty goodby. *I loved you, Chloe. It would take me a lifetime to prove to you how much. Now, it seems, I won't have the chance. Please realize that knowing you was the finest thing that ever happened to me. Goodby, darling, and may God bless you . . .*

A week after V-J Day Chloe Mae read in the paper that Jud had been found in a POW camp on Honshu. A Japanese submarine had picked him up off Okinawa as he floated around in his one-man life raft.

For Chloe Mae, the days that followed were filled with a bursting sweetness, an ecstatic impatience that seemed almost to tear her very heart out.

Then Jud wrote her from the naval hospital in Honolulu; he said nothing about any injuries and his letter was brief and stiff. Chloe Mae sensed that she had lost him long before the night he called up from the naval hospital at Mare Island Navy Yard. There was no joy in his voice.

"Hello, Chloe Mae," he said soberly. "I made it, after all."

"Jud! Are you—are you all right?"

"Well, I'm all in one piece—but some of the pieces aren't standard any more." And then, in a rush to get the dreadful job over, he said, "I've decided to leave Cupid in escrow."

Chloe Mae was too shocked to speak.

"It—it would be an outrage to permit a girl like you to be tied to a guy who will always evoke pity and disgust."

"That sounds honest," said Chloe Mae after a moment, "and I can understand it. Thank you, Jud, for sparing me the sad task of jilting you. You're much too fine a man to marry a wife with one and three-quarter legs."

"What?"

"Ran through a red light, and a truck hit me. I've resigned from the bank—mine was mostly a stand-up job, you know. Goodby, darling. I wish you all the happiness you deserve. I'll never know and never love a finer man." And she hung up. "Go noble on me, will you," she murmured to the telephone receiver. "Now figure that one out."

Jud took his time figuring it out—all of five minutes, before he was back on the line again. "Listen," he said, his

throat tight with emotion, "I'll be retired for disability presently. I'm coming down to see you. You have the right of inspection and rejection—and while I look awful to myself I might not look so awful to you. My income will support us both. When my retirement orders come I'll hitch a ride to El Toro Field and you hire a car with a driver and meet me there. I'll phone the hour of my arrival. Listen, just in case, come armed with a blood test. I'll have one too, and if it's a go—"

"If it's a go I'll attend to the details," Chloe Mae promised. . . .

She met him at El Toro Field and watched him limp painfully out to the car, open it and thrust his right hand in. It had been burned from finger tips to mid-forearm and was mottled and red. The fingers were smaller than they should have been; the hand looked spidery. The right side of his face had been burned from below the ear to the corner of his lip. Chloe May spoke no word to him but pinched his scarred cheek and smiled. "It will bleach out, and a good plastic surgeon can do wonders," she said—"although I doubt if he can reseed your silly mug to whiskers. You've been brooding over being burned, haven't you? There's been room for nothing else in your mind. Well, get it into your head that I am not interested in your exhibits A, B and C. I fell in love with a man and he's intact in, boob, and kiss me."

The chauffeur parked in fron county courthouse and brought riage-license clerk down to the c he had issued the license, they w ried by a roly-poly little priest na ther Monteverde. Chloe Mae ring—her grandmother's.

AS THEY left the courthouse, "Do you recall sounding o once about not marrying a girl v lions, no matter how much yo her? In fact, you wouldn't even a

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, you've been trapped lik old coyote. I own the Coltrane and sixty-eight per cent of the Bank and ninety-six thousand the Santa Ana Valley—mostly i only ten thousand in citrus. M grandfather married a Spanish 1841, so if I'm guilty of being Queen it's his fault."

Jud shook his head incred "You made that repair-shop barg sible for me?"

"Yes, and when you had t bought your equity. You see, Jud love a man you want to make him Love is service. You and I are g be married again tonight in the a chapel down on the Castro gra there'll be a wedding supper to wedding suppers. Tío Tomás w the bride away and at the supper toastmaster and will read your v that letter that wasn't to be open ing your lifetime. You must reali ling, that I, too, want people t you married me for love, not mon

"I never suspected—"

"Of course you didn't. You ne your head out from under a tru car long enough to listen to local fortunately, the morning I met yo driving my gardener's old jalo cause my own car was laid up. S combined with the fact that I wo a bank—when you control a ba ought to learn something about it vinced you I was a working girl."

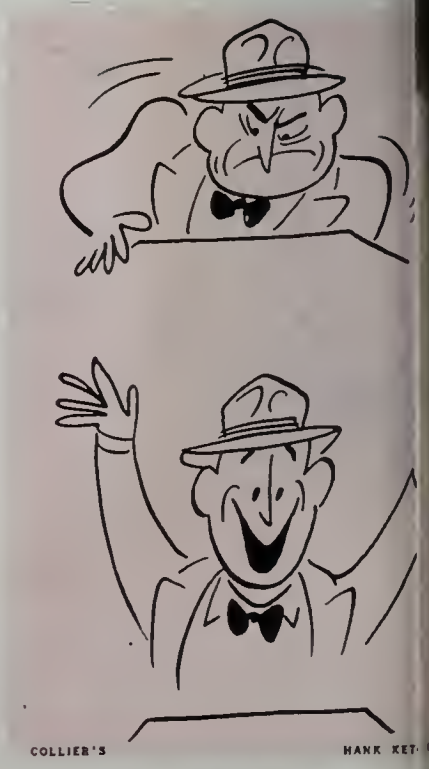
Jud reached over, drew the aut from her and gave both her calve sounding slap.

"Oh, that," Chloe Mae said "That about my accident was an o out lie. You were going to go no me, and in order not to lose you I outnoble you. All I had to do was to man's noblest quality—the pro instinct."

After thinking this over abo minutes, Jud said, "I'm an ape."

Chloe Mae's hand slid into h calluses were gone. "It's all right, she said—"because you're my ape

THE END



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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 15

ally at the moment your head the pillow and you don't wake til at least eight hours later." velt laughed and eliminated the ce.

sevelt educated Hopkins in the y facts of life and so did Gen- Marshall for whom Hopkins had nd respect and whose appoint- as Chief of Staff he had strongly nended.

evening—it was August 15, 1940, he Battle of Britain was beginning sevelt and Hopkins were talking study at the White House and velt, who was particularly inter- in the possibilities of amphibious e, drew a map of the East Coast

"We wish to thank both political parties for relinquishing enough time for part of our regular programs"

OLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

e United States, locating the coastal ses and explaining that they actu- could defend less than one and one per cent of our coast line. Roose- pointed out that an enemy could an expeditionary force at any one numerable points on our shores and efore, if we were involved in war, it ld be highly desirable for us to land the enemy shores first—as for in- ce, the northwest coast of Africa. sevelt was interested in North Africa strategic area more than two years re the American and British forces er General Eisenhower landed there. Hopkins first met Roosevelt in the m days of 1928 when the future Pres- it was running for governor of New k. Hopkins was then a relatively ob- re social worker, with no particular wledge of or interest in the world of tics. But Al Smith was his idol and was thrilled to meet the crippled man o had made the famous "Happy War- " nominating speech. For Roose- t, however, this meeting was just other handshake in a busy campaign. n 1931, when the depression was deep- ng, Hopkins went into the New York te relief agency. In 1933 he was called Washington by the new President to Administrator of Federal Emergency lief. Roosevelt later wrote of him:

The task he faced was stupendous. ttle was known at Washington about e efficiency of the various state and local relief organizations throughout the country. There were no such organizations in some of the states and in many of the counties. There were no immediately available reliable statistics either about relief needs or relief expenditures.

Action had to be immediate. It was immediate.

The day after Hopkins went to work for the federal government the Washington Post printed a somewhat mournful headline, "Money Flies," and stated, "The half-billion dollars for direct relief of states won't last a month if Harry L. Hopkins, new relief administrator, maintains the pace he set yesterday in disbursing more than $5,000,000 during his first two hours in office."

Hopkins was off. He sat down at his desk and started flashing out telegrams even before the men had arrived to move the desk out of the hallway into his office. He said, "I'm not going to last six months here, so I'll do as I please." He had been told by Roosevelt that his job was to get relief to people who needed it and to have no truck with politicians. He said, "I don't like it when people finagle around the back door."

Confident of Roosevelt's support, he continued for a long time on the principle that relief was entirely nonpartisan. For those were days of soaring altruism. In the first, triumphant sweep of the New Deal, it was possible to afford the luxury of being nonpolitical—but Hopkins learned better (or perhaps one should say "worse") later on when the opposition began to recover its dissipated strength, and elections became less easy to win.

His Job Made Him Many Enemies

In his five and a half years as Relief Administrator, Hopkins was responsible for spending some nine billion dollars of the taxpayers' money and came to be regarded as the Chief Apostle of the New Deal and the most cordially hated by its enemies. He was none too popular inside the Administration itself. His feuding with Harold Ickes provided plenty of material for the Washington columnists. James A. Farley and John Nance Garner considered him a radical crackpot who was continually attempting to push Roosevelt to the left.

During the campaign of 1936, when Roosevelt ran for a second term, Hopkins and W.P.A. provided the principal targets for Republican attacks. There were wholesale charges of graft and corruption. Hopkins cracked back at his critics with his exceedingly sharp tongue until, in the final weeks before election, Farley muzzled him on the theory that every time Hopkins opened his mouth he embarrassed Roosevelt politically.

If Hopkins and his free-handed spending activities provided an important issue in that election, he felt that the overwhelming victory won by Roosevelt constituted a form of vindication. And, despite the hostility that he had provoked with so many people, or perhaps because of it, he had come closer and closer to Roosevelt himself. Hopkins' qualities of quickness on the trigger and fearlessness in battle appealed to Roosevelt, particularly in view of the fact that added to them was the quality of absolute, unquestioned, unswerving loyalty. Hopkins became obviously the Number One favorite in the White House—which made him all the more unpopular elsewhere.

It was probably inevitable that Hopkins should begin to cherish his own political ambitions. The two-term tradition was so strong that it was assumed by everyone, Roosevelt included, that there would be a new Democratic candidate in

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IRVING BERLIN'S "EASTER PARADE" M-G-M MUSICAL IN TECHNICOLOR Starring JUDY GARLAND, FRED ASTAIRE, PETER LAWFORD, ANN MILLER

1940. The Presidential bees began to buzz in a great many bonnets. Among those mentioned as possibilities were Farley, Garner, Ickes, Cordell Hull, Robert Jackson, Henry Wallace, Paul McNutt, Frank Murphy and many others. Ickes has said that in Administration circles in those days, "You couldn't throw a brick in any direction without hitting a candidate." Hopkins was certainly one of them—and the only one that I know of who subsequently admitted that he worked and schemed for years to further his own interests.

I cannot pretend to know just when Roosevelt first considered Hopkins as a possible successor, but it is quite clear that after 1936 he began to toy with the idea, to say the very least. (To say the very most, the President eventually acted as an unofficial but extremely competent campaign manager for Hopkins.)

Tragedy Threatens a Career

The summer of 1937 produced a tragic interruption in Hopkins' career and almost put an end to it. He knew that his wife was dying of cancer and he suspected that he too was suffering from this disease which had killed his father. After Mrs. Hopkins died, Hopkins went to the Mayo Clinic where a large part of his stomach was removed. The analysis showed that he did have cancer. It never recurred, but the operation produced nutritional maladjustments which made him prey to various weird diseases for the rest of his life.

He returned to Washington after an absence of some six months. Roosevelt took over the supervision of Hopkins' health and attempted to control his habits. He started to build him up in more ways than one. If Hopkins had not previously been told that he was Roosevelt's candidate for 1940, he was unquestionably told so now. There are notes of an extraordinary private conversation in the White House in the spring of 1938.

I gather from these notes that Roosevelt did not entirely rule out the possibility that he might seek a third term. He seems to have left a very slight margin of doubt about it in the event of war. But he spoke of his own "personal disinclination" and the strong opposition of Mrs. Roosevelt to a third term. He told Hopkins that there were financial reasons for his wish to return to private life—that his mother was digging into capital to keep the place at Hyde Park going. (I cannot decipher the financial figures that Hopkins jotted down in this connection.)

Coming down to individuals, Roosevelt stated his opposition to these men as candidates: Cordell Hull, Henry Wallace, Harold Ickes, Paul McNutt, Frank Murphy (then governor of Michigan) and George Earle (then governor of Pennsylvania). The only apparent reasons noted were that Ickes was too combative and Hull too old.

Roosevelt mentioned Robert M. La Follette. The note on this was "fine—later—Secretary of State soon"—which is particularly interesting in view of the fact that La Follette subsequently became violently opposed to Roosevelt over the issue of isolationism.

Roosevelt considered Farley "clearly the most dangerous" of the candidates. Roosevelt objected to Farley on two main counts: his opposition to the New Deal and his attitude toward foreign affairs.

Then the President came to Hopkins himself, dwelling first on the liabilities. There was the fact that he had been divorced by his first wife; but Grover Cleveland had survived a much more damaging scandal on his record, and the second Hopkins marriage, tragically ended, had been a conspicuously happy one. On the question of Hopkins' health, Roosevelt was aware that the Mayo Clinic doctors had said the odds were two to one against a recurrence o cer, but he was also aware that the dency is a killing job.

Having considered these liab Roosevelt expressed the belief that kins would be elected and would d best job as President of any of thos in the running. He then discussed egy, saying that he would appoint kins Secretary of Commerce and Johnson Secretary of War. He fel Hopkins should "keep back a little," ing that although his own aspiratio the 1932 nomination had started in he had not begun to work actively until the autumn of 1931.

This conversation ended, Ho noted, with an expression by Roos of "assurance and hopes."

Some months after this convers Jim Farley wrote in a private mem dum that "Roosevelt is a very st character, and he might insist on ing his successor." (The word "m was a strange one for Farley to knowing Roosevelt.) It was Far guess that the President favored "H Hopkins, Robert Jackson or Frank phy, in the order named."

Hopkins told a few friends, all u oaths of strictest secrecy, that Roos had definitely given him the green and the campaign was on. Among was John Kingsbury, who had g Hopkins his first real job in welfare when he came to New York as a y graduate of Grinnell. Kingsbury cized the strategic plan to have Hop re-establish his voting residence in I which would enable him to go befor Democratic convention as a home cornhusker from the Middle West. Ki bury advised against this, first, on practical ground that Hopkins could win the Iowa delegation which woul to Wallace and, second, because project was patently phony and w surely be exposed as such.

Bernard M. Baruch advised Hop that he should go into the Cabine Secretary of War rather than Comme Baruch was acutely conscious of storm warnings heard from abroa that year. I do not know whether H kins was given any choice in the ter; some of his friends believe he was, but the only notes I have suggest otherwise. It is my guess Roosevelt himself believed that Hop would be better off in the Commerce partment as it would help him to estab some respectability for himself am the more conservative elements, and ticularly the business community, w he needed it most.

Carefully Planned Publicity

There is no question that Roosevelt all he could—and that was a very g deal—to publicize Hopkins. When President was photographed at a b ball park or on the back platform c train or on a fishing cruise, he had H kins at his elbow. This was not by a dent.

In September, 1938, at the time of Munich crisis, when the storm clo were heavy over Europe, Hopkins on the train with Roosevelt in Min sota listening to a broadcast of a spe by Adolf Hitler in Nuremberg. Roo velt, who understood German, knew true meaning of these hysterical thre He sent Hopkins to the West Coast make a secret survey of the capacity the aircraft factories to build warpla Years later, Hopkins wrote:

The President was sure then that were going to get into war and he lieved that air power would win it.

About this time the President m his startling statement that we sho have 8,000 planes and everybody in Army and Navy and all the newspap in the country jumped on him.

It was not quite "everybody." Th were some officers in the War Dep

no were quick to appreciate the nce of this, and one of them was Deputy Chief of Staff, George C. l. When Hopkins returned from t Coast he met Marshall for the e and the two men formed a nd lasting friendship. This was nning of Hopkins' education in matters. In the first World War been rejected by the Army and or physical disability and had with the Red Cross in New Or- d Atlanta.

evelt appointed Hopkins Secre- Commerce on Christmas Eve, Ie thought this was the end of his as Relief Administrator and of billions. He could not, of foresee the part that he would o years later with the start of ease.

se of his desire to identify him- an Iowan, Hopkins selected Des as the scene of his first major as Secretary of Commerce. When eared there, at the Des Moines nic Club, he was accompanied by rell Harriman who acted as a sort eron or guarantor of respectabil- e political overtones and under- f this Des Moines speech were so to any trained observer that Far- erred to it as "Hopkins' Accept- eech."

his return to Washington, he o his brother, Lewis:

d a very delightful trip to Iowa. think of any place in the country h I would rather spend my de- years than that little college and now that I am approaching might as well get ready for it.'

kins could be excused from the of arrant hypocrisy in those re- only on the ground that he was a n. What he called "a touch of the veloped into a complexity of nu- l diseases which laid him low and, months later, nearly killed him. the next year and a half before gnation as Secretary of Commerce nt no more than thirty days off and his office. Near-fatal illness d him of all personal ambition nverted him into the selfless indi- who rendered such great service President during the war years.

the end of March, 1939, Hopkins to Warm Springs with the Presi- He wrote a description of this which he said:

President wakes up about eight- —breakfasts in bed—reads the ng papers and if left alone will a half hour or so reading a detec- tory. I would go in about nine- —usually much talk of European s—Kennedy and Bullitt, our ambas- s in London and Paris, would tele- —Hull and Welles from the State rtment, so we had the latest news itler's moves in the international kerboard. His secretaries and aides would come in at ten-thirty with mail, schedule of appointments—gossip of the Foundation—light chit-chat for half an hour when the President dressed before going to the pool for his daily treatment at eleven. He may keep an appointment before eleven—gets in his little car—drives by the press cottage for an interview—this takes about twenty minutes—after the pool he will drive by the golf links—home for lunch at one.

The service incidentally is as bad as the food. There are thousands of men in America who get infinitely better care than the President—this in spite of the fact that he is crippled. I would fire them all.

He will sleep a bit after lunch—and at three drive over the countryside with a guest—visit his farm—look at the new tree plantings—back around four thirty for an hour's dictation. Then relax till dinner at seven. The ceremonial cocktail with the President doing the honors—gin and grapefruit juice is his current favorite—and a vile drink it is! He makes a first rate "old-fashioned" and a fair Martini—which he should stick to—but his low and uncultivated taste in liquors leads him woefully astray. Missy Le Hand and I will not be bullied into drinking his concoction which leads him to take three instead of his usual quota of two.

Birthday Greetings from F. D. R.

Late in the summer of 1939, Hopkins returned to the Mayo Clinic. Roosevelt wrote to him:

Your birthday had come and gone and although I had it very much on my mind to send you a ribald radio, things began to pop in Europe and I let the day pass by. This is to send you my congratulations and every kind of good wish for many happy returns of the day.

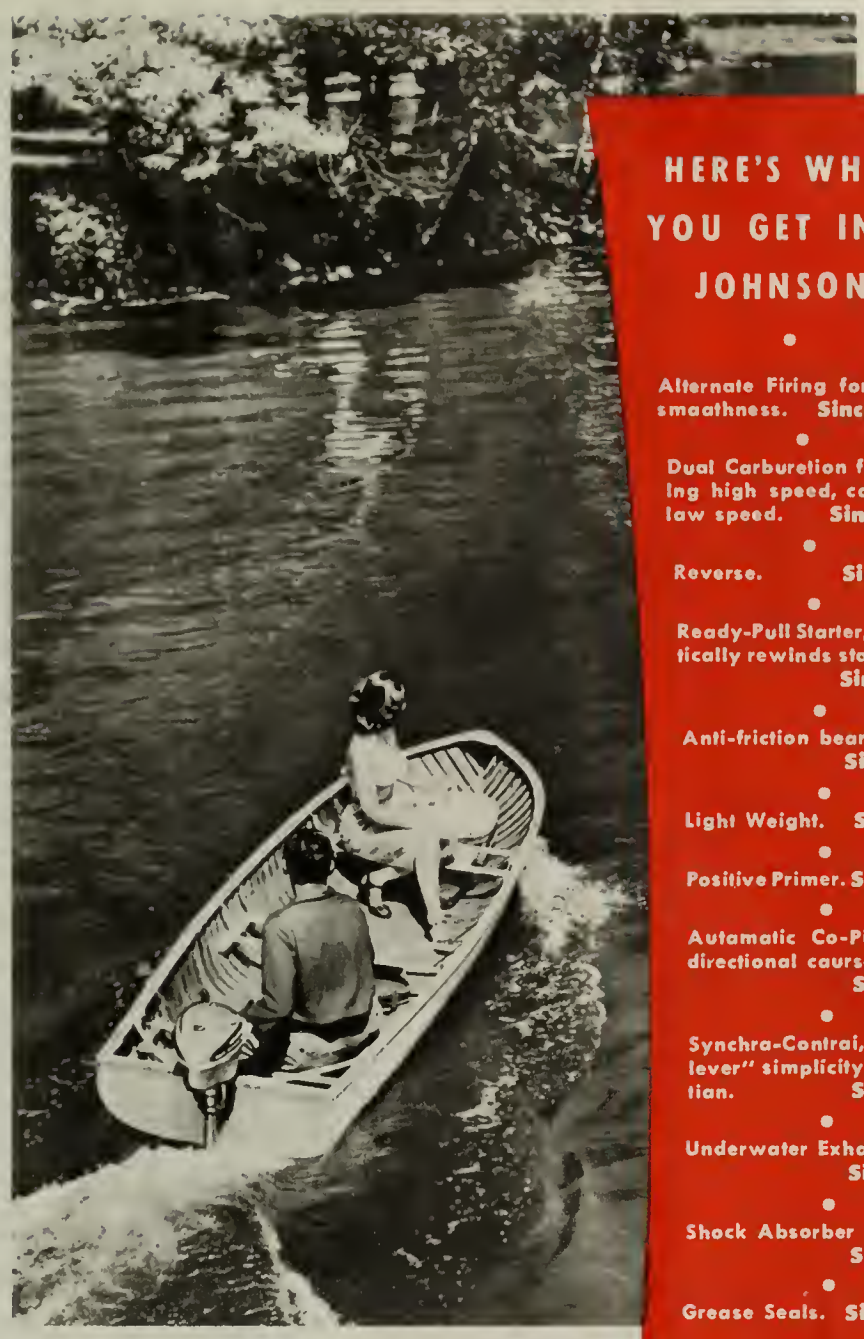
Roosevelt told friends at that time, "The doctors have given Harry up for dead." Hopkins himself believed he could not live more than a few weeks. But Roosevelt did not abandon hope for his friend. He turned the problem of life-saving over to Dr. Ross T. McIntire and the U.S. Navy. Hopkins was moved to Washington to become a guinea pig for all manner of biochemical experiments; it was a tremendous ordeal, but it was ultimately successful in prolonging a few weeks' margin of life into six years of memorable accomplishment.

But his lofty political ambitions had ended forever—a development which produced a great improvement in his character and which makes the task of a friendly biographer more agreeable from here on out. In the war years when, with no more authority than Roosevelt's personal confidence in him, he achieved tremendous power in the shaping of historic events, he became and remained one of the most incorruptible of men.

(Next week: The Year of Decision)

"If I knew the answer to that, you wouldn't understand if I told you!"

COLLIER'S SALO



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SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

This was a different woman he held in his arms—a woman who had disguised herself, the hidden, the secret Camille

The Story:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, famous detective, is in New York helping the F.B.I. to keep the secret of a terrifying new weapon from falling into the hands of foreign agents—or into the hands of FU MANCHU, international criminal. The weapon, a giant disintegrator, is not yet completed, but its inventor, DR. MORRIS CRAIG, has almost finished work on the final design.

MICHAEL FROBISHER, Craig's financial backer, complains that he is being followed by Orientals. His wife, MRS. MICHAEL FROBISHER, is taking treatment from the celebrated Viennese psychiatrist, PROFESSOR HOFFMEYER, unaware that the "professor" is really Dr. Fu Manchu in disguise.

Through hypnotic control over Mrs. Frobisher, Dr. Fu Manchu reaches beautiful CAMILLE NAVARRE, Morris Craig's secretary.

Fu Manchu hypnotizes Camille Navarre and commands her to lure Craig, whom she loves, away from his office for the night.

Before releasing Camille, Fu Manchu completes preparations for his raid on the laboratory by sending a zombi, M'GOYNA, to overpower REGAN, one of Craig's assistants.

M'goyna drags Regan into the laboratory, shuts the steel door, and waits for the arrival of Fu Manchu.

Meanwhile Craig and Nayland Smith return from dinner and enter the office adjoining the laboratory, unaware that Regan is a helpless prisoner a few feet away.

IV

MORRIS CRAIG came ba under convoy from Na land Smith's quiet resta rant. Standing before the private do he said: "Come up if you like, Smi But I have a demon night ahead me. I *must* be through by tomorro Thanks for a truly edible dinn Most acceptable to my British co stitution."

Smith gave him a grim look.

"Have I succeeded in making quite clear to you, Craig, that t danger is now, tonight, and for t next twenty-four hours?"

"Perfectly clear. Already, I ha symptoms of indigestion. But I'm g ing to get the job finished if I wo on into the gray dawn, because I a bidden to spend the week end wi the big chief in Connecticut."

Nayland Smith hesitated for a m ment; then he grasped Craig firm by the arm.

"I won't make myself a nuisance he said. "But I want to see you rig back on the job before I leave yo The fact is—I have a queer, unea feeling tonight. We can't neglect ar precaution."

And so they went up to the offi together, and found it just as the had left it. Craig hung up hat an coat, grinning at Smith, who w lighting his pipe.

"Don't mind me. Carry on as you were in your own home. I' carry on as if I were in mine."

He crossed to unlock the safe.

"Wait a minute," said Smit sharply. "I'm going to make myself nuisance after all."

Craig turned. "How come?"

"The duplicate key is in my to coat down in the car. You will hav to let me out."

"Blessings and peace!" murmure Craig. "But I promise not to go be yond the street door. Before we star better let Regan know I'm back."

He called the laboratory an waited.

"H'm. Silence. He can't have gon to sleep . . . Try again."

And then they heard Regan' voice, oddly strained.

"Laboratory . . . Regan here."

"That's all right, Regan. Jus wanted to say I'm back. Everythin in order?"

"Yes . . . everything."

Craig glanced at Nayland Smith.

"Sounded very cross, didn't he?"

"Don't wonder. Is *he* expected t work all night, too?"

"No. Shaw relieves him at twelve," Craig explained.

"Come on, then. I won't detain yo any longer."

They went out.

THE faint sound made by the ele vator had just died away, wher there came the muffled thud of tw shots. . . . The laboratory door wa flung open and Regan hurled himsel down the steps. He held an automatic in his hand as he raced toward the lobby.

"Dr. Craig! Help! . . . *Dr. Craig!*"

Making a series of bounds incredible in a creature ordinarily so slow and clumsy of movement, M'goyna followed. His teeth were exposed like the fangs of a wild animal. He uttered a snarl of rage.

Regan twisted around and fired again.

But M'goyna dashed the weapon from Regan's grasp and swept him into a bear hug. Power of speech was crushed out of his body. He gave one gasping, despairing cry, and was silent. M'goyna lifted him onto a huge

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

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shoulder and carried him back up the steps.

Only a groan came from the laboratory when the semiman ran down again to recover Regan's pistol.

He coughed as he reclosed the steel door . . .

The office remained empty for another two minutes. Then Craig returned, swinging his keys on their chain. He went straight to the safe, paused—and stood sniffing. He had detected a faint but unaccountable smell. He glanced all about him, until suddenly the boyish smile replaced a puzzled frown.

"Smith's pipe!" he muttered.

Dismissing the matter, as he always brushed aside anything which interfered with the job in hand, he had soon unlocked the safe and set up his materials. He was so deeply absorbed in his work that when Camille came in, he failed to notice even *her* presence.

SHE stood in the doorway for a moment, staring vaguely about the office. Then she looked down at her handbag, and finally up at the clock above the desk. Not until she began to cross to her own room did Craig know she was there.

He spun around.

"Shades of evening! Don't play bogeyman with me. My nerves are not what they were."

Camille did not smile. She glanced at him and then at the clock. She was not wearing her black-rimmed glasses, but her hair was tightly pinned back as usual.

"I—I am sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about. How's Professor What's-his-name? Full of beans and ballyhoo?"

"I—really don't know."

She moved away in the direction of her open door. Her manner was so strange that he could no longer ignore it. Insomnia, he knew, could play havoc with the nervous system. And Camille was behaving like one walking in her sleep. But he spoke lightly.

"What's the prescription? Palm Beach, or a round trip on the Queen Elizabeth?"

Camille paused, but didn't look back.

"I'm afraid—I have forgotten," she replied and went into her room.

Craig scratched his chin, looking at her closed door. Certainly, something was quite wrong. Could he have offended her? Or was she really ill?

He took a crushed packet of cigarettes from his pocket, smoothed one into roughly cylindrical form and lighted it, all the while staring at that closed door.

Very slowly he returned to his work. But an image of Camille, wide-eyed, nervous, persistently intruded. He recalled that she had been in such a mood once before; and that he had ma go home. On the former occasic she had been out but gave no acc where she had gone.

Something resembling a physic crept around his heart.

There was a man in her life. A man must have let her down . . .

Craig picked up a pad of pap wrote a note. He was surpris angry to find his hand shaking. I to know the truth. But he wou her time. With a little tact, perha mille could be induced to tell him

He had never kissed her fingers less her lips, yet the thought of her other man's arms drove him ma remembered that he had recently ered her place in the scheme of and had decided to dismiss such erations until his work was compl

He pressed the button to call h

She moved so quietly that he rather than knew, when she stood him. He tore off the top sheet and over his shoulder.

"Just type this out for me, d'you It's a note for Regan. He can't re writing."

"Of course, Dr. Craig."

Her soft voice soothed him, as a He had just a glimpse of her delica gers as she took the page.

Then she was gone again.

Craig crushed out his cigarette ash tray and sat staring at the c cated formula pinned to his d board. Of course, it probably something—something very imp It might even mean, as Nayland seemed to think, a new era in the bled history of man.

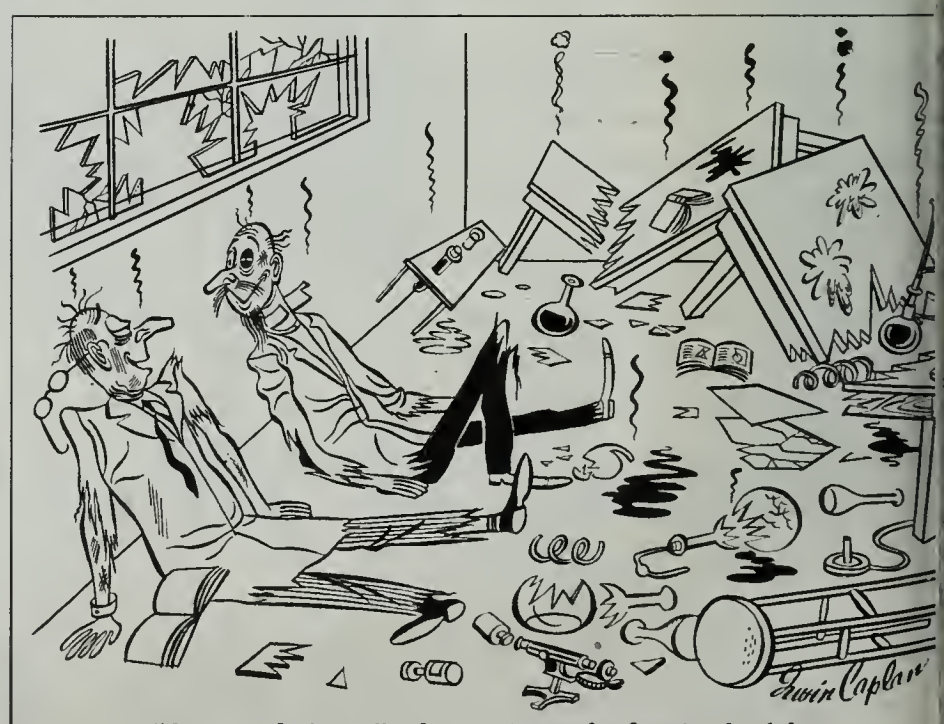
But why should he care *what* it if he must lose Camille?

Very soon her door opened an mille came out. She carried a page and duplicates. The pencile was clipped to them. Craig didn' up when she laid them beside the ing board, and turned to go. At the moment, she glanced up at the Nine fifteen . . .

Could Morris Craig have see would have witnessed an eerie thi

Camille's vacant expression b effaced—instantly and magically. clenched her hands, fixing her ey ward, upon the clock. For a mome stood so, as if listening intently. she relaxed, and looking down, rest left hand on the desk beside Craig spoke, slowly.

"I am sorry—if I have made an takes. Please tell me if this is c There was one word—" She raise hands, and deliberately released he so that it swept down, a fiery to



"Congratulations, Professor. It works fine in the laboratory. Let us hope it proves as practical in the home"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPL

ng Craig's cheek as he pretended the message.

g twisted about and looked up er eyes. Meeting his glance, she tened and began to rearrange her

tood up.

—don't! Don't do that."

ille, hands still lifted, paused, ng him. They were very close.

ur hair is so wonderful." He her wrists to restrain her. "It's a to hide it."

m glad you think so," she said.

was holding her hands now. "Ca- you're lovely!"

heart seemed to falter when he at tiny curl of Camille's lip—like rring of a rose petal—heralding a It was a new smile, a smile he had seen before. She raised her lashes oked into his eyes . . . He took her arms. . . .

en he released her he whispered, ille, how *very* lovely you are!"

orris!"

kissed her again.

bu darling! I've been waiting for oment ever since you first walked he office."

ave you?"

IS was a different woman he held in s arms—a woman who had dis- l herself; this was the hidden, the se- Camille—seductive and wildly de- e.

es. Did you know?"

erhaps I did," she whispered.

sently, she disengaged herself and back, smiling provocatively.

amille—"

hall I take the message to Mr. Re-

orris Craig inhaled deeply and d away. He was delirious with hap- s, knew it, yet resented it. Camille swept solid earth from beneath his He was in the grip of a power h he couldn't analyze, a power not cible to equations, inexpressible in gram.

'you know," he said, glancing aside er, "I think it might be a good idea u did."

e detached the note and walked ss to the laboratory steps. "Will you the door for me?"

raig pulled out the bunch of keys went to join her. She stood with one foot on the first step, her frock defining the lines of her slim body, reflected light touching rich waves of her hair to an incredible glory. Over her shoulder she watched him.

He took the paper from her hand and tore it up.

"Never mind. Work is out of the question now."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"You adorable little witch, you're not sorry at all!"

"I'm afraid," said Camille, demurely, and her soft voice reminded him again of the notes of a harp. "I have spoiled your plans for the evening."

"To the devil with plans! I can't work now—and neither can you."

He put his arm around her waist and dragged her from the steps.

"We're young only once." He pulled her close. "At least, so far as we know. So I say let's be young together."

He kissed her again—and again . . .

"Morris!"

"I could positively eat you alive!"

"But your work—"

"Work is for slaves. Love is for freemen. Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere you like, if you really mean it."

"It doesn't matter. There are lots of spots. I feel that I want to go somewhere different, where I can get used to the idea that there *is* a you, and that I have found you . . . I'm talking rot! Better let Regan know he's in sole charge again." He moved toward the steel door. At the foot of the steps he hesitated. No need to go in. It would be difficult to prevent Regan from drawing inferences. Shrewd fellow, Regan. Craig returned to his desk and called the laboratory.

As if from far away a reply came: "Regan here."

Craig cleared his throat, guiltily.

"Listen, Regan. I shan't be staying late tonight after all. Pushing off. Anything I should attend to before Shaw comes on duty?"

There was a silent interval. Camille was standing behind Craig, a hand at her cheek, staring at him in a dazed way.

"Can you hear, Regan? I say, do you want to see me before I leave?"

Then came the halting words. "No . . . Doctor . . . there's nothing . . . to see you about . . ."

Craig thought the sentence was punc-

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t a stifled cough. A moment later
Camille in his arms again.
ille, I've never been really alive
."
e was pressing her hands fran-
gainst him, straining back, wild-
ying to break away from his
He released her. She stared up
ock, then back to Craig.
God! Morris! Dr. Craig—"
t is it, Camille?" Craig asked.
s it?"
epped forward, but she shrank

n't know. I'm frightened. When
did I come in? What have I been

eep concern, the intense sincerity
manner, seemed to reach her.
gently, he held her and looked
eyes, she lowered her head until
upon his shoulder, intoxicating
h her nearness.
ille," he whispered, tenderly.
e—what is it?"
n't know. I don't know what has
ed. Please—please take care of

you mean you have made a mis-
t was an impulse? You are sorry

ry for what?" she murmured
his shoulder.
letting me make love to you."
, I'm not sorry if—if I did that."
kissed her hair, very lightly, just
g it with his lips.
rling! Whatever came over you?
rightened you?"
ille looked up at him from under
g lashes.
n't know." She lowered her eyes.
long have I been here?"
w long—? What in Heaven's name
mean, Camille? Are you terribly
py? I don't understand."
. I am not unhappy. But—every-
s so strange."
ange? In what way?"

phone rang in Camille's office.
e started, then stepped back, a sud-
lert look in her eyes.
n't trouble, Camille. I'll answer."
, no. It's quite all right."
nille crossed to her room, and took
e phone. She knew it to be un-
able that she should do this, but had
a why. Some ten seconds later she
turned to the half world controlled
voice of Dr. Fu Manchu . . .
en she came out of her room again,
as smiling radiantly.
y mother is all right. She was very
t now she is all right."

Even as he took her in his arms, Craig was thinking that there seemed to be an epidemic of sick mothers, but he dismissed the thought as cynical and unworthy. And when she gave him her lips he forgot everything else. The world was full of roses.

They were ready to set out before he fully came to his senses. Camille had combed her hair in a way which did justice to its beauty.

She was an extremely attractive woman.

He stood in the lobby, his arm around her waist, preparing to open the elevator door, when sanity returned. Perhaps it was the sight of his keys which brought this about.

"I *have* got it badly!" he exclaimed. "Can you imagine—I was pushing off, and leaving the detail of the transmuter valve out on my desk!" He turned and ran back.

SOMEWHERE in Chinatown a girl was singing. Chinese music is not everybody's box of candy, but she had at least one enthusiastic listener. She sang in an apartment adjoining the shop of Huan Tsung, and the industrious shopman, who called himself Lao Tai, wrote down, in a kind of shorthand, all that she sang. From time to time he put a page of this writing into the little cupboard behind him and pressed a button.

The F.B.I. man on duty in a room across the street caught fragments of this wailing as they were carried to him on a slight breeze; he wondered how anyone could endure such stuff.

But upstairs, in the quiet, silk-lined room, old Huan Tsung scanned page after page, destroying each one in the charcoal fire; and presently the globe beside his couch awoke to life, and the face of Dr. Fu Manchu challenged him from its mysterious depths.

"The latest report is to hand, Excellency."

"Repeat it."

Huan Tsung leaned back against cushions and closed his wrinkled eyelids.

"I have installed the 'bazaar' system. My house is watched and my telephone is tapped. News is brought to Mai Cha and she sings the news to Lao Tai."

"Spare me these details. The report."

"Dr. Craig and Camille Navarre left the Huston Building, according to Excellency's plan, at nine thirty-seven. One of the two detectives posted at the private entrance followed them. The other remains. No report yet to hand as to where Craig and the woman have gone."

"Nayland Smith?"

"Nothing later than former report. Raymond Harkness still acting as liaison officer in this area."

The green eyes were not focused upon Huan Tsung. A physician might have suspected the pin-point pupils to indicate that Dr. Fu Manchu had been seeking inspiration in the black smoke. But presently he spoke, incisive and masterful as ever:

"Mount a diversion at four minutes to ten o'clock. Note the time. My entrance must be masked. Whoever is on duty—remove. But no assassinations. I may be there for an hour or more. Cover my retirement. My security is your charge."

Light in the crystal died.

AT a few minutes before ten o'clock, a man was standing at a bus stop twenty paces from the private entrance to the Huston laboratory. No bus that had pulled up there during the past hour had seemed to be the bus he was waiting for; and now he waited alone. An uncanny quietude descends upon these office areas after dusk. During the day they remind one of some vast anthill. Big-business ants, conscious of their fat dividends, neat little secretary ants, conscious of their slim ankles, run to and fro, to and fro, in the restless, formless, meaningless dance of Manhattan.

When a boy pedaling a delivery bike came out of a street beside the Huston Building, it is possible that the driver of a covered truck proceeding swiftly along the avenue failed to note the light. However this may have been, he collided with the boy, who was hurled from his bicycle. The truckman pulled up with an ear-torturing screech of brakes. The boy—apparently unhurt—jumped to his feet and put up a barrage of abuse embellished with some of the most staggering invective which the man waiting for a bus had ever heard.

The truckman, a tough-looking bruiser, jumped from his seat, lifted the blasphemous but justly indignant youth by the collar of his jacket and proceeded to punish him brutally.

This was too much for the man at the bus stop. He ran to the rescue. The boy was now howling curses in a voice audible for several blocks. Spectators appeared—as they do—from nowhere. In a matter of seconds the rescuer, the rescued, and the attacker were hemmed in by an excited group.

And at just this moment, two figures alighted from the rear of the temporarily deserted truck, walked quietly to the private door of the Huston Building, opened it and went in. Later, Raymond Harkness would have something to say to the man waiting for a bus—whose name was Detective Officer Beaker.

Huan Tsung had mounted a diversion . . .

THE telephone in Camille's room was buzzing persistently—had been buzzing for a long time.

Craig had left the desk light burning, but most of the office lay in shadow, so that when someone switched on a flash lamp in the lobby, a widening, fading blade of light swept across the parquet floor. Then the door was fully opened.

Koenig stepped in, looking cautiously about him. He carried a heavy leather case, which he set down by the safe.

As he stood upright again, a tall figure draped in a black topcoat, the fur collar turned up, came in silently and joined him. Dr. Fu Manchu wore the tinted Hoffmeyer glasses, gloves, and carried a black hat. He looked in the direction of that persistent buzzing.

"Miss Navarre's office," said Koenig, uneasily.

Dr. Fu Manchu indicated the safe, merely extending a gloved hand. Koenig nodded, knelt and opened the leather case. Taking out a bunch of keys, he busied himself with the lock, working by flashlight. Presently, he paused

COLLIER'S "Thank goodness, you're not insanely jealous, pet!" VIRGIL PARTCH

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and turned. "Combination has been changed."

The tall figure standing behind him remained motionless. The buzzing in Camille's room ceased.

"You came prepared for such a possibility?"

"Yes—but it may take a long time now."

"You have nearly two hours. But no more."

The clock over Craig's desk struck its single note . . . ten o'clock.

Dr. Fu Manchu crossed and walked up the three steps. He beat upon the steel door.

"M'goyna!"

The door swung open. M'goyna's huge frame showed silhouetted against a quivering green background.

Dr. Fu Manchu entered the laboratory.

AT HALF past eleven, the man waiting for a bus was relieved by another detective. The avenue now was completely deserted.

"Hello, Holland," he said. "You're certainly welcome to this job!"

"What are we supposed to be doing anyway?"

"Search me! Stop anybody going in, I suppose. We had orders to tail Dr. Craig if ever *he* came out, and Stoddart went after him two hours ago when he took his secretary off to play whoopee. A redhead straight from heaven."

"Nothing else happened?"

"Bit of a scrap about ten o'clock. Big heel driving a truck knocked a boy off his bike. Nothing else . . . Good night."

"Good night."

Holland lighted a cigarette, looking left and right along the avenue, and wondering what had originally attracted him to police work. Holland followed Beaker's retreating figure with his eyes for several blocks. He settled down to a monotony broken only by an occasional bus halting at the near-by stop. The night was unseasonably warm.

At a quarter to twelve, a remarkable incident occurred.

It had been preceded by another curious occurrence, invisible to Holland, however. A red light had been flashed several times from the high parapet of the Huston Building, immediately outside Craig's office . . .

Bearing down upon Holland from the other end of the block was a hatless young man in evening dress, who screamed as he ran.

"You won't get me! You devils! You won't get me!"

In spite of the emptiness of the streets, these outcries had some effect. Two men were following, but maintaining a discreet distance from the screaming man. Keeping up that extraordinary pace, he drew nearer to Holland.

"Out of my way! They're after me!"

Holland sized up the situation. The runner was of medium build, an Clearly, Holland decided, he's and a guy in that state is doubly But I guess I'll have to hold him. I do damage.

An experienced manhandler, I came forward. But the runner k

"Out of my way!" he screame kill you if you try to stop me!"

Holland stooped for a tackle, gleam of a weapon, and side-step a flash.

"They won't get me!" yelled mented man, and went racing aro corner.

Had the missing Sam been pre would have recognized the lunatic Jed Laurillard who had once ta him in a bar. In fact, this disci been given a particularly diffic signment, one certain to land him as a chance to redeem his form take. He had, furthermore, been a shot of hashish to lend color performance.

Holland clapped a whistle to h and blew a shrill blast. Drawing h automatic, he went tearing arou corner after the still screaming man . . .

During a general mix-up whic place there, a big sedan drew in the private door of the Huston Bu Three men came out and enter car. One of them carried a heavy office carpet on his shoulder.

Huan Tsung had successfully c the retirement of Dr. Fu Manchu.

MARTIN SHAW stepped from paid the driver and unbutton topcoat to find his key. Someon walking rapidly toward him—th figure in sight. It was midnight.

Holland, while still some d away, recognized the chief tech and moderated his pace. The scre alcoholic had just been remov charge of two patrolmen, and wou doubt, receive his appropriate m in the morning. By the time H reached the door, Shaw had alread in and was on his way up.

Shaw half expected that Dr. would be still at work, and even he didn't see him at his desk, wa pared to find him in the laboratory he noted that the drawing boar missing and the safe locked. Evi Craig had gone.

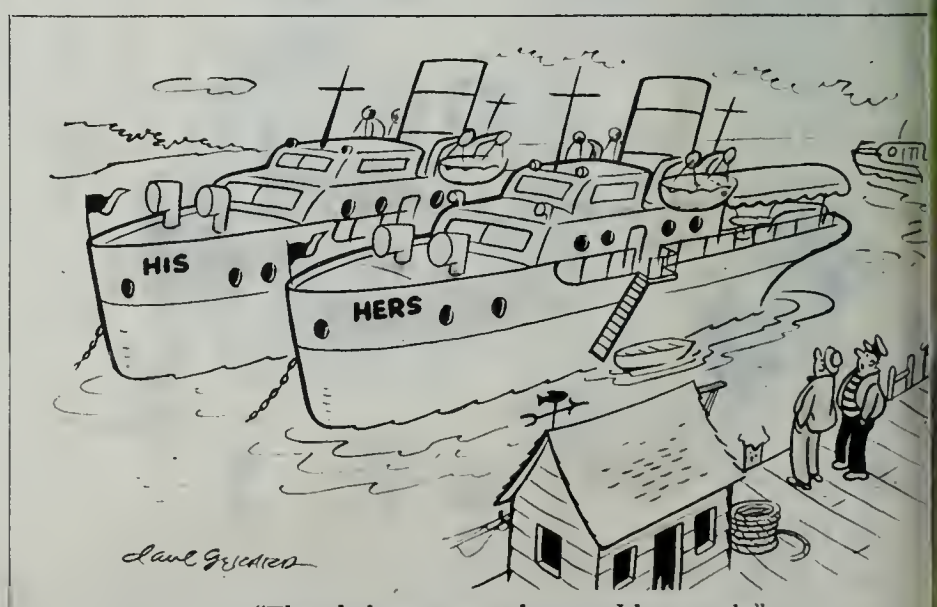
Whoever took the next duty-four to eight—usually slept on a in the office. But Regan seemed t made no preparations.

Shaw went up the three steps a locked the steel door.

"Here we are, Regan!" he cal his breezy way. "Come out of it,

There was no reply. Ever seemed to be in order. But whe Regan?

Then, pinned to the logbook ly the table, Shaw saw a sheet of rul



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per. He crossed and bent over it. A message, written shakily in Regan's hand, appeared there. It said:

Mr. Shaw: Had a slight accident. Compelled to go for medical treatment. Don't be alarmed. Will report at 4 A.M. for duty.

J. J. Regan

"Slight accident?" Shaw muttered.

He looked around. What could have happened? There was nothing wrong with any of the experimental plant. He quickly satisfied himself on that score. So unlike Regan not to have timed the message. He wondered how long he had been gone. The last entry in the log was timed eleven fifteen.

He was hanging his coat up when he noticed the bloodstains.

They were very small—just specks on white woodwork. But, stooping, he came to the conclusion that others had been wiped from the tiled floor below.

Regan, then, must have cut himself in some way, been unable to stanch the bleeding and gone to find a surgeon. Shaw decided that he had better notify Dr. Craig. The laboratory phone was an extension from the secretary's office. He reopened the door, went down the steps and dialed from Camille's room.

There was no answer to his call.

Shaw growled, but accepted the fact philosophically. He would repeat the call later. He went back to his working bench in the laboratory and was soon absorbed in adjusting an intricate piece of mechanism in course of construction there.

He called Craig's number again at one o'clock, but there was no reply. He tried Regan's, with a similar result. Perhaps the injury was more serious than Regan had supposed. He might have been detained for hospital treatment.

Shaw tried both numbers again at two and then at three o'clock. No answers.

He began to feel seriously worried about Regan; nor could he entirely understand the absence of Craig. He knew how determined Craig had been to complete the valve detail that night, he knew he was spending the week end away; and he felt sure that Craig wasn't the man to waste precious hours in night spots.

FOR once, Shaw misjudged Craig. At almost exactly three o'clock, that is, while Shaw was vainly calling his number, Morris Craig leaned on a small table, feasting his eyes on Camille, who sat facing him.

"Say you are happy," he whispered.

That she was happy, that this new wonderland was real and not a mirage, seemed to him, at this moment, the only thing that mattered.

Camille smiled. She knew that she had been dancing—dancing for hours, it seemed to her. Even now a band played softly, somewhere on the other side of a discreetly dim floor. Yes—she was happy. She was in love with Morris, and they were together. But how could she surrender herself to all that such an evening should mean, when she had no idea how she came to be there?

She knew that she had set out to keep an appointment made for her by Mrs. Frobisher. Had she kept it? Apart from a vague recollection of talking to Morris in the office—of some sudden terror—the rest of the night remained a blank up to the moment when she had found herself here, in his arms, dancing . . .

"Yes—I am happy, Morris, very happy. But I must go home, now."

It was half past three when they left.

In the little lobby of her apartment house, between swing doors and the house door, Craig held her so long that she thought he would never let her go. Every time she went to put her key in the lock, he pulled her back and kissed her again. At last he said: "I shall be here for you at nine in the morning."

"All right. Good night, Morris."

She opened the door and was gone. He watched her, through glass panels, as she hurried upstairs. Then he went out, crossed the street and waited to see a light spring up in her room.

He had dismissed the taxi. He wanted to walk, to be alone with this night, to relive every hour of the wonder that had come into his life with Camille's first kiss.

When, at Central Park West, he decided to walk across the park, two tired detectives who had been keeping the pair in sight ever since they had left the night club, exhaled self-pitying sighs.

AT TEN past four, Martin Shaw dialed Regan's number. No reply. Then, he tried Craig's. No reply. Following a momentary hesitation, he called police headquarters.

He had no more than begun to explain what had happened when he heard the clang of the elevator door as someone slammed it shut. Laying the phone down on Camille's desk, he ran out into Craig's office. He arrived just as Nayland Smith burst in.

Smith swept the room with a glance.

"Where's Regan?" he snapped.

"Hasn't shown up. Had an accident some time before I returned. Left a note."

Nayland Smith's challenging stare was almost frightening. "You mean the place was *empty* when you arrived at twelve? And you did nothing about it?"

"Why should I?" Shaw demanded. "But when he didn't appear at four o'clock, it was different. I have police headquarters on the line right now—"

"Tell them I'm here. Then hang up."

Shaw went back and did as he was told.

"I know," a voice replied. "We're on the job. Stand by."

"Your handy man, Sam, was got away by a ruse," said Smith. "He wisely called the police too—from Philadelphia. I came straight along. Someone wanted this place vacated tonight, and Craig played right into the enemy's hands."

"But where *is* Dr. Craig?"

"You'd be surprised!" Smith snapped, savagely. "At the moment, he's wandering about Central Park like any other lunatic. One of two men looking after him got to a phone ten minutes ago."

"Has he gone crazy?" Shaw said.

"Yes. He's in love. Show me this note left by Regan."

He went racing up the steps. Shaw had left the laboratory door open.

"There. On the table."

Nayland Smith bent over Regan's strange message. He turned.

"Sure it's his writing?"

"Looks like it—allowing for a shaky hand. He'd evidently cut himself. See—there are specks of blood here." Shaw pointed. "And I think blood has been wiped from the floor just below."

Nayland Smith pulled at the lo his ear. His brown face looked and weary, but his eyes shone like The green twilight of this place, the throbbing which seemed to penetra frame, he disliked, but knew he ignore. A moment he stood so, moving swiftly back to the phon called police headquarters, gave pa lars of what had happened. "Che night taxis," he directed rapidly, "o ing in this area. All clinics and ho in the neighborhood. Recall Dete Beaker and Holland, on duty at the here between eight and four. Order to report to Raymond Harkness."

He hung up, called another nu and presently got Harkness.

"I'm afraid we lose, Harkness said. "I'm at the Huston Bu Something very serious has occurr night. I fear the worst. The two posted below must have tripped up where. They will report to you. both of them if they left the door for a moment. Then call me here."

IN THE throbbing laboratory, M Shaw was making entries in the He looked up as Smith came in.

"Of course," Shaw said, "I ca something has happened to poor R But it's not clear to me that there's thing else to it."

"Not clear?" grated Smith. " should a man who generally around the place at all hours—Sam ceive a faked call to get him to delphia? Is it a mere coincidence Regan deserts his post the same n For some time before twelve o'clo we don't know for how long—no was on duty here."

"There's our entry in the book eleven fifteen."

"Very shaky one. Still leaving of forty-five minutes."

"If you mean some foreign agen in, *how* did he get in?"

"He probably had a duplicate ke I have. The F.B.I. got mine from locksmith who made the originals."

"But there's no evidence that an has been here."

"There wouldn't be!" said S grimly. "Dangerous criminals leav clues. The visitor I suspect would want a short time to examine the and to borrow Craig's figure of the muter valve—"

"That would mean opening the s Shaw said.

"Exactly what *we* have to do."

"No one but Dr. Craig has a ke knows the combination."

"There are other methods," said land Smith dryly. "I am now goin to examine the safe."

He proceeded to do so, and ma

COLLIER'S "Where do they hide the butter creams?" DON TOBI

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COLLIER'S "Excuse me, but I've got to run!" DICK STR

thorough job of it. Shaw came down and joined him.

"Nothing to show it's been tampered with," Smith muttered. . . . "Hullo! Who's coming?"

He had detected that faint sound made by the private elevator.

The elevator ascended, stopped. A door banged. And Morris Craig ran in.

"Smith!" he exclaimed—and both men saw that he was deathly pale. "What's this? What has happened? I was brought here by two detectives—"

"Serves you right!" rapped Smith. "Be good enough to open this safe."

"But—"

"Open it."

Craig, his hand none too steady, pulled out his keys, twirled the dial and opened the safe. Nayland Smith and Martin Shaw bent over his shoulders.

They saw a number of papers and Craig's large drawing board.

But there was nothing on the board!

A moment of silence followed—ominous silence.

Then Nayland Smith faced Craig.

"I don't know," he said, and spoke with unusual deliberation, "what lunacy led you to desert your job tonight. But I am anxious to learn what has become of the vital drawing and the notes, upon which you were working."

Morris Craig forced a smile. "If that's all," he replied, "the answer's easy. I had a horrible idea that something had happened—to Camille."

"Where is the diagram?"

Morris Craig smiled again. He removed his topcoat, stripped his jacket off, and groped up under his shirt. From this cache he produced a large, folded sheet of paper and another smaller sheet, the one decorated with a formula like a Picasso painting.

"In spite of admittedly high temperature at time of departure, I remembered that I was leaving town in the morning. I decided to take the job with me. If"—he glanced from face to face—"you suspect some attempt on the safe, all the burglar found was Old Mother Hubbard. I carry peace to Falling Waters."

THE library at Falling Waters was a pleasant room. It was paneled in English oak, imported by Stella Frobisher. An open staircase led up to a landing which led, in turn, to rooms beyond. French windows gave upon a paved terrace overlooking an Italian garden.

There was a handsome walnut desk, upon which a telephone stood, backed by a screen of stamped Spanish leather. Conspicuous above a bookcase was a large cabinet. Set into the front c cabinet was a colored plan o grounds, superimposed on a glass s

Michael Frobisher was seated a walnut desk, the phone to his ear. his butler-chauffeur, stood at his e Michael Frobisher was never who ease in his own home. He rem acutely conscious of the culture which Stella had surrounded him. morning, his unrest was pathetic.

"But this thing's just incredible! What d'you say? You're certain of facts, Craig? Regan never left a not that before? . . . What d'you mea hasn't come back? He must be in clinic. . . . The police say he isn't hell with the police! I don't want p in the Huston laboratory. . . . You wise thing there, but I guess it wa accident . . . Bring the notes and c ing right down here. For God's bring 'em right down here! How d know somebody hasn't explored plant? Listen! How do we know?"

He listened himself a while.

"To hell with Nayland Smith! growled. "Huston Electric doesn't s half a million dollars to tip the bean *his* pocket. He's a British agent. sell us out! Are you crazy? . . . He be backed by Washington. What does that do us, anyway?" He list again, and suddenly:

"Had it occurred to you," he aske a note of tension, "that *Regan* cou the British agent? He joined us Vickers . . ."

At last he hung up.

"Is there anything you want m do?" Stein asked. He was a big with a thick neck, a deep chest powerful shoulders. He wore his re hair cut as close as a Prussian officer

Frobisher spun around. "Did yo it?"

"Yes. It is serious. But not so ous as if they had found the detail o transmuter."

"What are you talking about?" bisher stood up. "There's enough i lab to give away the whole princip an expert."

The gray undertone beneath his f coloring was marked.

"This may be true—"

"And Regan has disappeared!" bisher added.

"I gathered so."

"Then—"

"You are too soon alarmed," Stein, coolly. "Let us wait until we all the facts."

"How'll we *ever* have all the fa Frobisher demanded. "What are the

tings that happen right here? was around this house at night ght? Who combed my desk pa- Who opened my safe? And who nt through *your* room the other hile you were asleep?"

fore Stein had time to answer uiries, Stella Frobisher fluttered brary. She wore a pinafore over ok, her hands were buried in loves, and she carried a pair of ors.

" I look a fright, dear," she as- bisher. "I have been out in n, cutting early spring flowers." phasized "cutting" as if her al method was to knock their with a niblick.

me to bring these in for you, said Stein.

pectful manner was in odd con- hat with which he addressed

you, Stein. Lucille has the the back porch."

good, Madam."

tein—there will be seven to Dr. and Mrs. Pardoe are com-

owed and went out.

the odd man?" growled Fro- pening a box of cigars.

sor Hoffmeyer. Isn't it splen- got him to come?"

know till I see him."

will fall completely under his r," Stella declared, and went out again.

OUT this time, Morris Craig putting a suitcase into the back

now, Smith," he said, "I'm pro- conscious of the gravity of this ut I begin to feel like a fugitive. car packed with police on the e of the street. Do they track lling Waters?"

do!" Nayland Smith replied. derstand it, you are now going p Miss Navarre?"

is the program." Craig smiled y. "I feel a bit cheap leaving ne in the circumstances. But—" won't be alone!" Smith said ir- "I'm afraid the danger at the ry is past. But to make sure, efully selected men will be on your office day and night until rn. Plus two outside."

not Sam? He's back."

will need Sam to lend a hand s radio burglar alarm you tell t—"

ll?"

"Yes. I can see you're dying to push off. So push! I trust you have a happy week end."

And when Craig turned into West Seventy-fifth Street, the first thing that really claimed his attention was the presence of a car which had followed him all the way. The second was the figure of Sam standing before the door of Camille's apartment house.

This figure wore spectacles, a light fawn topcoat, a cerise muffler, and a slate-gray hat with the brim turned up in front . . .

" 'Morning, boss," said Sam, opening the door. "Happen to have—"

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Well," Sam said solemnly, "it's like this. Seems you're carrying valuables, and Sir Denis, he thinks—"

"He thinks what?"

"He thinks somebody ought to come along. Just in case."

Craig stepped out.

"Tell me: Are you employed by Huston Electric or by Nayland Smith?"

Sam tipped his hat farther back. He chewed thoughtfully. "It's kind of complicated, Doctor. Sir Denis has it figured I'm doing my best for Huston if I come along and lend a hand. He figures there may be trouble up there."

Visions of a morning drive alone with Camille vanished.

"All right," said Craig, resignedly. "Sit at the back."

In a very short time he had hurried in. But it was a long time before he came out. . . .

Camille looked flushed, but delightfully pretty, when she arrived at Falling Waters. Her hair was tastefully arranged, and she carried the black-rimmed glasses in her hand. Stella was there to greet her guests.

"My dear Miss Navarre! It's so nice to have you here at last! Dr. Craig, you have kept her in hiding too long."

"Not my fault, Mrs. Frobisher. She's a self-effacing type." Then, as Frobisher appeared: "Hail, chief! Grim work at—"

Frobisher pointed, covertly, to Stella, making vigorous, negative signs with his head. "Glad to see you, Craig," he rumbled, shaking hands with both arrivals.

"You have a charming house, Mrs. Frobisher," said Camille. "It was sweet of you to ask me to come."

"I'm so glad you like it!" Stella replied. "But let me take you along to your room."

She led Camille away, leaving Frobisher and Craig standing in the lobby. And at that moment Frobisher's eye rested upon Sam, engaged in taking

"That'll be a dollar for your haircut and fifty cents for the boy's. Ridiculous, isn't it?" LEW FOLLETTE

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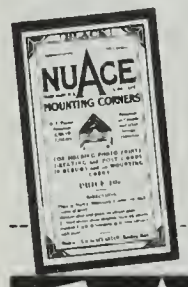

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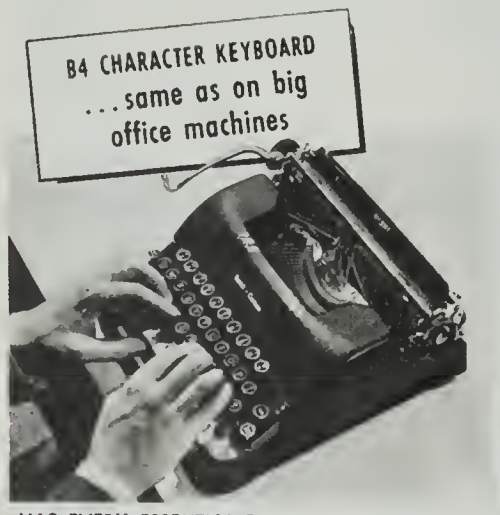

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Craig's suitcase from the car, while Stein stood by.

"What's that half-wit doing down here?" Frobisher said.

"D'you mean Sam? Oh, he's going to help me overhaul your burglar system."

"Probably make a good job of it, between you," Frobisher commented. "When you've combed your hair, Craig, come along to my study. We have a lot to talk about. Where's the plan?"

Craig tapped his chest. "On our person, good sir. Only over our dead body could rascals win to the treasure."

And in a room all daintily chintz, with delicate water colors and lots of daffodils, Camille was looking out of an opened lattice window and wondering if her happiness could last.

Stein tapped at the door, placed Camille's bag inside and retired.

"Don't bother to unpack, my dear," said Stella. "Flora, my maid, is superlative."

Camille turned to her impulsively.

"You are very kind. And it was so good of you to make that appointment for me with Professor Hoffmeyer."

"With Professor Hoffmeyer? Oh, my dear! Did I, really? Of course"—seeing Camille's strange expression—"I must have done it. It's queer and it's absurd, but, do you know, I'm addicted to the oddest lapses of memory."

"You are?" Camille exclaimed; then, as it sounded so rude, she added, "I mean I am, too."

"You are?" Stella exclaimed in turn, and seized both her hands. "Oh, my dear, I'm so glad! I mean, it's such a relief to meet somebody else who suffers in that way. Someone who has no possible reason for going funny in the head. But tell me—what did you think of him?"

Camille looked earnestly into the childish but kindly eyes.

"I must tell you, Mrs. Frobisher—impossible though it sounds—that I have no recollection whatever of going there!"

"My dear!" Stella squeezed her hands encouragingly. "I quite understand. Whatever is the matter with us?"

"I'm afraid I can't even imagine."

"Could it be some new kind of epidemic?"

"I don't know. Suppose we compare notes—"

MICHAEL FROBISHER'S study was that of a man of business. The books were reference books, the desk had nothing on it but a phone, a blotting pad, pen, ink, a lamp and a photograph of Stella. The safe was built into the wall.

"There's the safe I told you about," he was saying. "There's the key, and the combination is right here." He touched his rugged forehead. "Yet I found the thing wide open! My papers"—he pulled out a drawer—"were sorted like a teller sorts checks. I know. I always have my papers in order. Then somebody goes through my butler's room." He banged his big fist on the desk. "And not a bolt drawn, not a window opened!"

"Passing strange," Craig murmured.

Michael Frobisher stared at the end of his half-smoked cigar, twirling it between strong fingers.

"There's been nothing since I installed the alarm system. But I don't trust anybody. I want you to test it. Meanwhile"—he laid his hand on the paper—"how long will it take you to finish this thing?"

"Speaking optimistically, two hours."

"You mean, in two hours it will be possible to say we're finished?"

"Hardly. Shaw has to make the valves. Wonderful fellow, Shaw. Then, we have to test the brute in action. When that bright day dawns, it may be the right time to say we're finished!"

Frobisher put the cigar back in his mouth and stared at Craig.

"You're a funny guy," he said. "It took a man like me to know you had the brains of an Einstein. I might have regretted the investment if Martin Shaw hadn't backed you and Regan. I'm doubtful of Regan now. But he knows the game. Then you've shown me things."

"A privilege, Mr. Frobisher."

Frobisher stood up.

"Don't go all Oxford on me. Listen. When this detail here is finished, you say we'll be in a position to tap a source of inexhaustible energy which puts atomic power in the shade."

"I say so firmly. Controlling the monster depends entirely upon that."

"The transmuter valve?"

"Exactly. It's only a small gadget. Shaw could make all three of 'em in a few hours. But if it works, Mr. Frobisher, and I *know* it will, we shall have at our command a cheap force which could blow our world to bits—or enable us to dispense with costly things like coal, oil, enormous atomic plants and the like, forever."

"Fine."

Michael Frobisher was staring out of the window. His heavy face was transfigured. He, too, the man of commerce, the opportunist, could see tremendous possibilities. No doubt he saw possibilities which had never crossed the purely scientific mind of Morris Craig.

"So," said Craig, picking up the diagram and the notes, "I propose that I retire to my cubicle and busy myself until cocktails are served. Agreed?"

"Agreed. Remember—not a word to Mrs. F."

When Craig left the study, Frobisher stood there for a long time, staring out of the window.

BUT Morris Craig's route to his cubicle had been beset by an obstacle—Mrs. F. As he crossed the library toward the stair, she came in by another door. She glanced at the folded diagram.

"My dear Dr. Craig! Surely you haven't come here to work?"

Craig pulled up, and smiled. "Afraid so. But not for too long, I hope. If you'll excuse me, I'll nip up and get started."

"But it's too bad. How soon will you be ready to nip down again?"

"Just let me know when the bar opens."

"Of course I will. But, you know, I have been talking to Camille. She is truly a dear girl. I mean charming."

Craig's attention was claimed, magically, by his hostess' words.

"So glad you think so."

Stella Frobisher smiled. "Why don't you forget work? Why don't you two scientific people go for a walk in the sunshine? That's what you're here for."

And Morris Craig was sorely tempted. Yes, that was what he was here for. But—

"You see, Mrs. Frobisher," he said, "I ducked out on the job last nig mille has been working like a pa for weeks past. Tends to neglect der. So I asked her to step ou plate of food and a bottle of vint

"That was so like you, Dr. Cr

"We sort of banished dull care hour or two, and as a matter carried on pretty late. The chief ious about the job, and has more given me a deadline. I'm only ma for lost time. And so, please exc Sound the trumpets when cockt served."

IN THE study, Michael Frobis been talking on the phone. He hung up when Stein came in.

"Listen," he said. "What's th Sam doing here?"

Stein's heavy features registere ing. "I don't know."

"Talk to him. Find out. I tr body. *I* never employed that Somebody has split us wide open. just a leak. Somebody was in the Building last night that had no rig there. This man was supposed t Philadelphia. Who *knows* he was Check him up, Stein. It's vital."

"I can try to do. But his tal foolish I cannot believe he means walks into my room, just now, a if I happen to have an old razor

"What for?"

"To scrape his pipe bowl, he sa

Michael Frobisher glared at Ste

"Ask him to have a drink. Gi plenty. Then talk to him."

"I can try it."

Stein stolidly departed on this There were those who could have him that it was a useless one. . . .

Upstairs in his room, Morris Cr taken from his bag ink, pencils, and all the other implements draftsman's craft. He had borr large blotting pad from the libra service in lieu of a drawing board.

Stella and Camille had gone o the garden.

And over this seemingly peacef there hung a menace, an invisible The fate of nations was suspende hair above their heads. Of all t Falling Waters that morning, pr Michael Frobisher was the most disturbed. He paced up and do restricted floor space of his study brows drawn together over a deep kle, his eyes haunted.

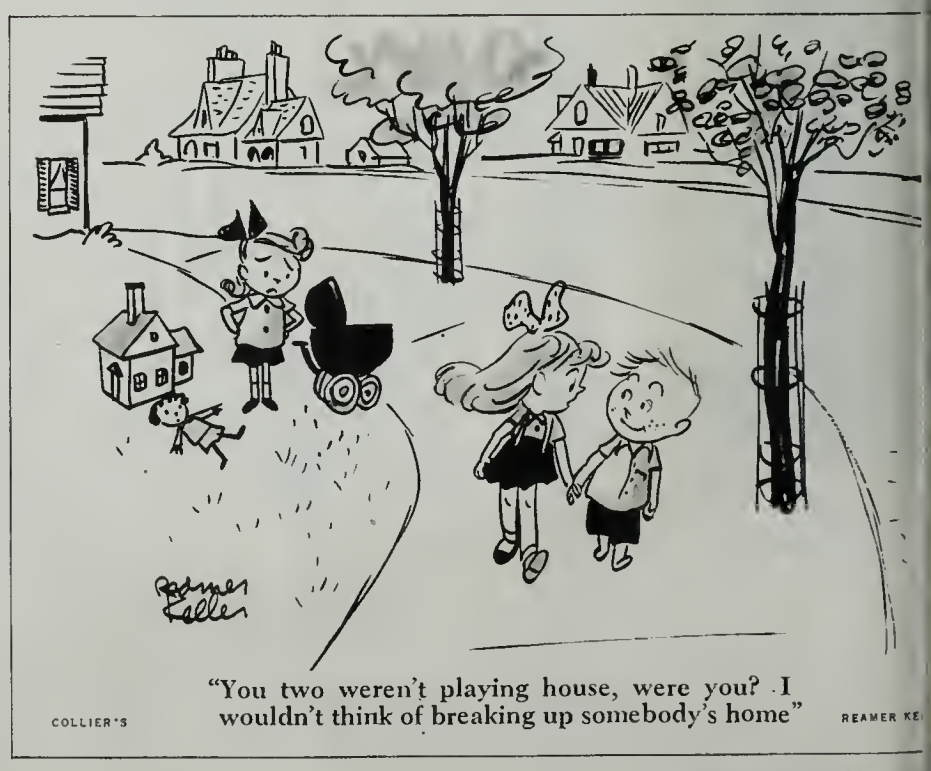
When Stein came in without kn Frobisher jumped around like a bay. He collected himself.

"Well—what now?"

Stein, expressionless, offered a c a salver. He spoke tonelessly.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith is h

(To be continued next week,



"You two weren't playing house, were you? I wouldn't think of breaking up somebody's home"

COLLIER'S REAMER KE

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OPEN LETTER TO JIMMIE FIDLER

Continued from page 25

gives the date as August 26, 1898. He explains that he had to lie about his age to be eligible for service.

Fidler was very young when his family moved to Memphis, Tennessee, where his father worked for the American Snuff Company. A further evidence of his inconsistency is the fact that his first name was actually Marion and that he was so registered at school. Summoned to assembly one morning, he waited patiently while the teachers ignored him. Finally one of them began to bristle. "I'm not waiting here a moment longer for Marion," she declared loudly. It seems she and her colleagues had been expecting a girl to appear. When Fidler learned this, he immediately prefixed James to his name.

On September 26, 1918, Fidler joined the Marines and was dispatched first to Parris Island and then to Quantico. Upon his discharge, on June 15, 1919, he re-enlisted and was commissioned a second lieutenant. Meanwhile, he had developed a callow passion for movie actress Betty Compson and poured out his youthful ardor in a series of letters to her. He was agreeably startled to find them being answered. With his release from the Marines, he hurried out to Hollywood to express his feelings to Miss Compson in person. On the way he stopped in Memphis to mail a picture of himself to the magazine Film Fun, which was running a movie eligibility contest for young men.

In Hollywood he arranged a meeting with Miss Compson, which, he now admits rather wistfully, proved a disillusioning experience, for Miss Compson, far from being in love with him, had merely been doing her bit to raise the morale of the armed forces. He discovered she had taken all her fan mail from servicemen and had thrown it into a basket. She then picked out three letters at random and began to correspond with their writers. His had happened to be one of the three letters chosen.

Mr. Marion Photographed Better

Instead of mooning over his unrequited love, Fidler had a photographer take a glamorous picture of himself, and submitted it to Film Fun under the name of James Marion. The following day, a letter forwarded to him from Memphis announced, with regret, that he was not among the fortunate young men selected by Film Fun. A week later, however, he was flabbergasted to hear that he, as James Marion, had been declared the winner.

The award brought him a contract as a bit player at $175 a week. Unfortunately in 1920 a sudden economy wave struck all the studios. As a result, Fidler, after a brief apprenticeship in one picture, found himself unemployed. Scurrying about, he landed a position as Sid Grauman's assistant at the Million-Dollar Theater in Los Angeles. Shortly afterward, he quit to become movie critic and city editor of The News, Hollywood's first daily paper. In 1922, he joined Famous Players-Lasky as a press agent. A year later, he opened his own publicity office.

Fidler was a highly successful press agent, his accounts including such top-flight stars as Janet Gaynor, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe and Rudolph Valentino. Fidler made plenty of money as a publicist. He would probably still be one, indeed, if one of his clients, Dorothy Jordan, had not approached him one day in 1933 and asked him to help prepare an interview which she was going to give on a radio program called Hollywood on the Air. He not only wrote the interview but conducted it as wel carried it off so handsomely he wa on the program for a year.

In 1934, a lipstick manufacture pressed by his broadcasting talent him a program of his own. A yea he increased his income considera signing a contract to do a daily c for the McNaught Syndicate.

Fidler's high-pitched voice migl be tolerated in Hollywood had been for his crusade against wh termed anti-Nazi pictures. Week week on his program, he contende films like Man Hunt, The Mortal S Four Sons and Confessions of a Na were a deliberate attempt by the m picture industry to involve the U States in World War II. His shri cries were so persistent that the appointed a committee to investiga charges.

"Fidler," Harry Brand wired t vestigating committee, "has been i lywood too long not to be known f mercenary methods. He also thre to sue 20th Century-Fox for $5,000 picture title which he claimed to

Sale of Film Story Sacrificed

Fidler's answer to this charge w had bought the Selig library of u duced movie scripts and this was c the books which I had up for sale other studio. When Fox took my lost the sale."

During his testimony, Fidler ac the Columbia Broadcasting Syste having refused to permit him to George Brent for allowing public of an article in which he announc reasons for not marrying Ann She (whom he later married, inciden Network officials came in for Fi criticism too. They, he maintained ordered him to give nothing less three bells to any picture releas an A product and no fewer than t any B.

The Hollywood Reporter, a trad per, covered the investigation in m detail and carried daily reports of ler's behavior. Smarting from his stant barbs against trade papers force performers to take advertise under threat of unfavorable review Reporter stated:

"Attempting to play the role of a mind in revolt, Mr. Fidler looked like a small mind in reverse befor day was over. Wearing a brown s the morning session, he returned lunch wearing a gray suit. Either a of display or some other consider forced him to go home and chang clothes . . . In no ship, save the A Hollywood journalism, do you Peeping Toms in the lookout's nes the aristocracy of letters, Mr. Fid attempting to wear a knothole f monocle."

In the same issue, Irving Hoffma paper's New York correspondent marked that, "The most amazing about Fidler's testimony was his ar to the number of people he emplo know this sounds like some of Ri material, but Fidler said that it take combined effort of 35 people to that column. Imagine that!"

Just who snoops about in que items for Fidler's column and broa is, in fact, highly confidential an many instances, is known only by and the individuals themselves.

Fidler used to pay employees $3 month for turning in 30 items acc ble for the radio program. He now $100 a week and permits his reporte do outside work. For each item o specified amount, he adds another "But," a former employee rema

immie's damned careful not to many over."

who work for Fidler regard him xture of irritation and affection. ey squirm at the sanctimonious is Open Letters, they are, never- eeply touched by his forgiving During the Senate investigation, nple, word got around Holly- t one of his staff had asked Par- for a job because he was of working for Fidler any When the rest of the staff threat- sue Paramount on the grounds were all being laid open to sus- he offender confessed. Instead him, Fidler was so moved by 's owning up that he presented a bottle of champagne.

other occasion, Fidler wrote a letter of recommendation in be- an employee who, only a few

Wait a minute until I turn off the Boston Symphony"

IER'S DAVE HUFFINE

before, had erroneously informed partment of Internal Revenue that had falsified his income-tax return. s assistants also like to point out is a man of surpassing generosity he mood is upon him.

mie," they say, "will fight a waiter nickel . . . but just let him hear a ck story and he's the softest touch lywood."

er's constant preoccupation with sh-and-the-devil content of mov- uriates the motion-picture indus- hich maintains that his incessant g on immorality will eventually bout some form of federal censor- His detractors delight in pointing wever, that he is inconsistent even sermonizing.

t get this, will you," a studio ex- e said. "Fidler's used the picture ger in an effort to crucify an entire ry, but when he reviewed it over he gave it three bells."

s is true, for on March 18, 1945, informed his listeners: "Pick of tures. The best picture of the week linger. A three-bell picture. The of John Dillinger, once Public En- Number One, is packed with ex- ent. I liked it because it doesn't y the gangster, but paints him as a d character who dies for his crime. real thrill, see Dillinger."

estioned about the inconsistency of ubsequent attacks on the picture, betrays a disarming candor. n I reviewed Dillinger on the air night," he answers, "I was wrong." readiness to admit to anything he one makes him an elusive target for who snipe at him.

dler looks at least ten years younger than his acknowledged forty-seven. He doesn't smoke, drinks sparingly, and is fanatical in the attention he accords his five-foot-nine-and-a-half-inch, 155-pound body. Despite his perfect health, he is a confirmed hypochondriac who keeps his office stocked with pills, which he gulps down on the flimsiest pretext. This concern for his own physical well-being seems to endow him with a morbid curiosity about other people's ailments.

In five successive broadcasts he reported that Connie Haines had had a nervous breakdown, Joan Edwards a broken bone in her right foot, Lana Turner a high fever, John Wayne stomach ulcers, Michael North a tonsillectomy, Penny Singleton a torn ear lobe, Steve Brodie a burned hand, Merle Oberon a throat infection, Ida Lupino a bad burn from a sun lamp, Errol Flynn a sprained shoulder and lacerated wrist, Judy Garland a relapse; that Red Skelton and Allen Jenkins were being X-rayed; and that Barton MacLane, Mrs. Henry Fonda, Mrs. Vince Barnett, Lloyd Nolan, George Murphy and John Decker were all hospitalized with varied afflictions.

After his celebrated cabaret brawl with Errol Flynn, Fidler decided to ensure his own good health by hiring a bodyguard. This was probably a sound precaution, except that Fidler would make the rounds of the studios while the bodyguard remained behind in the office reading fan magazines.

On his return, Fidler would say, "Well, I guess I won't need you any more today," whereupon the bodyguard would grunt, yawn and lumber out.

Domestic Life Is Serene

When he is not in his offices, which occupy the whole of a three-story dwelling in the center of Hollywood, Fidler can usually be found either at the Lakeside Country Club, where he plays golf regularly and proficiently, or at his superbly designed low-slung house in the Toluca Lake section. There he lives, in what appears to be complete peace, with his wife and two children—Jeff, who is four and his present wife's son by a previous marriage, and Bobbe, who is five and was adopted by him and his third wife. His mother and father reside only a block away in the house which he bought for them.

Lolling beside the swimming pool in the dazzling sunlight, Fidler does not seem the same man who, every Sunday night over two networks, preaches to the movie industry with such prim solemnity. He speaks softly, unassumingly, and without any trace of the high-pitched voice which is a recognizable, and apparently indispensable, facet of his radio personality. Here, among the possessions purchased out of the fortune he has made as a broadcaster, a columnist, a press agent and an exceedingly visionary stock-market speculator, he appears to be without a single condemnatory thought in his mind.

As the afternoon begins to slip away, he rises, steps spryly to the lip of the pool and plunges in. The two children squeal excitedly as he swims toward them. Addressing him as Jimmie, they both screech for him to give them a swimming lesson. After he has taught them for a while, he climbs out, flexes his well-developed muscles, and sinks into a deck chair. Presently, a screen door slams shut and his wife comes out of the house. She is a pleasant, lovely-looking girl who evidences absolutely no interest in Hollywood doings. As she approaches, he smiles at her.

"Hello, darling," he says, and he draws her face down to be kissed. Then, turning to his guest, he says, "I've finally got the right marriage. And listen, you ask me why I knock divorce. Why shouldn't I knock it? I've had more experience with it than most people."

THE END

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FLYING HIGH

For thousands of years, kites have fascinated men in every land. Today they're more fun — and more useful — than ever

BY ALFRED H. SINKS

THE lookout in the crow's nest grabbed his phone. "It looks like one o' them autogyro things, sir—flyin' about a hundred yards above the water!" The British destroyer churned up the sea as it pulled around fast. It was on the hunt for U-boats but an autogyro—where no autogyro had any right to be—was something that needed looking into. The crew sprang to launch a plane from its catapult.

But long before either plane or destroyer reached the spot the mysterious "autogyro" was, incredibly, gone.

The report reached the Admiralty in London. So did almost identical reports from other ships. The mystery was passed along to our own Naval Intelligence and presently a Navy sleuth sat facing a leading civilian expert on autogyros.

"Hmph!" grunted the expert. "I'll bet my bottom dollar that what those British officers saw was a *kite!* Look."

Carl Chupp, of Waban, Massachusetts, reached around behind his desk and lifted something from a shelf. It was a toy model of an autogyro. But it had no engine. Instead, a string was attached at a point near the three-bladed rotor. It was designed to be flown as a kite.

Chupp had patented his scientific toy in 1939. He hoped to have it on the market for American kids to fly by the following spring, but war interfered. The patent drawings were there in Washington for anyone to see. And German Intelligence overlooked no bets—the Nazis grabbed Chupp's toy and made a war weapon out of it!

The German version had a wing span of 12 feet. It was big enough to carry a sailor aloft in a seat hung just under the three-bladed rotor. Attached to a heavy line, it was flown kitewise from the conning tower of a sub. A towing speed of a few knots would keep it in the air.

With an observer 400 feet aloft to warn off an enemy's approach, the Nazis down in the sub felt a lot safer. If warning came in time, the kite was pulled down on a windlass an to the deck before the sub w der. If seconds were precious t just cut kite and observer loc crash-dived. Those kite ae were strictly expendable!

In every war, kites have tur in some startling new role. T markably accurate shooting antiaircraft gunners in World was the result of practice with genious target kite. The Arn Navy spent millions in developi kind of kite alone. Manufactu everything from tennis rack grand pianos were put to work r kites. Convoys were protecte enemy dive bombers by big "b kites" flown from the decks c erty ships.

A simple yellow kite was p the lifesaving equipment aboa of thousands of lifeboats and It held aloft the antenna of a sending set that automatically si S O S, and it showed searchers the castaways were.

Some of our war uses of kit still top secret but a good man of man-carrying size were bui turned over to the Signal Corps. newer military uses for kites are explored in guarded governmen ratories right now. In spite of pr in planes and rockets, the ancie of building and flying kites is portant as ever.

Man-carrying kites are not a idea. Two hundred and fifty ago in Japan a daring highwa used a kite to lift him so that he peek over the wall of the Emp palace. As a result the Son of H decreed that henceforth the si kites was to be limited to mode large enough to lift a man.

Kites were flown in the Orie centuries before they reached Eu but in the Boer War, kites lifted ish army observers into the air s they could observe distant e movements. Armies of most na have used the same stunt sinc good many of our parents s demonstrated at country fairs

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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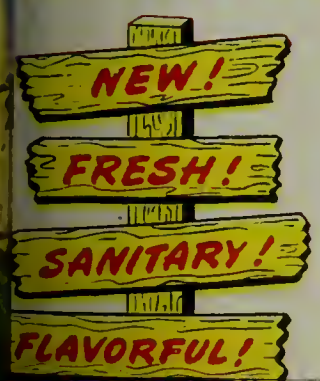

And what a frank! A taste treat so tender it fairly melts in your mouth. Nor does the story end here. For to bring 'em to you at the peak of their tantalizing flavor—they're made fresh daily in our kitchens from coast to coast and come sealed—8 to 10 to a pound—in cellophane for your protection. What's more, each pack bears the name Swift's Premium your guarantee of quality. Highlight your din-

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OLD FORESTER. 100 Proof. Bottled in Bond. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky.

seaside resorts, where a train of half a dozen huge kites was used. Any one of them could almost support a man, so even if something went wrong with one or more of the kites, the passenger would not crash.

After the kites were well up in the regions where the winds are steady, a bosun's seat was attached to the line and the passenger climbed in. Guy ropes attached to the bosun's seat were held by two men standing some distance apart, to keep it steady. The passenger could be lifted to quite a height.

In 1901, in Newfoundland, Marconi used a long radio antenna attached to a kite to receive the first wireless messages ever flashed across the Atlantic. This is standard Signal Corps practice today.

Three years before Benjamin Franklin's famous experiment, in 1749, Dr. Alexander Wilson in Glasgow attached thermometers to kites and sent them aloft in studying the causes of weather changes.

For many years the U.S. Weather Bureau got most of its dope on tomorrow's weather from instruments raised high into the air by kites. The government men maintained 17 regular kite-flying stations at scattered points throughout the country. To get greater altitudes they often flew their kites in tandem: a number of kites straining at the same line. In a brisk wind, a rig like that often exerted a pull of several hundred pounds. Piano wire was the only thing strong enough to hold the kites and at the same time light enough to let them fly.

The weathermen hung up their all-time altitude record on May 5, 1910, at Mount Weather, Virginia. They hooked up 10 kites on a string and began paying out piano wire. By the time they had unwound eight and a half miles of wire the top kite had reached an altitude of nearly five miles!

When the Bureau dropped kites in the early thirties, it was not because planes and balloons could do the job better. It was because fliers began to complain about the danger of having a prop smashed or a wing sheared off by an almost invisible piano wire stretching for miles into the sky.

Nearly all the pioneers of aviation—Bell, Langley, Chanute, Curtiss, Gallaudet, and the Wright Brothers in particular—got lessons in aerodynamics from kites. The invention of the box kite by Lawrence Hargrave in 1893 led straight to the first successful flight at Kitty Hawk.

A Milestone in Aviation Progress

A nearly forgotten father of the science of flight, Hargrave was born in London, taken to live in Australia when he was 16. He was one of the first to build a model airplane that actually flew. But his plane, like all powered models of the time, was extremely unstable. It was in the search for a stable type of heavier-than-air machine that Hargrave developed the box kite. Simple as the invention seems today, it opened a new era in aeronautical thinking. Many another scientist who found he was able to go just so far in designing a plane turned to experiments with box kites to learn more about aerodynamics.

Even toy kites have come in mighty handy at times. When Edward Wellman Serrell was ready to build his famous suspension bridge across Niagara Gorge, he used kites to carry the first line across. The kite string was then used to pull a heavier line over, and then a heavi until the first steel cable could be across.

"Skywriting" with kites was practice before airplanes took o 14-year-old kid named Frank S started it at the St. Louis Exposi 1904, and the sign that fluttered fr kite string like a long ribbon advertisement for corsets. For years Frank skywrote with kite Times Square in New York, adve such early movie thrillers as Birt Nation and Orphans of the Storm, where others were doing well at th business.

Are you a frustrated flier? An a meteorologist? An aerial experi who likes the thrills of stunt flyi also likes to keep his feet on the g Then fly a kite.

According to its function, you may be a work of art—like many Chinese and Japanese kites—desig be marveled at; or it may be an e flying device. It may be of almo size. Many a fan has built model a few inches high, using broom s for sticks, and flown them with s thread. At the other extreme were of the box kites built by Alexander ham Bell while he was testing his th on heavier-than-air craft. They w big as cow barns and were towed steamship to launch them in flight!

You'll hardly want to start with thing quite that big. But when it to size, remember that a kite onl feet high and five wide has 25 squar of lifting surface. And that's more an average man will want to try to on to in a 20-mile wind!

There are more kinds of kites anyone could build and fly in a life There are few good books on kites, little patient digging ought to tur a few dozen different designs. Pe you'll find you've turned inventor added a few ideas of your own.

Box kites are, of course, more plicated to build than plane-surface They may be four-sided, six-sided, sided, or round. There are also *com tions* of box and plane-surface kite

Because its aerodynamic qualitie nearly perfect, the Eddy kite has s as the basis for many advanced kit signs. It is a single-surface kite an of the simplest to build. A well- Eddy kite will almost leap out of hand in a two-mile breeze and will as steady as a B-29. It has all the b stability of a fine glider and needs n to balance it.

The inventor of this remarkable gadget, William Abner Eddy, wa mous more than thirty years ago a pioneer of the art of aerial photogr and developed his kite for that pur It's still fun to take aerial pictures c

KEY-RING CIRCUS

Here's one for the kitchen door.
No. Our house in Sagamore.
This, I think, unlocks the back
Of that clock we gave to Mac.
Try this. No, that's for the trunk
Holding all your books and junk.
That one there shaped like a crank
Came with Junior's piggy bank.
These are both for luggage locks,
This one? For your tackle box.
This? The bronze one flat and heavy?
Glove compartment—our old Chevvy.
Watch your temper, will you, please?
Why can't you keep track of keys?
Well, don't stand there mute and mopin
Get a file and pry it open.

—Dorothy B. Griswol

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PARIS

old homestead with a camera slung under a good, steady kite. All you need is plenty of understanding of both cameras and kites.

Kite fights are all the rage in Korea, and are just as much fun anywhere else. The Korean fighting kite is a small job, usually not over 20 inches high. A fighting kite is deliberately designed with imperfect balance—yet not imperfect enough to require a tail, which would get fouled in the string and interfere with maneuvering. It must be sufficiently unstable so that when you let go the string suddenly, your kite will swoop and plunge in the air, sacrificing stability for maneuverability.

A section of the string is coated with glue and then sprinkled with ground glass or sand. Before the duel can begin, you and your opponent have to get your kites well up into the air. At the word "go" the dogfight starts. Each duelist tries to maneuver the cutting edge of his string across the string of the other kite. Then with a sawing motion he tries to cut the other string. The fight goes on until one of the two drops out of the sky.

Fishermen, Take Notice!

That's only one of many ways to have fun with kites. Kite fishing is serious business with the Solomon Island natives but here at home it's a top-flight sport. You can do it either from the beach or from a boat. It takes plenty of skill but the excitement is worth it. From a beach, a kite will get your fishing line much farther out than you could possibly cast it.

You can buy your tackle ready-made or make it yourself. If you make it, however, be sure to cover your kite with material that will withstand a soaking.

Get your kite up and then attach your fishline to the kite string. Let the fishline run free through a clothespin pinched on to the flying line. Then let them both out together. As your fish strikes, he'll jerk the fishline free of the flying line and you pull him in without disturbing the kite.

If you're out after altitude records, fly your kites in tandem. It's a man-sized job to handle several big kites at one time. Most people who go in for the big-kite stuff use anything from heavy fishline up to half-inch rope. Experts advise against piano wire because of the danger from power lines. Veterans like Frank Seyfang hand-fly their big kites, but many others use a reel securely fastened to the ground.

In tandem flying you get one kite well up first. Then you fly a second kite on a hundred feet or so of line and tie the short line to the long one. The more kites you get on your line the higher you can go.

For all the thrills of stunt flying without leaving the ground you'll want to try the acrobatic kite developed by Commander Paul Edward Garber as a target for aeronautical gunnery practice.

A veteran pilot and authority on all phases of flying, Garber, is curator of the National Air Museum in Washington. He is also an old hand at building and flying kites. After experimenting with many types of kites he chose the Eddy kite as the basis for the best aerial target ever invented.

Manipulated by a stick that is held in both hands, Garber's kite will climb, nose-dive, loop the loop, or do figure eights under perfect control. Garber claims you can easily do skywriting with it. It looks exactly like a stunting plane, and in a 20-mile wind it will maneuver at speeds up to 60 or 70 miles an hour.

To the Eddy kite Garber added a horizontal stabilizer and rudder like those on a plane. These are fastened in front of the vertical stick at the bottom. Two lines run from the two ends of a short rudder bar through two pulleys fastened to the crosspiece of the kite a few inches each side of the center.

These lines come down to the two ends of the control stick you hold in your hands and are wound on a neat, double reel in the center of the stick. Half an hour's practice teaches you how to make the kite maneuver by manipulating the stick.

Your real kite enthusiast wants straight spruce or basswood for his frames; tough, reinforced paper, balloon cloth, silk, cotton or rayon for his covering. He wants flying line that is both strong and light, good glue, good tools and instruments.

For an air-minded generation, kites—basic aircraft—have a new meaning and a new importance. Almost every time you fly one you learn something you didn't know about flying craft and about the air that has added a third dimension to man's living.

So watch out for those colorful specks in the sky. Better still, get your hands on a flying line yourself, and see how hard it is to let go. For ancient as it is, this custom of soaring with your feet on the ground is as fresh and exciting as ever.

THE END

TRANSPOSAGRAMS

BY ALAN MURRAY

Detective Watkins sped to Toledo with this order: "Keep your eyes on the chief suspect in the Leroy case." But he found five different important suspects. At first he tried to keep up with the movements of all five, with the result that he lost track of all of them most of the time. He was stymied until a transposagram came from headquarters, solving his problem:

SINGLE MOUNTAIN FLOWER

| | | |

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

y an aroused conscience and a will to e right thing will help the issue.
EDWARD C. PHELPS, Jenkintown, Pa.

Ve, the descendants of families who heir very existence to black mam- owe them a debt. Why not repay it eing that their descendants get a deal? Give them equal educational tunities, the vote and allow them to jobs that their capabilities fit them n these troubled times we all need to ogether and we cannot fight Commu- if we act like commissars ourselves. the name of my signer ancestor as I e he would agree with me.
CARTER BRAXTON

BUNNY, BUNNY, BUNNY!

SIRS: I feel it my duty to report that Bunny McLeod recently cried: "It's g walk, but think how much nearer be after you get there!" That was after she referred to herself as a ea pigeon." Also, returning from party the other night, she yawned: hum! One night in a row is enough!"
SCOOP CONLON, Hollywood, Cal.

y, we hear by radario, also cried: re was I, left holding the jack pot!"

OH, KAYE!

SIR: I have just read in your issue ar. 27th the letter written by Edward nson of Los Angeles, about deport- Charlie Chaplin, Danny Kaye, and rs.

you don't want Danny Kaye send him here posthaste! This brilliant young holds a very large place in our hearts I, like many others I have spoken to, ot believe that his political creeds are y way antisocial. We are only waiting for his return visit to give him one of iggest welcomes anyone ever received.
PAMELA M. CURL, London, England

JIMMY CRACK CORN

TLEMEN: In The House at Hyde Park . 10th) you reproduce the words of ny Crack Corn, an "old-time ballad" right credit being given to Leeds Music p., 1944-45. This ballad, one of Presi- Lincoln's favorites, appears in a book Minstrel Songs published in the '80s by er Ditson & Co., containing the words music of same. Unless the copyright has been changed recently, the extreme t of copyright is 56 years. Then the erial becomes public domain. How, , can anyone now possess the copyright ership of Jimmy Crack Corn?
FRANZ R. WAGNER, Richland Center, Wis.

publishers own only the copyright to Burl Ives musical arrangement. The ds are public domain.

THE GENERAL SPEAKS OUT

: Regrettably, I think, you let Donald inson in Does The Army Want The erves? (Apr. 10th) echo over the grave Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair latter's completely discredited and mis- ing attack on the National Guard. neral McNair, however, should be erstood for what he was: a gallant and ere believer in the Prussian type of itary establishment. He captained a erful group of that belief in the Regu- Army; men so sincere that they were loyal to the Congress and to their own ief of Staff in their efforts to subvert the in provisions as well as the spirit of the tional Defense Act.

It is right shocking, in 1948, after the rd made in combat by the organiza- ns, men, and officers of the Guard— m New England's 26th Division to the uthwest's 45th—to have Lesley J. Mc- ir's bones rattled to their attempted dis- credit. As to the Guard: Its roots are far in the English-speaking past; it is based on the belief that a free nation's defense must depend at last on the mood-to-serve of its citizenry — and that nation-state-city-county should be tied together in a mutuality of effort and of willingness.
JAMES E. EDMONDS, Camp Lee, Va.

IT BEATS THE DUTCH!

DEAR SIR: To be reading Collier's again is just like heaven after five long years of physical and intellectual misery, under the Nazis, but I feel frustration every time I read a sports feature. It is all about baseball: There's home plate, first, second and third base—a "pitcher" throws a ball to a husky fellow armed with a big club. He proceeds to knock the ball somewhere in the next state and as the ball is on its way the hitter and several other chaps start running like blazes to be the first to kick a bag of flour on a certain spot. The umpire gets knocked over, concedes the run or the point or whatever it is, the spectators go crazy, or choke on their "hot dog" and everybody's happy—that's what it looks like to a European reader.

Please have pity with your "far-flung readers" and write a simple article to tell us what it's all about. Your American readers will think we're just half-witted yokels who mistake Babe Ruth for the leading lady in last year's Technicolor musical . . . but we'll get hep, is it?
J. M. CAMBIER, Antwerp, Belgium

18

GENTLEMEN: I am eighteen and a devoted reader of your magazine. Congratulations to Hannah Lees on her article, It's Hard To Be Your Age (Apr. 17th). It couldn't have been written any plainer!
DOROTHY E. KANGAS, Chicago, Ill.

THE TALKING MAN

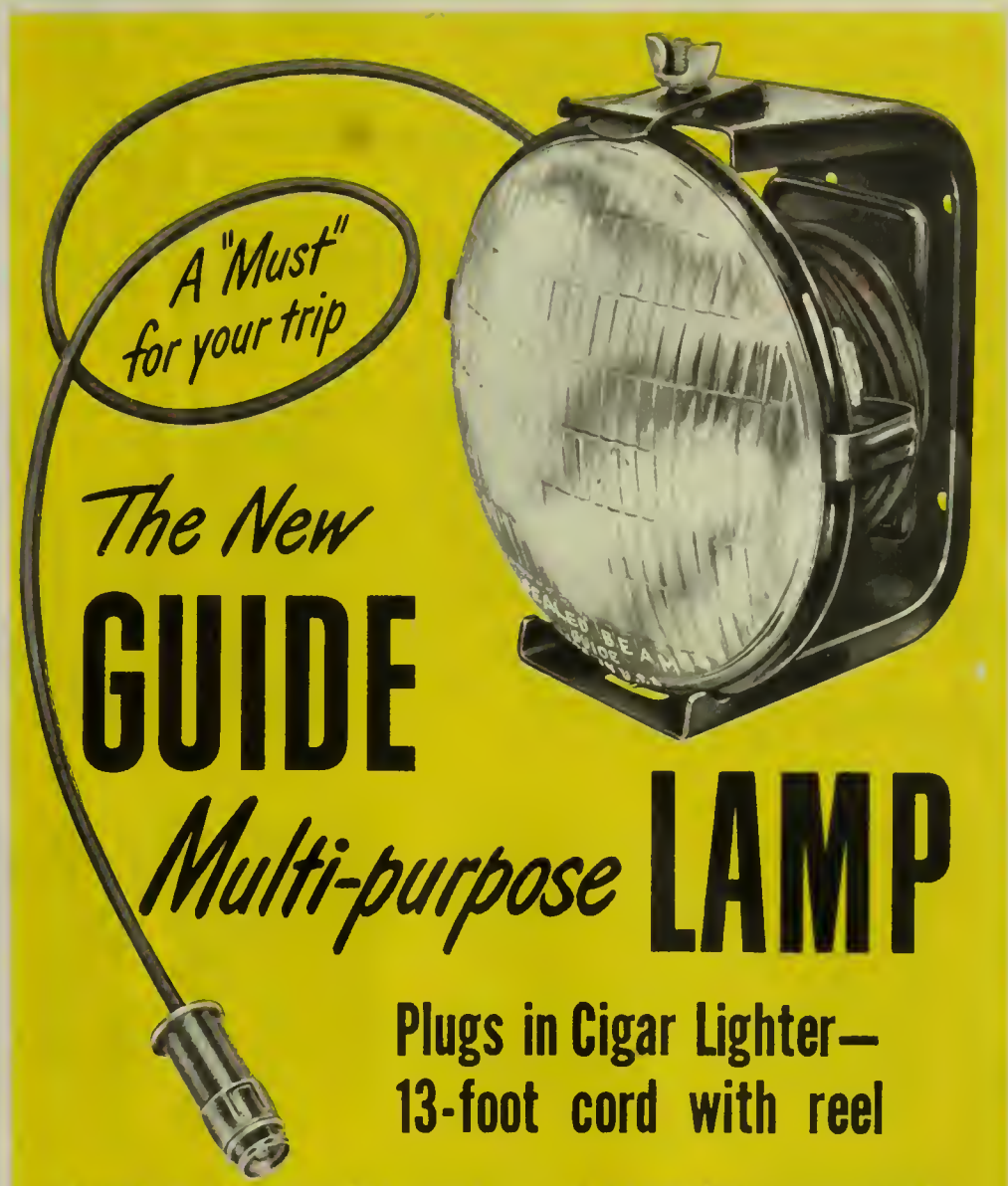
DEAR SIR: Who does Varipapa think he is kidding when he says he can't bowl with a ball for more than 40 games because he wears the thumb hole out from spinning it? His bowling balls that I have seen were a lot more battle-scarred than 40 games. (Collier's Sports, Apr. 10th.)

Camera close-ups will show that Varipapa's thumb is out of his ball first. So how can he spin a ball on his thumb with his fingers still in it?
FRED BAUGH, Bend, Oregon

Varipapa, the Talking Machine, explains in his quaint first-to-third person way: "Varipapa does not spin the ball on his thumb. The thumb leaves the ball a split second before the fingers release and it is the fingers that produce the rotary action. But Varipapa uses the snuggest thumb hole of all the good bowlers and the tight fit makes friction-heat. Varipapa's thumb swells quickly—especially in hot weather when the blood is thin. Sometimes I shift balls—Varipapa carries several spares with larger thumb holes. Sometimes I enlarge the thumb hole with sandpaper as the match progresses."

TOP KNOTCH

SIRS: Always wanted to know what happens to the babies with topknots . . . when said very top-knotted baby grows up? Now, after looking over your Apr. 10th issue, we know! Glum . . . Glum . . . F. C.



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GO TO SLEEP

BY JAMES DUGAN

Nobody knows quite what sleep is, but many a tortured hour is spent seeking it. Read this wide-awake article—and sleep

RECENTLY medical science has been completely buffaloed by a strange case. A ent went to sleep and stayed that for one third of his lifetime. He e out of it without medical aid felt good. He cocked a cheerful at the medicos, yawned prettily said, "How come I went to sleep that, huh?"

he attending specialists groaned. of them said, "Riddles he asks. en, Mister, frankly, we don't have ıe. We don't know beans about it."

his is a true case in medical annals. hing rare about it either. The ent was the entire human race, ch everybody knows sleeps about third of its lifetime, eight hours crack. The fact that this goes on y night everywhere doesn't make doctors any happier. They don't w why we go to sleep, or what den button is pressed to knock us , or who presses the button, if e is a button. A pretty pickle in- d, for medical science!

isn't because the medical pro- ion hasn't tried to solve it. More k has been done on sleep than all brain-flogging that went into lear fission, but on sleep the report d reads zero. There are a half- en cute theories. Pick out any —or make up your own—and you l know as much about it as the fessors who have been going with- sleep trying to find out why we p.

Let us begin with the physiological ory of sleep. It says that sleep is esult of the lessening of the volume d velocity of the blood in the brain. is is the known cause of fainting. of course sleep isn't fainting. You ve to be shocked to faint.

Or the chemical theory. The idea e is that the human body when in ion manufactures some sort of ret chemical which has the effect a Mickey Finn along about mid- ht. You cook up enough of the mical, it knocks you out. After u're on the canvas the body stops king the chemical, the cells are re- arged with energy, and bango! u're on your feet and singing in the ower. Very pretty.

Now for the biological theory. This ool of thought laughs at such naïve ories as blood on the brain and ockout drops. The biologists say sleep because we can't help it. It's built-in animal instinct.

The psychoanalysts have a cunning planation of their own. They say sleep because of a subconscious version to childhood, that along out midnight everyone unknow- gly wants to get back in the bassinet d put his big toe in his mouth.

Ponder also the sleep theory of the te Professor A. Mouneyrat of the rench Academy of Science. The pro- ssor said sleep was caused by a mys- rious gas in the air we breathe. He lled it *somnifer*. Mouneyrat said he ound *somnifer* thick in country air; was probably generated by plant fe. But hard as he tried Mouneyrat ould never bottle any *somnifer*. Professor Mouneyrat pointed out that *somnifer* required acres of foliage to produce enough to fell a grown man. There is no use getting up and sniffing window boxes when you can't sleep.

Men of science cannot agree on what causes sleep, nor can they make up their minds on how many hours of sleep you need per day. Eight is the magic number people believe in. Why eight was selected as official is the Number Two mystery of sleep. No other age in history followed it.

In the Middle Ages the *Regimen sanitatis salernitanum*, the authoritative doctor book, said six hours was enough. An English jingle of 400 years ago went:

> *"Nature requires five,*
> *Custom gives seven,*
> *Laziness takes nine,*
> *And wickedness eleven."*

Two hundred years ago people believed six hours were enough for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool.

Two present-day scientists have questioned the eight-hour figure by putting themselves through sleep experiments in an effort to find what nature wants from us in diurnal rest. The results differed drastically between the two sleeping scientists, and neither finding supported the eight-hour theory.

The first of these scientists was R. Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the Dymaxion automobile, the Fuller mass-produced house and a new system for mapping the world. Twenty years ago "Bucky" Fuller moved to a lonely house in Nebraska to work out theoretical studies on a new type of human dwelling, a "machine for living." While at work with his drafting board and slide rule he determined to find out what nature dictates as human animal sleep.

Fuller had observed as a submariner in World War I that men on prolonged combat duty could stand to for a week if necessary with amazingly little sleep and still keep their health and alertness. He had also observed the intermittent sleep habits of babies and of the household cat. He asked in his experiment if there was a sleep pattern like this for modern man, a habit lost before civilization.

As a brain worker, his sign of fatigue was when his mind wandered from the equations before him. When this happened he went to bed. He trained his will to leap out of bed the moment he awakened, and went back to his job. Following the cycles of fatigue and rest and reawakening as they naturally occurred, Fuller began within a month to penetrate the biological secrets of human sleep.

The cycle was astounding. Fuller found that he was sleeping four times a day, on an average of a half hour at a time. He followed the natural cycle for over a year, sleeping four times a day, two hours in 24. Regular medical check-ups established that he was keeping normal health and weight for a man of thirty-two.

The second scientist who tried to

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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find natural sleep habits was Professor Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago Sleep Laboratory. He lived for a month in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky to dig sleep. Without trying to find intermittent sleep patterns, Kleitman shut himself off from sun and weather to see what happened. The professor discovered that his sleep cycle turned over every 28 hours. Kleitman thus discovered the 28-hour day, while Bucky Fuller discovered the six-hour day. Waddaya know about sleep?

Professor Kleitman has been investigating sleep for 25 years in his Chicago lab. He is not satisfied with ivory-tower research. He has trundled his measuring machines back home and fastened them to the beds of his pretty teen-aged daughters. The gadgets give Papa readings of their hearts, breath, brain impulses, and bodily movements in sleep. The professor has also invaded homes up and down the block with his seismographs and counters. The whole neighborhood is wired for sound.

Experimenting on a Fraternity

Professor Kleitman's findings after 25 years of sleep research have differed from those of other sleep experts. At Colgate University in the late twenties Dr. Donald A. Laird put the entire Phi Kappa Psi fraternity through two years of sleeping in gas masks, hooked up with his recording machines. Laird said in his report that the deepest sleep is reached about one hour after you cork off. All these fraternity brothers and everything, and do you know what Kleitman says? Twaddle, he says. Periods of deep and light sleep alternate throughout the night, according to Professor Kleitman.

The Colgate experiment wasn't a total waste of college boys, however. They proved that the blood pressure goes down in sleep. Noise will step up the heart pump without necessarily awakening the sleeper. City folk who pride themselves on being able to sleep through taxi horns, singing drunks and garbage-can concertos are having their rest disturbed nonetheless.

Professor Kleitman has deflated the notion that prolonged sleeplessness makes you crazy. He has kept people awake for five days without making them any nuttier than they were for agreeing to such a trial. He himself has stayed awake for 180 hours and states that it did not make him crazy. What Professor Kleitman has discovered about the cause of sleep in 25 years of devoted study will give you an idea of how tough the problem is. Sleep, he says, "is the result of the inability to keep awake."

The professor is a sworn enemy of the double bed. One of the few points of agreement among sleep scholars is a loud recommendation of twin beds. Throughout the United States there are six double beds for each pair of singles. The moralists got in ahead of the scientists with the slogan, "Twin beds make for divorce." It is a solid folk belief. The scientists say it's the biggest fib there is. Actually, they say, the double bed is the villain of the piece. It is the main point for passing secondary infections such as colds between husband and wife. Perfectly normal sleeping postures and movements of one bedmate will rob the other of sleep.

A big mattress firm recently received a plaintive note from a newlywed chap which illustrates still another shortcoming of the double bed. He complained that when he went to sleep with his arm around his wife, the arm went to sleep too. Rather than tone down his affection by withdrawing the arm, he wanted the firm to build a mattress with a groove across the top to accommodate his ever-loving limb. Science growls at this sentimental fellow and says get twin beds.

Benjamin Franklin was the greatest friend that twin beds have ever had. Ben's theory makes mattress manufactur-

ers drool in ecstasy. He advocate
double beds for each sleeper. Fra
said we often awake in the night be
the bed is too warm. He kept a
standing by, whose cool sheets he l
into when the first bed got uncom
ble.

There is a light trend of the mo
toward seven-foot-square beds and
circular beds, but we have some w
go before we match the Great B
Ware, mentioned in Shakesp
Twelfth Night. It was giant size—
12 feet square. The original is in the
toria and Albert Museum in Lo
Mattress manufacturers come fro
over the globe to bow down and pra
fore it.

The big fuss over sleep and ho
achieve it is relatively new stuff.
fore the mid-19th century, people se
to have merely slept and only
bothered about insomnia. People
know how badly off they were. They
on a hard cotton or cornhusk pa
rope slings or wooden slats, or in
bilized themselves in the depths
feather tick. The rich had resilient
mattresses, which are still being m
factured.

There were no bedsprings until
before the Civil War, when James I
of Watertown, New York, looked
at his coil-spring buggy seat and
"By gum, this doohickey might be
for beds." By putting his discover
the market, Liddy not only made
more comfortable, but made p
realize for the first time that sleep
be made more comfortable. They h
thought of it before. Then the liter
on how to sleep began and insomnia
discovered.

A cheesebox manufacturer in K
sha, Wisconsin, Zalmon G. Simn
introduced the first machine-made
spring mattress in 1889, and in the l
James Marshall of Toronto, Ont
patented the "Marshall Unit," the gr
daddy of the inner-spring mattress.

It took thirty years before this
improvement in sleep equipment
mass-produced. In the next quarter
tury the inner-spring mattress inv
four out of five American homes.

Father Adam Proves a Theory

And now the Dugan Theory of S
It's as unscientific as anybody's th
to date. It says that there are fast s
ers and slow sleepers. The slow slee
are that great majority of the hu
race who require eight or more h
sleep. Father Adam was the first
sleeper. The Bible records how "J
vah God caused a deep sleep to fall
the man, and he slept; and He took
of his ribs, and closed up the flesh
stead thereof; and the rib, which J
vah God had taken from the man, n
He a woman, and brought her unto
man." Anybody who sleeps this sou
is likely to find himself in trouble
he wakes up: Imagine Adam's surp

The fast sleepers, such as Benja
Franklin, usually make a big dent in
tory. John Calvin, one of the r
founders of Protestantism, habitu
went without sleep for 48 hours. Ju
Caesar hacked out an empire on cat
that added up to about four hours' s
a day. Thomas A. Edison invented
phonograph, the electric light and
motion picture on a fast four hours
day.

Charles Darwin, author of The O
of Species, was a record-breaking
sleeper. Some of the most brilliant
in biological study were formed in
half-waking dreams, which shot him
of bed to a pad and pencil.

Most of the fast sleepers have acqu
the knack of catching a restful cat
any time they choose. Today, there
more and more people who take
time naps.

The siesta is not confined to L

s. U.S. college students have acticed two bedtimes in 24. e among the few North Ameri- ose work schedules permit the In the Balkans, particularly via, the working day is split by our break, between eleven and en businesses close down for hopping, strolling and sleeping. go to work early and work late, nage to put in an efficient work-

Advanced Science Group in gton has couches in its offices and ories. Scientists have found that hen and where you need it makes e efficient brainwork. Buckmin- iller argues with employers to aytime napping throughout U.S. to get the full efficiency out of ees, quoting experiments with orkers as well as production em- to prove the advantages of solv- gue with a short nap instead of employees to gold-brick over ork.

matter of fact, thousands of ve offices in the United States ouches and settees into which the g man may retire for naps, pro- by his secretary against exposure act. This doesn't necessarily mean e snoozer has been naughty the efore. It recognizes the simple fact tigue occurs in midday and may ed by a siesta.

tion to Transposagram on page 74

GLE MOUNTAIN FLOWER

LOW MAN IN GREEN SUIT

mnia came into the picture in in- ratio to the increase in sleeping rt. The sleep scientists say that nsomnia is psychosomatic. Pro- H. M. Johnson, a big sleep man he Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, nsomnia is usually nothing more emembrance of wakeful periods, everyone has in sleep. In his 25 of the study of sleep, Professor on has observed thousands of rs by means of measuring devices op-motion photography.

attaching a device to a bedspring, snapped a picture when the sleeper , he found that normal sleepers e position twenty to sixty times t. We simply don't sleep "like a The only sleeper Professor John- er studied who remained motion- r seven hours was an insane man had been heavily drugged. Profes- leitman says, "If you don't stir rly in your sleep, you'll wake up s a board." The body must find l positions for all its parts, which we are usually changing positions ten minutes or so while asleep.

nson and Kleitman have estab- that all sleepers have moments of ulness and semiconsciousness dur- e night. You're a psychosomatic niac if you get thinking about it. ssor Johnson checked self-admitted nia sufferers against people who claim to have it and found that sleep graphs worked out about the Of course, there are actual insom- but most of the people going d claiming they can't sleep are g as much sack time as the guy who heard of the word insomnia.

fessor Kleitman says coffee drink- nd eating before bedtime have little on sleep. A Dagwood sandwich milk before bed never hurt anybody, ot people who have heard that ice- raiding steals sleep and don't want boil the theory.

e Chicago sleep sage says, "Any for insomnia that puts you to sleep e best one." There are a million of , ranging from sleep records to counting sheep. If exercise works, by all means spar a couple of rounds with the canary cage. Warm baths are nice —if they put you to sleep. Reciting The Shooting of Dan McGrew may help. But leave sleeping pills alone unless you are actually ill and they are administered by a physician. Professor Kleitman says one good way of conquering wakeful sleep is to go to bed an hour earlier than usual.

Robert Southey, the poet laureate, brought on the sandman by recalling divinity lectures he had heard in college. E. W. Scripps, founder of the newspaper chain, got a yacht and boarded it from his downtown New York office after work each day and put to sea. Far from the sound of Coney Island and the auroral glow of Broadway, Scripps would order the engines shut down; the sea anchor was cast and the publisher took his eight on the calm Atlantic breast. This method is highly recommended to city dwellers, if you live near water and are a millionaire.

In Kansas City a sleepless advertising man has built a business he calls Insomniacs Anonymous. The original idea was that friends who couldn't sleep would call up each other and talk until they were so bored that sleep came. But the thing has grown until strangers now call strangers, using phone numbers supplied at a dollar each. Subscribers are catalogued according to mutual interests, so the golf addict can always find another sleepless golfer to knock him out on the telephonic eighteenth tee.

The Eyeball-Rolling Technique

My own favorite in the literature of Nod is the Phenomenon of Sleep Solved by Luther Stockton Fish, published in Cleveland in 1911. Fish has an eyeball-rolling theory. He says you should pick out a point in the ceiling away over your head and roll your eyes back USING WILL POWER until you think you can see the speck. Your bedmate may get alarmed, seeing nothing but the whites of your eyes, but carry on anyway. Then, says Fish, empty your lungs of air and count fifteen heartbeats.

If you quit at ten, you're a cream puff and will never get to sleep by the Fish method.

Now start inhaling; keep drawing in the air while you count fifteen more heartbeats. At this point, a little physiology you might not know about: Fish says there is a pet cock inside the human windpipe. Are you holding it? Now, says Fish, you close the pet cock by yelling "HUK!" If you have followed Fish step by step, you will be asleep. Or—HUK!—dead.

Sometimes I have bad nights when I can run off several Huks! without getting the old pet cock closed. When this happens I keep on going in Fish's book to the appendix. Here he throws in free of charge a treatise on how to keep your hair from falling out. Fish was good at all kinds of self-improvement.

Fish was against soap. He never allowed it to touch his head. He used only water. The hair-preservation essay is illustrated by photographs of the author and his head of hair. At seventy-eight Fish had a big bushy head of white hair. The pictures show him trying to tear his hair out, step by step.

Strong as Fish was from all that sleep and staying away from soap, he couldn't pull his hair out. He tries and he tries from Plate I to Plate V and you suffer with him. (Gape.) Never saw such a head of hair. (Intermittent spasm of the subhyoid muscles, causing yawning and drooping of the head.) Guy has hold his hair, trying to tear out by roots. Strong li'l guy. (Pulse becomes less frequent, the respiratory movements fewer in number.) Muss read book t'morra. Parm me. Huk! Zzzzzzzz.

THE END

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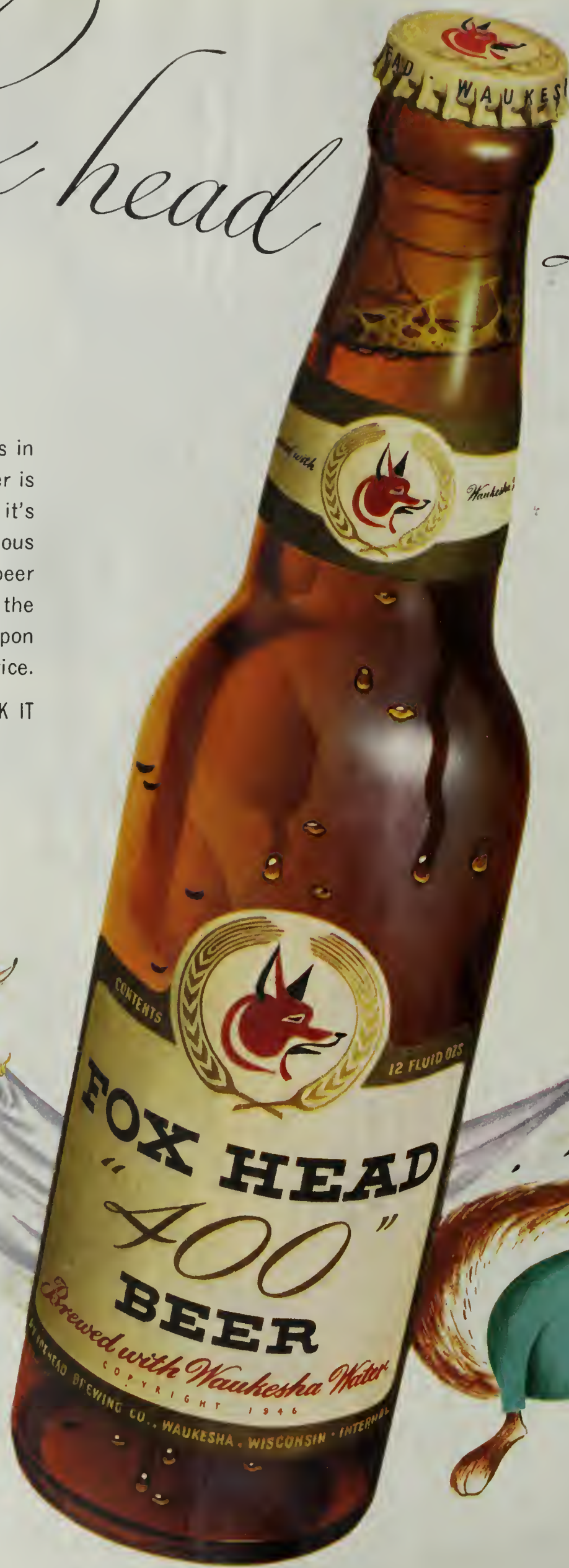

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CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

Continued from page 17

ple live their own way. Maybe such a good way—but it's theirs at's their business."

was distressed that he wouldn't d instinct to protect Sarah grew er. "She's got the right to grow up free a while before she turns into g's slavey. She's got the right to man look at her with something his eyes. I can't bear to think of arriage. It's indecent."

oes trouble you," he said.

oes," she said, and turned away. he distance toward her cabin she behind, not hearing his ax resume pping: he stood at the fire with his still behind him, the firelight mak- large shoulders larger. He was a mpressive shape against the dark- block of solidness reassuring to pon, and she looked upon him a oment before continuing on.

CBRIDE'S fire lost its yellow low and became a dull redness t the earth; he had a notion to go rking, but the thought wasn't good turned toward Billy Ashford's hut far end of the settlement.

f a dozen men were in the place he arrived, other bachelors gath- or a little talk before the day was and Rose Ann's father and Hobart g. A jug of blue ruin stood on the with a few tin cups. MacBride d and drank his tot, stood a mo- to get the hang of the conversation t down in the corner, wedging his ders between two other men.

let the talk roll around him, while e some thought to Hobart Walling. nan's short body carried consider- ower in it, heavy muscles with short to them; he had a flushed face ly marked by smallpox, and there pale scars on the high edge of his ead, no doubt from rough-and-tum- ghts in the past. He was an ener- reature; even now his vitality made estless. He said to Billy Ashford, much you pay for this liquor?"

uple dollars a gallon."

ell, it's not bad."

ell," said Ashford, "it's terrible. I'm ised at your judgment."

drink's a drink," said Walling.

e talk turned to cougars in the hills d town. It swung from cougars to and from food to the coming of tmas. MacBride hung his hands his doubled knees and idly mas- his knuckles. The drink did him good. He dropped his head and closed his eyes, listening to Walling's voice.

Billy Ashford said, "Hear you're going to get married, Hobart."

"Sunday."

"I'll be glad when a few more women get into this country," said Ashford.

"You can pick up a good squaw any time," said Walling.

There was a small silence, which Ashford presently filled with his most casual question: "You had one a couple years ago? What happened to her?"

"Oh," said Walling, putting it aside as a thing of no consequence. "I sent her back to her people."

MacBride opened his eyes and gave Walling a closer glance. The silence went on, and Walling, feeling it, stared around the group. His eyes closed down somewhat. He said briefly, "Nothing unusual about it. A lot of men have done it." His glance stopped on MacBride and he said, with a lift to his tone, "What's wrong about it?"

"I hadn't said," replied MacBride.

"Well, then, let's not discuss it."

"I'm not," said MacBride. He got up from his crowded corner. "Billy, it was a good drink. When that jug runs out, I'll buy the next gallon." He took time to fill and light his pipe at the candle, the light dancing against his eyes, making them sparkle; and then he ducked his head beneath the low doorway and left Ashford's. He went on slowly, mouth puckered around the pipe stem, his head down and his hands behind him. At the fork of the pathway he paused a moment and then, he turned toward the Lord cabin.

AFTER breakfast, with the house swept, Rose Ann took her bucket down the trail to a small meadow beyond the settlement and milked the cow. A third of the milk she poured into skim pans and set them out to cool on the covered shelf; the rest of it she divided into three small buckets, one for the Ballards, one for the Snows, one for the Lords. These were the latest arrivals in the settlement and therefore the poorest. Setting out to deliver the pails, she looked toward the river and saw MacBride already working at the saw pits. He stood above a log on one of the pits, guiding a long crosscut through the log while some man, not seen by her, stood down in the pit beneath the log at the other end of the saw. She noticed that there was a crew at the second pit this morning; he had found extra workers.

She delivered her last pail to Mrs. Lord, who was working up bread, surrounded by five of her younger children. "I don't know what I'd do without milk, Rose Ann. It's good to have neighbors. Lord's working now. Hawley MacBride hired him for the saw pit. Now then, if his health don't break down—"

"What's the matter with his health?" asked Rose Ann.

"Always been a frail man, strong as he looks. His energy just runs out."

Rose Ann walked to the doorway and looked across the clearing to Hawley MacBride on the saw-pit log. Her eyelids almost touched as she watched his body swinging up and down with the saw, and her mouth softened. She spoke over her shoulder: "Now that he's working, maybe you won't want Sarah to be married so young."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Mrs. Lord in surprise. "She's got a fine chance."

Rose Ann turned about. "Mrs. Lord, is Sarah in love with him?"

Mrs. Lord straightened from her chore and laid a hand against her side to contain some brief twitch of pain. She was not so dull and indifferent as she seemed, Rose Ann decided; her face became strong and wide-awake. "That will do for thinkin', but we got to be practical. Maybe your father can support you while you do your dreamin'. We're too poor for that. Sarah's got to do the best she can."

Rose Ann dropped her glance, embarrassed at the expression on Mrs. Lord's face. Sarah was bent over a washtub in the yard, her straw-colored hair coming down over a face freckled and pointed and plain. Rose Ann went over. Sarah's hands were red and her bones were poorly clad with flesh; she needed time to grow and she needed so much time to fill herself with things which would glow out of her and stain her features with maturity. It was hard to know much about a girl of fourteen—where the child left off and the woman began. Rose Ann tried to remember back to when she was fourteen, but she couldn't quite revive that time. She said; "Sarah—what will you call him? Hobart?"

Sarah said, "Oh, no. That would be like calling my father by his first name. I'll call him Mr. Walling."

ROSE ANN went back home to cut up a piece of beef and put it into the big iron pot. She peeled her potatoes and onions to go into the stew later; she cleaned the churn and poured into it the accumulated cream, and sat on a chair with the churn between her knees, operating the dasher up and down with a vigorous, steady stroke. She couldn't get Sarah out of her mind. It was so strange to her that she stood alone, that nobody else saw it as she saw it. Was she a queer old maid?

She thought about that and then she remembered that Hawley MacBride had hired Lord and she thought with some surprise: Why, I did make him understand a little bit.

She turned out the butter and spent half an hour kneading it. She added the vegetables to the stew and finished off the butter into pretty bricks stamped with an oak leaf. She had dinner ready for her father when he came in at noon, and later washed the dishes and straightened the house again. The afternoon came, and she stood at the window, watching the people of the settlement move around at their various chores. She saw the gray clouds rolling over the sky and the dull afternoon's glitter on the wet green trees; she saw Hobart Walling come up from the river and go into Lord's—and very suddenly she hated the man with a great

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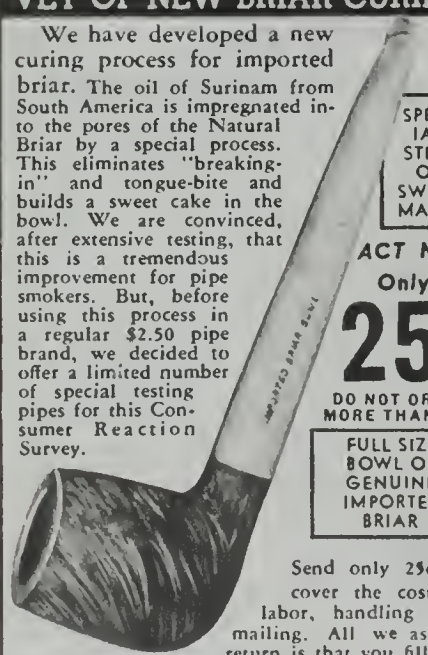

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intensity. She got her light shawl and walked directly to Mrs. Ellenwood's.

Mrs. Ellenwood was a gentlewoman who had followed a restless husband out of a comfortable New York home to this land of mud and dust. She had made the best of it. The two rooms of her small frame house were wonderfully peaceful with their rag rugs, with the rose dishes so carefully brought over the plains, and with the snow-white curtains and waxed maple chairs. She was a tall woman, still pretty at forty, and her charm made Rose Ann feel quite young. Mrs. Ellenwood occupied a rocker in her afternoon hour of leisure and knitting. She might have been a great lady in a mansion, for that was the air of the room at this moment. "Take a chair, Rose Ann."

"I'm out of the notion to be peaceful. It's Sarah that troubles me."

Mrs. Ellenwood considered Rose Ann. "You have got a very firm look on your face. I have been trying to think of a useful wedding gift for Sarah. She needs so much to start with."

"It's wrong," said Rose Ann. "Don't you think it is?"

"The girl seems to want to do it."

"To a man more than twice as old. She oughtn't think of any marriage yet."

"Well, many women have married that early—some to old men and some to men they couldn't rightly say they loved. I do observe most of these marriages turn out well."

"No," said Rose Ann, disappointed in this woman she so greatly admired. "I can't believe it. It's wrong."

Mrs. Ellenwood fell silent, and looked through the window, gentle regret on her face. She gave Rose Ann a faint smile. "It's because you can dream. There are so many girls who can't dream. They take a man and make the best of it. That's Sarah. Suppose you talked her out of it. It would be another man next year—maybe one not so well provided. What have you done to her then? I wouldn't risk changing her life. She's plain, she's poor, she's never known anything but work and dirt. She wouldn't even understand what you're talking about."

"She needs a chance to know," said Rose Ann. "She should go to school and grow up. Then she can choose a man."

"How will she get a chance to do this? Her parents won't do it for her."

"I will," said Rose Ann. "I'll take her in and raise her."

Mrs. Ellenwood shook her head. "You do surprise me. But, Rose Ann, you can't talk Lord or his wife out of a son-in-law with money." She paused, she had something further to say and hesitated to say it. "You know, Rose Ann, that men run the world. You're a girl and you've got no power to change men's minds."

"But," said Rose Ann, "a man might help me."

Curiosity was a clear thing on Mrs. Ellenwood's face. "I didn't know any man interested you."

"I didn't say that," answered Rose Ann swiftly.

A fugitive humor ran along Mrs. Ellenwood's mouth and was at once suppressed. She said something that was in contradiction with what she had said before.

"Well, Rose Ann, maybe we're so close to the earth we don't see the sky. Life's very hard in a new country and people get coarse sometimes. If it's in your heart to help Sarah, then you've got to do it."

"That helps me," said Rose Ann, and left the house.

. .

SHE stood a moment outside Mrs. Ellenwood's door. The ringing of the wood choppers' axes came from the timber, and the "swash-swash" of Hawley MacBride's saw was an unbroken rhythm. Not many men cared to work with him at the saw pits, for few of them could stand that kind of labor. Her eyes narrowed on him, watching his body grow stiff and broad-shouldered when he straightened. A group of men stood over by Kerr's store, and another man came sauntering along to join them—Hobart Walling. Presently the three went into the store.

She looked again toward MacBride, and drew a long breath, her heart beating fast. She thought: I have got to do it, and went toward the store with dread in her. It was a hard thing to pass through the door. She stopped before it with a dreadful feeling of weakness. She looked through the door, seeing Walling and the two men lounging before the counter. Kerr was behind the counter—and all of them were laughing at some joke. She stepped inside. They quit talking, Kerr giving the others a short warning with his hand. The talk hadn't been meant for her ears, she understood. She went on to the counter.

"I should like a spool of thread—black thread."

The silence of the men was one of those amused, indifferent silences; they were waiting for her to be done with her

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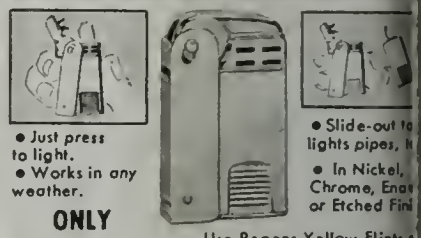

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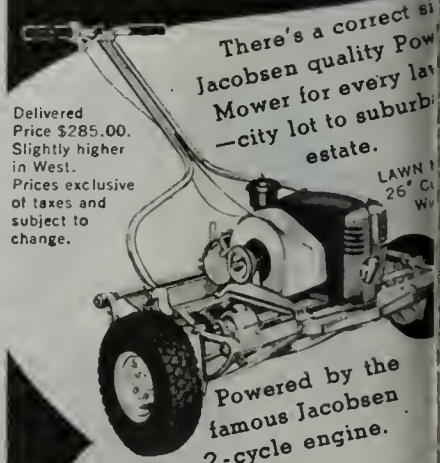

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COLLIER'S "First, let's try it over here" JOHN MILLIGAN

ng and go. She felt Walling's eyes hing her and she turned her head kly and caught the sliding, pushing ity of his glance. It didn't drop; it e boldly at her.

e said, "What are you staring at, Mr. ling? Is a woman strange to you?"

e straightened. "That's no way to to a man."

You're very brave," she said. "That efore women."

e showed her a deepening color. He ed at the other men and back at her. e not bothered you," he said shortly. home where you belong and don't o break into men's talk."

You," she said, "are a fat lunk of a ture. Do you ever shave or ever h? You smell like a barn. And here are, telling me what I ought to do. I l stay here. You do the going."

If I were your father," he said, "I'd h you your place."

You have not that intelligence, Mr. ling."

Her remark humiliated him before an ience. His instant and unthinking udice flared. "By God, get back to r place before I take you for another d of a woman."

he hit him across the face with her d. He raised his hand and reached for but she stepped aside and hit him in. She turned swiftly, remembering tack of ax handles by the door. She ed one and came back toward him. ow, then," she said, "do you mean to that grimy paw on me, Mr. Walling?"

He would have done so had not the ekeeper suddenly said, "That will be Walling."

Walling checked himself and gave se Ann a killing glance. He said, must take this up with your father. I ll not accept it."

If you step into our cabin," she said, l shoot you."

He checked himself quite suddenly: he nged his feelings in remarkably fast e. "Now," he said in a complaining ce, "who brought this on anyhow?"

en he gave the men around him a ke of his head, carefully circled Rose n and left the store.

She had not only offended Hobart alling, she noticed; she had also offded Mr. Kerr and the other two men. l men stuck together—they said nothg but they created an air that was thick th disapproval. She picked up her ead, murmuring, "That will be all, r. Kerr," and left the store. Her knees re trembling and she felt mildly giddy. She got supper, lighted the candles d turned to the doorway to wait for r father to turn the trail which came out of the lower part of town. When he swung into sight she noticed that he walked faster than usual. He saw her at the door and quickened his pace; he came on, staring at her with a tight, strict expression on his face. He went directly through the backway to wash up. She dished up and took her seat, knowing that he knew, but she said nothing when he took his place at the table. He helped himself to the meat, took one taste of it, and laid down his fork.

"Now, then," he said, "what did you say to Walling? Were you interfering in his affairs?"

"He was impolite. I slapped his face. Try the greens. I fixed them with grandmother's sauce."

"Rose Ann," said her father, "did you threaten him with a gun if he came around here?"

"Oh, yes," said Rose Ann.

"My God, that's for me to do, not for you. Now I shall have to go and demand an apology from him. You're certain—"

THE door was still open, with somebody standing in it. Talbot lifted his glance, taking care to erase the fretfulness he had displayed. He said cheerfully, "Come in, Hawley."

Rose Ann sat quite still, startled; she didn't look around until Hawley MacBride spoke to her. "Rose Ann," he said, "did you say anything to Walling about Sarah?"

She said, "I do wonder at all this excitement. No. He was impolite and I slapped him. Now that I think of it, I wish I'd slapped him again."

"Dammit," said Talbot, "you ought not become publicly involved with a man."

"Then," said Hawley MacBride, "he looked wrong at you and was impolite when you mentioned it?"

"That's what it was," said Rose Ann. "Is there a law which stops a woman from protecting herself against a man?"

Hawley MacBride said, "Maybe there ought to be a law protecting a man from a woman," and left the cabin.

"Rose Ann," complained her father, "I've got to go do a disagreeable job directly after supper. You ought to bear that in mind when you fight a man. Some other man has got to take care of it."

"Enjoy your supper first," said Rose Ann. . . .

Last seen, Hobart Walling had been traveling in the direction of Billy Ashford's cabin; and that was where MacBride found him, sitting on a corner box in the little place while Ashford threw together some kind of supper. He was crouched over with his pipe, a good drink

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of blue ruin giving him cheer and appetite; he looked up with a lively attention when MacBride stepped into the cabin, and noted the gray sparkling in MacBride's eyes. He laid his pipe carefully aside and rose from the box. He looked around him for elbow room; he squared himself. MacBride stepped across the room, lifting both arms, nodding his warning at the other man. Walling grumbled, "The hell with you," and swung out with his fists.

"Get out of my cabin to do that!" shouted Billy Ashford.

He ducked, put one foot in the fireplace, and clawed his way aside from the two stamping men. Hawley MacBride knocked down Walling's arms. He missed a blow and hit Walling with his chest. He threw out his hand and took Walling under the chin, snapping back the man's neck. Walling seized the table and tried to lift it, but MacBride tore it out of his hands and flung it aside, tin dishes, crockery jug and utensils and all coming down as a jangling rain on the floor. Walling laid his back against the cabin wall and punched. He lifted his booted leg and rammed it outward. MacBride shifted his narrow hips, came in and struck Walling on the chin. Walling rolled his head and slid to the floor.

"Damned long time messing around with it," said MacBride.

Ashford came back into the cabin, cursing both of them. "It's a hell of a way to treat a man."

"Certainly is," said MacBride. "But this is private, and we won't need to say much about it."

"The hell I won't."

MacBride turned a thoughtful eye on Ashford. "No, Billy—just don't."

"All right—all right," said Ashford.

Walling got up from the floor and put both hands across his face as though he were washing away the fog.

"Hobart," said MacBride, "if you talk rough to one woman, you might talk rough to another. Just begin to walk—and don't stop at the Lords' on your way. If you make another stab to marry Sarah, or if you tell anybody why you changed your mind, I'll just come find you and lick hell right out of you."

Walling said in a jaded wonder, "What started all this? My God, I never did anything."

MacBride grinned. "You just ran into opposition." He left the cabin, the grin breaking into one small chuckle and he turned homeward.

ROSE ANN did the dishes while her father left to discharge his dismal chore. He soon returned with the news, astonished by MacBride's act. He was, Rose Ann observed, relieved that he had not had to call Hobart Walling to account, yet he was also piqued that another man had taken the duty from him. "What's MacBride got to do with this?"

Rose Ann smiled. "I couldn't say."

She unpinned her apron and gave herself a glance in the mirror. She touched up her hair, she studied her face, she straightened her shoulders. As she left the house, she dropped a new notion behind her: "The Lords are very poor. They need help. I want Sarah to stay with us and go to school." She went out of the door before her father had time to answer. It was always better to let men think about things awhile.

MacBride's bonfire burned against the sooty shadows and he stood on another log, chipping it into a timber with his ax. He had his pipe in his mouth and by the yellowing light his face looked forbidding. He showed no scars from the fight. She paused beside the blaze, well knowing that he was aware of her presence even though he ignored her and went on with that precise, light ax work. She spread her hands before the fire and was content; he would be thinking of what he wanted to say to her.

He reached the end of the log and straightened. He looked at her. He the ax a mighty swing and buried the log and stepped down. He fille pipe and got a coal to light it. He s across the fire, giving her the full fr weight of his glance.

"Woman," he said, "you just natu played hell to have your way. You advantage of Walling to get into a q rel. You got insulted deliberately you used me to pay off the insult now you've got the marriage kille you wanted."

She said, "You told him to leave alone?"

His answer came out slowly: "I him."

"Do you think he'll mind you, ley?"

"He'll mind me."

"That's nice," she said, and sho him her pleased relief.

HE SHOOK his head, shocked by implications of her act. "It w fine piece of scheming," he said, "an doubt you now know you can put a at your mercy any time you please. G stars, if you're going to be a med woman you can have everybody in settlement shootin' at one anothe won't do, Rose Ann, and I'll not it."

"It was wicked," she agreed. "I do it again, unless my spirit just over."

"Why," he asked, "did you pick o to do your fighting?"

"Because," she said, pleasantly ma of-fact with her answer, "you're the one who can whip him."

He frowned at her. "Don't do it ag She met the frown with her agreeabl pression; she folded her hands before He watched her and he lost his sober "Well," he said, "I can't say I didn' joy the chance to rough him. The m a hog. But we can't be doing that al time, Rose Ann. It's no way to along."

"No," she said, "it isn't. We onl that when people won't take car meanness any other way." She ma little gesture; she spoke with a quie tensity: "What's strength for if not to to make things right? And this just w right. It's nice you hired Lord."

"Lord," he said, "is no good. He w work. A man's entitled to a chance, no man's entitled to loaf while ot feed him. It's not charity to suppo man who's able to support himself."

"Well," she said, "you gave him chance. I'm going to take Sarah into house. She'll come, and the Lords be willing. Now she'll get the chanc grow, and she'll have time to find a that looks at her in the right way."

He watched her with an attentio close that she finally lowered her gl to the fire. He said, "Maybe we get rough around here; maybe we fo how things ought to be. It's a settle full of men, and men do get carele the way they live. I've thought al that."

Suddenly she put a hand to her mo "Lordy, I clean forgot to milk the tonight." She turned from the fire, she paused a moment in seeming thou It was a suggestive pause, which wo well. Hawley MacBride reached f coal to relight his pipe and turned c lessly toward her.

"I'll walk over there with you."

"I wouldn't want to stop you f your work."

"I have thought about that lately. I work enough. It has occurred to that solitary work is like solitary dr ing. It's not good."

She said, in her nicest tone, "Well something to think about. I suppo and went with him along the trail. So where in the misting night a cowbell out its lengthened and subdued str of sound.

THE END

WASHINGTON
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)CK tip: The Republican Presi- ominee will be on the baldish

NG for a place to light after off from the A.F. of L. Vaude- ion, a dissident faction confi- propositioned John L. Lewis' 50 to be taken under its wing. strict 50 is John L.'s catchall nd is made up of a wide miscel- labor outfits. It had never been o turn down any group willing to es. But to the vaudevillians' ent they were rebuffed. When the rted bolters reported the sad their leader, Matt Shelvey, he "Humph, I guess Lewis figured actor was enough."

COS are still trying to figure out ficance, if any, of General Eisen- reaction to a sly skit at the famed Club's annual spring frolic. The cleverly woven into a standing of the club's program, the intro- of eminent guests. First, a num- G.O.P. leaders were presented, ing with Eisenhower. He rose, genially and sat down. Then a f Democratic celebrities was in- , again concluding with Eisen- Laughing, he again stood up. time, instead of merely bow- waved his napkin gaily at the crowd.

UP of one of Washington's het- ous cocktail parties was discuss- President's re-election chances. group was a newly arrived Latin- an military attaché, who was roud of his knowledge of Eng- ally, he broke into the discussion. me," he said, "what has Mr. Tru- t on the eight ball, anyway?"

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: The manganese situation is so that National Security Resources officials are privately discussing irability of instituting a govern- roject to devise a method to pro- eel without manganese. The U.S. ndent almost entirely on foreign for this vital ingredient; 35 per s been coming from Russia.

TE the coal strike, business gen- s doing very well this quarter. On is of April and May reports, Com- Department experts are confident gs this quarter will be as good as t—which were excellent. This rosy k is in contrast to previous qualms e second quarter of 1948 might see ness contraction.

now practically certain that there a leftie walkout from the C.I.O. plans to do this are well advanced. labor organization will be set up, first big job will be to back Henry e. Two big questions still unset- e: the name of the new organiza- nd whether the bolt should take efore or after the Wallace conven- Leftie leaders believe they can take 0 C.I.O. members with them; one fourth of C.I.O. strength.

The splintering scheme is in line with Communist tactics in other countries. Where they can't control a labor organization, they "disaffiliate" and form their own.

IN THE New Mexico Democratic senatorial primary ex-Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson will lick former Governor John Dempsey. But licking Republican Patrick J. Hurley in the November election may be a very different story. The scrappy ex-Secretary of War came within an ace of unseating Senator Dennis Chavez in 1946.

THE day after Air Secretary Symington popped his 70-combat-group demand on Capitol Hill, an admiral telephoned the office of Defense Secretary Forrestal and inquired solemnly, "What time's the funeral?"

"Funeral? What funeral?"

"The one Mr. Symington is holding," the admiral quipped. "We hear he's burying UMT."

IT'S not being advertised, but there will be another boost in the German ration in June. The increase is part of the cold war maneuvering. Also, it will be the second time this year that the Army has jacked up the German ration. In April, the official allowance was raised from 1,550 to 1,650 calories, and the next jump will be to 1,800 calories. To meet this increase, shipments of grain and other foods have been greatly stepped up. Recently, over 600,000 tons were sent to Germany in one month.

AS THEY did last year, Republican Congressional leaders are going to give themselves a rain check when they wind up this session's business. Their secret plan is to recess, and not to adjourn. Thus, they'll retain the whip hand. They can reconvene Congress anytime they deem necessary. Otherwise, they would have to wait for a White House call.

SENATOR JOE O'MAHONEY, of Wyoming, has the inside track as President Truman's running mate. Choice of the antimonopoly crusader isn't final, but he got a very significant nod from the White House. To prime themselves for the national convention, Alaska's Democratic delegation queried the White House on Mr. Truman's Vice-Presidential preference. The answer came back, "O'Mahoney."

DESPITE all the war talk, more Americans are planning to go abroad this summer than at any time since the '20s. Last year, the U.S. spent a record high of $535,000,000 on foreign travel. This year, Commerce Department officials estimate this outlay will total $750,000,000. On the basis of advanced booking, over 100,000 tourists are planning to visit Britain alone.

NEW JERSEY has a new, powerful political boss—Republican Governor Alfred Driscoll. That's the real significance of his smash victory in nominating State Treasurer Robert Hendrickson for senator. Driscoll demonstrated his ascendancy by blocking Senator Albert Hawkes from running for re-election, and then bowling over Labor Commissioner Harry Harper, who defiantly challenged Hendrickson. Only forty-seven years old, Driscoll has his eye on the national political arena.

ROBERT S. ALLEN

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THESE PRODUCTS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

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Rockefeller Center, New York

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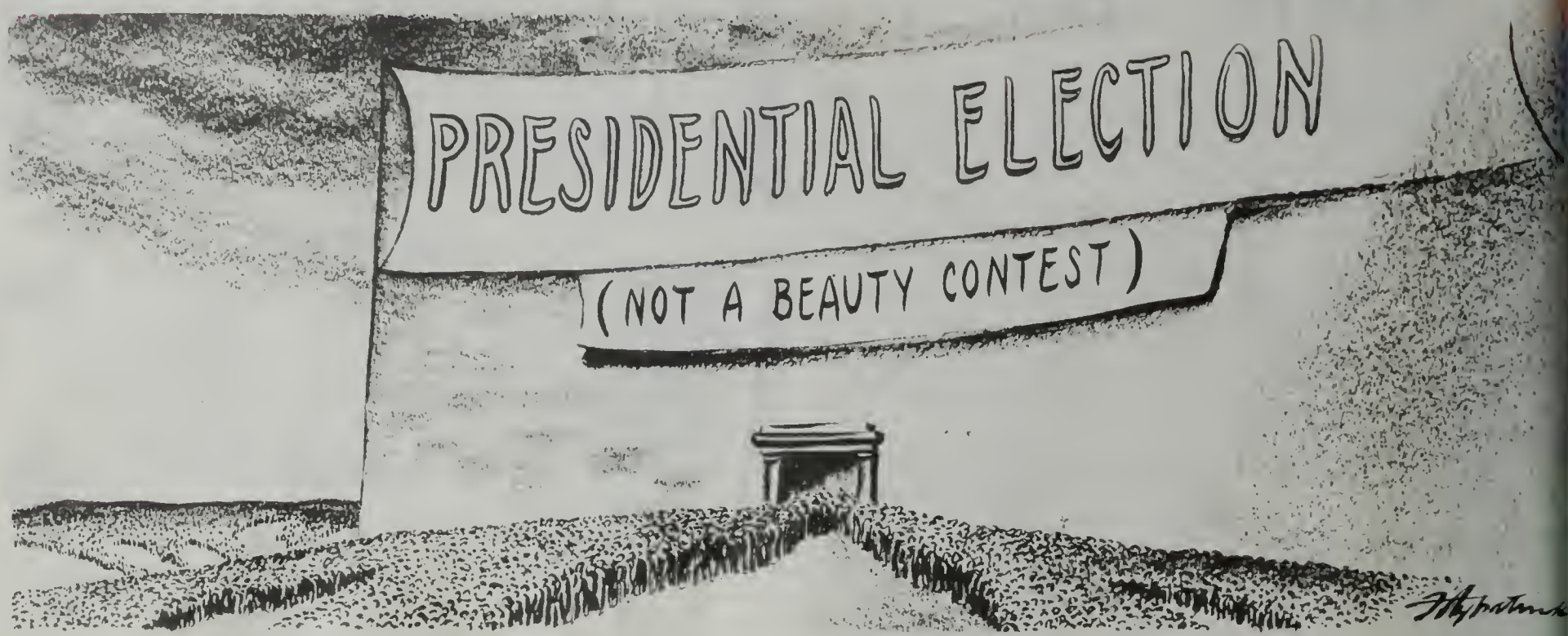
Collier's believes...



...LOOKS DON'T COUNT

IN THIS Presidential year of 1948 we've heard more solemn discussion than ever before of the good looks or otherwise of various White House possibilities.

Governor Dewey's neatness; Senator Taft's partial baldness: Senator Vandenberg's ditto; Mr. Stassen's chubby face and football-tackle frame; Mr. Truman's bow ties and not too impressive style of spectacles; General MacArthur's strange-looking pipe and That Cap—you hear all these items hashed over with great seriousness as assets or liabilities.

The pay-off for our money came recently, when a really big shot in political circles confided sadly in this reporter's ear that, "Dewey doesn't need a mustache, and Taft does—but who can tell either of them that?"

Maybe the imminence of television sets in many voters' homes has something to do with this concern over whether some candidates are glamorpuss or otherwise; we don't know. And maybe it's the counsel of perfection to advise people to let a candidate's personal appearance have nothing to do with whether they vote for or against him.

We would like to point out, though, that Abraham Lincoln was one of the homeliest men God ever made, and one of our greatest Chief Executives . . . that George Washington was a striking-looking man, and also quite some President . . . that William Howard Taft, with a little more starch in his diet, might have made a living as a circus fat man, but that he was uncommonly able in the White House and on the Supreme Court . . . that Thomas Jefferson was handsome and courtly, and a great man and President to boot.

Wouldn't it be possible this year for most of the voters, and especially the lady voters, to put this matter of the candidates' looks in its proper place—which is far down on the list of qualifications? The big questions are: Has a candidate courage and tolerance, vision and humor; does he show grasp of the problems facing the nation; what sort of record has he made in public life up to now?

●

. . . SOMEONE'S MISSING A BET: Off and on in these tempestuous times, we hear that various persons or agencies in Washington are confused by events—the President himself, or the State Department, or almost anybody else down to the Sub-assistant Secretary for Keeping Termites Out of Cabinet Members' Brief Cases if there is such a guy.

Always anxious to help, we hasten to point out that for all these confused government people there is sure and infallible relief. It is to be found on the nation's air waves, which anybody can tap with a radio; and you can get a serviceable radio nowadays for a modest sum.

Functioning on the various networks are a dozen or so news analysts, commentators, prophets and sages, who know all the answers and haven't the slightest bashfulness about telling them to a bemused and breathless public.

The wisdom of these gents is profound, as they would be the last to deny, and when it comes to telling the President and all the rest of us exactly how to handle every problem that comes up they have no hesitancy whatever.

Most of them are a trifle long on brass; but let us not drag in extraneous material here. What we started out to say is that our leaders, from Mr. Truman down, are missing a sure-thing bet and quick solutions for all their troubles by neglecting to listen to the radio wizards and follow their instructions implicitly whenever a crisis comes along. Two hours' listening time a week would do the trick; and how could two hours a week be better spent?

●

. . . WE MUST TRADE WITH RUSSIA: For the duration of the cold war, we suppose the question of whether or not to cut off all trade with Communist Russia will be popping up periodically. It is an uneasy matter, and the memory of the U.S. scrap iron which Japan fired back at us 1941-45 is still fresh in many minds.

Just the same, we don't see how it is feasible to stop all trade with Russia. Embargo articles which could go directly into the Stalin war machine—yes. President Truman recently did just that, to the general satisfaction.

But it seems to us the State Department is right in holding out against the complete stoppage of trade with the Soviets.

For one thing, we need the manganese and chromium we've been getting from Russia for many years. Those materials are essential to the making of various steels.

For another objection, if we should quit trading with Russia some of the Marshall Plan nati might feel impelled to do likewise, or Russia mi stop doing business with them. Revival of co merce between Eastern and Western Europe is integral part of the Marshall Plan. Lacking s revival, the plan will cost us a great deal more t is now contemplated.

Then, too, our peacetime trade with Russia ne has been very large. In 1947, we exported c about $150,000,000 worth of stuff to the Red st and imported only $77,000,000 worth of its goo

Let's just go on treating Russia in this respec a businessman whom we don't like but whose tr we can ill afford to do without. That will not fun, but we believe it will be smart.

●

. . . IN MASS CANCER DETECTION: The l cancer news in a decade may have been unve recently by Drs. Maurice M. Black, Herman Bo and Israel S. Kleiner, of the Brooklyn Can Institute and New York Hospital. The news that these gentlemen think they may have disc ered a simple, quick method of testing for un pected cancer anywhere in the body.

It's complicated when you try to describe has to do with how fast the patient's blood pla coagulates when heated. But the three physici say that, in combination with another test involv the dye known as methylene blue, their method shown more than 95 per cent accuracy in sev hundred cases.

There would be no sense in going off the deep and whooping that now we have an infallible for cancer. We haven't, yet, and maybe this won't prove itself. Much more experimentatio obviously needed.

But if these three doctors are on the right tr the time can come when their test, to quote Scie News Letter, "could be used as a mass screen agent to detect cancer in the population somet as X rays are now used in large population gro to detect unsuspected tuberculosis."

Certainly the matter should be pursued with g energy and plenty of research money. Cancer o being curable if detected soon enough, a reli method of detection would be one of the n valuable weapons we could forge for the against this disease.

Collier's

JUNE 5, 1948 TEN CENTS

Churchill's Version of the "Ugly Truth" Spurred F.D.R.'s Great War Decision

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

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HEDDA and LOUELLA STOP FEUDIN'

PAGE 22

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Joan Smith's smile wins her proudest title —

The smile that win
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g! That's how people felt when the telephone was young.

oan Smith, Beauty Winner over 20,000 girls — America's most photogenic girl" in a recent contest — oks forward to a new title. It's the proud "Mrs." she ill add to her name when her Midshipman fiance grad- ates at Annapolis. Joan started winning beauty hon- rs early . . . in a Baby Beauty Contest. Later she was oted prettiest girl in her Bellmore, L. I. high school lass. Joan is reserving her most radiant smile for this ear's June-Week festivities at Annapolis. For then, in the raditional Ring-Dance ceremony, she receives her engage- nent diamond. Her radiant smile will be a Pepsodent Smile! "Pepsodent's my tooth paste always," Joan says. "There's none better!"

o you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent ooth Paste has helped your smile and career — send ur picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson vd., Chicago 4, Ill. If used you will receive regular ofessional model fees.

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Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

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E BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

COLLIER'S

June 5, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HOME OF THE BRAVE?

GENTLEMEN: I am a commander of a National Guard company. I have been horrified by the question that is first put to me when I attempt to enlist some of these young fellows that can qualify for enlistment in the Guard: "What will happen to me if we have a war?" We'd have a hell of a country right now if Washington, Lincoln, Frémont and some of the other pioneers of our country had had the same attitude.

No wonder we need a compulsory military training law and a temporary draft.

CHESTER G. BRINER, Santa Ana, Cal.

ST. MINNIEPAUL

DEAR EDITOR: The matter of uniting Minneapolis and St. Paul (The Week's Mail, Apr. 24th) has been brought up several times. If residents of beautiful Minnesota take umbrage at Collier's suggestion for a united capital city, they may find comfort in a story my grandparents liked to repeat.

The contiguous towns of Champaign and Urbana, Illinois, talked of becoming one. A newspaper in one of the towns suggested using parts of both names. Shot back the newspaper in the other town, "That gives me Urpaign in my Chambana."

Whether or not due to the editor's pain, the two cities never united.

DOROTHEA E. THAYER,
Long Island City, N. Y.

THE DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS

DEAR SIR: I feel constrained to applaud you for It's Hard To Be Your Age, by Hannah Lees (Apr. 17th), and also for an article dealing in a popular way with the psychological aspects of overeating—The Fat of the Land (Apr. 10th). These pieces charmed me because they both crystallized so perfectly the opinions I had formed over quite a few years of practice, but never had the wit to put so clearly into words.

I wish that the author had expanded a little, so as not to give the impression that only fat people overeat. They are only a minority. To others, eating is a pastime—due to a sort of mental poverty. They eat because they don't know what else to do, not because their bodies need an excess of calories.

As for Hannah Lees' article, nobody ever really grows up 100 per cent and most of our silly behavior is due to a digression to childish attitudes. My own observation had led me to a somewhat dangerous conclusion: that woman's expectation of life is approximately 5 years more than

(Continued on page 92)

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Spoken words by wire? Amazing! That's how people felt when the telephone was young.

This strange invention grew and grew ...but never so fast as now!

In 1882, when Western Electric joined the Bell System, there were less than one hundred thousand Bell telephones and few cities were interconnected. Today there are 29 million interconnecting Bell telephones—carrying more than 166 million calls a day.

Western Electric has supplied most of the equipment for this tremendous growth. In all, Western Electric has made 50 million Bell telephones—over 10 million since the war.

Think, too, of all the complex equipment in more than 7,700 central offices—the more than 112 million miles of wire in Bell System circuits—the endless quantities and varieties of other equipment and supplies needed for your service—nearly all manufactured or purchased by Western Electric.

Schedules for production of telephone apparatus and installation of central office equipment in 1948 call for continuing record-breaking performance to help meet unprecedented demands for service. By doing this huge job efficiently and economically, Western Electric helps to make your Bell telephone service the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

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DISTRIBUTOR... of telephone apparatus and supplies.

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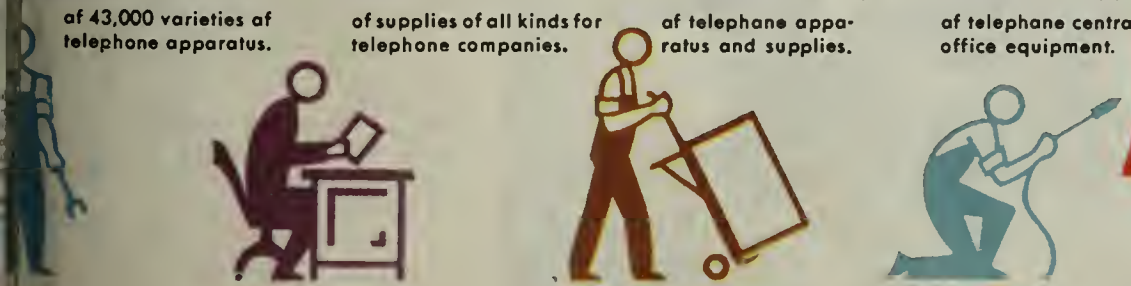


Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

COLLIER'S SPORTS

SPEEDWAY WHAMMIES

BY BILL FAY

TED HORN walked past three green sedans parked bumper to bumper near Indianapolis Speedway last Memorial Day morning. It was a bad omen. Ted believes green cars are unlucky (worse than meeting a man with a bag of peanuts). Sure enough, Horn's racer started to throw oil midway through the 500-mile grind. Ted had to make two extra pit stops to wipe his goggles. He finished third.

Something always happens to Horn—the best and most superstitious of the big-car drivers—at Indianapolis. When Ted throttled down to nurse his last gallon of gas in 1936, Lou Meyer edged by in the 499th mile. The next year, Lou trailed winner Wilbur Shaw by eight seconds. In nine Indianapolis starts, Ted has been runner-up once, third four times and fourth three times.

Photographers, women, haircuts and shaves rank with peanuts and green cars on Horn's whammy list. Ted was warming up at Hohokus, New Jersey, when a candid cameraman yelled, "Hold it." Ted ducked. Then the fan's girl friend jumped on Ted's lap. She yelled, "Shoot us both, honey." Honey did—and Horn withdrew from the race because the touch of a woman's hand is considered a jinx.

Horn dismisses antijinx talk with three words: "Explain Swede Smith." Swede violated the taboo on race-day shaves and haircuts. "A shave don't mean a damn to me," Swede declared. He had a shave *and* a massage. Three hours later, he crashed through the rail at El Centro, California. Horn, who was there, doesn't even trim his blond mustache before racing engagements.

Ted started driving geared-up stock models when he was fourteen (24 years ago) and he still does tricks with conventional engines. Motorcycle patrol personnel might be shocked if they raised the hood of Ted's low-priced sedan. The car has been timed at 120 miles per hour. With a trailer latched on behind, Ted idles along the highway at 80.

Jinx or no jinx, Ted has won the big-car championship the last two years and he hasn't given up on Indianapolis. He grabbed off the prize car in the 1948 field—Cotton Henning's Miserati. Shaw pushed the Miserati to victory in 1939 and 1940 and was leading at 150 miles in 1941 when the left rear wheel folded. Henning's car has traveled only 2,377 miles in competition—all of them at Indianapolis. It's custom-built for 500 miles. Most Indianapolis cars are.

Times and cars have changed since 1930 when Chet Miller challenged the stock-car field in his modified Model T. A broken spring sent Chet to the pits at 200 miles. He hopped the infield railing, jacked up a spectator's car, removed the front springs and slapped them under his car—in 16 minutes. After the race, Chet replaced the springs before the unsuspecting owner returned from the grandstand.

Baseball Backtalk

Not all big-league baseball players are loquacious. Walker Cooper suffered a broken finger after the Cardinals sold him to the Giants for $175,000 in 1945. The injury affected the big catcher's hitting and there was talk that Salesman Sam Breadon had peddled another washed-up star for a whopping profit.

Cooper quieted the talk on his first visit to St. Louis by smashing a ninth-inning homer with three on to beat the Cards, 4 to 3. Afterward, a reporter asked, "Did any of your old teammates—Marion or Kurowski or Schoendienst—yell anything at you when you were trotting around the bases?"

"Why should they?" Cooper asked. "It was just another ball game."

Happily, minor leaguers are less phlegmatic. Frenchy Bordagaray spat in an umpire's eye during his brief tenure as manager of a Brooklyn farm club. When the league presid announced a 60-day suspensi Frenchy said, "Okay, but it's a lit more than I expectorated."

Another Dodger farm hand, Fre Thompson, coached one of the te age teams in the "Brooklyn Agai the World" series at Ebbets Field l summer. After batting practice, youngster asked Thompson, "Did y notice my swing?"

"No," Fresco replied.

"Well, I was swinging under ball, Mr. Thompson. Wasn't hitt it quite level. Hit more high flies th liners."

"How much under the ball w you hitting?" Fresco wanted to kn

"Not much—just the tiniest fracti of an inch."

"That's easy," Fresco correct "Get yourself some inner soles."

Primo's Golden Grunts

Primo Carnera labored with p and shovel for the Germans duri the war for fifteen cents a day. N Primo carries first American citiz ship papers, owns a $25,000 home Los Angeles, and writes checks o $65,000 bank account fattened by t wrestling appearances in Montre The former heavyweight boxi champion expects to make a milli dollars in the next few years—gru ing and grimacing for the wrestli *cognoscenti.* Not bad, consideri there are at least 100 honest amate who could throw Da Preem like beanbag.

Golf Goes to Sea

Jug McSpaden has switched knickers, because knickers are co fortable. Ditto other top golf pr Johnny Palmer, Herman Keiser, J Ferrier, Vic Ghezzi, Chick Harbe Stylish slack cuffs "rattle" on wir swept greens—a prime putting d traction—and soak up water in v rough. Gene Sarazen was the or knickered holdover from the Bob Jones era until Bobby Locke broug back the Old Look by making l sensational American debut in sh pants last summer.

There are times, however, when diving suit would be more practic than slacks or knickers. Consic what happened to James Anderson San Francisco when he wagered could break 100 at Pebble Beach his first time on a golf course.

Accompanied by his friends a bettors, Anderson used 97 swings route to a deep trap in front of t 18th green. Shot 98 sailed over t flag and into the Pacific Ocean.

Anderson decided to wait for l tide—2:30 A.M. by his calculatio Unfortunately, his tide table was thr years old. At 2:30 the ball was deep in the foam. Low tide (Anderson d covered) was 10 hours distant.

At 1:15 P.M., 25 hours after tee off, Anderson's ball lay in two inch of ocean. As he wound up for swi 99, a near tidal wave thundered in and the ball went out to sea.

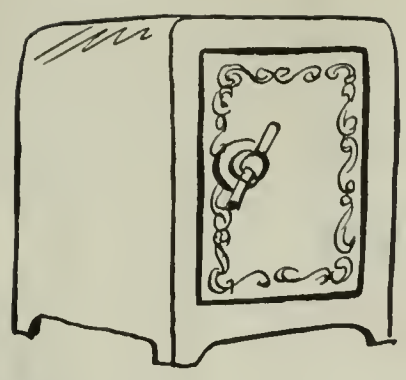
Anderson paid off—a wetter a wiser man.

(Continued on page 64)

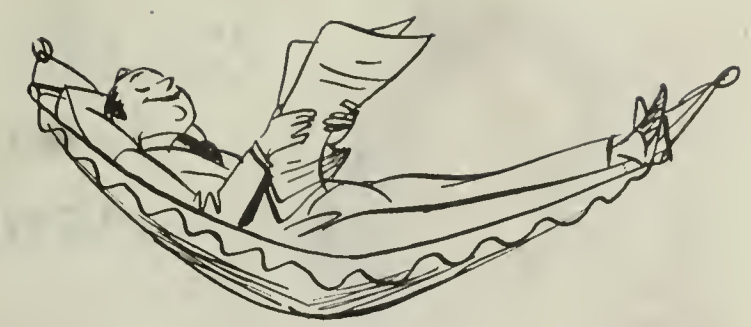
Best and most superstitious of the big-car drivers is Ted Horn (inset). Below, drivers Roberts, Swanson and Miller in a three-car Speedway smashup

ACME

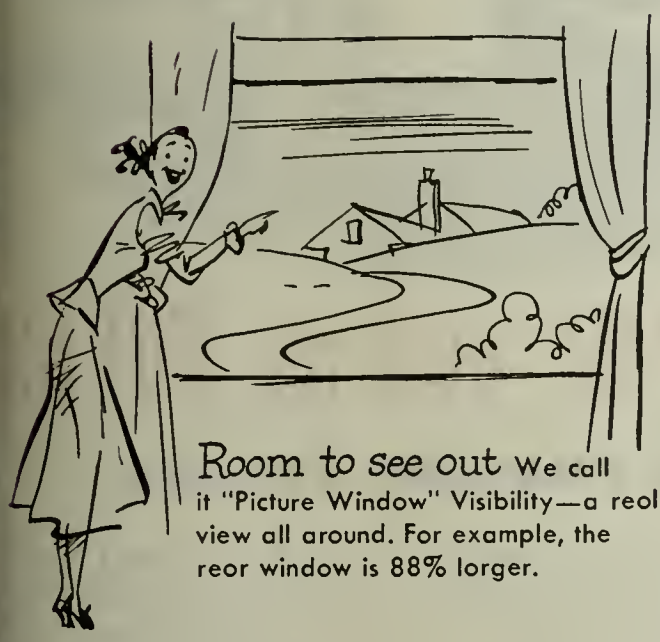
Preview of the '49 Ford



Safe A wonderful new "Lifeguard" Body—59% more rigid! Lower, too, with a "dream car" silhouette!



Comfort You ride relaxed as the miles go by, thanks to the lower, road-hugging center of gravity of the Ford "Forty-Niner."



Room to see out We call it "Picture Window" Visibility—a real view all around. For example, the rear window is 88% larger.

Seats so wide Your living room sofa is the only match for Ford's soft seats. The front seats are actually 57 inches wide; the rear seats are even wider . . . 60 inches!

Brakes so light You'll stop on a dime with these brakes you love to touch. More King-Size than ever, with quick, sure "Magic Action."

"Mid Ship" Ride You travel in the level center section of Ford's "Lounge Car" Interior where the going's smoothest.

New rear springs Ford's new "Para-Flex" Rear Springs, parallel to the frame, are extra-long, extra-strong to soak up the bumps before they get to you.

"Hydra-coil" springs Up front, rugged coil springs combine with double-action aircraft-type hydraulic shock absorbers to cradle you in comfort!

Plenty of room overhead You ride in the back seat without knocking your hat off.

63" low And all the looks of the costliest cars! The fine car of the low-priced field.

I can hardly wait myself . . . to show you "The Car of the Year!" Watch for the date!

Cool Off—
Pep up with
MENNEN
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Its He-Man Aroma "WOWS" the Ladies!

MENNEN SKIN BRACER
AFTER-SHAVE LOTION
THE MENNEN COMPANY
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TORONTO, ONT., CAN.
50% ALCOHOL 12 FL. OZ. NET

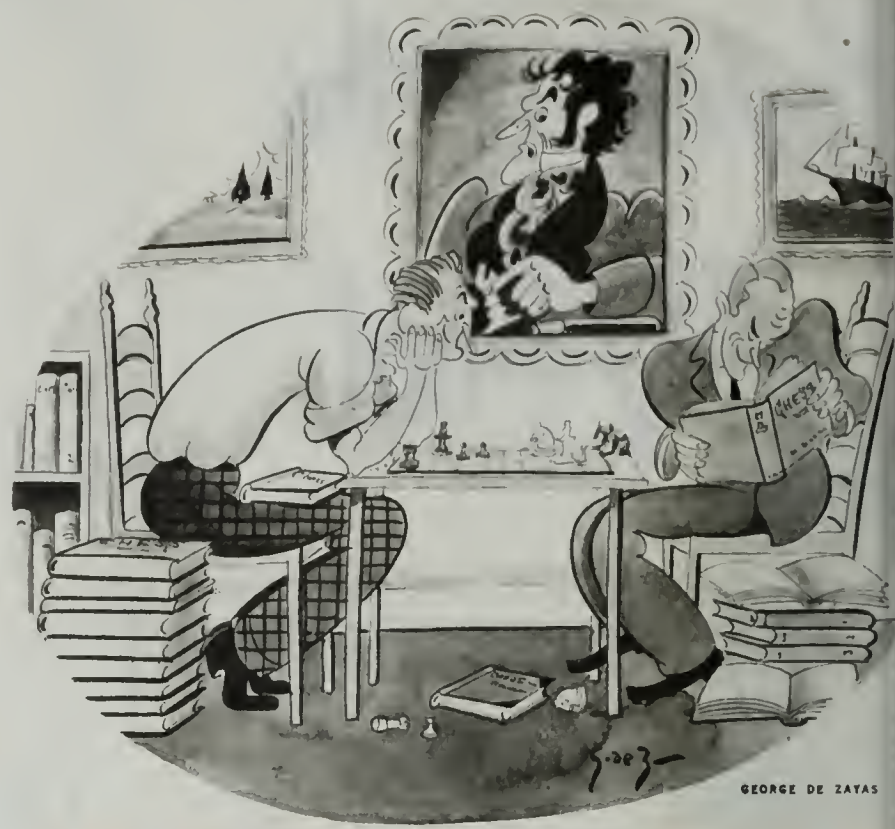
HELPS HEAL
RAZOR NICKS, TOO!

MORE DOCTORS
who specialize in Skin Care
USE MENNEN BRUSHLESS
than all other brands
COMBINED!*

Helps Make Beards
Up to 47% Softer
for Shaving!

MENNEN
brushless
SHAVE

*Nationwide surveys
prove it!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Since the first literature on chess appeared about seven centuries ago, more books and articles have been written on this subject than on any other game in history. Several vast collections of these works have been accumulated, the largest being the John G. White Collection in the Cleveland Public Library which contains nearly 50,000 books, magazines, pamphlets and clippings dealing with chess.

On the morning of December 4, 1894, an insane man entered the New York office of Russell Sage, the financier, demanded $1,200,000 in cash and, when refused, dropped a satchel of dynamite which heavily damaged the building and killed or injured several clerks. The only clue found by the police was the head of the unknown dynamiter; and the only other object taken from the debris was a metal button which a newspaper reporter picked up and saved, although it appeared to be worthless. But a few weeks later he happened to wash the button and discovered it bore the name of a Boston tailor. Through him, the reporter—Isaac White of the New York World—learned the identity of the demented man and made one of the most sensational scoops in American newspaper history.

A unique animal is New Zealand's tuatara, a 30-inch, lizardlike reptile *(Sphenodon punctatum)*. It is the only surviving representative of an order whose numerous genera and species otherwise became extinct millions of years ago. Although the tuatara is an air-breathing animal, it often sleeps at the bottom of a pool for hours at a time without taking a breath.

Despite Japan's numerous postwar democratic reforms, 90 per cent of the 1,200,000 marriages that took place in that country in 1947 were arranged by professional intermediaries or by matrimonial bureaus.

Great Britain used a new and method of raising money for a cl in 1937. Each person who wish contribute simply authorized his to deduct from his account, a close of a certain day, the odd shi and pence and send the sum t fund. Within a week, 200,000 viduals had responded and the collected amounted to $473,430.

Because so much publicity has given the seven states that en their poll-tax laws, it is not gen known that 24 other states have laws, but have long disregarded t

The U.S. marriage rate, or nu of marriages taking place ann per 1,000 population, reached its est point in history—7.9—in 193 its highest point—16.3—in 1946.

Among the ships that have found adrift and deserted for n parent reason, the most myste was an abandoned schooner di ered in the mid-Atlantic in 188 the Ellen Austin, an American v Everything was in order, nothin missing and no signs of a str were visible. Soon after a crew the Ellen Austin had been put al and the two ships had started for a squall separated them and, whe schooner was located a few later, she was again deserted. An crew was finally persuaded t aboard, another squall once mor arated the vessels—and the sch and the men were never seen or of again.

About 50 alphabets are now i and at least 25 of them form th ments of the languages of India. *Anna E. Hall, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fa cepted for this column. Contribution be accompanied by their source of in tion. Address Keep Up With the Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted a items may be reproduced without per

SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT

DANGEROUS: Playing in the street is no fun when it ends in tragedy. *One out of four school age children killed or injured as pedestrians, was playing in the roadway,* according to The National Safety Council. Teach children to play in yards or public playgrounds. Teach them to play safe . . and watch out for the children when you drive.

SAFE: *Only* the *extra quality* Seiberling SAFE-AIRE Tire gives you the *extra safety* of:

AMAZING CLAW-GRIP TREAD with 23% more "stopability" than conventional rib treads.

14% LOWER PRESSURE—safely cushions you on *more* air.

PATENTED HEAT-VENTS that protect you against the danger of internal heat!

Ask your Seiberling Dealer to show you SAFE-AIRE, *the safest thing between you and the road!*

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Want Better "Mileage"?

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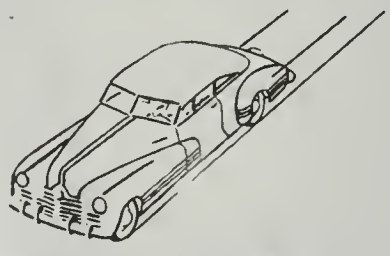

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You can *stretch* your mileage between stops for gasoline—*cut* your driving costs—with a visit to your friendly United Motors man. He knows what your car needs for economical, efficient operation. He'll check the carburetor setting—inspect ignition points, spark plugs and wiring—make necessary adjustments for dragging brakes and take care of needed lubrication. Your United Motors man uses *original equipment parts, latest service methods.* Stop at the sign of United Motors for automotive service at its best.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

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DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

Mademoiselle Lise Bourdin, the Perfect Profile of Paris

NICK DE MORGOLI

THE lovely bundle with the legs, pictured on this page (who also can be found adorning Bouquets by the Masters, by Barbara Banks on p. 26), is twenty-one-year-old Lise Bourdin, otherwise Miss Arch of Triumph, of Paris, France.

Mlle. Bourdin is a leading French model and cover girl and recently climaxed her meteoric career as such by being named Mlle. Arc de Triomphe on the 100th anniversary of the rededication of that *édifice magnifique.* She came to *L'Amérique* to attend the world *première* of the movie made from our September, 1945, serial, Arch of Triumph; and to shill for French fashions—all for American Aid to France on behalf of the Crusade for Children. She will tour American cities displaying her not insignificant wares.

Mlle. Lise, who is 5/2 with *yeux* of blue, is from a small town in France, started as a $12-a-week salesgirl for Balmain, the *couturier.* Now she's Number One French cover girl, has mannequined at Balmain's and toured abroad for the French fashion industry. *Quel parfait profil!* (Some dish!)

WHILE transferring his residence from Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, California, to Stonington, Connecticut, A Slight Case of Connecticut (p. 24) came to Dana Burnet. "Unlike the couple in the story, however," Burnet reveals, "my wife and I remained in the East. We still own a lot in the canyon, and somewhere among my papers are the blueprints of a dream house I was going to build. But my wife likes Connecticut, and I like my wife. . . . and does anybody want to buy a nice lot in California?"

The Burnets are enchanted with their small red Stonington house, with dentils under the eaves and a fine view of the lobster fishermen's wharf. "It lacked details that make for gracious living," admits Mr. Burnet, "such as a cellar, a heating plant, hot water, storm windows and—oh, yes, a kitchen. But we added these touches for only a modest fortune, and are now as gracious as can be. We're also in love with Stonington, which has a fishing fleet, a velvet mill, a public library, a retired lighthouse, a lot of cats, a couple of poets and a muralist, several naval officers, a drama critic and an intellectual. Our immediate neighbors are mostly Portuguese, and everybody is friendly, generally amphibious and not too inhibited, especially from 5 to 7 P.M.

"The ideal way to live in the East is to have a small red house in Connecticut, with a spare room in, say, Florida or Bermuda. Meanwhile I count my blessings, which include a power lawnmower for keeping down the exuberant grass and a sump pump for emptying the cellar of occasional floods. And Stonington lobst the finest I've ever tasted.

"The other day I saw n mouse in the new kitchen. So we're settled at last."

THE Junoesque Dan Parke urin' Frank, p. 52) is from bury, Conn. (July 1, 1893), w began newspapering on the R can and the American. He sports editor and columnist New York Mirror since 1926 ing his way up to becoming th barred sports writer in the b The Unwelcome sign has been Dan on the Madison Square G the N. Y. Giant and Brooklyn mats at one time or another, ar track owners would enjoy seei behind bars. "People who r ferocious stuff," remarks Dar horrid, crusading habits, "a prised to find that the author, his 6½ feet of 250 pounds, is mannered, harmless fellow wouldn't hurt a rattlesnake if b run away fast enough."

Dan's professional hobby lecting sport-world character my menagerie," he itemize Foulproof Taylor, who likes clouted on the noggin (provic wearing his leather helmet); E Finkle, the Hex Doctor of t racket; Mushky Jackson, wa the King for murdering his I and Broadway Sam, the big man and tourist scalper from t Forty-fifth Street prairie."

FOR Father's Day let us giv where credit is due: For embellish Henry L. Jackson gifted article, Give and Take pictorially, we are grateful (a Valley Upholstery Corporat supplying Technicolorful back material; (b) to the Belber T Bag people for the trunk; an Louis Sherry, who graciously the hall and the cake for the v picture.

This week's cover: Model Douglass Morgan and Paula two rabid members of Cali Snafu Club, posed for L. Wi color camera. Doug's sevente of writer Byron Morgan, and a model-plane bug when, d convalescence from a gunshot through the chest administere careless playmate, his dad ga a plane kit. Since then he's gr to designing and flying his ow sion-built, high-speed crates. H an engineering career.

Pretty Miss Turner is fif Los Angelena, an Immaculat High student, and long a mec heart. "In my estimation mod flying is one of the most fas of hobbies (except boys), Paula. . . . TED S

New!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER *Refrigerators*

SEE THEM
YOU'LL SAY
room
spare
SPARE ROOM
OUR KITCHEN

EFRIGERATOR RECIPE

Fruit Parfait

¾ cup sugar
½ cup water
2 eggs, separated
up maraschino cherries, chopped
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
2 cups cream, whipped

gar and water until it spins a thread F). Add slowly to beaten egg yolks. l cooled. Stir in fruit and juice. Fold n egg whites and cream. Turn into re- or tray. When frozen, reset cold con- low to mellow several hours. Yield: ngs NOTE: Other fruits and juices substituted for the cherries.

o *Refrigerator Recipe Book*, write ational Harvester Company 8 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1

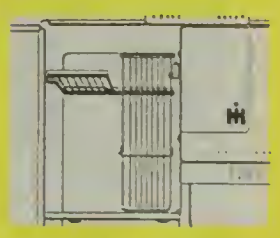
Stop sighing! Start smiling! Here's wonderful news for you! A great, new refrigerator by International Harvester now brings you the important *extra* storage space you need! This Super De Luxe actually has 16.3 square feet of shelf area that you can load with food. Yet it's so streamlined, it takes up no extra room. It's big . . . roomy . . . Super De Luxe in every way!

With all the special features shown at right, *plus* these: 2 Crispers store 3 pecks of food; 4 ice trays make 7.1 pounds of ice; "Tight-Wad" sealed unit for silent, low-cost operation—with 5-year warranty.

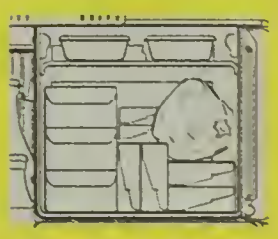
Imagine the convenience of storing up to 35 pounds of frozen food, in the freezer locker—the roomy IH "Stowaway"—right in your refrigerator!

See these International Harvester Refrigerators at your dealer's today!
If you don't know who your dealer is, write us for information.

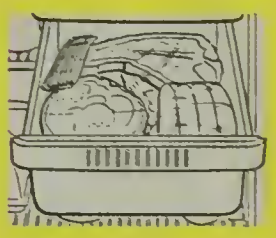
You'll Marvel At These Roomy IH Features



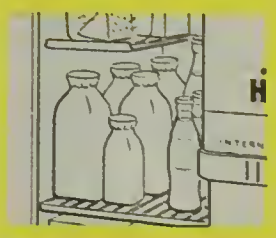
Two "Foldaway" Shelves for butter, cheese, leftovers



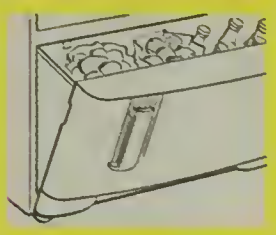
Frozen Food "Stowaway" holds 35 pounds



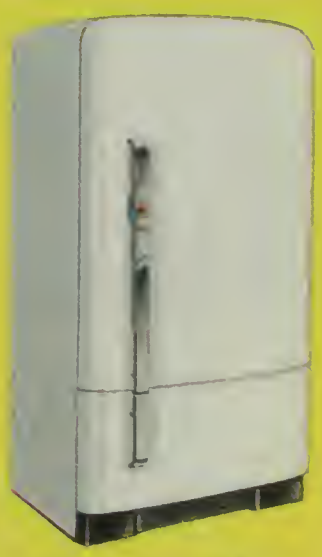
"Frigidrawer" stores 13½ lbs. of meat, poultry, fish



Even 12 quarts of milk won't crowd spacious bottle shelf



Super-Storage "Pantry-Bin" holds more than 1½ bushels



Snowy-White, Streamlined Beauty

Distinctive exterior design makes the IH Super De Luxe a proud possession in any home.

TERNATIONAL HARVESTER *Refrigeration*

THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER SYSTEM OF FOOD PRESERVATION

LOOK FOR THE HALLMARK OF HARVESTER QUALITY

Everybody needs a resting stick

I WAS BARELY seven when I made my first summer visit to my grandmother's farm. My grandma kept a very large flock of laying hens. And it wasn't long before I was pressed into service to supply those hens with water from Grandma's old-time well.

This well had no pump. You lowered a bucket with a rope. When you heard a gurgling sound from the bottom of the well, you knew the bucket was full. And you started tugging.

With my seven-year-old biceps, I could never quite make the top with a full bucket until Grandma's hired man rigged up for me what he called a resting stick.

He spiked a piece of board about the size of half a bed slat to the side of the well. By taking a couple of turns with the rope around that stick, when my arms gave out, I could hold what I'd gained while I took time out to rest.

I've thought about that resting stick a lot of times since I've grown up and started raising a family. And mostly I think about it when I pay a premium on my accident insurance.

It seems to me that my accident insurance is a great deal like that resting stick. It's something a man can depend on to keep him from losing what he's gained.

I speak from experience. One time I tumbled off the ladder while I was cleaning leaves out of the gutter. I was in bed with a broken hip, just short of six months. A good deal of what I'd saved —perhaps even the house we were paying for— could have slipped away then to pay doctor hospital bills.

But it didn't. Those crisp insurance che which came every week took care of everyth

It was a lucky day for me when my Trave man told me about accident insurance.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BO

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Trav Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insur Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Comp Hartford, Conn. Serving the insurance public in United States since 1864 and in Canada since 186

THE THIRD ACCIDENT

BY EDWARD RONNS

wo grim accidents could be chance. third one would have to be design

"More, please. All the way," the man said. Will looked back; the edge of the cliff was at his heels. Fear reached inside him

ELLEN did the driving. She liked to drive, and he saw no objection to it. She picked him up at the Faculty House, after his en o'clock Lit. 34 lecture, and in no ime at all they were away from the campus and speeding up the highway oward the George Washington Bridge.

It was a fine day in early October, with a warm sun and a breeze that only hinted of cooler weather to come. New York's sky line stood out with sharp edges against the crystalline air.

Will Talmage, associate professor of Medieval English Literature, leaned back beside his wife and sighed with what he hoped sounded like contentment. He was not content, but he wanted Ellen to think he was. He did not glance back to see if they were being followed. He locked his long, thin hands over one knee and slumped, his long legs contorted under the dashboard, his sun-browned face uptilted, regarding the universe and, occasionally, Ellen.

"An old-fashioned picnic," he said.

"Yes, Will."

"The last of the summer."

She smiled, but did not look at him. "The very last. I've picked the usual place—where you courted me, Will."

The air was pungent with burning leaves. Ellen was wearing a brown tweed suit that matched one of his own hanging back in the closet. On her dark hair was a new hat, shaped like a green maple leaf. Her tiny ears peeped from under her careful curls, and on the lobe of the right ear, which was all he could see, was a miniature replica of the hat, in the form of a jade earring. She was beautiful, Will thought, except for the betrayal of her tight mouth and the minute, nervous lines cornering her lips.

He didn't look much like a professor. Lanky and shambling, with thick dark hair that fell awry in a Lincolnesque lock, on the campus he was often taken for one of the G.I. students who mobbed his classes. He wasn't much older than the average, he reflected—thirty-four; yet he was

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Winston Churchill's remarkable correspondence with F.D.R. brought the President to a fateful decision—strictly on his own—as to our course in the war. Then came political outbursts that made him start writing a refusal of the third-term nomination

When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by the dramatist and author, Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. There were forty large crates of these papers. Months were spent in sorting, relating and studying a huge accumulation of stenographic records, personal observations, letters, official documents and scribbled memoranda. Mr. Sherwood had to bridge gaps by interviews with and letters from men at home and abroad with whom Hopkins had dealt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

PART II. THE FORMER NAVAL PERSON

WHEN the second World War started, the defenses of the United States consisted primarily of a scrap of paper called the Neutrality Act, which the Congress had passed and which President Roosevelt had signed "with reluctance." That piece of legislation, passed in 1936, was carefully designed to prevent us from getting into war in 1917. Like the Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment, it was an experiment "noble in motive" but disastrous in result.

During "the phony war" in October, 1939, Harry Hopkins wrote from his sickbed to his brother Emory in Portland, Oregon. He said:

The only interest here, as everywhere, is the war and I believe that we really can keep out of it. Fortunately there is no great sentiment in this country for getting into it although I think almost everyone wants to see England and France win.

In those two sentences Hopkins unconsciously stated the greatest problem that Roosevelt had to face in his entire administration. I believe that Hopkins' tendency was naturally isolationist, he was certainly a pacifist, as were so many other liberals; he had only the vaguest concept of the deadly peril to American security that Roosevelt saw in the world situation.

When war broke out in Europe, Roosevelt had said:

"I hope the United States will keep out of this war. I believe that it will. And I give you assurance and reassurance that every effort of your government will be directed toward that end."

This last may be denounced as, at worst, deliberately misleading or, at best, as wishful thinking. The inescapable fact is that this was what Roosevelt felt compelled to say in order to maintain any influence over public opinion and over Congressional action.

But when the blitzkrieg was hurled into France in the spring of 1940, I am sure he became convinced that if Britain fell, disastrous war for the United States would be inevitable, that Germany would attack the Western Hemisphere, probably at first in Latin America, as soon as she had assembled sufficient naval force and transport and cargo fleet (not too long a process, with all the shipbuilding facilities of Europe at Germany's disposal) and that Japan would concurrently go on the rampage in the Pacific.

One major factor in Roosevelt's thinking as the war began is a matter of certainty: His greatest fear t and subsequently was of a negoti peace, another Munich. He com nicated his concern to the British ernment through extraofficial chan (specifically, Lord Beaverbrook) he started his historic corresponde with Winston Churchill as his f most British ally in awareness of folly of any attempt to do busi with Hitler. (This corresponde which continued until the hour Roosevelt's death, was unique in annals of intergovernmental com nication—and Hopkins played a l part in taking it out of the con tional channels and putting it on ar formal, man-to-man basis.)

Roosevelt was on sure ground w he urged that a negotiated pe would give Hitler the one or two y respite that he needed to prepare conquest of Europe, Africa, the M dle East and the major part of Atlantic world; but, when the Eu pean Allies asked Roosevelt, France in effect did, "What will do to back us up?" he could only r that he had virtually nothing to c more tangible than his personal g will. He was hog-tied by the prev ing isolationist sentiment.

There was another reason for weakness of Roosevelt's position ing the period of the phony war, it was probably the most impor reason of all: He was in the last of his second term as President.

If Roosevelt had indicated in 1 or early 1940 that he *would* run f third term, then he would have come a candidate rather than a Pr dent; his own party would have b divided into pros and cons and Republicans would have been un in attacking his every policy, for and domestic. If he had indicated would not run again, then his autl ity would have become negligibl home and nonexistent abroad. only solution was to shroud his in tions in mystery; in addition to wh it is apparent that for a long time himself did not know just what t intentions were.

When the phony war ended France was invaded, the period of potence at last came to its over conclusion. In the space of six mon Roosevelt made by all odds the n momentous decisions of his care and he made them, it must be rem bered, without previous authoriza by Congress and against the ear advice of most of his associates friends.

On the day that the Germ hurtled into the Low Countries, W ston Churchill, who had been F Lord of the Admiralty, at achieved the post of Prime Mini Roosevelt thereafter addressed his bles to Churchill as the "Former val Person." Churchill addressed of his cables to Roosevelt

BRITISH COMBINE

At the height of the 1940 London blitz, Roosevelt shipped over arms and ammunition for British defense

OTUS" (President of the United ıtes).

When the blitzkrieg in the west was its fifth day, Churchill sent Roose- lt an alarming cable stating that ermany might quickly complete the nquest of Europe. He contemplated e possibility of heavy bombing of itain and of paratroop attacks. He edicted that Mussolini would burst to the war to collect his share of the ot of civilization." (This was enty-five days before Mussolini did .) He asked the President to pro- aim a state of nonbelligerency for e United States, which would mean pplying all kinds of aid but no med action.

The aid that Churchill wanted im- ediately included the lease of forty fifty destroyers, several hundred rplanes, antiaircraft guns and steel. e asked for American diplomatic co- eration to persuade the Irish Free ate to take measures to prevent Ger- an invasion; he asked for co-opera- n in preventing further Japanese ggression in southeast Asia. In con- ction with the latter, Churchill sug- sted the U.S. Navy use Singapore as base. Most important of all in this able, Churchill said that, if necessary, ritain would fight on alone.

A Grim Picture of Defeat

In a cable sent five days later (May , 1940) Churchill put the matter en more bluntly. He said that if ritain went down, he and his govern- ent would perish with it, and he uld not be responsible for the terms at his successors, cowed and de- nseless as they would be, might have make with the Germans. They ould have no choice but to make ab- ct surrender and Britain would thus ecome merely another vassal like the uropean states that Hitler had al- ady conquered. Roosevelt did not iscount these and subsequent cabled eports from Churchill as exaggera- ions.

During these weeks when horror was piled upon horror, Roosevelt believed that if Churchill erred at all in his estimates he erred on the side of optimism; but Roosevelt would be the last to object to that kind of error.

Just before the French surrender Churchill sent a desperate cable to Roosevelt saying that France might still be saved by a Presidential announcement that the United States would, if necessary, enter the war. Roosevelt replied again that he could make no such commitment, only Congress could make such a commitment. Churchill was well aware of that but, in the moment of catastrophe, he was ready to try anything.

In the days while the venerable defeatist Pétain was negotiating with Hitler, the cables between the White House and Downing Street continued, but now it was Roosevelt who was asking most of the anxious questions. First, the President wanted to know when Churchill expected that the German attack against Britain would start. The answer was: In all probability, immediately. Then Roosevelt asked what would be done with the British home fleet in the event of successful German invasion.

He expressed the hope that the fleet would be disposed among bases such as Newfoundland, Aden, Cape Town and Singapore, stating that the American fleet would assume responsibility for the defense of the Western Hemisphere, including Canada. Roosevelt said, "You and I are naval people. We therefore appreciate that the vital strength of the fleet and command of the seas mean, in the long run, the saving of democracy and the recovery of those suffering temporary reverses."

The reply from London contained ugly truths dressed up in immaculate terminology. Roosevelt was informed that of course the Royal Navy or any part of it would never be surrendered to Hitler, and that all surviving units of the home fleet would be disposed in overseas bases as the President suggested; however, it was pointed out,

(Continued on page 93)

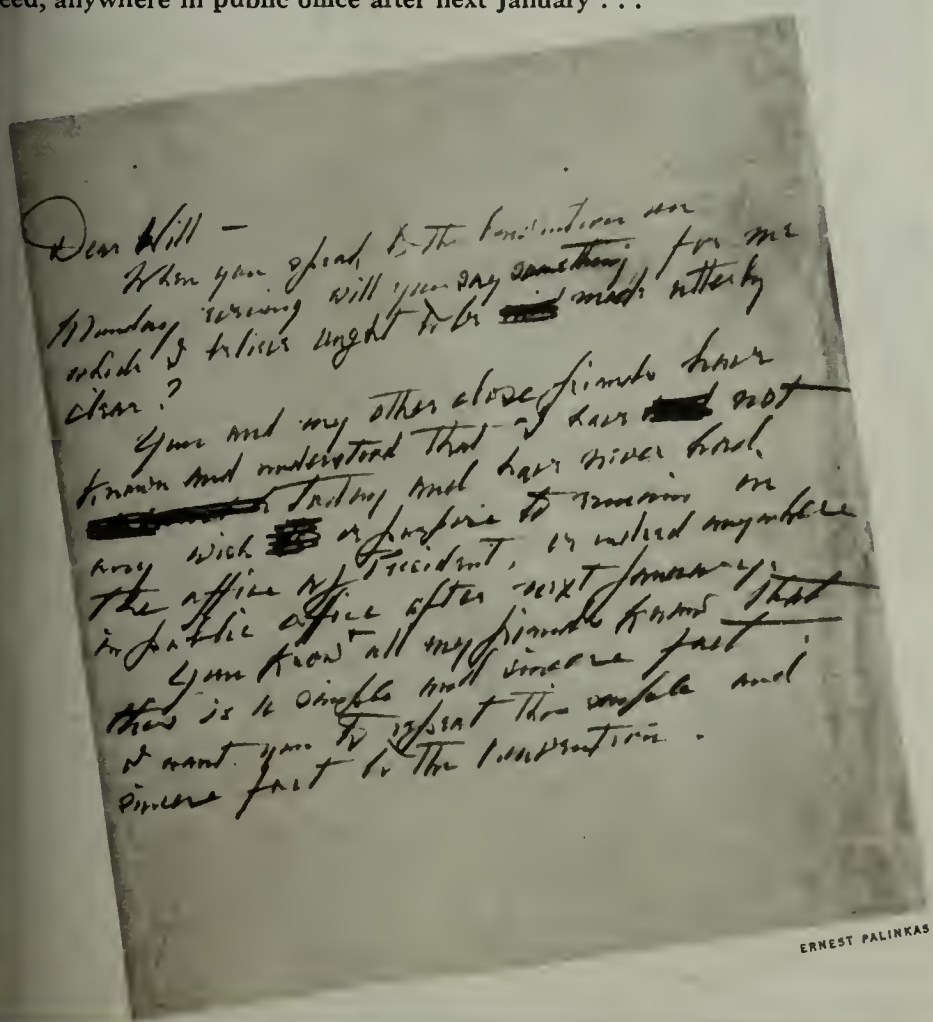
INTERNATIONAL

When Harry Hopkins (shown with Prime Minister Churchill and his Parliamentary Secretary Brendan Bracken) went to London in early 1941, he learned that the British government did not have even a skeleton plan for evacuating to Canada or anywhere else. Churchill worried about the fate of the Empire

Before the 1940 Democratic convention Roosevelt told party leaders to consult Jimmy Byrnes (right) on matters of strategy, but when they arrived in Chicago, they found, to the dismay of some of them, that Roosevelt headquarters had been established by Hopkins, with a private phone line to the White House

ACME

The famous "Dear Will" message to Senator Bankhead from Roosevelt read, in part: "I . . . have never had any wish . . . to remain in the office of President or, indeed, anywhere in public office after next January . . ."



Dear Will —

When you speak to the Convention on Monday evening will you say something for me which I believe ought to be made utterly clear?

You and my other close friends have known and understood that I have not wished, today and have never had, any wish or purpose to remain in the office of President, or indeed anywhere in public office after next January.

You know all my friends know that this is a simple and sincere fact. I want you to repeat the simple and sincere fact to the Convention.

ERNEST PALINKAS

PERSON-TO-PERSON

BY ROBERT CAR

HARRY PACEK stood by the stile until the postman had turned his car and started back along the rutted moorland track. He wanted to enter here alone. That was part of the dream.

In the dream, of course, Alison was waiting for him among the heather on the crest beyond the stile. But the postman had given him his own telegram to deliver. She had no way of knowing he was here. He swung the sea bag to his shoulder, picked up the suitcase and walked rapidly toward the crest.

The old longing for Alison held him. He whispered her name, imagined the touch of her hands, the sound of her voice. Then, upon the crest, he stopped and laughed at himself. He was still living in his memories, and there was no more reason for them.

Before him across the moor was Cnoc Breac. Beyond were the little villages of Altagreashan and Melvaig. He was back in Scotland. This was the northwest region he had come to know in the terrible winter of '43 and had studied many times since on the charts at home. Now broad sunlight was over it. The heather was wine-blue beside the path. The plumes of the broom swayed in the sea wind salt and strong from the hills of Skye. Butterflies were on the ragged robin and the asphodel, and out in the gorse a moor hen clucked and a plover cried.

Up the next slope and he would be able to see the headland where his ship had been lost, and past it the lighthouse at Rudha Reidh. Close to them at An Cuaidh was the cottage. Alison was there. He was sure to meet her.

But nerves began to tighten through his body. He was caught in memory again, tricked away from the drowse of the August afternoon. It was the ship in the gale. It was the ship breaking up on the rocks off Rudha Reidh. The chief had called them all up out of the engine room where bunker oil was over the plates and only the last of the emergency lights flickered. Then you were on deck in the snow and the darkness, and the waves took the boats, sent them over, out, onto the rocks. The flare was the color of blood and in it for just a moment you recognized the captain's face like a mask of a man you had once known. Afterward, the water took you, and the cold. Oil was in your mouth; it made a gagging ball in your throat. You swept past the others where they floated dead. You hit the rocks and—naked, slimed with oil—you crawled up away from the sea, toward the snow.

THE bark of the collie returned him to the sun's warmth and the moor path. He stretched out his hands and called, "How are you, Saighear?"

He knelt when the big red and white dog ran down to him; he patted the long skull and nose. But Saighear turned. Alison was at the top of the path. "And how are you?" she called.

"I'm fine, darling!" Harry Pacek went up the slope as fast as the sea bag and suitcase would let him. She waited with the westering sun at her back. There was a shepherd's crook in her hand and her feet were broadly set. The sun flecked her hair, made bright gold out of the dark red, and her slender, strong body was limned with light. She was absolutely beautiful, he thought. She was his bonnie lassie.

It was only after he had kissed her that he noticed she was barefoot and that there was a rent in her coarse hodden gray skirt. Her smell was of sweat and peat smoke and sheep. Broad freckles were on her arms, many more than he had remembered, and her feet were heavily callused.

You're proud of her, he thought. She's yours, Harry. He held her close to him as he kissed her, identifying her with the dream. She broke from him, kept him at arm's length, looking into his face and eyes. "You're not changed, Harry," she said. "You're the same."

"Sure," he said, but he was loosening his tie, opening the top buttons of his shirt. He took out the telegram and gave it to her. "I sent it from Glasgow before I headed north. You should've had it so you'd know I was coming. But the Gairloch postman gave me a ride and he told me it was delayed."

"Aye, that sometimes happens," she said. She opened the telegram and frowned at it. "I'm not yet one for reading much, Harry. Last winter I was at it, and then the bairns were sic and I had to give it up. But what hav you there?"

"Things from the States for you an your mother and the kids," he saic "Dresses and shoes and canned mea and butter, cigarettes and tea an candy."

"Och, Harry, you shouldn't hav done it!"

His arm was tight about her wais "How about all the stuff you gave ou bunch after you pulled us out of th sea?"

"That was wartime," she sai gravely. "This is different." Sh

He had come back to An Cuaidh bearing gifts—gifts of food and clothing, and a promise of escape. But for Alison there was no escape, no running away

oved away from him to whistle to ighear, and out on the moor the llie wheeled barking behind the ack-faced sheep.

He stood and looked with an odd d of dismayed anger at the sea bag d suitcase. A great lot of stuff was those. The whole crew had helped n smuggle it ashore in Glasgow en he'd left to come north. They d known about the shipwreck up re and they had been glad to help m, a survivor and a guy who was ing to marry the girl who had saved s life. But Alison didn't seem to derstand the meaning of it. Maybe he was wrong about her and the place in Florida—about everything.

She returned along the path with Saighear and the sheep. "I'll give you a hand," she said. She put the sea bag on her shoulder. "You have enough with that big, brute suitcase." She searched his eyes for an instant, then she turned and pointed to the high white tower of the lighthouse glittering in the sunlight. "Don't forget how we used to talk to each other on the telephone at Rudha Reidh. Through the years, Harry, since you've been gone, those calls are what kept me close to you. Aye, person-to-person, and Anra Jamieson, the lighthouse keeper, would send one of his bairns a-running to fetch me. Many's the laugh he's had out of that. But there were many things you and I were able to put straight between us. So now?"

"I want to marry you as soon as I can," he said. "Then take you back to the States. You know about the place I've built for us in Florida."

"I know well," she said. "But there's my mother and the bairns."

"We can work that out, too. I'll help you with the harvest. They'll be in good shape when you leave."

"You," she said, "a ship's engineer, harvesting the oats and barley?"

He laughed. "I was brought up on a farm in Minnesota."

"Och, Harry, we can use you."

They came to the cottage in the first of the dusk. Harry Pacek had remembered it as strong and cheerful; it had sheltered him in that night of storm. Now he saw it as bleak, the dooryard scratched by a few scrawny chickens, the thatch ragged, and a piece of oiled paper in a space where a windowpane should have been. Alison's brothers were at the door. Hugh, the nine-year-old, stood protectingly before younger and smaller Sandy. Behind them was Mrs. MacBain. She was work-bent, brown, as shy in her staring as the children.

"Mother, you know Harry," Alison said.

"Harry Pacek," Mrs. MacBain said. The seamed face took a brief, vague smile. "The lad saved from the ship lost out yon."

Hugh was nudging his brother. "Aye, lost, and Alison brought him here. After, all the way from America, he called her on the telephone. Person-to-person is how they say it. Ask him. He'll tell you." But Sandy's eyes only widened and he swung rapidly back out of sight into the cottage.

AFTER supper, they sat around the hearth by the inglenook. Mrs. MacBain had the chair in the corner. Hugh and Sandy kept their shins forward to the heat of the peats, their glances on Harry Pacek where he and Alison held hands by the door.

The door was open upon the night, and Harry could hear the flight of bats, the sounds of night birds, and from the byre the stirring of the cow, the sheep and a sleepy hen. He wished that someone would speak. But the boys were filled to the point of silence with canned beef and chocolate bars. Mrs. MacBain held across her lap the dress and shoes Harry had brought her from New York. She was distant to all of them there, her face drawn by some secret thought. Alison wore one of her new dresses, a gay cotton print which had made her eyes light when she had first seen it. But the shoes were too small for her, and beside them on the hearthstone she had placed Harry's stack of photographs.

They were scenes of Boca Linda and the house Harry had built. Some were in color and showed the Gulf, the golden-green of the lime trees, the bright rugs and metal furniture of the living room. Harry had talked about the house at supper. He had described in great detail how he had got the furniture through a friend of his in a wholesale place in Chicago, how he had done some difficult repair work for a dealer in Tampa and got the refrigerator and the electric stove when everybody else in town was wild to have them. After a while, though, he had been still.

The idea had come to him with

(Continued on page 80)

John Grashan played Pistol Packin' Mama on the bagpipes, and Harry and the girl danced it through twice before the crowd would let them stop

ILLUSTRATED BY PIO JUNCO

Russia's defense circle radiates 2,000 nautical miles from Moscow, the distance air authorities consider the operational limit for existing bombers. At top, dimly seen, are similar United States critical zones of national defense

CIRCLES OF OUR DEFENSE

BY PAUL SCHUBERT

Men charged with our protection are thinking of far-flung arcs which would mean safety or disaster in event of war. Their reasons are explained here in another defense article by a noted military writer

IN WASHINGTON and in M cow, men are looking at ma again. Not the maps of G many and Japan. The maps which terest both the political and milita leaders of the world's two great powers are of Russia and the Uni States.

These maps have become imp tant to all of us because of the dan of a war that no sane man could wa We may as well get used to the ma we will be seeing a lot of them dur the months and years to come. Th are global maps—the kind used in cussing world strategy. The one the left-hand page centers on M cow, and has a circle drawn at a rad of 2,000 nautical miles from that c Everything within that circle is n

Our Number One problem in World War III would be to keep enemies out of these circles centering on Washington and San Francisco. Faint circle at top, right, shows the relative position of Russia's own defense zone

part of Russia's inner defense zone. Should a hostile power possess air bases within that circle, the Russians are in for an uncomfortable time.

On the right-hand page you will see a global map of the United States. This, too, has inner defense zones, two of them: one centered on Washington, the other on San Francisco. In the unhappy event that any spot inside these defense circles is used for launching an aerial bombardment against us, we can expect ruined cities and factories, and many hurt people.

Our Number One problem is peace. But if that fails, the Number One problem in war, for us as for Russia, would be to keep enemies away, outside those circles. And we cannot shirk the responsibility of planning for any eventuality. This is why we are as interested in the defense of Canada and Mexico as we are in our own security. This is why we consider Alaska a vital outpost—and Greenland. And this is why Iceland, just outside the 2,000-mile radius, is of great strategic importance to us.

Even the northern coast of South America has to be considered in the defense of our country.

Russia's problem is similar—to keep enemies outside her defense circle. Here we see the reason for Russia's enormous, uneasy interest in western Europe, Scandinavia, the British Isles, the north of Africa, the Middle East—even Iceland and Greenland. All these represent spots from which Russia might be hurt.

The present defense circles are 2,000 nautical miles in radius. That is the distance considered by air authorities to be the operational limit for existing bombers. These circles will grow bigger as planes are improved. They are already twice the radius of the circles at the end of the war. They are four times the radius of the days when our heavy bombers were pounding Germany.

The map of coming warfare is an air map. The war itself, however, will not be exclusively an air war. Let's examine some of the strategy the Russians might use, if they decided to attack us.

The Russians are a land power. They are at home on limitless sweeps of land. Their land army numbers many millions of men, the largest army in history. It is simply equipped, able to move on foot, endure great hardship on an austere diet. With this army, the Russians have recently proved able to absorb all the punishment the first-class German army was able to dish out, and then come back to win.

Note that the Russians lost virtually all their battles with the Germans, so long as the Germans were able to use modern mechanized warfare backed by air power. Russian survival was based on vast reserves of men, plus vast terrain to fall back upon, plus ability to fight better than the Germans under merciless winter conditions.

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MAPS BY KENNETH THOMPSON

G.A.R.

BY ERIC HATCH

Old Walter was caught between the present and the past. Only when he looked into young Johnny Shiloh's eyes was he able to face the future

THE pavement stretched, hot as melting metal, down the length of the avenue, lined with crowds and bunting. Over the city the sky was that peculiar bright Decoration Day blue. It looked free and open.

The flags, lively in the breeze, looked free too—more free than the endless line of soldiers who marched down the center of the street sweating in dress uniforms under the weight of guns and equipment. More free than the three ancient men in blue uniforms and floppy blue campaign hats who rode in the three open automobiles interspersed between regiments of infantry and marching military bands.

These men, who had won a freedom almost a century ago, did not look now as though they had ever won anything. They looked shriveled and unhappy and a little frightened and very, very tired.

Presently, along the line of parade a whistle blew a sharp signal. For a moment only the shuffle and tramp of heavy-booted feet were audible—thousands and thousands of feet lifting, falling, shuffling in unison. Then simultaneously three regimental bands thundered the opening bars of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on."

The three old men sat suddenly erect in their cars: the medals on their chests clinked softly together. They were, after all, soldiers and this was *their* marching song. The strong vibrant rhythm of it lifted them, exalted them. Sitting stiffly straight in their cars, they rode the waves of the music back through the years so that time and the people who spelled time to them mingled and grew confused.

The man in the first car wept a little as old men are apt to do. The man in the last car sang with his heart and cursed with his lips as old soldiers are apt to do. The man in the middle car stared straight ahead of him and saw that same great avenue as it had been almost eighty years ago to the day—jammed solidly from curbstone to curbstone with soldiers whose long blue coats swung in time to that same timeless music, and whose bayonets, had been washed clean of the blood of their fellow countrymen, who in their own way had also fought for the Union.

He saw these things and he was more frightened than he had ever been in battle because he saw too how time had done what all of Lee's great armies had failed to do. It had eliminated the Grand Army of the Republic.

All thirty thousand of the men he had paraded with on that bright day just after the war had marched on now—until there were left only these three useless old men, taken from their museums once each year to be exhibited.

Walter Banyard knew that he was fighting a battle he had no chance of winning. He was one hundred and three years old, and he was afraid to die. For years now, he had dreaded these parades, and the reminder of the ever-thinning ranks.

Funny, he thought. When little Johnny Shiloh and I were marching off to war together—when Johnny died at Gettysburg—all the boys said he was too young to die. I was too young to die then too and I wasn't scared of it—much. Now I'm too old to live and I'm scared—sick.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on."

Johnny Shiloh and he had grown up together. He thought about how Johnny had fallen so terribly in love with that girl who lived a few miles outside Gettysburg. Johnny Shiloh'd told him all about it as they lay together behind Cemetery Ridge waiting—for the Rebs to come—waiting to make history.

"Wally, she's the most beautiful doggone girl I ever saw. She's got hair like soft silk, Wally, and cheeks like young roses. I've asked her to marry me when the war's over and she says she will. Wally, I love her like I never thought I could love anything. I saw her yesterday afternoon. She let me kiss her, Wally. It made me feel—well, holy."

Faintly through Walter Banyard's mind came the beat of the drums and the music of the three bands:

"I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps. . . ."

By the dim and flaring lamps, he thought. That was how Johnny showed me her picture—a pretty little girl. Not as pretty as he thought—maybe she was, though, if Johnny thought so. Johnny'd gone then, to try to get a pass to visit her that night—the battle wouldn't begin till dawn.

Walter hadn't seen him to speak to again after that. Next morning the Rebs hadn't given anybody much time for speaking about anything.

He'd found Johnny the next night, by the dim and flaring lamps of the stretcher-bearers and burial squads—found him in the reeking fog with a Rebel bullet through his heart. And that had been the end of Johnny Shiloh. No marriage—no kids—no life at all. Just death. Walter had found the girl's picture and had sent it to her. He sighed, blinked his eyes, touched them with his heavy blue sleeve. . .

"Humpaneee—halt! Hahn—two!"

THE parade stopped. The music stopped. Ahead, traffic began to pour across the avenue. The man in a colonel's uniform sitting beside the old man put his hand on his knee.

"Feeling okay, Father?"

"No, Billy, I don't like these things. Take me back too far. I get remembering things—old friends. And then I think how the world is today and I think what the dickens was the use, Billy. Take that tune the band's playin'. Next verse ends—" In a thin voice, he sang: " 'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!' Who's free, Billy—'cept maybe the black folks we freed? And they don't seem to be as free as they might be and we're mostly all dead. What's the use of it, Billy?"

His son laughed, and patted the old man's knee.

"Don't ask me, Father," he said. "I'm just a soldier—like you. A soldier doesn't know the answer to anything. You getting too tired, Father?"

Walter Banyard had been too tired for twenty years—ever since Janie died. Janie'd been a pretty girl too—mighty pretty. He remembered how she'd looked standing on the corner of Euclid Street when that long-ago parade went by—with her eyes sparkling and shining and her cheeks on fire when she recognized him marching past and waved to him and called out, "Hooray, Wally. Hooray!" Walter Banyard didn't want to answer his son because he didn't want to lie. So he changed the subject.

"What regiment's this one right ahead of us, Billy?" he said. "Fine-lookin' outfit."

"Fourteenth Pennsylvania Infantry." His son grinned. "They're the guard of honor today, Pop—

The sky and the flags looked free—more free than the endless line of soldiers marching in the street

because they're guarding *you!"* He turned, alarm in his voice. "Father! What's the matter?"

The old man was trembling all over. He turned to his son. "Nothing, son," he said, "only that's *my regiment!"*

"Holy smoke!" said the colonel. "I clean forgot! Wait—come back here! Where are you going?"

Walter Banyard had opened the door and was halfway out of the car.

"I'm going to march with my regiment!" he said. "Where I belong."

The younger man reached out for him, then drew back his hand. The mayor, who had been riding on the other side of the old veteran, looked worried.

"Colonel," he said. "We can't let him do that—march in this heat—why, if he marched a block it might kill him! He's taking an awful risk."

Colonel William Banyard shook his head.

"When you're a hundred and three years old," he said, "there aren't any risks left—except one. And that one doesn't matter any more."

They watched while Walter Banyard crowded past the end of the line of men standing at rest in the street before them. The colonel managed to wave to the company commander, to catch his eye and to nod. Then the old man walked up to the young captain and saluted.

"Corporal Banyard reporting, sir. I'm looking for the first platoon, H Company."

The young captain, fighting off a grin, pointed.

"Right here, Corporal." Actually, it was K Company, but he had understood the colonel's nod. "First platoon right there."

"Somebody's got my rifle," said Walter Banyard.

"A fine thing!" said the captain. "I'll have him court-martialed."

"No need. I'll just take it away from the son of a gun—sir."

HE SALUTED again, about-faced and walked up to the long line of hot, sweating men. He wrinkled his nose. The men smelled good to him. They smelled the way men ought to smell. He stumbled a little, trying to find his old place in the line. But the faces weren't familiar and it was very hot and he felt a little dizzy.

Then he steadied. 'Course he couldn't find his place in the line. These weren't the men he knew. Their faces were all strange to him. Must be because this was now and not then— Queer, though, they'd all looked familiar just a minute ago—maybe that was because soldiers all look sort of alike—young and hard and healthy. Queer, too, how time had started playing tricks on him since he'd gotten out of the car—so now and then were all mixed up in his mind and one minute he was really back in the regiment and the next minute he was just an old man looking backward down a long road—pretending.

He stood, a little puzzled, looking to right and left. The captain was just stepping forward to make a place for him when at last he did find a familiar face. For a second the sight of it startled him so that he wobbled on his feet and almost fell. It couldn't be the face he thought he recognized. But it was—he'd seen it in his memory too many times ever to forget it. He straightened his back, shouldered his way beside the man he knew, turned to the soldier on his left.

"You ornery, low-down, mule-skinnin' recruit," he said. "Give me my rifle!"

The young man turned *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE WIGGINS

END OF A BEAUTIFUL FEUD

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

When Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper publicly made up their ten-year-old feud, movie press agents were unhappy. For it meant the end of playing one against the other, and thus getting publicity from both top movie columnists

HARRIET ARNOLD

A Parsons broadcast in the making. Louella's home is her office. Here in the game room she and Fred MacMurray work and worry. Helping them are Richard Diggs (left), show's producer, his secretary, Marie Mack (second from right) and Ruth Waterbury. Ruth writes the program. Below, at a party given in honor of Hedda Hopper by publicist Ben Sonnenberg, Hedda (right) listens anxiously to what Jennifer Jones is saying. The girl hovering in the background is the host's daughter Helen Sonnenberg

CLAUDE W. HUSTON

ON a recent rainy Tuesday at Mike Romanoff's famous Beverly Hills dining palace, in ceremonies every director, producer and player in Hollywood would have given blood to witness, there was buried the ghost of one of the most widely publicized feuds ever to develop outside a comic strip. The principals of the occasion —a luncheon—were columnist Louella O. Parsons, who had reigned supreme for more than a generation, and columnist Hedda Hopper, who had clawed her way upward to the status of a Hollywood *grande dame* and whose hats are a trade-mark of such public interest they are a deductible expense item on her income tax.

Chief mourners, when they heard about the burial, were 300 or so studio and free-lance press agents who for a decade had played Hopper and Parsons against each other in a grab for space involving newspapers with about 40,000,000 readers and umpteen million radio listeners who may or may not have suffered nervous indigestion while waiting to know the latest who's-oogling-who from Hollywood.

Those few lucky-I-was-there eyewitnesses to the reconciliation rushed to telephones to flabbergast their friends with the intelligence that Parsons and Hopper were lunching together unscratched and smiling for the first time in ten years. What they reported was unbelievable, they knew. But as if to prove that it was no "Lost Weekend" hallucination, Parsons and Hopper lunched together the following Tuesday and practically every week since.

At the first meeting Charles MacArthur stopped at their table, did a startled double-take, and in his momentary confusion divulged the cast of his latest picture, Trilby. In the movie colony new casts are hot news. But did these two aces in the pack of 400-odd reporters who cover Hollywood rush to telephones and call their editors? They did not. Though each has always demanded exclusive items and would rather wake up in pajamas at Hollywood and Vine streets than duplicate a story the other carried, they calmly agreed to share the MacArthur item and considerately compared deadlines.

Then they capped the incredible with the impossible. They agreed one day to use exactly the same news items in their columns—just for the hell of it. By Hollywood standards, this is as fantastic as for Stalin and Truman to use identical texts in discussing the state of the world. And it sent the press agents scurrying from washroom to washroom tearing hair, gnashing teeth and awaiting the end of the world. For as Hopper remarked to Parsons when they made the date for their celebrated meeting, "Darling, if you and I ever get together and compare notes, we'll rock this town on its heels."

"And," a friend added later, "she meant heels."

The Hopper-Parsons feud, which ended when Hopper complimented Parsons' daughter, RKO producer Harriet Parsons, on her latest picture, I Remember Mama, started ten years ago. It began when Miss Hopper, somewhat to her surprise, discovered that she was a columnist. She had been an actress and fifth wife of De Wolf Hopper, a sort of marrying Clark Gable of forty years ago.

Claws Unsheathed for New Columnist

Writing was hardly in her line and no one, least of all herself, took Miss Hopper seriously. But as a Mabel-come-lately she was given considerable clawing over by Miss Parsons and other Hollywood ladies of the press. To relax the growing animus, Mrs. Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's right hand and a much beloved local powerhouse, gave Hedda a hen party to which all newspaperwomen were invited to come with sheathed fangs. Everybody showed up except all-important Louella, leaving Hedda in the mood of an altar-deserted bride—furious.

Being especially smart, especially attractive and with more brass than three monkeys, Miss Hopper made rapid progress. She persuaded the Los Angeles Times to print her column, giving her a big circulation local outlet without which she would still be just another columnist. Soon she was signed by the Chicago Tribune–N. Y. News Syndicate. When she insulted people they no longer frowned at Miss Hopper, they smiled.

Miss Hopper's growing power was cause for jubilation among the press agents. For some twenty years Miss Parsons' influence had been high in Hollywood. Now with Hopper packing a circulation wallop almost as potent, they were no longer so

CLAUDE W. HUSTON

Hedda's famous hats are a legitimate business expense, deductible on her income tax. Some people think them as interesting as her movie column. The cats!

dependent on one columnist. To make the most of the rivalry the boys cried, "Feud!" and played it for all it was worth.

Talking with Parsons one of them would say, "Hedda is crowing about scooping you on that Ty Power item." To which the natural Parsons reaction was, "Why, that skinny so-and-so, I'll show her."

At this point he would whisper, "Listen, I've got something that Hedda is hot for. I can't keep it under cover much longer but if you use it quick . . ." Such an approach was often irresistible. Afterward the press agent dialed Hollywood 3686 and used the same technique on Hopper.

Jokes that involve Lolly Parsons are a standard item of Hollywood conversation, and Hopper, as a fast hand with a wisecrack, made her a target for barbed remarks. Feud perpetuators quickly relayed these to Miss Parsons, who found in them only slight nourishment for her languishing affection for Miss Hopper. A person of hair-trigger sensitivity, Parsons can burst into tears at the drop of an emotion. Informed of a Hopper crack she once sniffed unhappily, "She's trying to do in two years what took me thirty and I resent some of the things she says about me."

Occasionally the battle would break out in print. When Agnes Moorehead won the New York Film Critics award, Parsons sniped in her column that Hollywood was raising its eyebrows over such a choice. The next day Hopper cracked that she had looked carefully and failed to see a single elevated eyebrow. When Bette Davis had her baby she refused all interviews and disappeared. Hopper suspected she was hiding out in her Laguna Beach cottage, drove there, found the door open, walked in and got the first story. Parsons rebutted: "Since Bette Davis has had so many unwelcome visitors, she has had to have her gate padlocked."

Parsons was not pleased when Hopper was publicly commended for her radio voice at a time when her own was being described by a speech analyst as affected by an "unmusical shrillness."

Once film stars who had agreed to appear with Hopper at the American Legion Convention in Milwaukee suddenly received command invitations to appear at the same hour to observe "Louella Parsons Day" in Dixon, Illinois, where Parsons started her newspaper career at $5 a week.

In such an atmosphere no two women, who also were keen business rivals, could cement a fraternal feeling. But these and similar incidents hardly justified the persistent conviction that the girls were savagely bent on destroying each other.

Helping Censors to Turn Gray

Nevertheless they made excellent rivals. They are opposite in almost every particular. Hopper was born in 1890, Parsons in 1893. Hopper has a schoolgirl, peaches-and-cream complexion. She is hearty, vivacious, with a fourteen-hour-a-day energy few men her age can match. She puts out her column with the zest and spirit of hounds chasing a fox at full cry. Her anecdotes are delightful, scandalous and often true enough to gray the hair of censors in the Johnston office charged with guarding Hollywood's reputation.

Her delight in shocking people in public sometimes gets unexpected results. Once she saw Producer Benny Thau and Joan Blondell sitting near each other at a crowded cocktail bar. She strode over to Thau and in a voice audible two blocks away upbraided him for not casting Miss Blondell in a picture. "There's a girl that can act. She is supporting two children and a mother. A picture would build her morale and she is desperate for money. If you were smart you'd hire her."

To the considerable embarrassment of Thau and Miss Blondell and the delight of spellbound lookers-on Miss Hopper blasted away on Blondell's talents and Thau's lack of perception until she could think of nothing more to say, a state she does not readily attain. The next day Thau called her. "Hedda, that was a marvelous idea of yours. I've just signed Blondell. But why didn't you suggest it privately over the telephone?"

"But, Benny," Miss Hopper replied, "I never thought of it until that instant."

By contrast, except when she is angry, Miss Parsons seems mousy. She has been widely and unfairly caricatured. The facts are that though she shows her age she is only slightly stout (her ankles are as small and trim as Hopper's); that beneath a protective canopy of simulated vagueness she is smart as a firecracker—few people in the film business are better informed on the British movie industry, Hollywood's export market or precise profits and losses of various pictures.

As for her job, even Hopper admits Louella is the best in the field. She is under no illusions as to the literary merit of what she writes. Privately she calls some of it "that awful stuff." But she is aware few Pulitzer prizers can match her $150,000 a year and that awards for literary merit do not pay bills like hers, which seem always to be $1.25 more than she earns.

When she is angry, any resemblance between Miss Parsons and a mouse is purely fictional. She makes known her displeasure to the person nearest at hand, however remote his connection with it. She was furious to discover that her income taxes for last year were $10,000 higher than before. But her anger was directed not at the government tax policy nor at her employers who paid her the money, nor at her enterprise for earning it, but at the hapless man who had filled out her tax form for her.

Her fights with her immediate superior, James H. Richardson, two-fisted Los Angeles Examiner city editor, would earn combat ribbons for an infantry division. When Richardson, to his infinite delight, scooped her on the Lana Turner-Dan Topping engagement, she beat a verbal tattoo on him for days, maintaining he should have turned the story over to her. Publicity men who have been reprimanded by Miss Parsons declare that her invective is pure, her meaning unmistakable and her words, which

(Continued on page 44)

HARRIET ARNOLD

Louella has been a newspaperwoman and movie columnist for thirty years. Her "exclusives" are her greatest personal pride. And why not?

A SLIGHT CASE OF CONNECTICUT

BY DANA BURNET

Tom and Liza were just stagnating in California, so they went East to get stimulated—which they did

THE elms!" Liza said. "The lovely elms! How I've missed them!"

"Well," Tom said, "we've come three thousand miles so you could see some elms again. I'm glad you're enjoying them." He was standing beside her looking out at the two great trees that stood on either side of the Fishers' driveway, their limbs naked and gesturing in the wind. "Personally, I prefer my trees with leaves."

"Darling, this is November."

"Yes," Tom said, "and this is Connecticut and this is your old friend Sally Fisher's old colonial house and this is her quaint guest room which, unfortunately, has only a single bed."

Liza glanced over her shoulder. She had taken off her traveling dress and was wearing a pale yellow negligee that almost matched the color of her hair. "The bed's quite unusual," she said. "You don't often find a single four-poster. It's a rare antique."

"I wasn't thinking of its antiquity," Tom said; and added, "Not that I mind sleeping in the attic, but—it's the first time we've been separated since we were married."

"I know," Liza said. "It's a shame."

"It's illegal," Tom said. "And I can't seem to remember *why* we're here at all."

"We're here," she said, "because the furnace in the gardener's cottage broke down."

"I don't mean that," Tom Drake said. They'd come East by train to spend the winter in the former gardener's cottage on the Fisher place. But upon their arrival, that day at noon, they'd been met with news that the cottage heater had suffered a complete collapse. So, willy-nilly, they had become the Fishers' house guests. "I mean, why did we decide to come in the first place?"

Liza turned to face him. "Why Tom! You know it was because we were just *stagnating* out there!"

"We weren't happy in California?"

"Of course we were. But happiness isn't everything."

"What is everything?" Tom asked.

"Oh, I can't tell you now, dear. I've got to do my hair before dinner."

"But I can't help wondering exactly what your motive was."

"Motive?" She sat down at the dressing table. "I never had a motive in my life. I just have feelings."

"Okay. What were your feelings?"

She switched on the lights. "Home

"I see," Tom said. "You decided to buy me a chunk of Linc Sloan's advertising firm. It was going to be a secret between you and your old friend Linc!" "Tom!" Liza said. "How did you find out?"

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

sickness, perhaps," she said. "Don't you ever get homesick for Newark? You were born there, just as I was born in Stanwich, Connecticut."

"My family moved West when I was three years old!"

"Oh, well, if you want to be mathematical about it. But, you know there was nothing *stimulating* about California. It affected me like a sleeping pill, and you were getting into a rut."

"I was getting a thousand a week as a free-lance screen writer!"

"So when Sally's letter came," Liza went on, in the slightly distracted tone of a woman facing a mirror, "it seemed like the hand of fate and a wonderful chance to get back to a cultured environment where people have roots. And, Tom, the climate'll be good for you. I think you *need* a touch of frost."

"What am I, a pumpkin?"

One of the things he loved about Liza was her impromptu giggle. "Darling, I mean if you're ever going to do anything worth while. Writing movies seems so unsubstantial—"

"Listen," he said. "Don't try to bully me into being substantial." He came up behind her, leaned down and kissed the back of her neck. "My idea is to make this trip a second honeymoon, provided I'm not stuck permanently in the attic."

"Darling, there are always the stairs."

"The stairs creak," Tom said. "But I'm all for the honeymoon, as long as our money holds out."

"You don't have to worry—" Liza began; then stopped abruptly.

"About money?"

"We have enough—for now," she said, and it reminded Tom of the first time they'd ever talked about money.

IT WAS on their original honeymoon, in Ensenada. They were having breakfast in bed and Liza had told him, almost shyly, that she had an income of her own. Both her parents were dead and she'd been managing her own affairs since she was eighteen and did he mind if she went on paying for her clothes and things? Tom had laughed and told her to manage everything, to take charge of all their affairs and never to bother him about money again; then, in spite of the two breakfast trays, he'd kissed her.

"But you'll want to work at something in the East, won't you, Tom? I mean, if we decide to settle here?"

"I hadn't thought about settling here."

"But if we do, eventually, you'll be happier with a job, won't you?"

Tom said, "I'll be hungrier, eventually, without one."

She was very busy brushing her blond hair. "Well, darling, I *do* hope you'll make an effort to adjust yourself to the—the—"

"To the frost?"

"To the life here," she said stiffly. "Tom, dear, you're going to change for dinner, aren't you?"

He still had on the collarless jacket and slacks that he had traveled in. "Okay," he said. "Do I break out in a black tie?"

"Oh, no. Just a suit. I'm sure the men won't dress."

"The men? I thought there was only Pete Fisher."

Liza laughed lightly. "I meant Pete and Linc Sloan."

"Who?"

"Lincoln Sloan. He's an old friend of mine. Sally thought it would be nice to ask him, and I want you to know him because he's really quite a person. He's head of a big advertising agency in New York and he's *very* anxious to meet you. I was in Sally's room when she phoned him, so naturally I had to speak to him."

"Wait a minute!" Tom said. "Isn't he the guy you've told me about? The one you were almost engaged to?"

"If I said a Yale man, it was probably Linc."

"And he lives here in Stanwich?"

"He's always lived here."

"Is he married or still at large?"

"He's at large. But, darling, what difference does it make? I chose *you*, as I recall it. Not Linc Sloan."

He reached for her hand. He had been a happily married man for less than two years and he was still inclined to snatch. "Liza," he said, "I love you."

"That's good, darling. But I've really got to finish dressing. You go dress, too."

Tom wondered, as he climbed to his room in the attic, whether Liza liked having a room to herself. Worrying over this while he dressed, he went back in his mind to the day he'd first met Liza. It was at a party at the Fred Starrs' in Beverly Hills. He could see the Starrs' swimming pool and the tall, rather thin girl in the white swim suit standing on the diving board. He'd decided she must be the guest Mildred Starr had been expecting—the girl from the East who'd gone to school with Mildred. He'd been swimming in the pool and when the girl came up from her dive he saw that her eyes were the color of the water. They were blue in the gardenia pallor of her face, and he had looked at her and said, "Wonderful!"

"What's wonderful?"

"Everything," Tom Drake had said, floating toward her. He was stating a fact, because he knew at once he'd met a girl he could fall in love with. And did. And so they were married, because it seemed she'd fallen in love with him, and it was spring in California, and everything was wonderful. Tom's agent, Sam Ernst, found them a house in Stone Canyon. There was a mountain in the back yard and the house was small. But big enough, Liza said, for two thin people.

Then the letter had come from Liza's old school friend Sally Fisher, and suddenly the wonder was gone. It was like waking from a dream. Tom was between jobs and a little edgy about it, and Liza was full of a restless, nostalgic excitement. That was when she began to talk about the elms. The lovely elms. And then they were packing and making reservations to go East.

"And here we are," Tom said to himself. He finished tying the knot in his tie, then went downstairs to the living room, which was crammed with antique furniture that gave it a stiff, museumlike appearance. Maybe he was sore at being put up in the attic, but it struck him that everything was in the worst of good taste.

THEN under a Queen Anne sofa he saw a small boy lying on his belly staring out at him.

"Hello," Tom said. "Is that where *you* sleep?"

"I don't sleep here. I'm just setting a trap," the boy said. "In case of burglars."

"Oh, fine," Tom said. "Do you expect them soon?"

The question brought a startled look to the boy's eyes. "'Course there aren't any burglars, *really*—are there?"

"Don't ask me," Tom said. "I'm a stranger here, myself."

"You can't fool me," the boy said, uncertainly. "You're Uncle Tom from California—aren't you?"

Tom had always hated the honorary uncle convention. "I'm not—" he began; then gave in weakly. "Okay, I'm your Uncle Tom. And you must be Junior Fisher. Or Fisher, Junior."

"I'm just Junior and I'm practicing to be a detective. Scrunch down and I'll show you what I've got here."

Tom remembered that a guest should be polite to his host's offspring. He scrunched down. Peering under the sofa, he saw a box the size of a portable radio. It was connected by a wire to a base plug in the wall and its face was covered with dials.

"This is my Little Wonder Wire-Recorder dictaphonograft," Junior said in a hushed voice. "Pops gave it to me for my birthday. You can talk in it and it will talk right back."

"That," Tom said, "is an invention of doubtful value, especially to a married man."

"I can turn it on before I go to bed and then if any burglars come in I'll have a record of everything they say. Even if there aren't any burglars, there *might* be, and if there *are*—"

(Continued on page 59)

BOUQUETS BY THE MASTERS

A New York floral designer passes on a few ideas borrowed from the painter's brush

BY BARBARA BANKS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

FOR the past too many years household flower arrangers have been inspired chiefly by Mrs. Jones' successes at a local flower show or suggestions made by the supposedly best authorities on floral decoration. The do's and don't's of the latter tend to stifle your imagination and deprive your bouquets of the individuality and charm they might have.

The bouquets shown on these pages were arranged by Ann Hagan, a floral designer who has borrowed from the masters. Miss Hagan has developed a multitude of novel ideas in her small flower shop that sits at the far end of a court in New York's East Forties.

The flower paintings have been selected as a simple method to help the amateur use her imagination.

"An artist is an expert in the use of line and color," Miss Hagan points out, "and if you start treating flowers as the artists do, just as with any other craft you'll gain awareness and knowledge of the endless compositions they offer."

The timeless message that is conveyed in flower paintings makes them popular with most people. Everybody may agree that flowers are beautiful but it is the wide variety of arrangement and selection of color in flower paintings that can provide an unending source of inspiration. Flowers respond to a persona touch just as anything else does. They are th most flexible feature of interior decoration and if treated with imagination they will cre ate constant new interest. No one buys nev drapes or moves the furniture every week but it's very easy to alter the mood of a roon by changing the color, composition and scen of the bouquets in it.

Some artists like to paint a profusion o variety or color in flowers, as they might ap pear in a first glance at a garden. Others pre fer to concentrate on the beauty of a fev blossoms, with regard to the size, shape character and color of each flower. Witl paintings as a guide, you have the advice o an expert and are able to take advantag of an artist's ability to compose flowers o a small scale, as nature does in an immens way.

To nearly everyone flowers have a mean ing. Cityfolk like to be reminded of the coun try. There are different blossoms for ever season and a special one for each month. T most people they are nostalgic and loved fo their associations as well as their beauty There's an informality and intimacy abou flower paintings, so if you'll take a few tip from the masters, as Miss Hagan has done you should be able to achieve this feeling i your own bouquets. ★★★

Degas painted girl with chrysanthemums, left. Ann Hagan gets his lush feeling with a modern French model Lise Bourdin beside her bouquet of daisies, French marigolds, bachelor's-buttons and ranunculuses. Painting courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

Manet, who is considered the father of French impressionism, painted the lilacs and roses, left inset. Above, Miss Hagan does a similar arrangement, using lilacs and roses too. In this instance, she finds it possible to copy the type of flower as well as Manet's style. Painting courtesy Paul Rosenberg Galleries

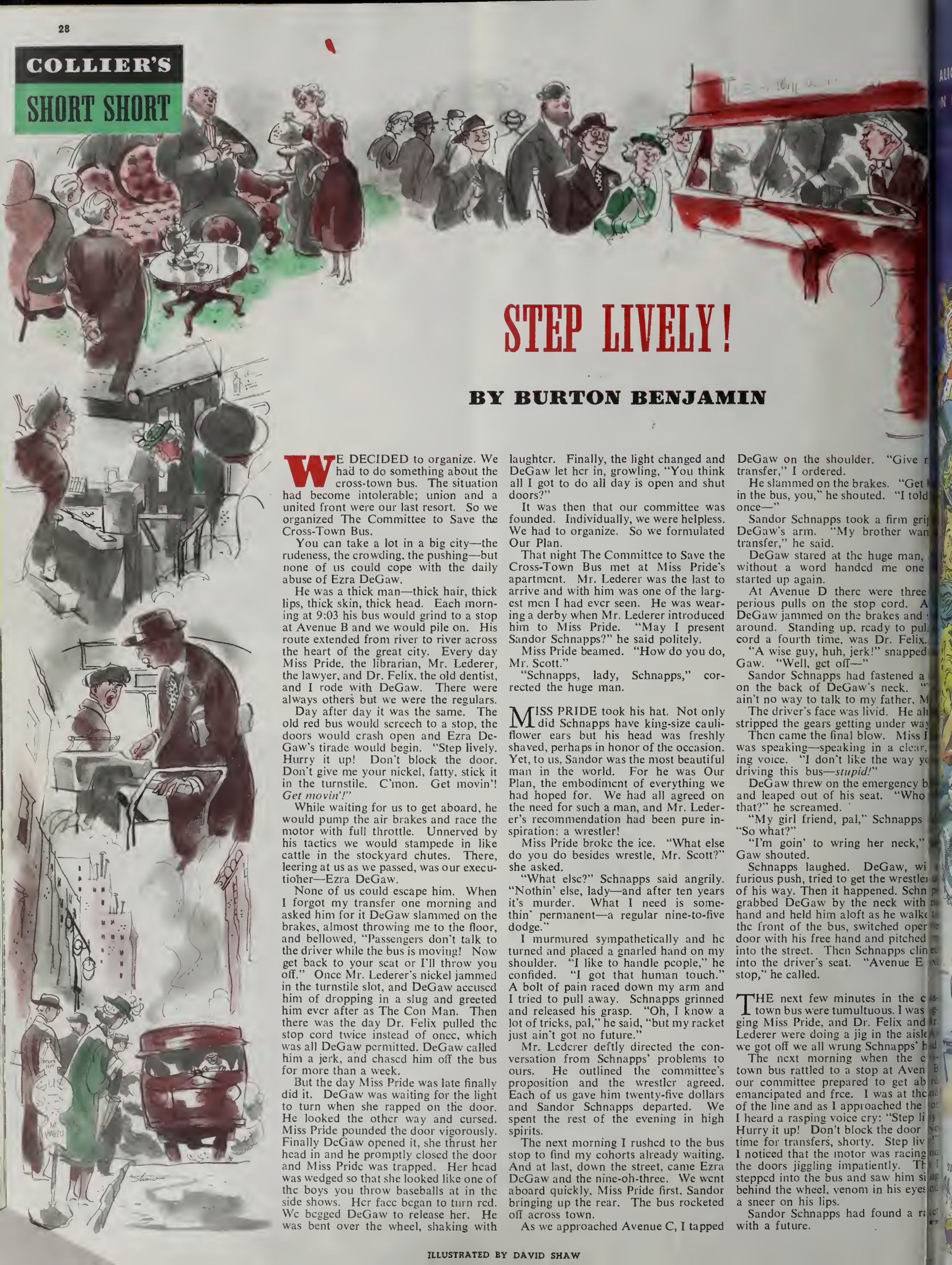
Van Gogh's painting of zinnias, left, is interpreted above with calendulas, bachelor's-buttons, carnations, and French marigolds. Considered one of the great artists of his time, Van Gogh's productive period spanned only six years. Painting courtesy Knoedler Galleries

Redon painted anemones. Miss Hagan uses similar flowers, maiden-hair fern, sedum, and pear blossoms. Redon's friendship with botanist Clavand started his passion for flower subjects. Painting courtesy Sam A. Lewisohn Collection

Redon's painting, left, leaves only essence of flowers. Miss Hagan captures this with blue hyacinth, red roses, yellow and white daisies, ranunculuses, bachelor's-buttons, dried babies'-breath, and statice. Painting courtesy Durand-Ruel Galleries

Max Weber likes simple arrangements. Miss Hagan depicts this with a trick arrangement of geranium, Chinese evergreen leaves and ornithogalum. Painting courtesy Paul Rosenberg Galleries

COLLIER'S
SHORT SHORT



STEP LIVELY!

BY BURTON BENJAMIN

WE DECIDED to organize. We had to do something about the cross-town bus. The situation had become intolerable; union and a united front were our last resort. So we organized The Committee to Save the Cross-Town Bus.

You can take a lot in a big city—the rudeness, the crowding, the pushing—but none of us could cope with the daily abuse of Ezra DeGaw.

He was a thick man—thick hair, thick lips, thick skin, thick head. Each morning at 9:03 his bus would grind to a stop at Avenue B and we would pile on. His route extended from river to river across the heart of the great city. Every day Miss Pride, the librarian, Mr. Lederer, the lawyer, and Dr. Felix, the old dentist, and I rode with DeGaw. There were always others but we were the regulars.

Day after day it was the same. The old red bus would screech to a stop, the doors would crash open and Ezra DeGaw's tirade would begin. "Step lively. Hurry it up! Don't block the door. Don't give me your nickel, fatty, stick it in the turnstile. C'mon. Get movin'! *Get movin'!*"

While waiting for us to get aboard, he would pump the air brakes and race the motor with full throttle. Unnerved by his tactics we would stampede in like cattle in the stockyard chutes. There, leering at us as we passed, was our executioner—Ezra DeGaw.

None of us could escape him. When I forgot my transfer one morning and asked him for it DeGaw slammed on the brakes, almost throwing me to the floor, and bellowed, "Passengers don't talk to the driver while the bus is moving! Now get back to your seat or I'll throw you off." Once Mr. Lederer's nickel jammed in the turnstile slot, and DeGaw accused him of dropping in a slug and greeted him ever after as The Con Man. Then there was the day Dr. Felix pulled the stop cord twice instead of once, which was all DeGaw permitted. DeGaw called him a jerk, and chased him off the bus for more than a week.

But the day Miss Pride was late finally did it. DeGaw was waiting for the light to turn when she rapped on the door. He looked the other way and cursed. Miss Pride pounded the door vigorously. Finally DeGaw opened it, she thrust her head in and he promptly closed the door and Miss Pride was trapped. Her head was wedged so that she looked like one of the boys you throw baseballs at in the side shows. Her face began to turn red. We begged DeGaw to release her. He was bent over the wheel, shaking with laughter. Finally, the light changed and DeGaw let her in, growling, "You think all I got to do all day is open and shut doors?"

It was then that our committee was founded. Individually, we were helpless. We had to organize. So we formulated Our Plan.

That night The Committee to Save the Cross-Town Bus met at Miss Pride's apartment. Mr. Lederer was the last to arrive and with him was one of the largest men I had ever seen. He was wearing a derby when Mr. Lederer introduced him to Miss Pride. "May I present Sandor Schnapps?" he said politely.

Miss Pride beamed. "How do you do, Mr. Scott."

"Schnapps, lady, Schnapps," corrected the huge man.

MISS PRIDE took his hat. Not only did Schnapps have king-size cauliflower ears but his head was freshly shaved, perhaps in honor of the occasion. Yet, to us, Sandor was the most beautiful man in the world. For he was Our Plan, the embodiment of everything we had hoped for. We had all agreed on the need for such a man, and Mr. Lederer's recommendation had been pure inspiration: a wrestler!

Miss Pride broke the ice. "What else do you do besides wrestle, Mr. Scott?" she asked.

"What else?" Schnapps said angrily. "Nothin' else, lady—and after ten years it's murder. What I need is somethin' permanent—a regular nine-to-five dodge."

I murmured sympathetically and he turned and placed a gnarled hand on my shoulder. "I like to handle people," he confided. "I got that human touch." A bolt of pain raced down my arm and I tried to pull away. Schnapps grinned and released his grasp. "Oh, I know a lot of tricks, pal," he said, "but my racket just ain't got no future."

Mr. Lederer deftly directed the conversation from Schnapps' problems to ours. He outlined the committee's proposition and the wrestler agreed. Each of us gave him twenty-five dollars and Sandor Schnapps departed. We spent the rest of the evening in high spirits.

The next morning I rushed to the bus stop to find my cohorts already waiting. And at last, down the street, came Ezra DeGaw and the nine-oh-three. We went aboard quickly, Miss Pride first, Sandor bringing up the rear. The bus rocketed off across town.

As we approached Avenue C, I tapped DeGaw on the shoulder. "Give m transfer," I ordered.

He slammed on the brakes. "Get in the bus, you," he shouted. "I told once—"

Sandor Schnapps took a firm grip DeGaw's arm. "My brother wan transfer," he said.

DeGaw stared at the huge man, without a word handed me one started up again.

At Avenue D there were three perious pulls on the stop cord. A DeGaw jammed on the brakes and around. Standing up, ready to pul cord a fourth time, was Dr. Felix.

"A wise guy, huh, jerk!" snapped Gaw. "Well, get off—"

Sandor Schnapps had fastened a on the back of DeGaw's neck. " ain't no way to talk to my father, M

The driver's face was livid. He al stripped the gears getting under way

Then came the final blow. Miss I was speaking—speaking in a clear, ing voice. "I don't like the way yo driving this bus—*stupid!*"

DeGaw threw on the emergency b and leaped out of his seat. "Who that?" he screamed.

"My girl friend, pal," Schnapps "So what?"

"I'm goin' to wring her neck," Gaw shouted.

Schnapps laughed. DeGaw, wi furious push, tried to get the wrestle of his way. Then it happened. Schn grabbed DeGaw by the neck with hand and held him aloft as he walke the front of the bus, switched oper door with his free hand and pitched into the street. Then Schnapps clim into the driver's seat. "Avenue E stop," he called.

THE next few minutes in the c town bus were tumultuous. I was ging Miss Pride, and Dr. Felix and Lederer were doing a jig in the aisle we got off we all wrung Schnapps' h

The next morning when the c town bus rattled to a stop at Aven our committee prepared to get ab emancipated and free. I was at the of the line and as I approached the I heard a rasping voice cry: "Step li Hurry it up! Don't block the door time for transfers, shorty. Step liv I noticed that the motor was racing the doors jiggling impatiently. Th stepped into the bus and saw him si behind the wheel, venom in his eyes a sneer on his lips.

Sandor Schnapps had found a r with a future.

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

ALICE'S ADVENTURES
IN PHILCOLAND

"So WONDERful, it's fit for a Queen," said Alice

The sights she saw in Philcoland
Took Alice by surprise.
Advanced Design by Philco!
(She could scarce believe her eyes!)
A Wonderland of features
With the widest of appeals . . .
New ease in doing kitchen work,
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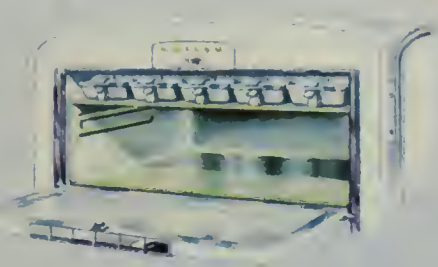
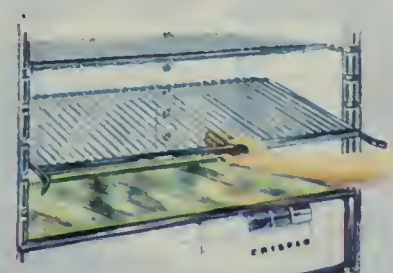
Why don't *you* visit Philcoland
And see what 'Forty-eight
Has done for better living?
See your dealer . . . don't be late!

PHILCO

. . . it's a WONDERful Refrigerator!

"You can say that again!"





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WHEN THE CLOCK IS TICKING away the night—and you can't get to sleep—your nerves make you jump at every sound.

You find yourself thinking things that would never occur to you in the daylight.

What *makes* you so nervous and uneasy? And why *couldn't* you get to sleep when you first went to bed?

If you've been drinking coffee, and you're one of those made nervous and sleepless by caffein, *that* is probably the trouble.

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Just start drinking *Sanka* Coffee.

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So start drinking Sanka tonight. You'll enjoy delicious coffee and delicious sleep.

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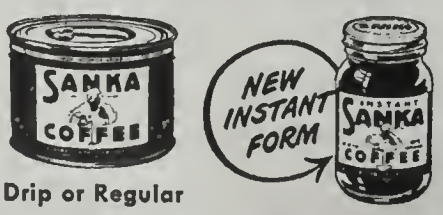

Drip or Regular

Products of General Foods

THE THIRD ACCIDENT

Continued from page 13

three years married, and already an associate professor. Ellen and he were popular with the faculty—an ideal couple, people said. He wondered what they would say if they knew Ellen wanted a divorce, or if they knew of the other ugliness that had risen between them.

The broad reach of the bridge was before them, the concrete flowing smoothly under the tires. The top of the convertible was down, and the sun was warm on Will's head. The Hudson River was a long distance below, solid gray at this height. He looked at Ellen.

"I'd enjoy this outing more, darling, if I knew what prompted this sudden romantic impulse," he said.

"Need I have an ulterior motive?"

"You usually do."

She frowned as the span of the bridge flew by. "I suppose you're right. You always are. You might call this trip a last attempt to salvage something for the future."

"Ellen," he said, "my happiness is with you."

She shook her head. Her hands, small and white, rested easily on the steering wheel. She didn't look at him when she spoke:

"No, it isn't. I can't help it if things have changed—"

"And that you no longer love me," he said.

"It isn't just that. I want a divorce, but—"

"Ellen," he interrupted, "is there anyone else?"

"No." Her answer came too swiftly. "No one else, Will."

She was lying. He remembered . . .

THE tall, blond man. He had seen him twice, in the Riverside Drive apartment house where they lived. A student, to judge by the shaggy sport coat and careless slacks; but more mature than most. The first time Will noticed him, the man was on the ninth-floor corridor, coming from the direction of his apartment door. He had thought the man was looking for him, and he stopped.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

The big young man paused. Panic flitted across his face, just for a moment, then he had smiled in a warped little grimace that emphasized the thin white scar on his right cheekbone.

"You're Professor Talmage, you?"

Will nodded. "Did you want t me?"

"Not especially," the young man and walked around him to the ele Will frowned after him, then shr and went on to his own door. Elle waiting, her kiss cool and light unde

"Who was the student?" he a after a moment.

"What student?"

"The one that just came out of h

She was pale. "You must be mist Will. I've been alone all day."

He glimpsed the blond man twice that, at intervals of more than a apart, once in the apartment-l lobby, and a second time walking the Drive. And a third time, Elle been driving with him in the conve He didn't actually see that, but ca gossip brought it swiftly to his atte Evidently their romance blinded made them careless. He hadn't tioned it after her first denial.

He wondered if the inheritance his Uncle Jim made the differenc was strange, but when the estate wa tled and they realized that Will was independently wealthy, Ellen pro wanted him to quit teaching and fo what she called the stuffy universi mosphere. The spree of theaters new clothes and the new car w enough for her.

"But I'm happy here," he expla He tried to be patient. "I want to st the university, Ellen. I enjoy teachi like being with the students, and Jim's money makes no difference at don't want it or need it."

"What are you going to do wi then?" Ellen asked.

"I've already signed it over to y don't want to be bothered with it. know that everything I have belon you."

He remembered her bitter "You're so very kind."

"What is it?" he asked. "What matter, Ellen?"

She said, "I want a divorce, Wil

That was the first time she ment it. It was early summer then. wouldn't hear of it, didn't want t lieve it, and he was sure she woul over it. He loved Ellen. He a

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOL

COLLIER'S

"Where's all the nickels?"

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Whenever there is a special moment, Milky Ways add enjoyment to the fun. There is a fitting thrill to the delightful taste of the thick, milk chocolate coating, the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel, and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with malted milk. With each bite you will enjoy a taste blend found ly in a Milky Way. When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way

View Nature's beauties if you wish,

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would. But as the summer wore on and the fall semester opened, Ellen's pleas for freedom became more desperate. . . .

The accident occurred the day classes formally opened. There had been a lot of rain that week, and the drainage gutter over their terrace, which looked down from a dizzy height over the Drive, developed a leak that threatened the living room. Ellen insisted it couldn't wait for the superintendent to repair. She produced a rickety stepladder and left Will to the chore. He didn't mind. He liked puttering about the apartment.

The terrace was still wet with rain when he braced the ladder against the wall and climbed up to inspect the troublesome spout. He didn't look down, having a normal, healthy fear of dangerous heights, but he knew the dizzy drop beyond the terrace wall. The wall itself had always seemed a rather flimsy barricade, much too low, built of crumbling limestone blocks ornamented with fat cupids.

Afterward, he didn't know what saved him when the ladder gave way. He never did get to inspect the faulty rain spout. One moment he was reaching gingerly for a foothold on the top step—and the next there was an ominous cracking of wood and he hurtled through space—sky and river and terrace pinwheeling around his head. Pain exploded in his leg, something slammed at his head, and he sprawled on hands and knees, skinning across the terrace flagstones. The breath went out of him as he hit the balustrade. He grabbed at one of the cupids with a wild hand and checked himself. He just clung there, looking down the fearful drop to the driveway far below—

THE insurance agent who arrived the next day waited until Ellen left the apartment before he hesitantly spoke his mind. Will was little the worse for wear, except for numerous contusions and a painfully pulled ligament in his left thigh. The insurance agent's name was Henry Clausen.

"We will pay the indemnity, of course, Professor Talmage. But I think you should take steps to prevent such accidents in the future."

"I don't normally climb stepladders," Will said. "It was an ordinary accident."

"Perhaps," Mr. Clausen said.

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Clausen looked unhappy. "I hardly like to say this. There is no proof. It could be an accident, as you say, due to criminal carelessness—"

Will said, "Whatever carelessnes isted was all mine."

"Yes, you should have seen to it the bolt was in place."

Will's face was pale. "What bolt?

"In the ladder. It was removed didn't fall out, Professor. *When* it removed is a moot point, the point I cannot prove. But if someone ha mind a diabolical prank—"

"Nonsense," Will said.

"You know of no one?" Mr. Cla asked. His smile agreed that it was sense. "I wouldn't alarm your wife perhaps you should see the police—

"Get out," Will said. "You're l ridiculous."

TWO weeks later, after the secon cident, Mr. Jack Fitch ansv Will's summons and came to visit chose an hour when he was sure would be out at a matinee perform He was sure that she was not alone. he wasn't thinking of that when h mitted Mr. Fitch and chose a seat fo before the gas-log fireplace.

Mr. Fitch looked rather young, thought. Short, stocky, with c cropped red hair and a square, ho face. Young and very sure of himse

Will fingered the simple, brief Jack D. Fitch, *Investigations*. His legiate air surprised Will, whose co tion of a private detective had gleaned from the movies and dete novels. His visitor would have fitted neatly into one of the front-row se his Shakespeare Appreciation class.

Mr. Fitch began without prelimin resting his hat on his knee and spe in a crisp, professional voice, as were in a hurry to go somewhere el

"His name is George Horner. blond, former tennis champ of We State. Used to be one of your stu last year. Right now he's living o visible income. Maybe yours. He an office in Wall Street, but he does any business there. That's where the now."

"Not the theater?" Will asked qu

"No, sir. His office."

Will said, "I hate all this spying dirty."

"Better to be safe than sorry," Fitch said. "How do you feel toda

"All right."

"You had a close call, you k Fitch said.

"I didn't know you'd heard abo Will murmured.

"It's all over the campus. They you tried to commit suicide by gas.

"Gee, just to think! Twenty minutes ago I'd never even dreamed you existed, then you came along and got fresh, and I slapped your face—and now we're engaged!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER

Yes, the 75X11 is a "degree with honors" in harmony for those who love music! Big 5-inch speaker to bring you all the glory of the "Golden Throat." Clear plastic dial face glows when the set is on. Plastic pointer makes tuning easy.

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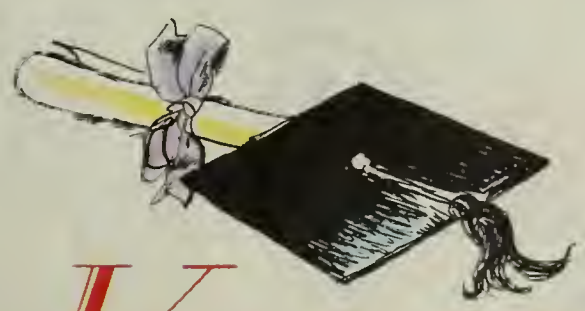

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shocking to all your friends. Most people seem to like you, but that's not my business. What actually happened?"

Will looked at the blue gas flames in the fireplace. "It was raining. the same as today, and Ellen was out. I was planning new lectures here when I fell asleep. The fire was going to chase out the damp. An hour later the super broke down the door and smashed the window and dragged me outside. The place was full of gas. I'd have been dead in another ten minutes."

Fitch scrubbed his short red hair and looked at the rainswept terrace. He asked, "The super smashed the window?"

"That's right."

"Then they were closed and there was no draft to blow out the gas log?"

Will nodded. "You see how it was."

"What do you think happened?"

"Somebody came in and turned off the flames, then turned on the gas jet again, without waking me."

"Sure," said Fitch. "That's it, all right. You understand what's going on, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Your wife is trying to kill you."

"Yes," Will said again.

"You going to let her?"

"I don't know what to do."

"Why not give her the divorce and let her have this blond hunk of man she's so nuts about?"

"It's gone past that now. That wouldn't do any good."

"Are you still in love with her?" Fitch asked.

"I don't know," Will said.

Fitch stood up. "I think you're a little nuts, Professor. It's practically a case of kill or be killed, the way you go on living with her. Living with death in the house."

"I keep hoping that I'm mistaken," Will said.

Fitch made a cynical noise and went out a few minutes later.

WILL leaned his head back against the seat and looked at the blue sky overhead. His chain of memories came to an abrupt end. He was almost surprised to find himself in the car once more, beside Ellen. They were on the Jersey side now, and Ellen swung toward the river onto a dirt road that led to their cloistered picnic spot. With summer over, the place was deserted. On three sides of the little clearing the brush and trees were splashed with autumn color. Will got out of the car and walked to the edge of the cliff.

He didn't move as the other door slammed and Ellen got out to join him. He looked down into the abyss. It was a sheer drop, a harrowing vacuum at his feet, with a jumble of boulders at the river's edge that looked like pebbles from this height. The wooden guardrail was down in one long section here. He heard Ellen's footsteps behind him as he stepped through the gap to the very brink.

Her hand slipped into his.

"It's a gorgeous view, isn't it, Will?"

"Yes," he whispered and shivered violently.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "It's a long way down."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"One little push," he said. He deliberately moved to the edge again. He could feel the wind at his back, the yawning tug of eternity at his feet. Far down the river a ferry crawled like a water beetle across the slate water. He waited. He thought: *Till some blind hand shall brush my wing.*

Ellen tugged at him, drawing him back.

"You're being morbid, Will. You don't have to look at it," she laughed. "Come help me with our lunch."

He followed her back to the car. He felt confused, flooded with humility and relief. Nothing had happened. He had been wrong, no matter what that impertinent young Fitch told him. looked at Ellen's calm, lovely face, there was no guilt on her clear brow. wanted to beg forgiveness for thoughts he had harbored. And sudde he wanted to tell her all about it.

"Ellen—" he said.

"Let's not discuss anything now," said. "Let's just enjoy ourselves bef we talk business. But please, let's grovel in past sentimentality."

"Grovel?" He felt shocked. "Do still want a divorce?"

"Yes, Will." She had taken off maple-leaf hat, and her dark gleamed as she knelt over the pi basket. "Yes, I do."

"But I still love you, Ellen. Why c we—"

"You've had the whole summer to why we can't. I've already consulte lawyer about the property settleme and I told him you would be very erous."

"I don't want to talk about this, E Not now."

"Let's eat first," she said practic Except for the city gleaming across

"Wanna mix it a little?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTA

river, they might have been in a deso isolated world all their own. He cou hear any sound of traffic on the high beyond the thick brush. The wind s clean and strong across the cliff w they sat. He watched Ellen, smiling tle at his recent fears. He could mak see reason today. Perhaps he had unfair, sticking to his humdrum un sity routine, as she called it. He c take a sabbatical year and they c travel, use Uncle Jim's money. That the answer. He could offer her a ye exotic, far-off places. Ellen had al wanted to travel.

The relief that came as his fears made him want to laugh aloud. But t was a tension about Ellen's mouth a tautness to her thin lips. He had t her, there on the cliff, and perhaps knew it. Tonight he would call Fitch fire him.

He heard the other car turn off highway, but it didn't register on his sciousness until it actually came view, jouncing in the ruts—a big, no script sedan of prewar years. It can a pause behind Ellen's convertible, as he turned his head to watch, frow with annoyance, two men stepped o

Each of them had a gun in his han

Will had only a glimpse befor lunged to his feet, whirling toward E

"Run!" he shouted.

She didn't run. She, too, was stan Her face was white and her smile queer, unnatural. She clasped her h before her.

"This is a stick-up," one of the said.

He saw now that they both wore masks, made of white handkerchief over the lower half of their faces, hats pulled down over their eyes.

"He's added another choice item to his collection!"

Choicest item in *any* man's liquor cabinet—that familiar amber decanter of Calvert Reserve! For here, in this fine whiskey, you'll find the superb result of Calvert's unequalled blending experience...a whiskey you'll prefer because it's smoother, mellower, tastes better. Try it, and you, too, will switch to Calvert!

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COLLIER'S "Have they started feeding you that line about childhood being the happiest years of your life?" HANK KETCHAM

were both big men, and the one who had spoken was obviously in command. The other hung back, waiting for orders. His clothes were cheap, flashy. The first one looked collegiate, in a tweed coat and corduroy slacks.

Will raised his hands slowly. He felt suffocated. It wasn't fear. On the first man's cheekbone was a long, thin white scar. He looked quickly at Ellen. Her eyes were unnaturally wide and bright.

"Why didn't you run?" he asked.

She didn't seem to hear. The two men moved forward with light, careful steps. There was no use shouting for help. No one was near by to listen. He felt a quick tremor in the muscles of his legs, and there was a metallic taste in the back of his mouth. A robin hopped across the brown earth in the path of the two men. A tug hooted plaintively far down the river.

"You won't get away with this," he said quietly. He was surprised that his voice didn't tremble. "Not in broad daylight."

"Shut up," said the man with the scar.

Will said, "But I know you, you see."

"Yes?"

"You're George Horner. I know all about you. If this is a joke, admit it now, and I'll forget it." For Ellen's sake, he thought. He said, "Put away those guns and stop being a fool."

"It isn't a joke," said the first man. "Back up a little."

He moved back a step. Ellen remained where she was.

"More, please. All the way."

HE LOOKED over his shoulder, away from the two men. The edge of the cliff was at his heels. Fear reached inside him, hitting his stomach like a knotted fist. He turned to Ellen.

She was still smiling.

"Ellen, what—"

But he knew now. It was in her wide eyes, her quickened, excited breathing, the way her lips were parted, showing a glisten of teeth. He looked toward the men with the guns and knew he was right. This was to be the last accident, the one he couldn't survive.

"She isn't going to help you," George Horner said.

There was no help anywhere. Panic tore at him, then a surge of anger made him lunge blindly for the man with the gun. He remembered a vague, flitting thought—it would be better to force him to shoot—

A hammer of explosive weight hurled him from his feet. It was the second man, the hoodlum. Will staggered, felt his shoes slip on loose shale. He went down on one knee, tried to scramble up again. George kicked at him. He ducked, and the heavy shoe slammed into his shoulder. He scrambled desperately for a hold on the broken guardrail. His hooked fingers missed. He glimpsed Ellen's white, queerly smiling face spinning above him—and then he was falling.

Sky, cliff and river whirled around him. A yell echoed in his ears. There was a crushing congestion in his chest, and his arms and legs flailed desperately at thin air. The river tilted and rushed up at him. Something slashed across his face with stunning force. He grabbed, lost his grip, fell again. But only a short way, this time. He crashed through another bush as if it were made of matchsticks, and then his fingers closed around a knobby, gnarled root and held, tightening with desperate strength. His downward fall was checked.

He hung there, swaying, with eternity at his feet.

He didn't dare let reaction weaken him. His shoes dug at the stone and earth before him. He found a toehold. Some of the strain was taken from his arms. A quick heave, and he hooked his left leg over the root mass that had saved him. The perch supported his weight. A spasm of shivering wracked his body. The depths below had a dizzy pull. He hung on. Before him was bare rock from which the bush sprang. He could trace the flakes of mica in its crude surface, the widening crack in which the seed had miraculously taken root and sprouted. The sky swayed, an oppressive arch over his head. He ventured an upward glance. He saw now that the bush had been invisible from the brink above, unless one peered far out from the edge. He had fallen perhaps twenty feet. But from here to the cliff top there was nothing but sheer rock, without a toehold or the least tiny crevice. There was no chance of getting back up.

Gradually he forced his breathing back to an approximate normal. He shifted his grip slowly, to relieve the strain on muscles that were beginning to ache and tremble. Under his shifting weight, the bush swayed, and a little shower of gravel spouted from under his feet. He could hear it rattle down until it was lost in the sheer void.

Far off down the river, the tug hooted again, wearily.

The first rock whizzed by his head without warning. He started dangerously,

Oh, how he'll

...LOVE TO GET U IN THE MORNING

Give him a LORD CHESTERFIE and hear him sing as he shaves LORD CHESTERFIELD stays plur and silky-soft—gives him the m luxurious shaving comfort h ever known ...for years to can All good drug, cigar and depa ment stores sell

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The style illustrated, #500, is made of silky-soft, genuine badger throughout, set in rubber, in a handsome, clear plastic handle. Retails at $5.00. Other styles from $1 to $25.

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B

n looked up to see someone's head ust over the brink. A distorted face red curiously down at him. Then a nd flickered, and another rock the size his fist crashed through the brush to ike his thigh with vicious force.

Someone said, "He's down there, all ht. He didn't fall all the way."

Then Ellen said in a queerly garbled ice, "Here's another one. Hurry."

A third missile came down. It went de.

Their voices were oddly twisted beeen wind and sky. They were trying to lodge him, dissatisfied that he should ll be alive, desperate to finish their nture. The thought came to Will that ey must be as panicky as he.

Another rock was thrown down at him. is one hit his shoulder, made him cry t in sudden pain. He looked down at t, seeking a way to save himself. His ance touched on more brush, considably below him. The cliff was not acally as precipitous as it had appeared. ere seemed to be an overhang down ere, and he wondered desperately if could reach it. He knew he couldn't. didn't dare let go of the flimsy hold on e that he had.

A flitting shadow warned him. He got briefest glimpse of the chunk of gran- before he ducked aside. He couldn't lp his reflex; he knew if he remained ere he was, it would kill him. is body thrashed to the left, and e rock hurtled past, missing him by ches. The shrub to which he clung ddenly tore loose from its hold in the evice. He yelled, the air rushing from s lungs.

He fell again.

He seemed to hear an echoing yell of umph from above, as he flailed through ace again. This time he was surely ished. The breath slammed out of him he landed on a rocky projection. His gers clawed for a hold, but he felt himlf slipping, slipping off the ledge into—

A tree—a common tree, the back-yard lanthus of all cities. It cushioned his ll. He wrenched one arm around a anch and felt it sag horribly under his eight, as if it were a spring balance. he ailanthus is a sturdy tree. It held.

He was safe again.

Below him now was a sheer drop, with thing but air beneath his dangling feet. e felt his fingers slipping from the ugh. He wriggled upward, and the anch thrashed perilously, bobbing in the windy air. The effort was worth it. His left foot touched another bough, sturdier than the first, supporting his weight with little effort. He lowered himself, pressing against the wind, until he stood on the nether branch with both feet, hugging the upper bough to his chest in his trembling arms.

He became aware of a regular sidewise swaying of the tree, in response to the wind that buffeted the cliff. It made him dizzy. Closing his eyes didn't help. He swallowed and looked up.

THEY were still there, farther away now, at an incredible height, watching him, their faces peering down with taut curiosity. He saw the blond man turn his head and say something to Ellen. Her face disappeared from the lip of the precipice. He kept looking up, although the fleecy sky tended to revolve slowly around his head. He waited.

A rock came crashing down. It went wide of him. He tried to peer downward through the leafy foliage. The face of the cliff cut back sharply from the projection that had checked his second fall. He couldn't see where the tree actually sprouted, but it was growing outward at a forty-five degree angle. This branch end that had saved his life had looked, from the level above, like a tiny scrap of brush.

A second rock crashed down, ranging nearer. A ribboned leaf fluttered in his face, and was whipped away by the wind.

He couldn't stay here. But the prospect of moving from his temporary security appalled him. If it hadn't been for the efforts of those above, he would have remained there until his strength failed and he plunged down to destruction. But the rocks that continued to pelt downward decided him.

Once he started to move, he found it was easy. Using the branch he stood on as a bridge, he balanced himself with his tenacious grip on the upper limb. The lower bough became the main trunk. As he edged under the projecting rock, a howl of rage made him pause. The howl was followed by a scream, laden with fear, then something else came hurtling down the face of the Palisades, but it wasn't another rock. It was a man—the hoodlum who had assisted George Horner. The man came down in a wild, sprawling tangle of arms and legs, his mouth open, the wind tearing scream after scream from him as he went by to

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

District Attorney Kerry never forgot the look of hatred on the faces of Weasel Joe and Little Hannegan when they muttered their threat after their conviction. They knew he feared nothing for himself. Perhaps that was why they included his wife in the threat. Kerry sighed with relief when they were shipped to the penitentiary under heavy guard, but two years later his heart sank when he deciphered the transposagram wired to him:

●

POOR FELLERS KISS MAD PRINCE

			L	E			■		S		A		

F	R	O	M	■		R				N

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 49)

Of America's leading Cigarettes

one is

OUTSTANDING

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—
good to feel—*good* to taste—and *good* to smoke!
Pick up a PALL MALL—*see* the difference
—*feel* the difference. Smoke a PALL MALL and *taste*
the difference. For PALL MALL's greater length of
traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this *longer, finer* cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.
PALL MALL — the *longer, finer* cigarette in
the distinguished red package.

-and they are

mild!

WHY GAMBLE ON YOUR GIFT TO DAD?

10-DAY TRIAL BUY

Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give him double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at $18.00.* Buy him one—let him try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave he ever found, return it and get your money back in full. Or—trial-buy him the famous Schick Colonel for only $15.00.*

*Slightly higher in Canada

No claims, no promises here. A Schick Electric Shaver must make good—or we do! Dad has to get the swellest, slickest shaves he's ever known—or you get your money refunded in full!

Make sure pappy will be happy on his Big Day. *Just pick Schick.*

Why?

Not *just* because of our 18 years in shaving. Not *just* because we think we've turned out the finest shaving instrument ever in the Schick Super.

Because of this: We want Dad to find out for himself what's really what in this shaving business. Either you make him happy—or we make good.

So we say this:

Give Dad a bright and brand-new Schick Super in its rich gift case.

Have him shave away for 10 days. Tell him to make the testing tough. To compare it with any shave he's ever had. To use it fully dressed just before a date with Mother.

Tell him to try to find a *trace* of whisker, cut or scrape after the fastest shave.

Then, when the 10 days are up, ask him how he feels about your gift.

If he doesn't bless you for his new shaving bliss—if he doesn't want to keep shaving with Schick forever—he or you can return it and get all your money back!

Stop worrying about pleasing the No. 1 man on Father's Day. Go see your nearest Schick dealer now.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.

COMPLETE THE GIFT WITH A SCHICK SHAVEREST

Complete his shaving satisfaction with the Shaverest—the handsome, handy wall-holder that fits any Schick (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe near mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up cord. Shaverest alone, $7.95.* With Colonel, as shown, $22.95.* With Super, $25.95.*

Shaverest—Trademark Schick Inc.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER and SHAVEREST

ll to free air to the river far below. e hadn't made the same mistake twice th/ had pushed the unfortunate wit- s vell beyond the brink from which c ld have gained a handhold, as Will d one.

H clung to the tree in a spasm of shiv- n whether from fear or anger, he dr know. Then he began to move ai. inch by inch. He took his time, a moment he was completely shel- e by the overhanging rock, safe from r missiles, out of sight of anyone .

re was no stopping now. As he de- d the sloping trunk, he saw that was a level niche in the rock, a nar- edge of grassy earth from which ee grew, and, beyond, a ledge that d diagonally across the scarp, up e right, down to the left.

footpath.

OW, more than ever, there was no pause, even when he slid at last to the blessed level ground. His hands bleeding, and his clothes were torn. anted to laugh aloud. He took a tremulous breath and pressed close wall of rock at his back. He could own, descending carefully step by hugging the rocky wall, to find at the river's edge. It was a long Or he could follow the path to his he upward incline, to the top of the pice.

turned left. The ledge rose steeply dozen paces, then leveled. Under reful feet, the granite widened and oved with quickened steps, aware dangerous trembling in his legs. was no sound from above. He d the watchers were still unaware of cape route. The ascent was swift, al- gh the pressure of the bluff on his and was tremendous, forcing him ard toward empty space. A series arrow, natural steps hastened his . His breath came in quick, ragged now. It was like a tightrope walk- dream—only speed could get him to the top. If he hesitated, he was

was almost to the top when the trail to an end. A slide of boulders at recent time had crumbled from the f the precipice and completely oblit- d the rest of the ledge. He paused, ating. He couldn't go forward. The asing tremors in his legs warned him st retreat. His breath made a sob- defeated sound in his throat. The seemed to double its pressure against urging him into the void. He swayed, moved his feet with care to face the . The trail was less than a foot wide . The wind plucked at him, trying to pull him loose. He looked up. The fall of rock had lowered the level above him until it was only inches over his head.

He took a deep breath and, moving carefully, raised one arm over his head, exploring the turf and grass above. His fingers ranged farther, found a ridge of rock, and tightened experimentally. It held. He raised the other arm and got his left hand on the same grip. He was almost hanging by his elbows now, raised on his toes. If he could shift his weight upward, get it securely on his forearms above the lip of the drop, then swing a leg up—

He made it. His body gave a convulsive heave and he flopped like a fish out of water on the ground above, digging and clawing deep into the sod in an excess of trembling relief. He gulped air in great, exhausted breaths. He was safe. An ant ran across his wet cheek as he buried his face in the grass. He rolled over another three feet away from the dangerous brink and lay face up, blinking into the sun, shivering with exhaustion. His body was covered with a fine, cold perspiration. He flexed one knee and stared up at the deep, infinite blue of the sky. The distant drone of a plane grew louder, then faded. He sat up.

The picnic ground wasn't more than fifty yards south of where he had climbed up. He glimpsed a flicker of green from Ellen's hat as she moved beyond the shrubbery. Somewhere a car motor sounded. He stood up all at once, filled with raging anger. Fear was gone. They were leaving, getting away. Perhaps they thought their job was done, they were going in the belief that he was hanging helpless down below, between wind and water, knowing his strength would soon fail and he would drop to his finish.

HE STARTED forward to the glade where the picnic tables stood. George Horner saw him at the same time. The blond man shouted to Ellen and came plowing through the brush toward Will. His head was forward on his powerful shoulders, his brow twisted in a frown.

He had a gun in his hand. Will had forgotten the gun.

His anger ebbed into horror. He had walked into the trap again. He could see the relief and triumph on the big man's face as he approached. Will stopped. The man's smirk made his anger return again. He wasn't going to be pushed off the cliff twice. He couldn't let them get away with it.

He moved forward. His foot caught on a projecting root and he went down weak with despair. His fingers closed around a smooth stone the size of his fist. George Horner yelled and came at

COLLIER'S "I suppose one of us ought to offer her a seat" IRWIN CAPLAN

Bill's wife puts him in high gear

7 A. M. "The way I feel this morning shouldn't happen to a greyhound!" moans Bill, the cross-country bus driver. "I need a laxative. I have a splitting headache . . . I'm logy—and I've got to roll at 9."

"Sal Hepatica's the self-starter *you* need," his wife says. "Here!"

9 A. M. Here's Bill behind the wheel and sparking on all cylinders. As usual, Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour. It also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. Keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy! Don't risk feeling miserable all day waiting until bedtime to take a slow-acting laxative.

In a national survey, more than half the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try speedy Sal Hepatica next time *you* need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that because Sal Hepatica is a *fluid bulk laxative,* soft pressure is exerted to stimulate *gentle,* speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

First look

tells you this car is more than a new model, it's the *all-new* 1949 Mercury! Longer, lower—with an eager look that's a standing invitation to jump in and take off. Wider, too—with its sturdiness hidden under a sleek, style-wise, curved-arch silhouette. A choice of superb body styles, including Mercury's all-new *Six*-passenger Coupe and *Six*-passenger Convertible.

Listen!

The only time you've ever heard a motor give out with that proud, fine-car whisper was in a car far above Mercury's price class. *This* new 8-cylinder, V-type power-plant is built *exclusively* for the *all-new* Mercury.

Take the wheel, hands!

You don't over-steer a Mercury. You *do* take curves with more smiling confidence because of Mercury's perfect balance. And you *do* drive with more safety and comfort on Mercury's new, oversize super-balloon tires.

Beg Pardon but sitting is important!

This 1949 all-new Mercury gives you a lullaby ride over even the worst rut-race. It has all-new spring suspension—a low center of gravity—down-to-earth roadability. And you'll be glad *all over* about Mercury's new fog-free, leakproof "Fingertip Weather Control."

The All-New 1949 Mercury

The touch of your toe

to Mercury's all-new super-brakes brings you to a quick, sure, velvety-smooth stop. Just knowing you can count on that kind of safety helps you relax and *enjoy* the quietest, easiest glide-ride you ever knew.

You'll be happy, too, with an

All-New MERCURY

Not a "new model"... the **All-New MERCURY**

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

ERIE ...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading

She holds a freight train in her hands!

AT her fingertips, this young lady has a complete record of an Erie freight train.

The teletype tape she holds tells the car number, contents, consignee and destination of every car in the train. Placed in an automatic transmitter, it flashes this detailed information to other Erie offices and freight yards.

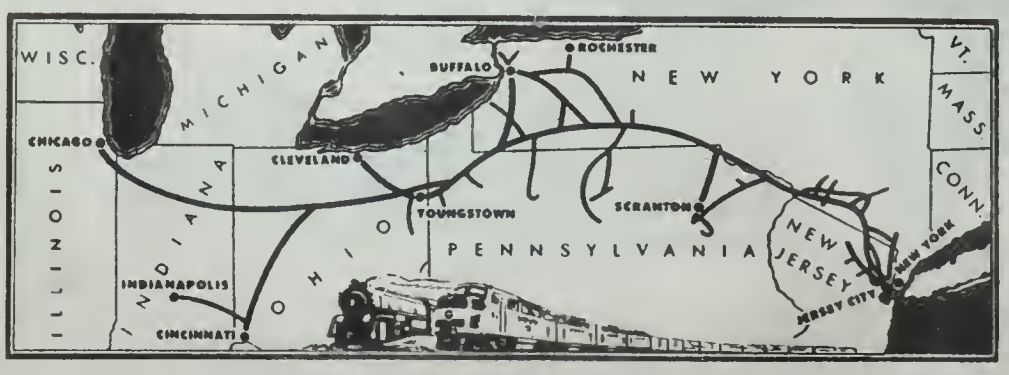
Because of this fast, modern method of communication, an Erie representative can tell a shipper promptly where his car is, and when it is due at destination.

The Erie's teletype network has constantly been expanded, and now includes cities far beyond the limits of the railroad. At present a total of 5,246 miles is covered by this system, and plans are in progress for further expansion.

This network plays an important part in expediting service to customers. It is typical of the Erie's continuing program of improvement through *progressive railroading*.

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



him with a long, leaping stride. He was almost upon him when Will stood up and brought the stone down on the man's head with all his strength.

For two more steps the big man kept moving, charging beyond him. Then his legs suddenly crumpled and he sprawled, limbs askew, on the turf. His gun skittered from his limp fingers and dropped out of sight over the edge of the cliff.

WILL paused, staring down at him for a long moment, listening to the man's breathing. He felt surprise, and an exhilarating kind of pride that overlay his fear and anger. He turned toward the picnic ground, expecting to see Ellen run for the car. She stopped moving with the car door open and clutched in her fingers as a motor sounded on the dirt road leading in from the highway. She turned her head slowly, stiffly, to look back at Will's approaching figure. Her shoulders sagged and her face filled with terror.

"Will, don't—"

He kept walking toward her. A small coupé halted behind Ellen's car and young Fitch, the private detective, got out. Will sank down on one of the picnic benches, staring at Ellen. He felt sick suddenly, through and through. His body was bruised and sore in every bone and muscle. He thought his very soul was sick.

Ellen's voice washed around him on rising notes of panic:

"Will, please—George said he was just going to scare you; he didn't tell me what he really had in mind! I didn't know he wanted to kill you. Please—darling—do you hear me? We can forget this, can't we? We can go back to the way things used to be—"

Fitch took Ellen's arm and guided her with quiet authority across the glade to where Will sat. He looked at George Horner's unconscious body sprawled at the edge of the cliff, and his eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance. They rested longest on Will's drawn face, on his tattered clothing and bleeding hands.

Ellen tore loose from Fitch's grip.

"Will, listen to me!" she cried again. Her voice, shrill and frightened, to like a raft on a rising sea of panic. tried to stop him, Will—"

"By handing him rocks to throw me?" Will asked flatly.

She looked at him, eyes filled horror. Her face, normally comp and lovely, broke apart in a grimace

"Oh, no! You're wrong!" she w pered.

"I saw you, Ellen," he said.

She shivered. For a horrified mo he thought she was going to sink to knees before him in supplication.

Fitch said, "They tried to push over the cliff, Professor?"

"Yes. Ellen and George Horner. T was another man—"

Ellen whimpered spitefully, "He ta me into it. He said it wouldn't be gerous—he said it was the only way could get what we wanted—"

Fitch said, "I know that George H ner, Professor. I got some more dop him. He'll break up fast. He'll prob blame the woman here and say she ta *him* into it."

Ellen's mouth twisted. Her lips wet, shiny. She breathed with a q suffocating sound.

"But I tell you it was George—"

"You told me enough, lady. Y have a long, long time to think abou Fitch turned to Will. "Good thing suggested trailing you up here today, fessor. You had a little trouble, all r But you can't say you weren't warn

Will didn't answer, beyond a nod. looked at Ellen, but it was as if he never seen her before.

Fitch paused and added: "Listen, fessor, are you all right? Do you me?"

Ellen was breathing quickly, her m in a tight, bitter line. Her eyes were eyes of a stranger. Watching her, felt a vague stir of relief within hi slow buoyancy of new freedom.

"Professor Talmage—" Fitch b again.

"Give me a little time," Will said. be all right. Just give me a little time

THE END

COLLIER'S "And it's waterproof in case Madame falls into the pool" JARO FAB

Here's the new Master of them all!

ow would you like to find a tire that makes ugh roads seem smooth...shortens every stop .gives up to 60% more safe miles?

Now, for the first time, you can get *all* this in ie tire—the amazing new U. S. Royal Master.

New Low-Pressure Comfort!

he new Master provides r more air at less pres- ire. Its extra, softer-riding air gives far more ishioning to absorb bumps *before* they bounce our car or shake your comfort!

Unmatched De-skidded Safety!

The amazing safety advantages of the unique De-skidded tread are greatest on the slipperiest roads! It cuts through water, mud, or oil . . . grips dry pavement...stops quicker, straighter, safer. Its De-skidded edges can be renewed again and again to keep your stopping power far greater to the last long mile!

The Amazing New

U.S.ROYAL

MASTER

Tremendous Mileage!

Special *tempered* rubber has made the Master's tread stand up far longer to the most rugged wear. And now, this tougher tread is built *25% deeper!* You'll get up to *60% more safe miles* on the new Master of them all!

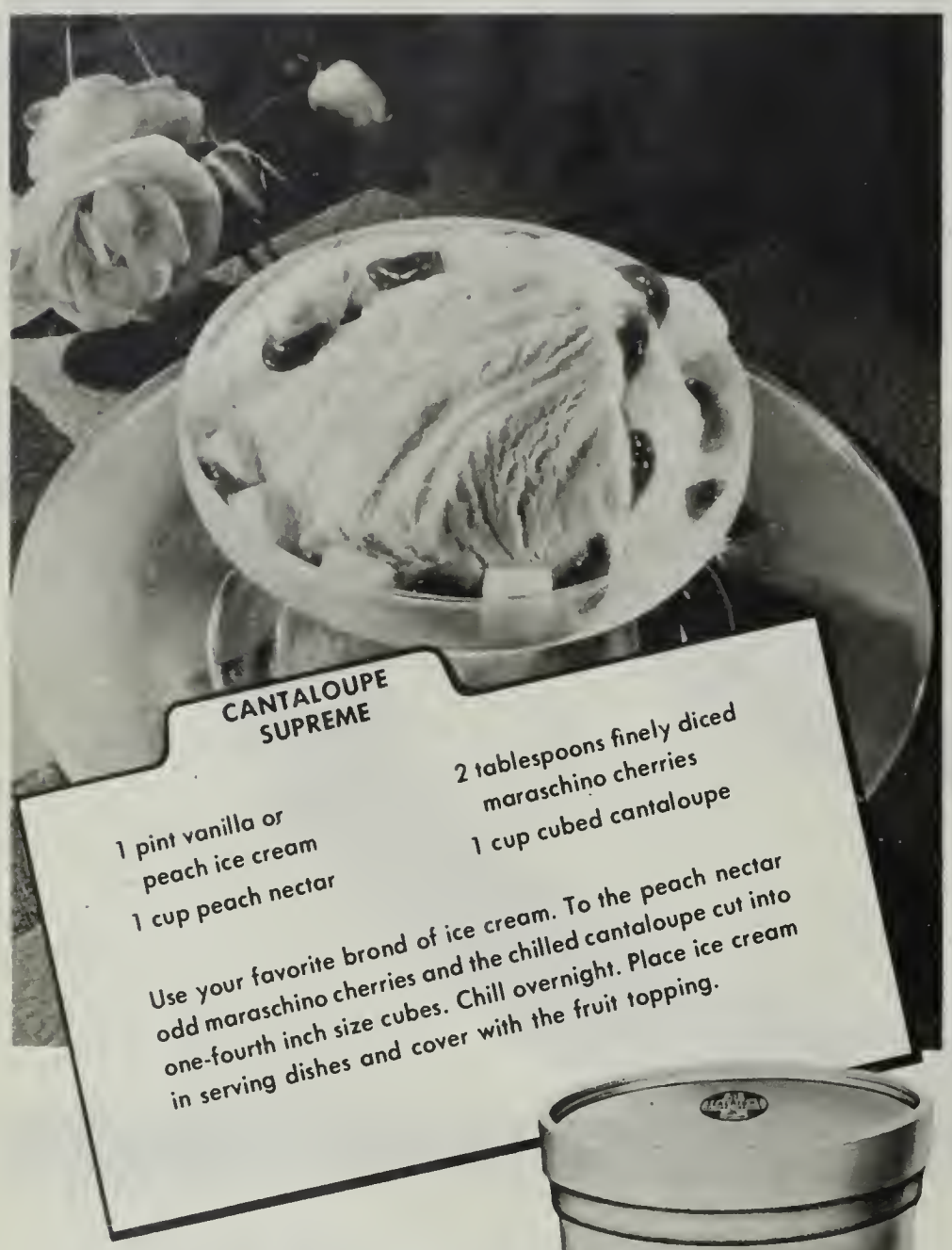
25% DEEPER TEMPERED RUBBER TREAD

HOW TO MAKE

Cantaloupe Supreme

as served at the
GRAND HOTEL
Mackinac Island, Michigan

—at the crossroads of the Great Lakes. The largest summer hotel in the world. In this unique resort village where no motor cars are allowed, you travel in a horse drawn coach. And you'll say their delicious Cantaloupe Supreme is the *best* dessert in the world once you've tried it! You'll want to make it often. Here's how:



Serve it today. Your family will rave. Your guests will envy you. They'll all want to know just *how* you make it! And it's so easy! Just use your favorite brand of fine quality ice cream—the kind you usually get in the sanitary Sealright container. And for other ice cream desserts that will rate you an "expert," ask your dealer for the booklet "Favorite Ice Cream Desserts of Famous Resorts" by Mabel Stegner.

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END OF A BEAUTIFUL FEUD

Continued from page 23

sometimes blur on the radio, capable of penetrating the worst telephone connection with the clarity of a whipcrack.

The Hopper-Parsons contrast is further illustrated in their training. Hopper jumped into the big time as a babe in the woods unable even to use a typewriter. Parsons climbed up the hard way, and proved how tough she was when she conquered tuberculosis, which specialists said would kill her in six months. Today Hopper will bury a major story in the body of her column apparently unaware of its importance. Parsons, when the wind is right, can smell a lead item anywhere within ten miles of her Beverly Hills office.

Naturally, errors creep into the product of columnists in a place like Hollywood and neither gal is an exception, but it is difficult to establish whether Parsons makes more errors than Hopper. "Of course Louella does," a friend said recently; "she prints more facts. Naturally she makes more mistakes."

Both of Them Can Be So Wrong

Miss Hopper's errors are simple and right to the point. When she said a famous star was going to have a baby, the alleged expectant, it turned out, was unmarried. She announced that another actress was to be married, who, it developed, hadn't even met the supposed groom. Hopper gets it wrong and gets it over with. Parsons is more elaborate.

At a $50,000 testimonial dinner given her last March by William Randolph Hearst, Miss Parsons received a gold plaque from employer Hearst engraved among other things with a tribute to her accuracy. The next day an item appeared in her column as follows: "Andrea King is hurrying to Palm Springs to visit her sister, Ann McGee, who wants to marry an Austrian prince with an unpronounceable name, and you know if I can't pronounce it I can't spell it, and anyhow Andrea wanted to see him for herself."

This short paragraph appears innocuous to the point of dullness. But somehow in Miss Parsons' handling it acquired six inaccuracies. The facts, given out, were: Miss King was retu ing from, not going to; it was Pa Beach, Florida, not Palm Springs, Ci fornia; the sister's name is McKee, n McGee; it was a Russian, not an A trian, prince; the prince wanted to ma the sister, not vice versa; Miss K merely wanted to know if her sister w seriously interested and had no desire meet the prince.

Parsons' childlike delight in receiv presents has provided Hopper w endless ammunition for acidulous w cracks. Tokens of appreciation, pr cipally flowers and candy, of which is very fond, arrive constantly at home. Less perishable gifts, and so with a high reclamation value, prov her with an exciting Christmas.

There is a legend that Miss Parsons the ability to remember the donor a value of every gift. This has given rise some highly unlikely stories. One ill tration tells of an actor selecting a d mond bracelet. "How beautiful," a fri commented. "Is that for your wife?"

The actor looked startled. "I couk afford that for my wife," he said. "Th for Louella."

Not long ago at a party given by water Kent, Art Linkletter, M.C. of radio show People Are Funny, was listing contestants for Hollywood's la craze, the Orange Game. In this sim but undignified contest one particip places an orange under his chin and partner, using only *her* chin, attempt get it away from him. Linkletter spo Louella; asked her to team with I Kyser. She coyly refused his repea invitations.

"Oh," he urged, "come on. If you I'll give you a refrigerator."

Louella was persuaded. She w Linkletter went on to his next act.

The next day Kyser asked him, "W are you sending that refrigerator to L ella?"

"What refrigerator?"

"The one she won at the party night."

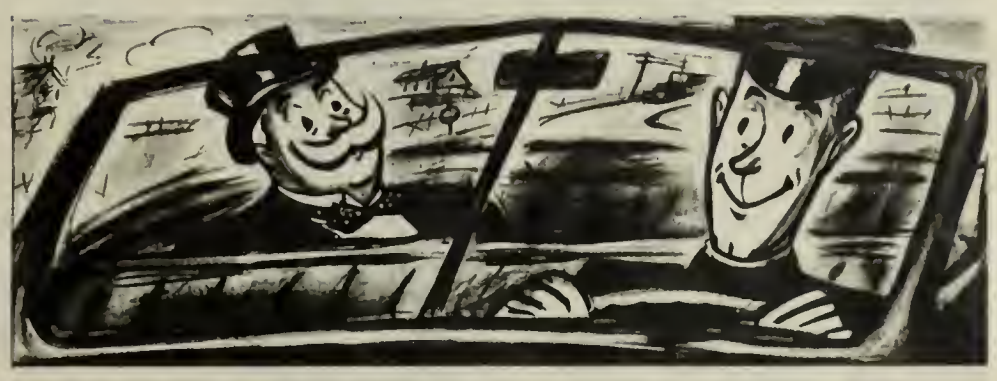
"Oh, that," Linkletter laughed. "T

"If your Aunt Minnie ever gets around to returning my valise, send it up to m

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPE

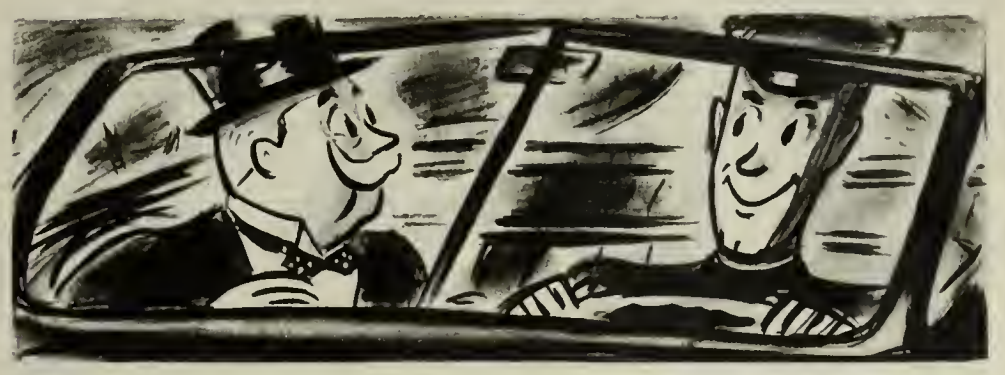
All cars have Tires
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has SUPER-CUSHION TIRES
on New, Wider SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

All cars have Springs
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has AMOLA STEEL SPRINGS
for extra riding ease

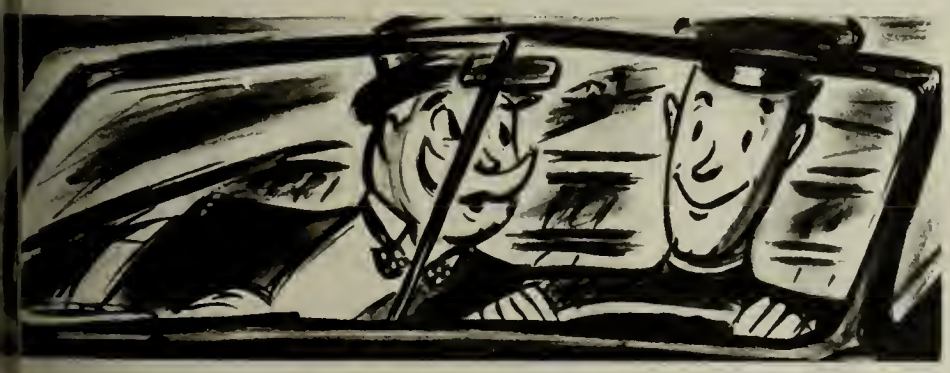


All cars have Engines
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has a FLOATING POWER ENGINE
for smoothest performance

All cars have Wheelbases
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has a LONG 117″ WHEELBASE
for level-riding comfort



All cars have Filters
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has an OILITE GAS FILTER
to keep the fuel system clog-free



All cars have Brakes
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES,
a third more effective

PLYMOUTH—THE LOW-PRICED CAR MOST LIKE HIGH-PRICED CARS

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT. *Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.* PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

Do you know what these Indian signs mean?

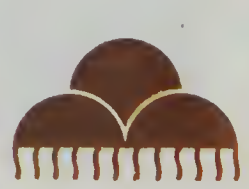
Butterfly—
"Everlasting Life"

Sun—"Happiness"

Morning Star—"Guidance"

Eagle Feathers—"Chief"

Thunderbird Tracks—
"Bright Future"



Rain Clouds—
"Good Prospects"

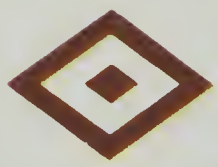
Crossed Weapons—
"Friendship"

Thunderbird—
"Sacred Happiness"

Heart and Spirit—
"Good Health"

Cactus—
"Courtship and Love"

Mountain—"Abundance"



Medicine Man's Eye—
"Wisdom"

They mean heap big luck to you when you wear these wonderful, handsome new ties by Van Heusen. Smart braves whoop for joy at their fine fabrics, their lively colors, their supreme tie-ability. Old scouts say they boast the same quality sewmanship you find in Van Heusen Shirts. Wampum needed $1.50 each. Other Van Heusen ties $1, $1.50, $2.00

Phillips-Jones Corp. • New York 1, N. Y. • Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

Van Heusen ties

in big chief patterns

was just a gag on my radio routine. We were kidding."

"Maybe you were, but Louella didn't know it."

Inkletter sent the refrigerator.

Parsons and Hopper are popularly supposed to wield great power in Hollywood. In local cocktail bars they tell a story of how a typical producer wakes up in the morning. He opens one eye. Emerges from sleep a little, then sits bolt upright quaking with fear. "My God!" he gasps. "I wonder what they said this morning." He grabs up the Hopper and Parsons columns (and that of Hollywood Reporter's Edith Gwynn), locks himself in the bathroom and doesn't stop trembling until he has read them all through. Producers do have a wholesome respect for certain columnists, but their power is wildly exaggerated. The Parsons reputation for puissance goes back to 1934, when she persuaded about $2,000,000 worth of reluctant talent to appear for free on her radio program, Hollywood Hotel. At one time current motion pictures were dramatized on the program. After one such dramatization paid admissions to the picture showing at the Radio City Music Hall jumped from $17,000 to $37,000 daily.

In a check made at another theater 78 out of 100 people queried at the box office said they were attending because they had heard about the movie on the Parsons program. But this was perhaps a tribute to Parsons than to publicity. Parsons has feuded bitterly with numerous players such as Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald and Bette Davis, who are still successful today. Even Orson Welles, who got her full striking force, was apparently unharmed and perhaps even benefited by it. He is still making pictures. Hopper has cracked away at Paulette Goddard, Katharine Hepburn, Victor Mature and Marlene Dietrich, among others, and they seem happily unaffected.

Nor does the constructive influence of the columnists seem particularly effective.

Recently Parsons and her associates were unable to recall as many as a half-dozen persons who, during the past 27 years, were advanced to positions of stardom by her constant plugging.

Hopper drummed away for a special Academy Award for Harold Russell for his great performance in The Best Years of Our Lives. But she has never made a star.

The influence of Hopper and Parsons and a few other Hollywood columnists works in more subtle ways. If a producer can't make up his mind which of two directors to hire, favorable mention in a column at the moment of decision may swing his opinion to one of them.

Creating Demand for Snow White

Only occasionally are the columnists able to arouse public opinion. When Hopper plugged for the re-release of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, she enlisted enough support to cause Walt Disney to put it out, against his judgment. Later he called her in. "Your persistence made $6,000,000 for me."

But the negative power of columnists at the box office is very real. When a studio has $1,000,000 or more invested in a few cans of film which exude an odor not usually associated with an Academy Award, a circumstance not altogether unique, the columnists could, if they describe accurately what they smell in those cans, play financial hell with the studio's investment. It is one of those minor American anomalies that though few discriminating persons may be influenced by a favorable Parsons review, customers will stay away by the millions if she or other top columnists pan the picture. Concern for the box office is the major fear columnists in Hollywood are able to generate.

Parsons and Hopper are but two of 451 accredited Hollywood correspondents engaged in a scratch and scramble for news. In addition to 215 trained and aggressive studio press agents and a hundred or so active free lances, every studio employee from the gateman to the headman is a generating force anxious to whisper into a correspondent's ear. Any doctor, lawyer, hairdresser, butcher, plumber and delivery boy in the environs of Hollywood may harbor an item.

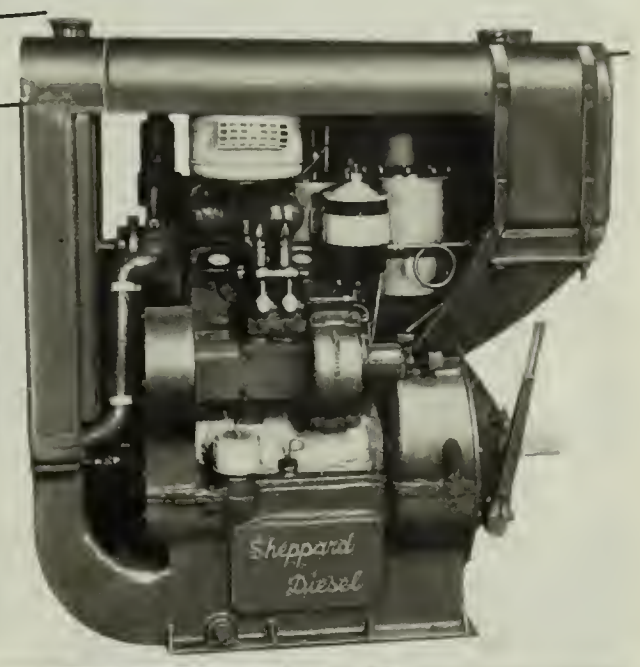
One of Hopper's biggest scoops—that Clark Gable was going into the AAF—came from a dentist who was fixing Gable's teeth so he could pass the Army physical examination. One star who had just taken a pregnancy test heard a broadcast describing her as *enceinte* even before her doctor knew it. A laboratory technician had tipped off the commentator as soon as the test was completed. One columnist privately brags that his best source on film colony love life is the Hollywood Bed Company. An order for a new bed in that sentimental community is, he says, a sure tip of an ending romance or the beginning of a new one.

Whether Hopper and Parsons will get along as friends as well as they did as enemies is current Hollywood speculation. Most people hope not. After ten years of putting on what is generally regarded as Hollywood's best cat fight, Hedda and Louella arm in arm is a pretty bland performance—even for Hedda and Louella. Their friends are beginning to wish they'd stand up again and start scratching. Maybe they will. When she gets bored Hedda is a slender package of spontaneous combustion. As for Louella, she recently revealed to a reporter a small but dominant patch of her character.

"I may forgive," she said firmly. "But I never forget."

THE END

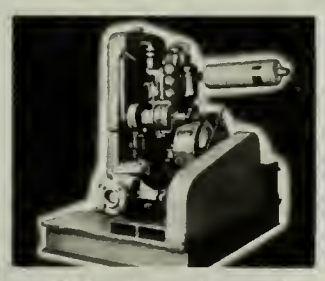
NOW . . . Sheppard DIESEL POWER for Small Engine Users!



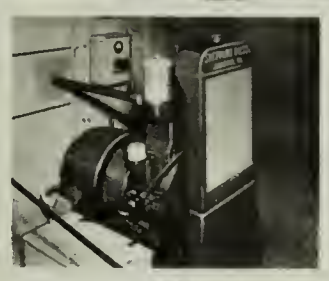
Sheppard

DIESEL POWER UNITS

3.5 to 100 H.P. Pushbutton starting on all models, in any weather, using non-explosive Diesel fuel oil. Easy maintenance, long operating life, low operating costs. All accessories are standard equipment, *no extras to buy;* delivered complete, ready to operate.



SHEPPARD PUTS SAFETY FIRST. Sheppard Diesel power has *no electrical ignition system; no dangerous fumes.* That's one important reason why Yale and Towne Mfg. Co. engineers designed this high octane aviation gas pump assembly with a Model 7 Sheppard Diesel Power Unit.



CUTS NIGHT OPERATING COSTS. Cheaper fuel means cheaper lighting for night operation of 30-ton revolving cranes using thrifty Sheppard Diesel Generating Sets. Reason: Sheppard uses only *half as much* fuel as equal H.P. gasoline engine; fuel costs about *half as much.*

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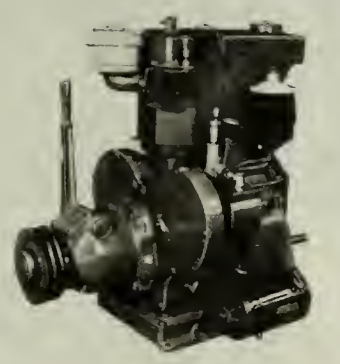

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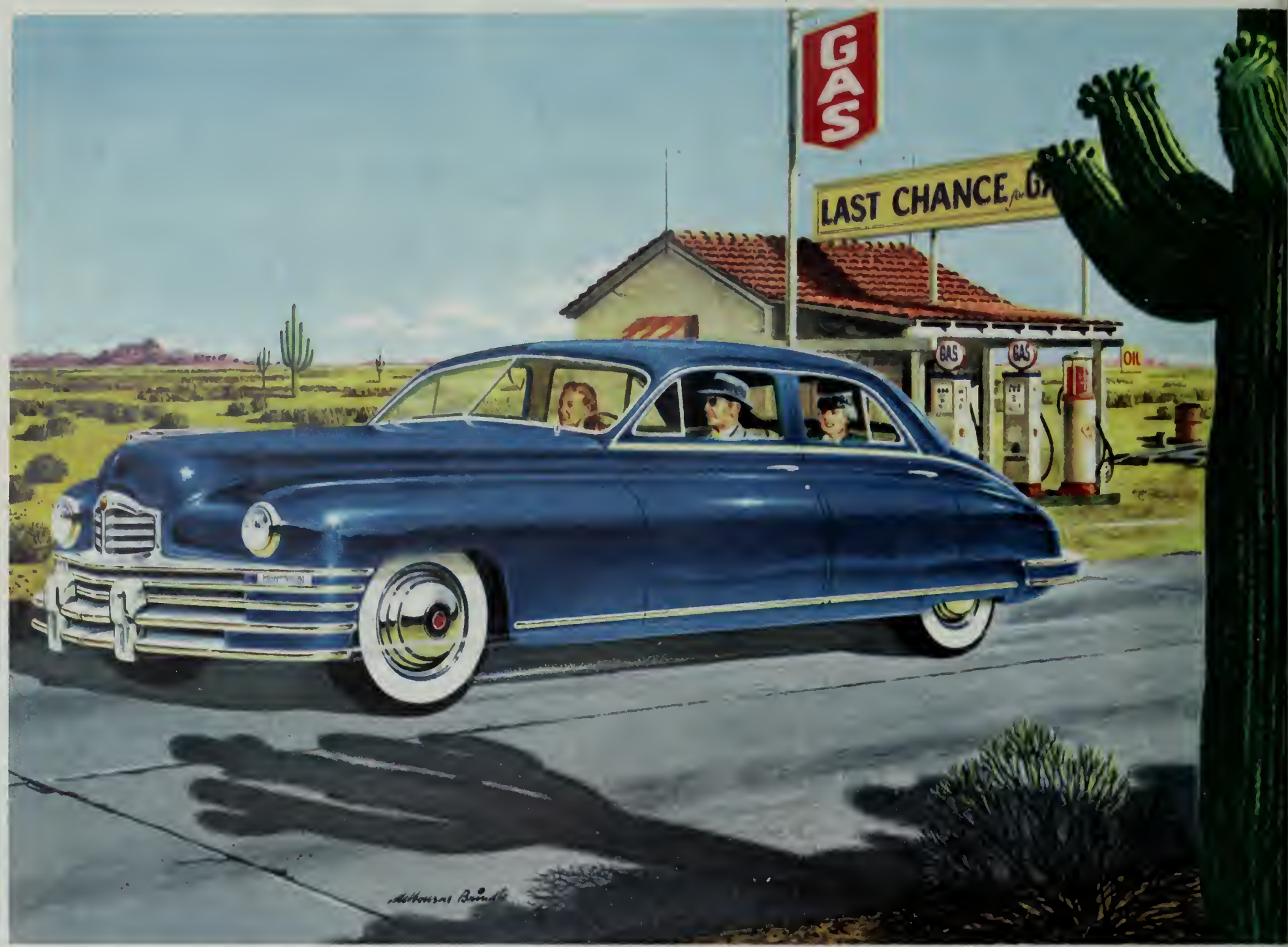

Measure Packard economy by the gas pumps you pass!

MAYBE, like lots of people, you're used to thinking that high-powered performance means high gasoline consumption.

Then what a surprise awaits you in the brilliant new Packards!

When you take the wheel, of course, you're not thinking about economy. You're marveling, instead, at the breath-taking surge of power at your command . . . and the exciting *extra* reserve for "Safety-sprint" acceleration when you want to step ahead of other cars and fast busses, into the clear.

But as you breeze through more and more smooth, quiet miles, you're suddenly aware of *another* gratifying fact: you are stopping much less frequently than in the past to say: "Fill 'er up, please."

For these new "free-breathing" Packard straight-eight engines are *gas misers.* They're delighting Packard owners with *up to 10% more miles per gallon!*

It's the year's big *thrift* story in the fine car field . . . well worth hearing, in detail, from your nearby Packard dealer!

THE NEW

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Out of this world . . .

into your ♥ heart!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE EIGHT • 130 HP

THE SUPER EIGHT • 145 HP

THE CUSTOM EIGHT • 160 HP

G. A. R.

Continued from page 21

ale, then blushed, then caught his cap-in's eye and handed over his rifle. The ld man hefted it, put it on his shoulder. great cheer swelled up from each side f the avenue.

The weight of the rifle on his shoul-er felt good to Walter Banyard. That heer felt good too—it took him back—verybody'd cheered all the time down he whole line of march that other time—hat first time—when Janie'd been stand-ng on the corner of Euclid Avenue atching for him.

He lowered the rifle, stood at rest, like he other men, and turned to the boy on is right. He had gone back again, hrough time.

"Well, you old good-for-nothing ohnny Shiloh you—how the devil are ou!" He chuckled. "How far we going o run from the Rebs today?"

He was thinking of the first Bull Run hen he and Johnny, like all the rest of hem, had run like hell from Lee's men—efore they had forged themselves into he greatest army in the world. The oung man on his right looked at him urply and his eyes were puzzled. The istinguished old character was obvi-usly an old regiment man. That made im okay. Try to humor him. So he as living in the past, so what—except was damn' funny his saying. . . . He topped thinking and grinned.

"Why, Pop," he said. "We quit runnin' year ago, hadn't you heard? We're

Solution to Transposagram on page 37

POOR FELLERS KISS MAD PRINCE

KILLERS ESCAPED FROM PRISON

oin' to hang Jeff Davis to an old apple ree now. Isn't that right, Pop?"

"Crab apple tree," said Walter Ban-yard. "And where do you get off calling ne Pop? I ain't a day older'n you are, Johnny Shiloh, an' you're only eighteen!"

On a side street near them, an automo-bile horn blew a loud blast. It shocked Walter Banyard back to the present.

Suddenly he was himself again, one of the museum pieces—one of the last shreds of the thin and ragged blue line that had stood between the Union and chaos. His parchment face colored.

"I'm sorry, son," he said. "I—the ex-citement—and everything—I sort of got to living in the past there for a spell." He chuckled, leaned close to the young man. "I thought for a spell there, you were the boy I volunteered with." He looked into the young face out of eyes that were pathetically eager to be understood—to be forgiven. "I talked sort of fresh to you, I'm afraid. But you look so like him."

"Oh, no, sir, not fresh, sir," said the boy. He grinned. "Sort of put me in my place though, about that crab apple tree."

"That's how it was," said Walter Ban-yard. "Crab apple tree. We never did though. We never did things like that—then. And Jeff Davis, he was okay. He had an idea, that was all. We had to show him it was a bum idea an' we did. What's your name, son?"

AGAIN that puzzled look came into the young man's eyes. "My name," he said, and gulped. "My name is Johnny Shiloh."

"HUMPANEE—TEN—SHUN!"

The lines of men, sloppy, lounging, melted into rigid alignment. Breathing hard, Walter Banyard melted with them. He was, instinctively, one of them; in-stinctively he threw back his shoulders, held his rifle straight, its stock in exactly the right position beside his right foot, his left hand true to the seam in his trousers. But his mind was working fast. And he had to talk. Now for the first time in a long career of soldiering he broke regulations, but for the first time, nobody seemed to care.

"It'd be your grandfather!" he said. "He was my best friend—"

Johnny Shiloh threw his commanding officer a look of entreaty. The captain nodded, as a while before Colonel Ban-yard had nodded at the captain.

"That's right," said Johnny Shiloh. "He got it at Gettysburg. You're Cor-poral Banyard, I guess, sir."

Walter Banyard nodded.

He had been right then and not dream-ing. He wasn't just a silly old man who was a little foolish in the head. He felt really pretty good.

The past and the present—they were getting adjusted so he could sort of be in both at the same time—now that he had found Johnny Shiloh.

"I knew all about your grandmother," he said. "She had hair like soft silk, Johnny, and cheeks like young roses."

PRESENTLY, half to himself, he said, "So Johnny got his pass that night after all." He chuckled. "Got him a min-ister too, b'gosh! Some Johnny!"

"RI-SHOLLER—HUMPS!"

A thousand guns, including Walter Banyard's, rose, dropped onto the right shoulders of the men who carried them.

"FORRD—HARCH!"

The three bands took up again where they had left off, sending their music crashing and echoing up into the blue sky where the flags looked so free.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

The ranks of khaki-clad men stepped forward with the one small man in blue in their midst.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Walter Banyard felt wonderful now—the music was carrying him along so that his feet hardly seemed to be touching the ground—as though marching was no ef-fort at all.

He was marching with his regiment again, and, after a lifetime of soldiering and puzzling and studying, he had finally learned one fact, only one, but at the mo-ment, it seemed to Walter Banyard to in-clude all knowledge. He turned to the young man beside him.

"Johnny Shiloh," he said, "your grand-father did not die at Gettysburg."

"Hell he didn't!" said Johnny Shiloh. "You yourself sent us that picture of Grandma—with her middle all torn out."

Walter Banyard shook his head, looked hard at the young man—every-thing about him was the same.

"No," he said. "He hasn't died at all."

He thought about his own son then, the colonel, riding along just behind the regiment, and he thought about his two grandchildren back at home and a little secret smile began to flicker around his withered lips.

"His truth is marching on."

People along the line of march were cheering. The bands blared loud and the drums beat and suddenly the street was jammed again, curbstone to curbstone with men in long blue coats that swung in time to the timeless music. He looked at the crowd and there was Janie yelling, "Hooray, Wally! Hooray!" He smiled, his heart warm in him with his new knowledge. He threw out his chest and marched forward with the step of youth. He wasn't afraid of losing that one last battle now. In fact he knew in his heart that he had already won it.

THE END

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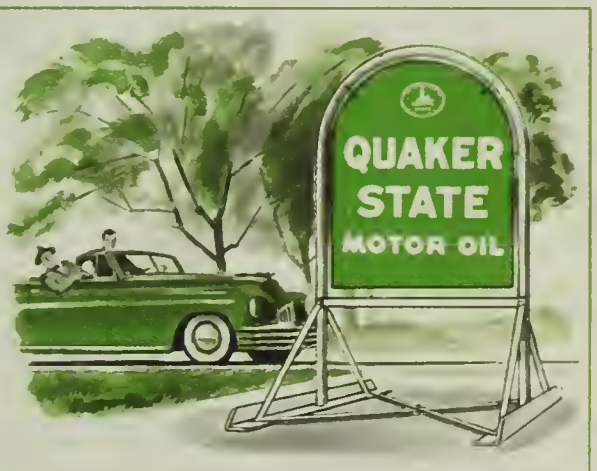

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Perfect temperature for all perishables — milk, packaged dairy products, meats, fruit, canned goods, beverages—every food that needs normal refrigeration safety.

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FOOD CONDITIONER SECTION

Conditioner chest for leafy vegetables, salads, greens and moist left-overs . . . even pies, cake and bread. No danger of drying out delicate foods in this Moist-Cold. Transparent, self - closing doors for quick inventory . . . easy accessibility.

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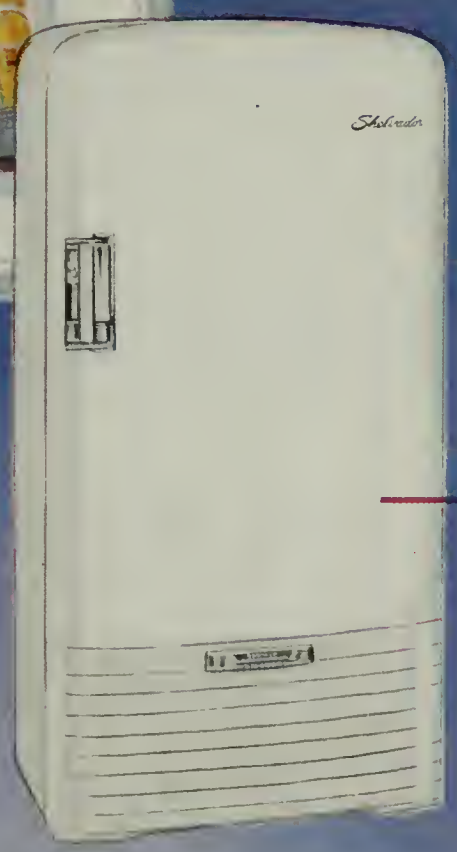

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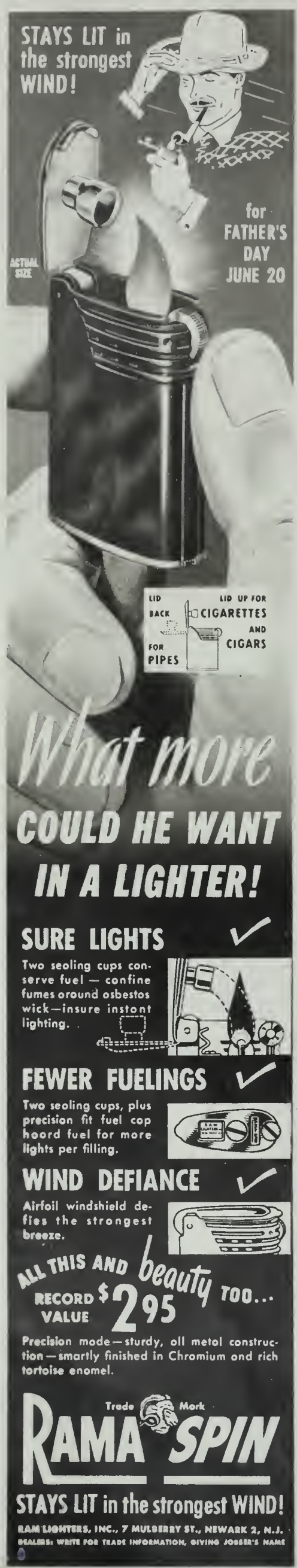

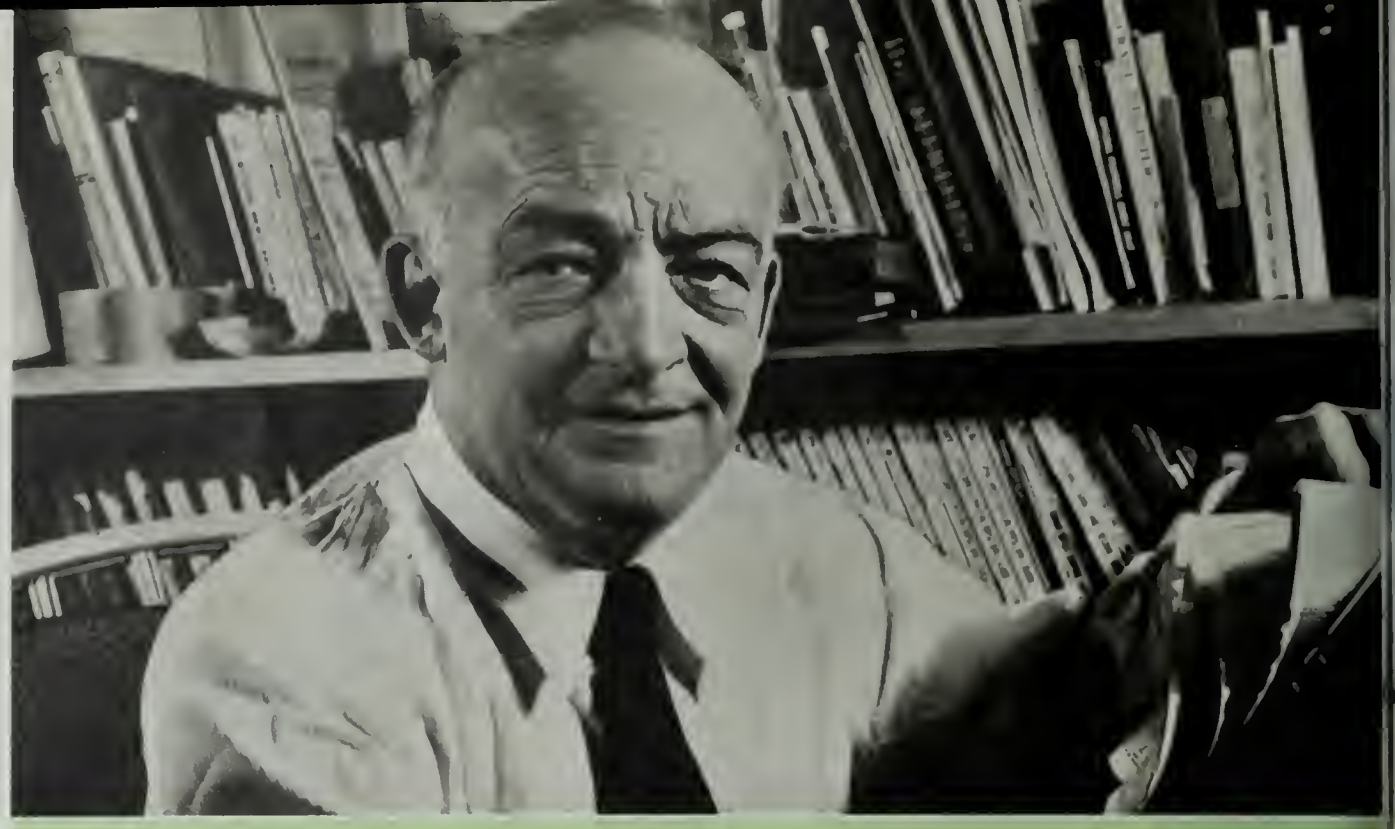

FIGURIN' FRANK

BY DAN PARKER

It took two decades to do it, but Frank Menke is finally reaping the rewards for his tussle with sports statistics and facts

FRANK MENKE, a man who had as much to do with shaping the course of the modern sports page as anyone else in his profession, spent years traveling around the country, covering big sports events for his newspaper syndicate. Wherever he went, Mr. Menke, as an expert whose word decided thousands of wagers, had to lug a large suitcase, bulging with record books, covering every sport about which one of his myriad readers might ask. Because an expert prefixes another ex- to his title if he boots a few, Menke couldn't be caught with his valise down. Thus, everywhere that Frankie went his bag was sure to go.

Arriving in Washington one day in 1928 to cover a golf tournament, Menke lingered in his Pullman berth longer than the Pennsylvania Railroad allowed and woke up in a storage yard, three miles from the station. As he wearily trudged back to Washington, lugging a heavy traveling bag in each hand, Frank mumbled, "Menke, these record books are making a monkey out of you! Arise, slave, and do something about it." When he got back to New York after the trip he recited his tale of woe to his good wife, Mary.

After reflecting a moment, she asked, "Frank, why don't you write a record book covering all sports?"

Frank has been doing little else ever since and, after many discouragements, is just starting to find it a profitable career. The latest of a long line of Menke record books off the press contains over 1,000 pages and three and a half pounds of records and statistics, covering over 100 sports.

Now, Menke is starting to worry lest he defeat his original purpose. His first All-Sports Record Book, published in 1930, touched on 19 sports and weighed about six ounces. This has developed into the three-and-one-half-pound The New Encyclopedia of Sports from which he had to omit over 200 pages of records, statistics and other data. Can you blame Menke for fearing that soon it will grow to such monstrous proportions that it will be a worse nightmare to the rising generation of sports writers than his suitcase of record books was to him?

Menke has a sports-writing background such as few members of his profession can boast. He has been expert, ghost writer, historian, statistician, author, race-track publicity man, crusader against the doping of race horses, and pathfinder in many departments of sports writing. Menke wrote one of the first daily syndicated sports columns for the wire. He was the first writer to send a detailed play-by-play account of World Series games, describing every pitch.

A Ghost with Many By-Lines

He was one of the pioneers of the ghostwriting art in sports, and in his day has been a great pitcher, a world's heavyweight champion, a home-run king, a Cardinal (ecclesiastical, not diamond), a labor leader, an Olympic track mentor, a football coach, a rodent and about 150 other entities—all by proxy.

The church dignitary was His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; the rodent, Mickey Mouse. Heavyweight champions Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey and James J. Corbett; Samuel Gompers, the labor leader; Raymond Hitchcock, the actor; Lawson Robertson, the Olympic coach; Bob Zuppke and John Heisman, football mentors; and Rube Marquard, baseball pitcher, are just a few of the famous personages whose alter ego Menke has been during his four decades in the writing field.

For a chap who has dealt with virile subjects during most of his writing career, Menke entered the newspaper field on a rather meek note. Forced to go to work in 1907 because of his father's death, young Menke wa master for a construction comp his native Cleveland by day and, cool of the evening, studied cl try at Western Reserve.

During the summer montl played semipro baseball, dr down $25 for being a second ba on Saturday afternoon and $25 for pitching on Sunday. That r still left him time in which to ge trouble. The Cleveland Press wa ducting a contest to find the bes nition of a mollycoddle, the President Theodore Roosevel put into general circulation by ing it to some of our Army ge who couldn't ride a horse. M won and the Press offered him a a-week job as a reporter.

Menke contracted a habit a outset of his newspaper caree helped to shape his destiny. He clip every newspaper story cont any reference to a sports rec pertaining to a championship ev any kind. He didn't know w was doing it, except that he was ure filbert at heart.

While working on the Press, M took a side-line job with a Cle surgeon to whom had been as the task of redistricting the ci polling purposes.

The surgeon was a smoothi paid Menke off in flattery and ises. When the back-pay ta mounted to something like $40 sawbones broke the news to h sistant "redistrictor" one day New York was calling him.

"How about those 400 buck owe me, Doctor?" asked the str statistician, shyly.

"My boy, you are going to g money," said the doctor, unctu "But only on one condition. Y got to come along to New Yor help me in my new post. Clevel too small for you."

Menke, a sucker for a superla those days, needed no further i

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

fine car made even finer

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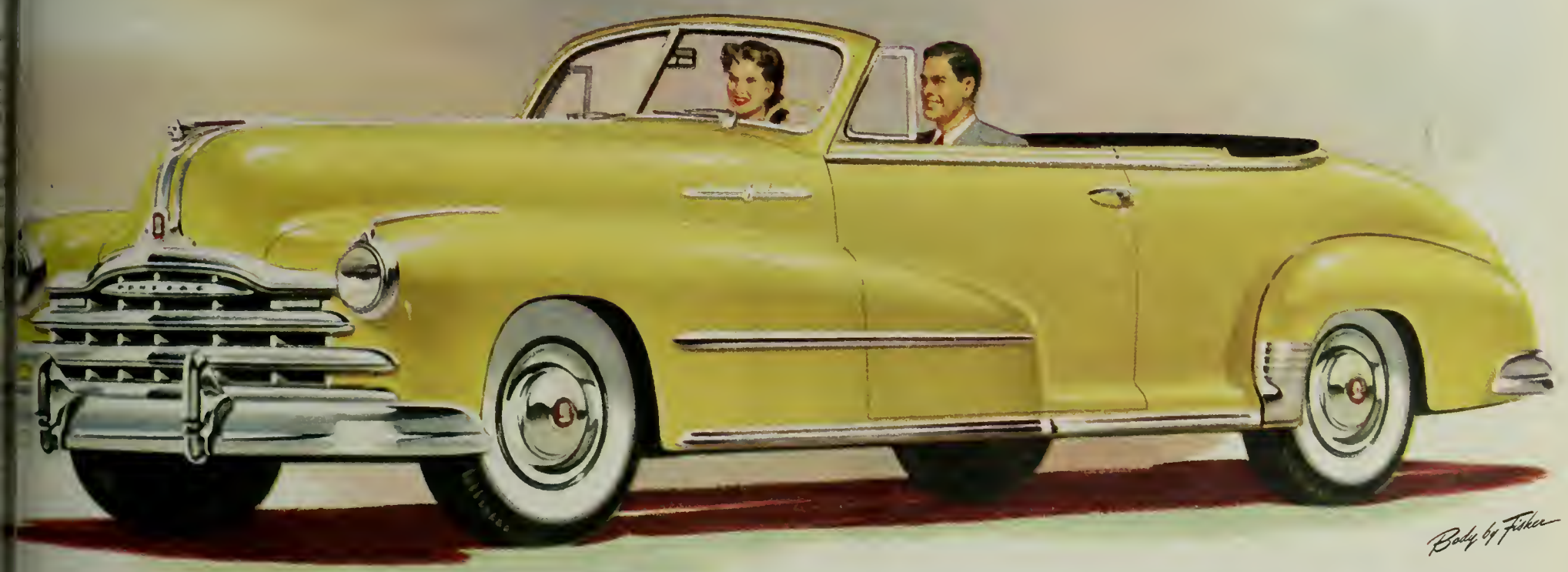

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It makes available the amazing performance luxury of General Motors Hydra-Matic Drive.*

It has extraordinary beauty and individuality that is all its own. It rides like a cradle and has pick-up to spare. It holds the road as if it were a part of it—and it is as saving on upkeep expense as a car can be. Furthermore, there is almost no limit to how long it will serve you, if it is properly cared for. And it is so big and impressive that you can drive it *anywhere*—with *pride!*

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Look what we found!

Blackie:

"Say, Whitey, I'll bet this old treasure chest is full of gold doubloons and pieces of eight."

Whitey:

"Many people would consider it a *perfect* treasure, Blackie, if it contained a few bottles of BLACK & WHITE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF

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ment. They boarded a lake steamer for Buffalo, took a train for Albany and then changed to the Hudson River Day Line at Albany. The doctor, whose line of sugar was effective with either sex, met a good-looking girl on the boat, invited her to dinner and that was the last Menke saw of him for four years. He never did see his $400.

That's how Frank Menke, the boy wonder from Cleveland, came to find himself on Broadway with eight bucks in his jeans.

The only person he knew in New York was a chap from back home named James D. Mooney, chairman of the board of Willys-Overland Motors, Inc. Mooney staked him until he landed a job with Philip Mindell, a publicity man. The World Series of 1911 between the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Athletics was about to start as Menke joined the publicity firm, and he learned that his office had signed up Rube Marquard of the Giants' staff to do a series of newspaper articles for syndication. Jack Bell of the North American Newspaper Alliance had Christy Mathewson, the Giants' ace, under contract for the same purpose.

The star batter of the Athletics in those days was Franklin (Home Run) Baker. In the second game of the series, it was Marquard's misfortune to pitch the home-run ball to Franklin at the cost of a ball game. In his syndicated article next day, Mathewson, in the paternal manner that befitted a star who was talking down to a whippersnapper, pointed out wherein the Rube had erred.

"Now, if I had been pitching to Baker," wrote Matty, "I should have given him, etc., etc., etc."

And Then Came Matty's Turn

Next day Matty pitched against the Athletics, and Home Run Baker did it again! The occasion might have passed without affecting the career of Frank G. Menke in the slightest degree had not the ghost writer the Mindell publicity agency had engaged to do Marquard's stuff failed to report that afternoon. Mindell turned in desperation to young Menke and asked him if he knew anything about baseball.

"Just a little," replied our hero modestly.

"Good!" exclaimed Mindell. "Do a piece for Rube Marquard."

Menke didn't have the slightest conception of what ghostwriting was, but he had all the evening papers and he also had on his desk a clipping of the story Matty had written the day before, advising Marquard how to pitch to Home Run Baker. Best of all, he also ha crass ignorance of youth, which ofte be an asset. Rushing in where a experienced writer would have fea tread because of his awe for the Matty, Menke needled the fadeaway to a fare-thee-well, paying him twofold with his own line. It was c those minor classics that the Fat groping tyros stumble into and baseball fans rocking with mirth th day. Without realizing it, Menke walloped a literary homer as a hitter, on his first trip to the plate.

It was another ghostwriting job f other firm that gave Menke his next at a national audience. The Mindel dicate blew up a few months after M joined it, and he became a free lanc

One of his first jobs was an assigr by Norman Rose, an old friend fro Cleveland Press, to get an interview Abe Attell, then the world's fe weight champion. For this, Menke to get $20. With Dutch thorougl Frank bought a book on The Manl of Self-Defense for ten cents befor ting out for Dal Hawkins' roadhou Westchester County where Honest was training. On the way out by and trolley car, Menke read the tr on boxing from cover to cover an the time he arrived, was prepared t Abe what was wrong with him, ju Matty had done to Rube Marq Abe, concentrating on a poker was too busy to be bothered wit interviewer.

"Write anything you want and it okay with me," he said.

Menke rewrote the 10-cent b book, showed the story to Abe, glanced at the first line, then signe name to it. The N.E.A. distributed ke's masterpiece to its clients all ove country and there were many inq from editors as to who had writt One of these feelers came from the tional News Association (now the I national News Service), which offere author two weeks' employment as a stitute for a man on vacation. M took the two weeks' job and remaine two decades. When he finally qu 1932, it was to devote all his time t new career of author and statistician

Menke's job with the Hearst news ice was that of all-round rep Sports was just a side line for Whenever an event of sufficient im tance such as the World Series along, Menke was sent out to cover i those days, the papers devoted only or four columns to sports.

Menke, assigned to cover the W Series of 1912 for the I.N.S. wire, ina rated a fast detailed report on the g

COLLIER'S "I made seventy-eight dollars once. I became confused and bought the wrong stock" PERRY BARLOW

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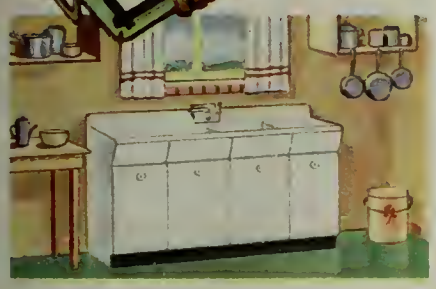

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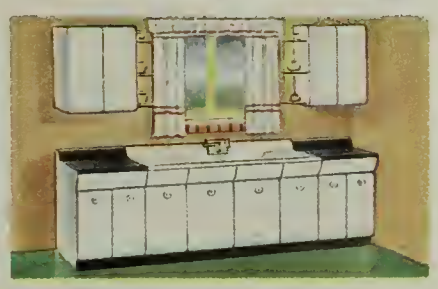

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PARIS BELTS—
SUSPENDERS—GARTERS

PARIS

assisted by Bill Ryan, a crack operator. Menke described each pitch in detail, gave all the vital particulars of every play and was way ahead of the other services which used the old-fashioned method of summarizing each inning briefly when it ended. In those preradio days, newspapers used to announce the game, play by play, to crowds that gathered in front of their bulletin boards. Menke's fast service enabled I.N.S. clients to beat their competitors, and the effect was to make the service more sports-conscious.

Boxing began to boom as the search for a white hope began. Francis Ouimet beat Harry Vardon and Ed Ray in the play-off of a triple tie for the U.S. Open Championship, giving golf a tremendous lift. Tennis began to increase in popularity and horse racing came back strong. All this meant a demand for more sports news on the wire. By 1913, Menke was writing 800-word sport-feature stories daily for the I.N.S.

A Middle West Team Beats Army

In search of an unusual feature, Menke went up to West Point one Saturday afternoon that fall to see a team called Notre Dame from somewhere in the Middle West play Army. The Army bowed, 35-13, to the South Benders. Menke's description of that game made such a hit with his boss, Ernest Pratt, that the young Cleveland whiz-bang won the first by-line ever put on a sports story sent over the wire. At the end of the season, Menke quit writing sports and went back to news reporting, but the clients would have none of that nonsense. To appease them and stop cluttering up the wire, Mr. Pratt bade François write a daily sports feature which could be mailed to clients.

In between sports seasons, he covered assignments such as the suffragettes' march on Washington, organized and led by Rosalie Gardiner Jones. Starting from New York in February, the tootsy caravan headed down the main pike for the capital, by easy stages, timed to make it for Woodrow Wilson's inauguration. Menke and a squad of other newspapermen walked along with the girls.

Menke broke away from I.N.S. for a short time early in 1917 to organize his own syndicate, but a scarcity of newsprint forced him to listen to an offer from Moses Koenigsberg of Newspaper Feature Service who was organizing King Features Syndicate for William Randolph Hearst. Menke, who had three stenographers and two salesmen on his pay roll, agreed to take the job only on condition that Koenigsberg hire his staff of five also. It was a bargain. James J. Corbett was the first "name" Koenigsberg signed for the new syndicate.

Menke suddenly found himself losing his identity and becoming a member of the literary spirit world as he ghosted for all manner of people. One day he would expound on the problems of labor under the by-line of Samuel Gompers. The next day he would be Raymond Hitchcock, telling what was wrong with the American stage. Then he would become spiritual and write the messages of the noted prelate, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. In between ghost-writing chores, he was to cover all the top sporting events for the Hearst syndicate and news service.

When the Federal Bureau of Narcotics was campaigning against the illegal use of drugs on the race track, William Randolph Hearst requested J. V. Connolly of King Features to send a sports writer along with Ralph Oyler, the government man in charge of the investigation. Menke was assigned. With his usual thoroughness, he acquired a solid background on the subject of drugging horses and wrote a series of articles on the evil that astounded racing fans.

Harry J. Anslinger, head of the Narcotics Bureau, is authority for the statement that, as a result of this assignment, Menke knows more about "hopping horses" than anyone else outside his own staff of experts. But Frank can't "dope" 'em himself, as he has found after repeated tussles with the invincible Iron Men, as a form player.

Menke is as well posted on Australian sports as he is on the athletic pastimes of his native land. Back in the early twenties he was the American correspondent for the Sydney Referee, a famous sporting publication then owned by Hugh McIntosh, the boxing promoter and theatrical man. In 1925, McIntosh's three Sydney newspapers, The Times, The Arrow and The Referee, began to slip and he cabled Menke an urgent appeal to come down to Australia and see what he could do about putting them back on their feet.

Taking a leave of absence from King Features, Menke arrived in Sydney in January, 1926, and five hours off the boat found that the only thing wrong with the papers was everything. His first move was to fire the advertising director.

"Lord love a duck, you can't do that, Menke, old fellow," said Hugh. "Why, he's the best advertising man in Australia."

"But he can't get any ads," said Menke. "I'm going to give his job to a chap who is really the best advertising man in Australia but doesn't know it."

"Who's that?" asked McIntosh.

"Mr. Hugh McIntosh," said Menke.

"By Jove!" said McIntosh. "That's an idea. I'm always doing favors for a lot of wowsers. Now let's see them do some for me."

With that, Hugh picked up a telephone, called a department-store manager and got a $4,000 advertisement in the time it takes to suppress a yawn. In three months, McIntosh more than doubled the volume of advertising in his three papers. Meanwhile, Menke Americanized them typographically and editorially. Not long after Frank had returned to America in May, Mr. McIntosh was able to dispose of his newspaper holdings for approximately a million dollars.

That same year Menke was a two-faced ghost named, from left to right, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, who were training for their first fight for the heavyweight title.

In Dutch with Gentleman Jim

A few days before the battle was to come off in Philadelphia's Sesquicentennial Stadium, Menke tried to get in touch with Jim Corbett, whose stuff he also had to write for King Features. Jim's prediction was to be run on the morning of the battle. As the deadline approached, Corbett couldn't be found anywhere, so Menke, basing his prediction on the ex-champion's oft-expressed opinion that a clever boxer would invariably beat a slugger, represented Gentleman Jim as predicting a victory on points for Tunney.

The New York American gave it a front-page banner headline spread the day of the fight. Corbett flew into a rage, called up Mr. Koenigsberg and demanded that Menke be fired at once for making him look so ridiculous. The Friars Club had a special car on one of the fight trains that evening, but Corbett, a member, was so shamefaced, he wouldn't ride in it although he had reservations. When Jim arrived in Philadelphia, he went on a still hunt for Menke, threatening to annihilate him if he found the blackguard. The former champion, notorious for picking them wrong, told those who twitted him about his daring prediction, that he had been tricked; that Dempsey was his real selection.

On the way back from Philadelphia that rainy night on which the title changed hands, the Friars' car on the fight special witnessed a drama almost as

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High Pressure—New formula for general household use. Spray is finer—stays in the air longer—produces more lasting effect. This formula is designed to give faster, easier, surer killing action. KM Magik Mist combines two sure killers—DDT plus pyrethrins. Kills on contact mosquitoes, flies, moths, roaches, bed bugs, water bugs, gnats, silver fish and many others.

SUPERIOR KILLING FORMULA $2.95 16 oz.
This high pressure superior killer is the super insecticide. Contains powerful formula for heavy duty and for surer killing action.

KNAPP-MONARCH CO. • ST. LOUIS 16, MO.

startling as Gene Tunney's victory which they had just witnessed. At Trenton, Gentleman Jim, all smiles, strode into the chair car, holding a New York American against his chest, pointing to the headline, "Corbett Picks Tunney," and declaiming, like a Shakespearean actor: "Corbett was right again."

Even though Menke has a methodical mind, like most newspapermen he is impractical. His passion for orderliness urged him to tackle the dull job of assembling and collating a lot of statistics. The impractical dreamer in him prevented him from first investigating the probable market for such a work. So he plunged blindly into a job that all but broke his heart and did break his bank account and his health before he finally won out.

His first effort, the All-Sports Record Book, published in 1930, dealt only with 19 sports and brought more complaints from people who wanted to know why he had snubbed their favorite sport than it brought customers. Menke got out this paper-bound edition himself and lost money on the venture. The 1931 edition covered 35 sports. "That ought to hold them," Frank had said.

When the complaints arrived this time, the discouraged author realized he was just starting to scrape the surface of a subject on which he had thought he was experting. There were statistics on 45 sports in the 1932 edition. But the depression had the country in such bad shape by this time that Menke found out the only way he could get rid of sports record books would be to make them edible and give them away in bread lines. Undaunted, however, he came back in 1935 with another edition of the All-Sports Record Book, this time with 80 sports included. Again it was a flop.

The 1936 edition (a Menke never surrenders) found a better sale as times began to improve. Also, it carried an advertisement for Jack Dempsey's new restaurant, which was paid for with a $500 due bill in the chophouse. Frank ate that year and also broke even on his book. He landed the post of press agent for the Kentucky Derby in 1938, a job he handled through 1945. This chore provided him with enough income to keep him going on his labor of love. Just to keep in shape, he compiled a statistical history of the Derby dating back to 1875 and dashed off Colonel Matt J. Winn's life story, Down the Stretch, while resting.

The indefatigable and unsinkable author had tried a new format for his annual in 1939. Besides giving records, he wrote a complete history of the origin and growth of every important sport. Having lost money by selling his Record Books for 50 cents, and later, one dollar, he decided to raise the price to $2 for the Encyclopedia. You could have laid Frank stone-cold daid in the market with a wallop from a pocket dictionary when his agent's statement showed he had made a profit of $200 on this opus. That cut his losses for a decade of statistic-mongering to $29,800. "But I acquired a wonderful collection of sports-page clippings," says Menke, as if clippings were something a writer could eat.

Back-Numbers Business Booms

The war brought a totally unexpected demand for the back numbers of his "works." Soldiers and sailors wrote home for Record Books to settle sports arguments, and Frank "gave them the works," at reduced rates. The demand grew so great, Menke went to a publishing house, recited his discouraging experiences as an author-publisher, and offered to write an encyclopedia that would really cover the ground. A. S. Barnes & Company accepted the proposition and sold 85,000 copies of his 628-page Sports Encyclopedia published in 1944 at $3.50. Having disposed of such a large number of books, Menke now really began to hear from his public about the sports he had snubbed.

"Let's give them a superduper the next time," said his publisher.

"When do you want it?" asked Menke.

"How about four months?" asked the publisher.

Without thinking, Frank agreed. He had hardly undertaken the job, however, when he realized he was trying to do two years of drudgery in sixteen weeks. But with Menke, a promise isn't something to be forgotten. Stubbornly he stuck to it. Fifteen- and eighteen-hour working days were the rule rather than the exception. Sometimes he would toil 36 hours without rest. Finally his nerves began to play tricks and he lost 25 pounds. But he made his deadline as usual. When he had finished the writing end of the job, he went to his doctor.

"Lay off writing for six months if you want to live," he was warned.

If Frank wanted to lay off writing permanently, he probably could live well on the fruits of his Gargantuan, two-decade tussle with sports statistics and facts, which is just now starting to bring reward. Instead, he's already worrying about how to include several hundred additional pages of information in his next Encyclopedia without increasing the weight.

THE END

COLLIER'S "She can say so much with just an eyebrow" VIRGIL PARTCH

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SWIMWEAR
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Feminine hearts will do a swan dive when they see you in your handsome ROBERT BRUCE KOHINOOR. This popular boxer trunk is available in a wide range of solid colors; has three-needle elastic waist, built-in full-lined supporter and change pocket. At better dealers . . . Sizes 30 to 42 . . . $4.95.

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To the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies... to America's inspiring National Parks, well-timed connections.

Our city ticket offices, travel bureaus and ticket agents are available to help you plan a carefree and relaxed vacation—*from the first to the final mile!*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

A SLIGHT CASE OF CONNECTICUT

Continued from page 25

Look," Tom said feebly, "let's drop whole thing, shall we?" He got up with the dazed feeling of a man ping from a nightmare, walked out he living room. His only thought to flee from Junior; then as he was sing the hall he saw his host, Pete er, descending the stairs. Pete was all, dapper man who carried himself a certain bantam jauntiness.

Ah, there, Tom! How about a small k before the girls come down?"

om said a small drink would be fine. followed the other along the hall to ne-paneled room that Pete said used e the woodshed, but was now his y.

What do you study?" Tom asked, un- to resist the question.

ut Pete, unlocking a cupboard in the , only grinned over his shoulder and , "Social anesthesia."

I see," Tom said. "Make mine rbon and water, please."

My mission in life," Pete said, "is relieve the suffering of my friends loved ones. Everyone seems to be pain—especially from 5 to 7 P.M. is it in California?"

om laughed. "About the same, gh I think we suffer less consciously there in the sunshine. Anyway, I it."

Then why did you leave it?"

Liza got to dreaming about the elms."

Ah!" Pete said. They sat down. a's a lovely girl. I'm glad she didn't ry Linc Sloan."

I hear he's coming to dinner tonight."

He's always coming to dinner," Pete . "He was in my class at New Haven; one of my oldest and closest friends a wonderful guy. But somehow," the e man added, "I've never liked him."

No? Why not?"

Because he's so wonderful," Pete said. e's the local ideal, and a walking ace to the male population of Stan- h. Married women measure their bands by the Sloan standard. Ex- tball star, ex-fighter pilot and now a advertising man. His only open ure was with Liza. They were prac- lly engaged, you know. Then Liza nt West—she told Sally she wanted think things over—and then she met , and that seemed to be the answer."

"Yes," Tom said, "I thought so."

"Well," Pete said, "it'll be interesting to watch, anyway."

"What'll be interesting?"

"The battle between East and West. Between you and—"

"Linc Sloan?"

The little man stared into his glass. "I don't think it's quite as crude, or as simple, as that. Emerson says that people are symbols living in a world of symbols, or words to that effect. My guess is that Sloan stands as a symbol of Liza's youth here in Stanwich—a kind of romantic ideal that still haunts her mind. American women try to make over their husbands to fit their ideals. Failing which, they either give up and are happy with imperfection, or they stick to their dreams and head for Reno." Here the little man raised his glass in salute to Tom. "As one husband to another," he said, "I wish you luck."

LINCOLN SLOAN was the type, Tom decided later, that Hollywood producers never knew how to cast properly. They would get an Englishman to play the part, and that would be wrong, because Sloan was definitely American. He was a perfect specimen of Metropolitan Man: the highly polished product of a species indigenous to the Eastern seaboard, whose habitat lies between the Housatonic and Hudson rivers and whose spiritual home is the Yale Bowl.

Linc had kissed Liza heartily when he came in. Then, with the ease of a politician snaring a reluctant constituent, he turned his charm on Tom. "Any husband of Liza's," he said, as they shook hands, "is a friend of mine."

If another man had said it, Tom would have winced and gone quickly from his presence. But with Linc Sloan's flashing smile and buoyant, warmhearted manner it did not sound fatuous at all. And it developed that Sloan's eagerness to meet Tom was genuine.

"Funny thing!" he told them all, in his rich baritone. "I've been looking around for a man who knows the moving-picture game, and here I run into one who's also a friend by marriage!"

He's going to milk that gag dry, Tom thought.

"Why," Liza asked Linc Sloan, "are

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You'll go for good looking, good fitting Kerry Knight pajamas *for the rest of your life.*

For Kerry Knight nightwear boasts as colorful a collection of stripes and other patterns as you'll see. Comfortable, you bet! Note the full-cut armholes and sturdy seams for twist-and-turners. The smartly styled cuffs on pajama coat. The handy, built-in hanger. There's even a woven elastic waistband, and an extra button for waist snugness.

Kerry Knight's soft, sleepable fabrics wash well, too. Both middy or lapel collar styles in sizes from A—D. Also available in extra sizes and extra longs.

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Louisville Grand Slam Golf Clubs have what it takes to perk up your game because they're mighty good at helping to whittle down your score. Whether you're a tournament player or do your golfing just for fun, GRAND SLAMS can help you on the road to a better game.

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LOUISVILLE SLUGGER HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO. LOUISVILLE 2, KY.

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you looking for a man who knows pictures?"

Sloan turned to her. He seemed to swell a little. "In the advertising game," he said impressively, "you've got to keep on your toes. Some of my most important accounts are going in for movie documentaries of their products. I'm thinking of setting up a whole new department to handle that operation."

Tom said, "I knew a man once who made a picture of a penguin. But I don't see how you could write a script about a bottle of perfume or a cake of soap."

"That," Linc said, "is where you would come in."

"Who, me?" Tom said, inelegantly but forcibly.

"Darling," Liza said, "it seems almost like the hand of fate, doesn't it? Because you were thinking of looking around for a job in the East and here's one you might fit right into."

"Listen," Tom said, "I don't want to fit into anything. And let's leave the hand of fate out of it. I'm beginning to feel snatched at."

An elderly maid came in and announced dinner.

Tom sat on Sally Fisher's right. She was a plump, palpitant brunette and he guessed that she hated him for marrying Liza. Women like Sally either hated or adored; they had no emotions in-between. "I'm *so* glad to have this chance to *know* you," she said, with a brightly spurious smile. "All Liza said was that you were a genius, which always sounds sort of sallow. But you look *much* too healthy for a writer."

"It's the California climate," he told her gravely.

"Oh, yes," Sally purred. "But you *do* have earthquakes, and floods, and all those odd religions, and I hear the women don't dress for anything."

"Uh-huh," Tom said. "There's never a dull moment in California."

Sally glared at him and then subsided, and Tom was free to look at Liza and Lincoln Sloan sitting opposite him. They were laughing and talking about things he knew nothing about and he felt uncomfortably excluded.

SUDDENLY his eye was caught by a movement in the living room. He sat facing the door that opened into it, and now he could see a small white-robed figure creeping across the far end of that room. As Tom watched, the figure lunged forward and disappeared under the Queen Anne sofa.

"I do hope you're comfortable in the attic," Sally said abruptly. "You know, you can see the Sound from your window."

Tom gathered that once he'd seen the Sound there'd be nothing else for him to live for. He said pleasantly, "You must come out and visit us sometime. You can see the Pacific Ocean from our window."

That silenced Sally and then they were through dinner and Junior Fisher was waiting in the living room, in his pajamas and a terry-cloth bathrobe, to say good night to them. Liza and Linc Sloan had gone straight to the sofa and were sitting there when Junior went out. Tom saw the boy glance at them and noticed that Junior's eyes widened as he looked.

Tom wanted to get Liza away from Linc Sloan, but his mind was a blank till Pete Fisher said helpfully, "You travelers must be tired after your long trip."

Tom said, "Thanks. We are." He got up from his chair and walked over to the sofa. "Well," he said cheerily, "I'm pretty tired and I guess Liza's pretty tired, too. Traveling always exhausts her, and—"

"Nonsense, darling," Liza said. "I'm not in the least exhausted, and I've got a lot to talk over with Linc. You go up and get a nice, long sleep. It'll do you good. 'Night, darling."

There was nothing else for him to do but to say good night and climb wretchedly up to his lonely attic room. He was almost undressed when he heard the stairs creaking loudly. He ran out into the hall. Looking over the rail, he saw Sally and Pete ascending to the second floor. So that left Liza and Linc alone in the living room!

Back in his cell, the blast of cold Connecticut air that struck Tom Drake when he opened the window was no more frigid than his feeling about Connecticut itself.

TOM woke early next morning to hear a foghorn moaning over the unseen Sound. The irresponsible Eastern climate had turned warm and clammy. Everything dripped, including his clothes. He dressed and crept downstairs. Passing the living-room door he looked in and saw the Queen Anne sofa; and suddenly he had a hunch. He plunged into the room, dropped to his knees and hauled out from under the sofa Junior Fisher's Little Wonder dictaphonograph.

For a moment he hesitated. He had never understood machinery and he'd always been reticent about snapping on switches or twiddling dials. He had a suspicion that someday somebody'd twiddle one dial too many and then—Boom! But his hunch was irresistible. He saw a dial labeled PLAYBACK and turned it. Liza's voice leaped out at him:

"I'm willing to put up a hundred thousand if you take Tom into the firm. I want him to have a good, respectable job and as long as you need money—well, it seems like the hand of fate, doesn't it?"

"It does indeed!" That was Lincoln Sloan's voice. *"I think I can use Tom and I know I can use a hundred thousand. I'm making money, but it takes a lot of capital these days."*

"All right, Linc, it's a deal."

"Let's shake hands on it."

Silence; a maddening mechanical hum; then suddenly Liza's voice again: *"You understand, of course, that Tom must never know anything about this?"*

"I understand," Sloan's voice said. *"It'll seem like old times, sharing a secret with you."*

"I don't remember any secrets."

"No? What about that night at Savin Rock? The night you told your mother you were going to stay with Sally?"

"I'd forgotten that night, and I should think you'd want to forget it, too. Anyway, I confessed the next day and . . . I thought we were through shaking hands."

"Liza!"

"No, don't, Linc."

"Liza, I can't help loving you. I've always believed we belonged to each other and maybe I'm crazy but I can't help thinking you've come back to me."

"No, no, please! You mustn't think that! It would only complicate things, and I want my life to be simple and respectable and—"

"Life is never simple and it's seldom respectable."

"All right, Linc, we'll discuss life later. But first—"

Tom hit the machine with his hand and it stopped dead. He rushed out of the room, up the stairs and into Liza's room. But when he saw her lying curled up asleep in bed, the golden head pillowed on the smooth brown arm, the slim body defenseless under the covers, Tom felt ferocity depart from him. In its place sprang up a sudden, implacable determination.

"Liza!"

The sleeper stirred, then murmured, "You said you preferred them with leaves."

"Liza, wake up! You're dreaming! I want to talk to you."

"Isn't it awfully early? It feels awfully—"

"Listen," Tom said, and reached for her bare shoulder; but quickly withdrew his hand. "Where were you going to get a hundred thousand dollars to buy me

NEW CROSLEY STATION WAGON

Smart styling. All steel. Seats 4, or 2 with ¼ ton load. Priced $600 to $700 less than any other station wagon, costs about ⅓ as much to run. Typical owner's report:

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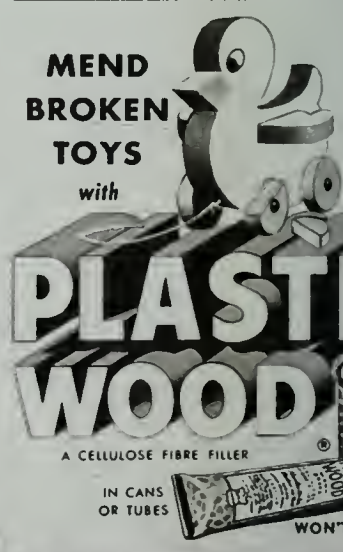

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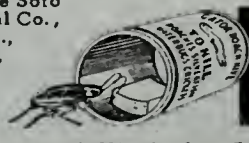

GATOR ROACH HIVES

business with Linc Sloan?" he de-
ded.
e drowsy voice said, "I was going to
it out of my special account." Then
blue eye opened. "How do *you*
w—?"
'll tell you after you've answered my
tion."
e sat up slowly, and her hair fell in
ight cascade around her shoulders.
e truth is I'm rich," she said. "I
w it sounds crude, I hate to use such
lgar, old-fashioned, four-letter word,
don't know how else to put it."
m used a four-letter word of his
. "Well!" he said.
za said, "One of my ancestors helped
buy Manhattan Island from the
ans. I think he furnished the beads."
Listen," Tom said, "I don't care if
ve got a million dollars—"
Or several millions?"
Several!" he said, "My God, I've
living with an heiress and didn't
w it!" As he stared down at her, he
that now even her hair had a higher
content. "Why didn't you tell me?"
was going to, on our honeymoon.
n you said never to bother you about
ney, so I didn't. Then I thought it
ld be fun to wait till you wanted
ething extravagant, like a farm or a
t or—"
I don't want a yacht! I've never
ted a yacht!"
But I just thought it would be a nice
to break the news to you. I mean I
going to write a card explaining
ything—"
And tie it to the yacht?"
Or the farm," Liza said.
I see. But instead, you decided to
me a chunk of Linc Sloan's advertis-
firm. Only you didn't plan to write
rd. It was going to be a secret be-
en you and your old friend Linc!"
Tom, how *did* you find out?"
He told her. "See?" he said. "We live
great big beautiful fantastic world,
re you turn a switch and get truth
m a machine! Then you twirl a dial,
the whole works blows up in your
lish face! You marry a wife and
her and trust her and then you find
's got secrets—"
Tom, I haven't!"
Oh, no? What about your deal with
an? And what about that night at
in Rock? And what the hell *is* Savin
ck anyway?"
Stop swearing. It's an amusement resort near New Haven. I went there once with Linc during the course of a childish, all-night binge. I'll admit he got ideas along about midnight, but it was just a clumsy college try, and I slapped him in the Tunnel of Love."

Tom groaned. "A tunnel-worker! And you want me to be like him."

"Tom," she said, "I was wrong. But when Linc hinted that he needed more capital and said he really *did* want a man for his movie department, and you said you wanted to work at *something*, I thought it was a wonderful chance for you. I don't see why you won't let me back you."

He said, "Because I don't like being backed. In plain words, I don't like being bossed. I've always run my own show and I mean to go on running it as long as I can stagger. Besides, I don't like Linc Sloan. And I'll tell you something else. We're not going to settle here. We're leaving—right now!"

"Leaving? But we've only just got here!"

"I don't give a damn. I've had enough. I'm going home. I—"

"Darling, don't be so violent. Come and kiss me, darling!"

HE LOOKED at her sitting there in a nightgown that had no more restraint than a fish net; and he was greatly tempted. But instinct told him that if he surrendered to her now, he'd be lost forever.

"No," he said. "Get up, Liza. We're going back to California. Not because it's a better place than Connecticut, but because my home and my job are there."

"What about me?"

"You're my wife. You go where I go, or you're not my wife any more. Now come on, get up."

All at once her cheeks were flaming. "No, I won't! I won't have you bullying me! You big bully!"

He said, "Liza!" and took a step toward her. But she gave a wild sob, flopped down and pulled the covers over her head. He moved blindly to the door. He tried to think of some adequate farewell, but as so often happens in moments of human crisis, the neat and noble phrase eluded him.

"I hope you'll be very happy," he said, and walked smack into the doorjamb as he blundered out of the room. . . .

Shortly thereafter Tom Drake, carrying a hastily packed suitcase, departed

"No, thanks, I don't believe we'll need him. It's quite an orderly crowd"

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forever from the Fishers' old colonial house. He was determined not to look back, because he knew he could see Liza's window from the drive.

So he looked back, and the window was empty. The great elms stood motionless in the fog. Nothing moved or waved to him, and he strode on down the drive.

BUT something was waving on the mountain behind his house when he got back to California three mornings later. He'd wired his agent, Sam Ernst, that he was taking the Super Chief and please to have the house open, but he couldn't see why there should be laundry on the clothesline on the slope.

He paid the taxi driver and climbed sadly to the rear terrace to investigate. What he saw fluttering from the clothesline was a slip, a pair of stockings, a pair of pink pants.

There are times in a man's life when reason is suspended, when the heart leaps to conclusions with a joyous logic all its own. Tom Drake didn't stop to wonder whether doors would be open; he knew they would be. He didn't stop for anything. The one big bedroom was downstairs on the lower level and he made it in three long jumps.

Liza was sitting up in bed, in a nightgown that had as much substance as a high fog. Her golden hair was beautifully arranged, her lips were carefully made up and so, judging by her tranquil air, was her mind.

"Welcome home, darling," she said. "Did you see my wash on the line?"

He nodded, speechless. Then emotion gave way to a need for rational explanation. "Liza, how did you—?"

"I flew."

"But all the planes were grounded by fog! I tried to—"

"Only for a day, darling. I got here yesterday, and I called Sam, and he told me what train you were on. I thought at first I'd meet you at the station, but then I decided this would be nicer."

He stood at the foot of the bed, scarcely daring to move for fear it would all turn out to be a mirage.

"Linc Sloan put me on the plane. He insisted on driving me to the airport."

"All right. I give him my blessing."

"But just as I was going through the gate he tried to kiss me."

"I take it back."

"Darling, he did kiss me. And you know what? I slapped him."

"That," Tom said, "is fine news. Very very fine news."

"Well," Liza said, "are you going to stand there talking all day?"

"No," Tom said. He took an experimental, almost cautious step around the end of the bed.

"You don't have to creep," she said.

Then he was beside her, leaning over her, reaching out for her in the big bed and holding her tightly in his arms.

"Darling, wait. Don't smother me just yet. I've got one thing to say, just one serious thing, so you won't think you married an utterly brainless woman. The reason I wanted to go East was that I had a kind of—I suppose you'd call it a nesting instinct. I'm going to have a baby."

"You're what!"

"Oh, I don't mean I'm pregnant. I mean it's time we started to have a family, only I wasn't sure whether I wanted to bring up my young out here, or back East where I was born. But when you walked out on me, I knew I didn't care where we lived, as long as we were together."

"Listen," Tom said. "I love you."

"Then that's all right," she said, "and we don't have to be serious any more."

"Yes, it's all right now," Tom said. "But, Liza, what happened to us?"

"Why," she said, "I just had a slight case of Connecticut, that's all. But I'm cured, darling."

"What cured you?" he asked; but I really didn't care because he'd started the smothering process and his lips were already on hers. But as he kissed her he thought he heard her murmur, "Those awful bare elms!"

THE END

"Now then, we've brought the pheasant to a charcoal broil, yes?"
"Yes, sir."
"Very well, now we raise the temperature a brisk fifteen degrees, letting the meat juices seep into the succulent bird for just one brief second. Voila! Done! We wait no longer! We serve it instantly!"
"Instantly, yes, sir."
"Instantly!"
"Instantly."

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SPEEDWAY WHAMMIES

'tinued from page 6

They Gotta Tee Off

Golf and tennis are required subjects along with Economics and English Lit at Hamilton College (enrollment 600) in upstate New York. Students spend three hours weekly mastering "carry-over" sports of the tennis-squash-handball variety which they can play after graduation. The passing grade for golf majors is under 50 for nine holes.

"Some of the students grumble over the compulsory sweating," athletic director Mox Weber says, "but the grumblers usually come back to their five-year reunion and thank the coaches for teaching them how to putt and volley. The work must be worth-while, because graduates contribute $60,000 every year to finance the intramural programs."

Hamilton also supports eleven varsities and six junior varsities, but has not granted an athletic scholarship in 136 years. At the trustees' annual business meeting last winter, somebody questioned the item—"One team, $400." Eyebrows lifted. The controller hastily explained: "That's the only team we have which doesn't come under the athletic department. We use it for snow plowing—it's a team of horses."

Pennants vs. Profits

Mrs. Grace Comiskey, president of the Chicago White Sox, phoned her sister, Mrs. Alice McMahon, a few minutes after brother-in-law Joe Barry resigned as the club's traveling secretary in 1944.

"Joe's retiring," Grace announced; "we want to make Frank the new secretary."

"That's nice," Alice replied, accepting for her husband, who was calling on beer clients. "I'li tell him when he gets home."

Relatively speaking, that's how the Comiskeys operate. In-laws come and in-laws go, and the Sox go on forever—in the second division. They haven't won a pennant for 28 years and disillusioned Chicago fans are beginning to suspect they never will win one under Comiskey auspices.

A worried American League official explains why the Sox are perennial push-overs: "There are two ways to run a club. You can estimate expenses, budget expenditures accordingly and make a profit. That's six per cent baseball. Or you can spend whatever is necessary to develop good players and count on greater fan interest and increased attendance to meet higher expenses. That's pennant-winning baseball. The Comiskeys use the six per cent system."

One by one, the old baseball fan —the six-per-centers—are dropping of baseball. The Dreyfuss heirs rendered in Pittsburgh last year were replaced by the wealthy Crosby syndicate. Only four six per franchises remain in the majors an four finished in the second divisio the American League last season: P delphia, Chicago, Washington, St. L

Flying Featherweights

Dick Birkett piloted B-29s durin war. Now he's teaching San Fran youngsters how to build and fly m planes weighing 57/1000 of an ounc

Birkett makes the light model stretching microfilm—a plastic de tive of incredible toughness and thi —over frames of balsa slivers. M film—no relation to tiny photogra negatives—is a liquid.

When several drops are poured i tub of water, the micro spreads and ens into a gossamer covering for a t foot model.

Micros stay up more than half an (one minute was good time for old- ioned balsa ships). Birkett's micro sensitive to thermal drafts (hot air) he can keep the tissue-thin model indefinitely with body heat—simpl rubbing his hands together under wings.

Micros don't need the high-speed pulsion that powers heavier balsa m els. Seventy prop revolutions per mi keep them flying. Incidentally, 57/1000 of an ounce figure doesn' clude the motor—a rubber band inches long. The band outweighs fuselage, so Birkett's micro scales more than one ounce in flight.

Kramer's Service Does It

Jack Kramer won 15 of 28 ma from Bobby Riggs at the start of pro tennis tour . . . then swept 30 o next 33. What happened to Riggs? D Pails, the former Australian Davis per who played doubles with Kr against Riggs and Pancho Segura plains:

"Kramer's fast service wore B out. Jack always held his service ease—rarely lost more than two p per game. Bobby had to work ha win his service—usually in a deuce g After a month, the overwork sa Riggs' strength. He couldn't cover c He was punchy—something lik fighter."

THE END

Beginning Next Week

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

Mike Finney seemed like the perfect victim. He was in trouble with the law; he was traveling under an alias. And no one would miss him when he was killed—no one except the girl who had lured him into the trap.

Read the opening chapters of this gripping suspense story in the June 12th COLLIER'S

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

he Story:

R DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, world-famous detective, in ew York at the request of the F.B.I., is trying to keep e secret of a terrifying new weapon from falling into hands of FU MANCHU, notorious archcriminal. The apon, a giant disintegrator, is not yet completed, but inventor, brilliant young DR. MORRIS CRAIG, is rking on the design of the final element.

Fu Manchu's clever plans to obtain the secret begin take effect. Disguised as the celebrated Viennese ychiatrist, PROFESSOR HOFFMEYER, he gives treatment MRS. MICHAEL FROBISHER, wife of Craig's financial cker. Through hypnotic control over Mrs. Frobisher, reaches Craig's beautiful secretary, CAMILLE NA-RRE, and hypnotizes her too. He uses Camille to lure r. Craig away from the laboratory where the weapon under test and construction.

In Craig's absence, Fu Manchu and his henchmen ter the laboratory, rifle the safe and, after carefully specting the device, carry off a technician, J. J. REGAN.

But Fu Manchu's raid is fruitless because Craig, on s way out with Camille, had slipped the plan of the issing element inside his shirt. Smith is relieved to nd it safe, but knows Fu Manchu still wants it and ill try to get it again. Regan seems to have vanished to thin air.

On the following day, Craig and Camille, at Mr. Fro-sher's invitation, go out to his country home, Falling aters, for the week end. Craig brings the unfinished an with him, hoping to complete it before Monday.

Frobisher has installed a complicated burglar alarm. is wife, Stella, has purchased a pack of ferocious dogs help guard the place.

Unexpectedly, just before lunch, Nayland Smith ar-ves from New York.

V

I CAN tell you, broadly, what happened last night," said Nayland Smith. "It was an attempt to steal the final plans assumed to be cked in Craig's safe."

"I guessed as much," Michael Frobisher replied.

Under drawn brows, he was studying the rest-ss figure pacing to and fro in his study, fouling e air with fumes from a brier pipe, which, ap-arently, Smith had neglected to clean since the day e bought it.

"The safe was opened," Smith said.

"You're sure of that?"

"Quite!" Smith said, glancing aside at Frobisher. It was the work of an expert. Dr. Fu Manchu em-loys none but experts."

"Dr. Fu Manchu!" Frobisher exclaimed. "Then wasn't—"

Smith pulled up in front of Frobisher, as he sat here behind his desk.

"Well—go on. Whom did you suspect?"

Frobisher twisted a half-smoked cigar between is lips.

"Come to think, I don't know."

"But you do know that when a project with such ast implications nears maturity, big interests be-ome involved. Agents of several governments are atching every move in your dangerous game. And here's another agent who represents no govern-nent, but who acts for a powerful and well-rganized group."

"Are you talking about Vickers?" Frobisher rowled.

"No. Absurd! This isn't a commercial group. t's an organization controlled by Dr. Fu Manchu. n all probability, Dr. Fu Manchu was in Craig's ffice last night."

"But—"

"The only other possibility is that the attempt was made by a Soviet spy. Have you reason to uspect any member of your staff?"

"I doubt that any Russian has access to the office."

"Why a Russian?" Nayland Smith asked. "Men of influence and good standing in other countries have worked for Communism. It offers glittering prizes. Why not a citizen of the United States?"

Frobisher watched him covertly. "True enough."

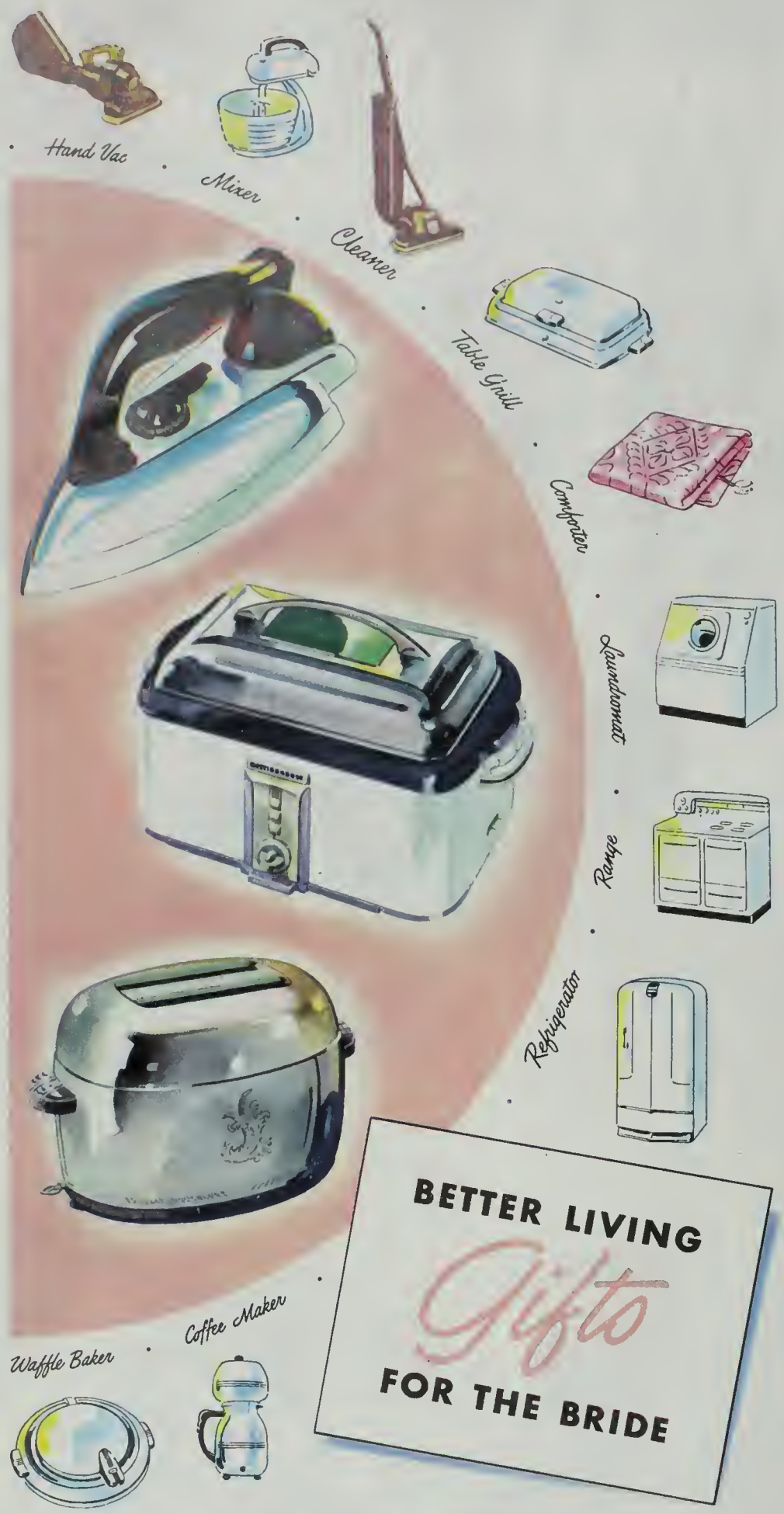
"Put me clear on one point. Because a false move now might be fatal. You have employed no private investigator?"

"No, sir. Don't trust my affairs to strangers."

"Where are Craig's original plans?"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A faint rustling sound on the stairs brought Craig to his feet. His light revealed Camille in a dressing gown



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Michael Frobisher glanced up uneasily. "In my city bank."

In this, Michael Frobisher was slightly misinformed. His wife, presenting an order typed on Huston Electric note paper and apparently signed by her husband, had withdrawn the plans two days before, on her way from an appointment with Professor Hoffmeyer.

"Complete blueprints—where?"

"Right here in the house."

"Were they in the safe that was opened the other night?"

"No, sir. They were not."

"Whoever inspected the plant in the laboratory would be a trained observer. Would it, in your opinion, be possible to reconstruct the equipment after such an examination?"

Michael Frobisher frowned darkly.

"I'm not a physicist," he answered. "I'm not even an engineer. I'm a man of business. But in my opinion, no—it wouldn't. He would have had to dismantle it. Craig and Shaw report it hadn't been touched. Besides, without the transmuter, that plant is dangerous to fool with."

Nayland Smith crossed and stared out at the woods beyond the window.

"I understand that this instrument, whatever it may be, is already under construction. Craig will probably complete his work today. Mr. Frobisher"—he turned—"your property is lonely."

Frobisher's uneasiness grew. He stood up. "You think I shouldn't have had Craig out here with that work?"

"I think," said Smith, "that while it would be fairly easy to protect the Huston laboratory now that we know what we're up against, this house surrounded by sixty acres, largely woodland, is another thing. By tonight, there will be inflammable material here. Do you realize that if Fu Manchu—or the Kremlin—first sets up a full-scale Craig plant, Fu Manchu—or the Kremlin—will be master of the world?"

"You're sure, dead sure, that they're *both* out to get it?" Frobisher asked.

"I have said so. One of the two has a flying start. I want to see your radar alarm system and I want to inspect your armory. I'm returning to New York. Two inquiries should have given results. One, leading to the hide-out of Dr. Fu Manchu, the other to the Soviet agent."

CAMILLE and Stella Frobisher came in from the garden. "You know," Stella was saying, "I believe we have discovered something."

"All we seem to have discovered," Camille replied, "is that there are strange gaps in your memory, and strange gaps in mine. The trouble in your case seems to have begun after you consulted fessor Hoffmeyer about your nerve

"Yes, dear, it did. You see, I had so worried about Mike. I thought h working too hard. Dr. Pardoe, wh neighbor of ours, suggested that I sult the professor."

"And your nerves improved?"

"Enormously. I began to sleep a But these queer lapses came on. I him. He reassured me. I'm not at al tain, dear, that we have discovered thing after all. Your lapses began b you had ever seen him."

"Yes." Camille was thinking "The trouble doesn't seem to be wit professor's treatment, after all. apart from which, I have no idea ever consulted him at all."

"No, dear—I quite understand." squeezed her hand sympathetically.

Suddenly, a tremendous storm of ing swept in upon the peace of F Waters, a hurricane of sound.

"Whatever is it?" Camille whisp

AS IF in answer to her question, entered through open French dows. He had changed his topcoa cerise scarf and his slate-gray hat plaid suit. He grinned happily at Ca

" 'Morning, lady."

"Good morning, Sam. I didn't e to see you."

"Pleasant surprise, eh? Same me." The barking continued; it be a tornado. "There's a guy outside he's brought some dogs."

"Oh!" Stella's face lighted up. " we shall be safe! How splendid. they sent all the dogs?"

"Sounds to me like they sent al had."

"And a kennelman?"

Stella hadn't the slightest idea Sam was, but she accepted his st presence without hesitation.

"Sure. He's a busy guy, too."

"I must go and see them at once! put her arm around Camille. "Do with me, dear!"

Camille smiled at Sam. "I'd lov

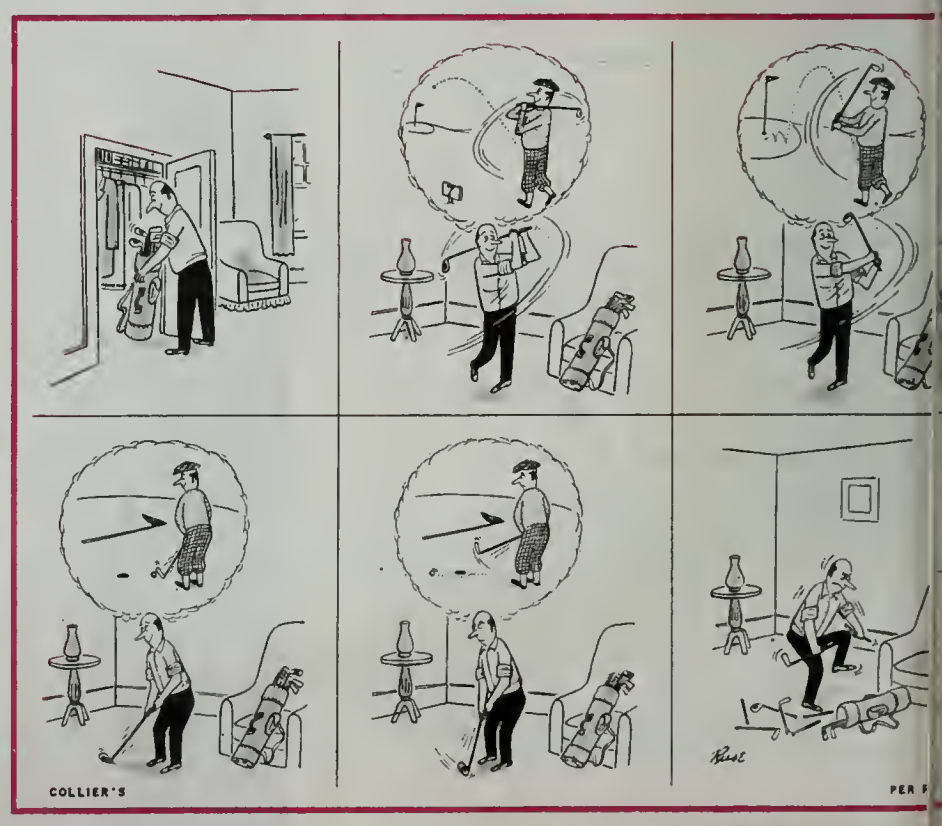
"The guy is down there by the ba wire entanglements." Sam stood i window, pointing. "You can't mis He's right beside a truckload of dog

Camille and Stella hurried out, almost dancing with excitement.

Their voices were still audible above the barrage of barking, when land Smith and Michael Frobisher into the library.

"You have a fair assortment of ing guns and an automatic or Smith was saying. "But you're lo ammunition."

"Do you expect a siege?"



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"Not exactly. Just developments."

Nayland Smith crossed to the glazed cabinet and stood before it, pulling at the lobe of his ear. Then he tilted his head sideways, listening.

"Dogs," he said. "Why all the dogs?"

Frobisher looked almost apologetic.

"It's Mrs. F.'s idea. I try to keep all this business from her, but she seems to have found out about it. She ordered a pack of these German police dogs from someplace. She's had men at work for a week fixing barbed wire. Falling Waters is a prison camp!"

"Not a bad idea. I have known dogs to succeed where men and machines failed. But, tell me"—he pointed to the cabinet—"how does this thing work?"

"Well—it's simple enough in principle. How it works I don't know. Ground plan of the property. Anyone moving around, when it's connected up, marks his trail on the scoreboard."

"I see."

"I'm having Craig overhaul it, when he has time. If you'll step into my study again for just a minute, I'll get the chart of the layout, which makes it clearer."

Nayland Smith glanced at his watch. "I can give you just ten minutes," he said, and returned to Frobisher's study.

FROBISHER sat down at the desk and unlocked a drawer. He took out a chart in a folder, a chart which indicated points of contact surrounding the house as well as free zones. He pressed a bell button and waited, glancing about him.

Stein came in and Frobisher turned.

"Take this to Sir Denis in the study. Tell him I'll be along in two minutes."

Stein nodded and went out.

Frobisher dialed a number, and presently:

"Yes—Frobisher," he said nervously. "Sir Denis Nayland Smith is here . . . They're onto us . . . Looks like all that money has been poured down the sewers . . . Huston Electric hasn't a chance . . ."

He became silent, listening intently to someone on the other end of the line. His eyes kept darting right and left.

"Got 'em all here, back of the drawer in this desk," he said evidently in reply to a question. . . . "That's not so easy. . . . Yes, I'll have it in my hands by tonight, but . . ." He drew an envelope from a rack and picked up a pencil. "It may not be possible," he said, writing rapidly. "Remember that. . . . Smith is only one danger—" He broke off. "Have to hang up. Call you later."

Stein, standing in the arched opening, was urgently pointing in the direction of the study. Frobisher nodded irritably and passed him to rejoin Smith.

And, as Stein in turn retired, Sam stepped out from behind that Spanish screen which formed so artistic a background for the big walnut desk.

Without waste of time, he opened the drawer which Frobisher had just closed.

Chewing industriously, he studied the scribbled lines. Apparently they conveyed little or nothing to him, for he was about to replace the envelope, and no doubt to explore further, when a dull, heavy voice spoke right behind him.

"Put up your hands. I have been watching *you*."

Stein had re-entered quite silently, and now had Sam covered by an automatic.

Sam dropped the envelope and slowly raised his hands.

"Happen to have a postage stamp? That's what I was looking for."

Stein's reply was to step closer and run his hands expertly over Sam's person. Having relieved him of a heavy revolver and a flash lamp, he raised his voice to a shout: "Mr. Frobisher! Dr. Craig!"

"Listen. Wait a minute—"

Frobisher and Smith ran in. Frobisher's florid coloring seemed to vanish.

"What's this, Stein? What goes on?"

"This man searches your desk, Mr. Frobisher. I catch him doing it."

As he spoke, he glanced down at the envelope which Sam had dropped. A look of consternation crossed Frobisher's face. He stooped, snatched it up and slipped it into his pocket. There was thunder in his voice: "I thought so! I thought so right along!"

"Suppose," said Smith, "we get the facts."

"The facts are plain! This man" he pointed a quivering finger at Sam—"was going through my private papers! You took this gun off him?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's he doing armed in my house?" Frobisher roared. "Part of the mystery is solved, anyway—"

Morris Craig, in shirt sleeves, and carrying his reading glasses came in from the hall.

"Did I hear someone bawling my name?" He pulled up, considered the group, then stared from face to face. "What the devil's all this?"

Michael Frobisher turned angrily in his direction.

"It's what I suspected, Craig. I told you I didn't like the looks of him. There stands the man who broke into the Huston office last night! There stands the man who broke into this house last week. Caught red-handed!"

Sam had dropped his hands, and now, ignoring Stein, he faced his accuser.

"Listen! Wait a minute! I needed a postage stamp. Any harm needing a postage stamp? I just pull a drawer open, just kind of casual, and look into the first thing I see there—"

Craig brushed his forelock back and stared very hard. "But, I say, Sam—seriously—can you explain this?"

"Sure. I *am* explaining it!"

Michael Frobisher turned to Smith. "As I understand it you represent law and order in this house. Will you arrange for that man's arrest?"

His accusing finger pointed at Sam.

Craig broke in, "I may have missed something. But this seems to me—"

"It's just plain silly," said Sam. "People getting so het up."

Just then, Camille and Mrs. Frobisher ran in. They halted, thunderstruck.

"Whatever is going on?" Stella demanded.

"Sam!" Camille whispered. Crossing to his side, she laid her hand on his shoulder. "What has happened?"

Sam stopped chewing, and patted the encouraging hand. His upraised spectacles were eloquent. "I'm in trouble."

"You *are!*" Frobisher assured him. "Sir Denis! This is either a common thief or a foreign spy. In either case, I want him jailed."

Nayland Smith, glancing from Sam to Frobisher, snapped his fingers irritably.

"It is absurd," said Camille quietly.

"Listen!" Sam patted her hand again and turned to Smith. "I'm sorry. I took chances. The pot's on the boil, and I thought maybe Mr. Frobisher, even right now, might be thinking more about Huston Electric than about bigger things. I guess I was wrong. But I acted for the best."

Frobisher made a choking sound.

"You see, Mr. Frobisher," said Nayland Smith, "whatever their faults, your police department is very thorough. James Sampson, an operative of the F.B.I., whom you know as Sam, was placed in the Huston research laboratory by his chief, Raymond Harkness, a long time before I was called in. I regret that this has occurred. But he is working entirely in your interests. . . ."

PROMISE of the morning had not been fulfilled. Spring shrank before returning winter; clouds drew a dull curtain over the happy landscape, blotting out bright skies. And with the arrival of Professor Hoffmeyer, a spiritual chill touched two at least of the company.

Camille experienced a wave of something approaching terror when the stooped figure appeared. His old-fash-

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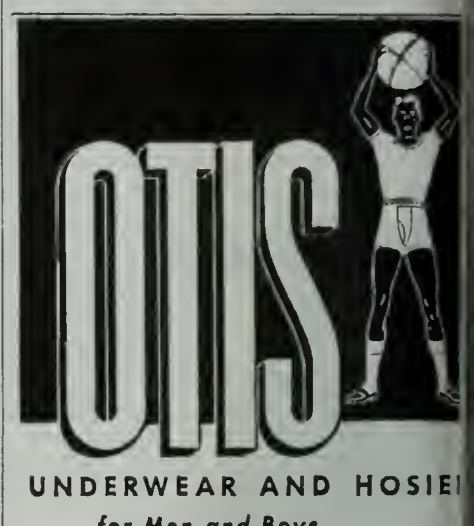

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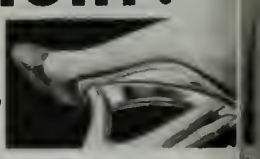

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Dr Scholl's FOOT EAZER

ond morning coat, his tinted glasses and black gloves, the ebony stick, rang a note of alarm within her mind. But the moment he spoke, her terror left her.

"To this," said the professor, in his guttural accent, "is the little patient who wishes to see me not—ha?"

Camille felt helpless. She could think of nothing to say, for she didn't know if he had ever seen him before.

"Never mind. Some other time. I shall see you no account."

Michael Frobisher hated the man on sight. His nerves had remained badly on edge since the incident with Sam. He gave the professor a grip with his powerful fingers calculated to hurt.

"*Ich!* Not so hard! Not so hard! Ve"—Hoffmeyer raised gloved hands and these"—touching the dark eyes—"are proofs that in war men become beasts. I ask you to remember that hands were torn from fingers, and eyes exploded to white heat, in some of those concentration camps. These things, Mr. Frobisher, could be again. . . . While we may, let us be gentle."

The other guests, Dr. and Mrs. Pardoe, joined the group for luncheon. But the meal was not an unqualified success. A cloud overhung the feast.

Professor Hoffmeyer addressed much of his conversation to Craig; and Mrs. Pardoe hung on his every word.

"You are that Morris Craig," he said, during luncheon, "who reads a paper on neutrons, at Oxford, two years ago—"

"The same, Professor. Amazing memory. Rather stupid paper. Learned better since."

"Modesty is a poor cloak for a man of genius to wear. Discard it, Dr. Craig. It would make me very happy to believe that your work will be for the good of humanity. This world of ours is spinning to disaster. We are a ship which nears the rocks, with fools at the prow and fanatics at the helm."

"But is there no way to prevent such a disaster?" Mrs. Pardoe asked, in a voice which seemed to come from a condemned cell.

"Certainly. There could be a committee of men of high intelligence. To serve this committee would be a group of the first scientific brains in the world—such as that of Dr. Craig." For some reason, Camille shuddered at those words. "These would have power to enforce their decisions. If some political maniac threatens to use violence, he will be warned. If he neglects this warning—"

Professor Hoffmeyer helped himself to more fried oysters offered by Stein.

"You believe, then, there'll be another war?" grumbled Frobisher.

"How, otherwise, shall enslavement to Communism be avoided—ha?"

"Unless I misunderstood you," Dr. Pardoe interjected, "your concept of good government approaches very closely to that of an intelligent Communist."

"An intelligent Communist is an impossibility. We have only to separate the rogues from the fools. Yes, Mr. Fro-

CARL ROSE

There's a Trick to It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

In a restaurant, the magician takes a paper-wrapped cube of sugar from the bowl and asks someone else at the table also to take one lump. The magician puts his sugar on the table in front of him and asks the other person to do the same. The magician states that he believes he can unwrap his sugar in less than an eighth of the time it will take the other person. He then asks the other fellow to say, "Go," when he is ready. The instant the signal is given, the magician slams his fist on the sugar and raises his hand. There, on the table, are the flattened paper and the unwrapped sugar. This usually happens before the other contestant even has time to pick up his sugar.

This is another one of those feats which require the magician to do something in advance. Secretly, either beforehand, or under the table, he unwraps a lump of sugar. This is done very carefully in order not to tear the paper. Once the sugar is out, the paper is folded back as it was before. Press with the thumbnail at the fold at the bottom of each end to make the paper look as if it had not been tampered with. This empty paper is put back into the bowl in a place where the magician easily can remember. The unwrapped sugar is put on his lap. At the point in the contest where the "lump" of sugar is placed in front of the magician, he drops his hand into his lap and picks up the sugar and holds it as he closes his fingers into a fist. When he strikes the paper on the table it, of course, is flattened. The instant his hand hits the table, he opens his fist enough to drop the lump of sugar. The effect to anyone watching is that the paper has been knocked off the sugar.

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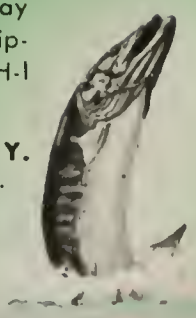

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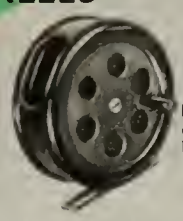

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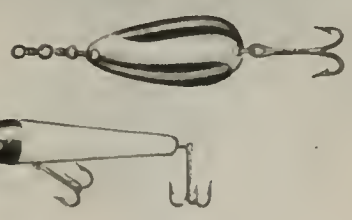

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"The other driver was so nice—instead of losing his temper, he just said he'd let his lawyer handle the whole thing"

COLLIER'S AL ROS

bisher, there is danger of another war—from the same quarter as before. Those subhumans of the German general staff who escaped justice. Those fellows with the traditions of the stockyard and the mentalities of adding machines. Those ghouls in uniform smell blood again. The Kremlin is feeding them meat."

"You mean," Camille asked softly, "that the Soviet government is employing former German officers to prepare another war?"

"But, of course. You are of France, and France has a long memory. Very well. Let France remember. If it shall come, another war, those ignorant buffoons will destroy all, including themselves. This would not matter much if selected communities could be immunized. For almost complete destruction of human life on the planet is now a scientific possibility. It is also desirable. But indiscriminate slaughter—no. The new race must start better equipped than Noah."

When, luncheon over, the professor refused coffee and prepared to take his leave, there was no one present upon whom, in one way or another, he had failed to impress his singular personality. Stella Frobisher flutteringly begged a brief consultation before he left, and was granted one. Mrs. Pardoe made an appointment for the following Friday.

"There is nothing the matter with you," Professor Hoffmeyer told her, "which your husband cannot cure. But come if you so want."

A car, in charge of a saturnine chauffeur who had declined to lunch in the kitchen, declined a drink and spent his leisure wandering about the property, awaited him. As the professor was driven away, drops of rain began to patter on the terrace.

NIGHT crept unnoticed upon Falling Waters. Rain descended steadily; a slight, easterly wind stole eerily through the trees. Stella asked Dr. and Mrs. Pardoe to remain for dinner. But Mrs. Pardoe, already enveloped in a cloak like a velvet pall, reminded her husband that a patient was expected at eight thirty. Stella saw them off.

"Oh, I'm so nervous. It's getting so dark. I shan't feel really safe until everything is bolted and barred. . . ."

Coming out of her room later, having changed to a simple dinner frock, Camille almost ran into Sam in the corridor.

"Gee, Miss Navarre! You look like something wonderful!"

"That's very sweet of you, Sam! I a dreadful shock when you were dis ered today."

"Sure. Shock to me! Ham perf ance. Must try to make up for it."

"Sam—you don't mind if I still you Sam?"

"Love it. Sounds better your way

"Now I know what you are really ing here, I can talk to you openly. Craig thinks, and so does Sir Denis, we haven't only to deal with this drea Fu Manchu." She paused for a mo after speaking the name. "That the a Soviet agent watching us, too. I you any ideas about him?"

Sam nodded. He had given up c ing and abandoned his spectacles.

"Working on it right now—and I t we're getting someplace."

"Oh! I'm so glad."

"Sure. I got a nose for foreign ag Smell 'em a mile off."

"Really?"

"Sure." He grinned happily, and off along the corridor.

WHEN Camille came down, found Michael Frobisher b bolting and barring the French winc

"Mrs. F.'s got the jumps tonight explained. "I have to fix all the cat myself, to reassure her." He gave mille an admiring smile. "Hope a day's hokum and the alarm back a office haven't upset you."

"It's kind of you, Mr. Frob Naturally I am disturbed about it b the same I am most happy to be h

"Good girl. Craig has finished hi and the new diagram and notes are i safe. That's where they stay. The the property of Huston Electric, an property of nobody else!"

As Frobisher went out, Morris came downstairs, slim and boyish i tuxedo. Without a word, he took mille in his arms.

"Darling! I thought we were going to be alone again!" He kisse gently but passionately.

"Are you sure, Morris?" she pered.

"Sure? Sure of what?"

"Sure that you really meant al said last night?"

His lips answered her with a kis

"Camille! I only wish—"

"Yes?"

"Camille—" He lingered ove name. "I wish you weren't going t here tonight—"

"What? Whatever do you mean?

She leaned back from him. He

nly seemed to become a darker of blue.

nean that at last it has dawned on at I have done something which upset the world again—that other e know about it—that almost any- may happen."

it, Morris—surely nothing can hap- *ere?"*

n't it? Why is old Frobisher in a panic? Why all the dogs and the ar alarms? The devil of it is, we know our enemies. There might be ssian spy hiding out there in the bery. There might be a British —not that that would bother me— where in this very house."

es," said Camille quietly. "I sup- there might be."

bove all," Craig went on, pres- "there's this really frightful men- Dr. Fu Manchu. Smith is more d of him than of all the others into a bundle."

am I. . . . Listen for a moment, is. Sometimes, I think I have seen in a dream. Oh, it sounds ridicu- and I can't quite explain what I ! But I have a vague impression of gaunt figure in a yellow robe, with erful hands, long fingernails, and" paused—"most dreadful eyes. thing today brought the impression to my mind—just as Professor neyer came in."

ig gently stroked her hair. "Don't mpy again, darling. I gather that in f your fey moods you wandered the ays and byways of Manhattan last instead of keeping your date with rofessor. Certainly the old lad is a r alarming personality—although ars no resemblance to your yellow- l mandarin."

didn't mean that the professor re- ed me of the man I had dreamed t. It was—something different."

/hatever it was, forget it." He held ery close; he whispered in her ear, ille! The moment we get back to York, will you marry me?"

t Camille shrank away. The dark looked startled.

ou—know so little about me."

know enough to know I love you."

should be very, very happy for us on—as we are. But, marriage—"

/hat's wrong with marriage?"

Camille turned aside. Craig put his hands, hesitantly, on her shoulders, and turned her about. He looked steadily into her eyes.

"Camille—you're not trying to tell me that you're married already?"

A door banged upstairs. Stella's voice was heard.

"And do make quite sure, Stein—quite sure—that there isn't a window open." She appeared on the stairs. "Even with everything locked, and the dogs loose, I know I shall never sleep a wink." She saw Camille, below. "Shall you, dear?"

"I'm not at all sure that I shall," Camille smiled. "Except that I can see no reason why anything should happen tonight more than any other."

"I must really get Stein to draw those curtains," Stella declared. "I keep on imagining eyes looking in out of the darkness. And now, for goodness' sake, let's all have a drink."

STEIN had wheeled in trays of refreshments some time earlier, but he had been called away by Mrs. Frobisher to bolt a trap leading to a loft over the house.

Michael Frobisher joined them.

"If you take my advice, my dear," he said to Stella, "you and Miss Navarre will have a good stiff one each after dinner, and turn in early. Think no more about it. Agree with me, Craig?"

Morris Craig stopped looking at Camille long enough to reply:

"Quite. But, if I may say so, somebody should more or less hang about to keep an eye on this thing." He indicated the cabinet above the bookcase. "I have looked over the works and pass same as okay. By the way, Mrs. Frobisher, will the wolf pack be at large, tonight?"

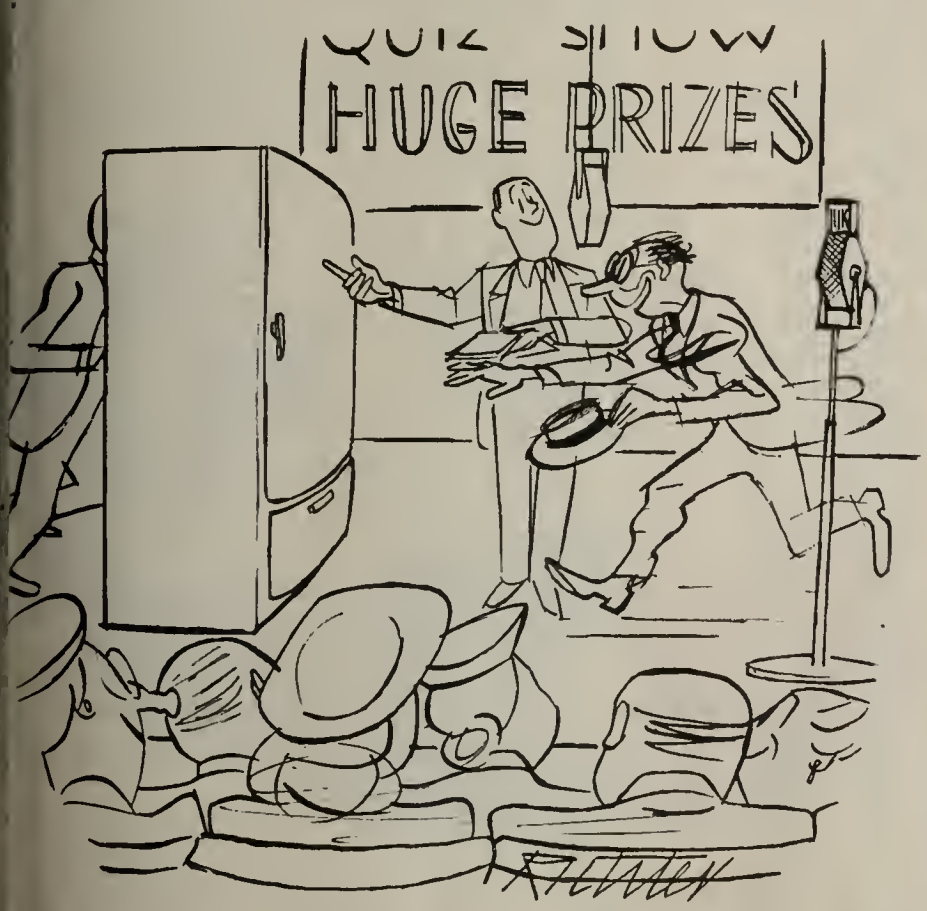
"Of course!" Stella assured him. "I have given explicit instructions to the man. Such a gentle character."

"I was wondering," Craig went on, "if the dogs mightn't set the gadget going?"

"Oh, I don't think so. They have a track of their own around the place."

"Yes. I have observed that."

"If you remember the layout I showed you," said Frobisher, "and showed Nayland Smith, too—there are three gates which would register here"—he crossed and rested a finger on the plan—"if they were opened. Whoever opened one



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'N' SCALLOPED POTATOES

MELT 3 tbsp. cooking fat • Stir in 3 tbsp. flour. Add salt and pepper • **ADD** 1 small minced onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 2 cups milk • Stir smooth and cook till thickened •

SLICE thin four large boiled potatoes to layer in casserole; top with SPAM slices • Pour on sauce, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs • **BAKE** at 375°—30 minutes. Serves 6.

BAKE A SPAM! Score, stud with cloves. Rub with sauce: ⅓ cup brown sugar, ½ tsp. vinegar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. water. Bake 20 min. at 400°; baste.

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would have Mrs. F's dogs on him, I guess. But the dogs can't reach the house."

"Most blessed dispensation," Craig murmured to him. "Although I confess the brutes are rather a comfort, with Dr. Fu Manchu and a set of thugs plus the Soviet agent assisted by sundry comrades lined up outside."

Frobisher took Craig's arm, and growled in his ear:

"We'll split up into watches when the women turn in. As you say, somebody ought to be on the lookout right along tonight. Stein can stand watch until twelve. Then I'll take over—"

"No," said Craig firmly, and caught Camille's glance. "I am a party to this disorder, and I'm going to do my bit. After all, I'm accustomed to late hours . . ."

TWO bored police officers smoked and played rummy in Morris Craig's office on top of the Huston Building. And behind the steel door, in an atmosphere vibrant with repressed energy, Martin Shaw worked calmly and skillfully to complete the transmuter. But the two policemen went on playing rummy.

In Chinatown, Mai Cha had just ceased to sing in an apartment near the shop of Huan Tsung. Lao Tai had put his last message in the little cupboard. Upstairs, Huan Tsung reclined against cushions, his eyes closed. The head of Dr. Fu Manchu looked out from the crystal.

"To destroy the plant alone is useless, Huan Tsung," came in coldly sibilant words. "I have dealt with this. Otherwise, I should not have ventured a personal visit to the laboratory. I sprayed the essential elements with FSO5. The action is deferred. No—it is necessary also to destroy the inventor—or else to transfer him to some different kind of employment."

"This may be difficult," murmured Huan Tsung. "Time is the enemy of human perfection, Excellency."

"We shall see. Craig's original drawings were obtained for me by Mrs. Frobisher. Only two blueprints of the transmuter exist. One is in the hands of the chief technician, who is working from it. The other is with a complete set in possession of Michael Frobisher. Drawings of the valves alone remain to be accounted for."

"But Excellency informs me that they, too, are finished."

"They are finished. Give me the latest reports. I will, then, give you final instructions."

"I shall summarize. Excellency's personal possessions have been removed from the Woolton Building as ordered. They are already shipped. Raymond Harkness has posted federal agents at all points covering Falling Waters except one: The path through the woods from the highway remains open. Lao Tai will proceed to this point at the time selected. But the dogs—"

"I have provided for the dogs. Continue."

"Provision noted. It is believed but not confirmed that the Kremlin, recognizing the actual plant no longer to be available, hopes to obtain the set of blueprints and the final drawings from Falling Waters before it is too late."

"Upon what does this 'belief' rest?"

"Upon the fact, Excellency, that Sokolov has ordered his car for ten o'clock tonight—and is taking a bodyguard."

So long a silence followed that Huan Tsung raised his wrinkled lids and looked at the crystal.

The eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu were filmed over. The brilliant brain encased in that high, massive skull was concentrated on a problem. When the film cleared, a decision would have been made. And, as Huan Tsung watched, a flash the long, narrow eyes beca emerald bright.

"Use the Russian party as a diversi No contact must be made. Koenig h acquainted himself with the zones co trolled by the alarm system, and M'goy is already placed and fully instruct Mrs. Frobisher has her instructions, al Use all your resources. This is an em gency. At any moment, now, Nayla Smith will have the evidence he is see ing. Win or lose, I must leave New Yo before daybreak. Proceed . . ."

MORRIS CRAIG sat in a de leather armchair. The darkened brary seemed almost uncannily sile Rain had ceased, but dimly he could he water dripping on the terrace outside.

It was at about this moment that t two card players in his office were jerk violently out of their complacent bo dom.

Three muffled crashes in the labo tory brought them swiftly to their fe There came a loud cry—a cry of terr Another crash. The steel door bu open, and Martin Shaw, white as a de man, tottered down the steps!

They ran to him. He collapsed on t sofa, feebly waving them away. A ser of rending, tearing sounds was follow by a cloud of dust which came pouri out of the laboratory in gray waves.

"Close the door!"

One of the men raced up and manag to close the door. He came down aga suffocating, fighting for breath. A cra louder than any before shook the offi

"What is it?" gasped the choking ma "Is there going to be an explosion? F God's sake"—he clutched his throat "what's happening?"

"Disintegration," muttered Sha wildly. "Disintegration. The plant crumbling to powder."

Pandemonium reigned in the Hust Building. But not a sound disturbed t silence of Falling Waters; a silence which many mysteries lay hidden. Y it was at least conducive to thought.

And Morris Craig had many things think about. And he would have mo before the night ended.

IN THE first place, he couldn't unde stand why Michael Frobisher had i sisted on standing the twelve to fo watch. At four, Sam was taking ov Sam had backed him up in this arrang ment. Craig had had one or two thin to say, privately, to Sam, concerning t deception practiced on him; and wou have others to mention to Naylar Smith, when he saw Smith again. B Sam, personally, was a good egg.

So Morris Craig mused, in the sile library.

What was that?

He stood up, and remained standin motionless, intent.

He had heard, or thought he h heard, the sound of a hollow cough.

He experienced that impression, cor mon to all or most of us, that an identic incident had happened to him befo But when—where?

There was no repetition of the cough no sound; yet, a sense of furtive mov ment. Guiding himself by sparing u of a flash lamp, he crossed to the foot the stair. He shone a beam upward.

"Is that you, Camille?" he called.

There was no reply. Craig returne to his chair.

AHEM LINES

I wear my skirts short and I wear my hair long,
And according to fashion, I'm hopelessly wrong.
"You're dated!" my friends say, while frowning on me.
They're right. I am dated—and quite frequently!

—Dorothy B. Griswold

at was old Frobisher up to, exactly? had he so completely lost his bal- about the envelope business? Of e, Stein had dramatized it absurdly. r fish, Stein. Not a fellow he, per- ly, could ever take to. Clearly, it orced Nayland Smith's hand. But had Smith's idea been? Was there one in the household he didn't Probably Stein.

doubt the true explanation lay in ct that Frobisher, having sunk well half a million dollars in his inven- now saw it slipping through his s. It might not be the sort of thing st to development by a commercial ration, but still—rough luck for isher . . .

n Craig was up again.

is time, that hollow cough seemed me from the front of the house.

dropped his cigarette and went to the arched opening which gave s to Frobisher's study, and, beyond, e cedarwood dining room. He di- a light along a dark passage. It mpty. He crossed the library again opened a door on the other side. e was no one there.

s he imagining things?

is frame of mind was entirely due existence of a shadowy horror, Dr. Manchu. He didn't give a hoot for oviet agent. Nobody took those fel- seriously. The British agent he dis- ted entirely. If there had been one, would have known him.

e idea of watching in the dark had Sam's. As an F.B.I. operative, he carried the point. Naturally enough, anted to get his man. It was a ly game, nevertheless. That drip- drip of water outside was getting on 's nerves.

cidentally, where *was* Sam? Un- that he had turned in.

obisher had retired shortly after the en. "I'm going to sleep and the hell it all!"

faint rustling sound on the stairs— Craig was up as if on springs.

e ray of his lamp shone on Camille, essing gown worn over her night . Her slim bare ankles gleamed like y.

amille! Darling!"

e trembled as he took her in his arms. kissed her and led her to the deep, er settee, forcing a light note, as he guished the lamp.

"Forgive the blackout. Orders."

"I know," she whispered.

He found her hand in his, and kissed her fingers silently. Then, as a mask for his excited emotions:

"I have a bone to pick with you," he said, in his most flippant manner. "What did you mean by turning down my offer to make an honest woman of you?"

Camille crept closer to him in the dark.

"I meant to explain." Her soft voice was unsteady. "I came to explain to you —now."

"I'm waiting, darling."

"You may not know—I don't believe you do, even yet—that for a long time, ever so long, your work has been watched. At least you know now, when it is finished, that they will stop at nothing."

"Who are 'they'? You mean the Kremlin and Dr. Fu Manchu?"

"Yes. These are the only two you have to be afraid of . . . But, there is also a British agent."

"Doubtful about that, myself. How d'you know there's a British agent?"

"Because I am the British agent."

THERE was a tense moment during which neither spoke. It might almost have seemed that neither breathed. They sat there, side by side, in darkness, each wondering what the other was thinking. Then, Craig directed the light of his lamp onto Camille's face. She turned swiftly away, raised her hands:

"Don't! Don't!"

"Camille!" Craig switched the light off.

"Don't look at me!" Camille went on. "I had made up my mind to tell you tonight, and I am going to be quite honest about it. I didn't think, and I don't think now that the work I undertook was wrong. Although, of course, when I started, I hadn't met you."

Craig said nothing.

"If I have been disloyal to anyone, it is to Mr. Frobisher. For you must realize, Morris, the dreadful use which could be made of such a thing; it might wreck the world. No government could be blind to that."

Subtly, in the darkness, Morris Craig had drawn nearer. Now suddenly, he had his arm around her shoulders.

"No, Morris! Don't! Don't! Not till I've told you everything." He felt her grow suddenly rigid. "What was that?"

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It was the sound of a hollow cough, in the distance.

Craig sprang up.

"I don't know. But I have heard it before. Is it inside the house or out?"

Switching on the lamp, he ran in turn to each of the doors, and stood listening. But Falling Waters remained still. Then, he directed the light onto Camille—and away again, quickly. In a moment he was beside her.

"Morris!"

"Let *me* say something—"

"But, Morris, do you really understand that I have been reporting your work, step by step, to the best of my ability? Because I never quite understood it. I have been spying on you all through . . . I couldn't bear it any longer. When Sir Denis came, I thought I was justified in asking for my release . . ."

Morris' kiss silenced her. She clung to him, trembling. Her heart fluttered like a captive bird released.

"You see now, Morris, why I felt it was well enough for us to be—lovers. But how could I marry you, when—"

"You were picking my brains?" he whispered in her ear. But it was a gay whisper. "You little redheaded devil! This gives me another bone to pick with Smith. Why didn't he tell me?"

"I was afraid he would! Then I remembered he couldn't . . . Morris! I shall be all bruises!"

AT THIS moment, accompanied by a subdued buzzing sound like that of a fly trapped in a glass, the cabinet over the bookcase came to life!

Camille grasped Craig's hand and clung to it obstinately as he leaped upright. In the darkness the glowing rectangle showed every detail of the grounds surrounding Falling Waters as if they were touched with phosphorescence.

"We're off!" Craig muttered. "Look!"

A shadowy spot moved slowly across the chart.

"That's the back porch!" Camille whispered. "Someone's right outside!"

"Don't panic, darling. Wait."

The faint shadow moved on to where a door was marked. It stopped. The buzzing ceased. The chart faded.

"Someone came into the kitchen!"

"Run back and hide on the stair."

"But—"

"Please do as I say, Camille."

Camille released his hand, and he stood, automatic ready, facing the doorway which led to the back of the house.

He saw nothing. But he was aware that the door had been opened.

"Don't shoot me, Craig," said a familiar voice, "and don't make a sound."

A flash lamp momentarily lighted the library. Nayland Smith stood there watching him—hatless, the collar of his old trench coat turned up about his ears. There came a faint rustling from the direction of the stairs—and silence.

Sam appeared just behind Smith. The lamp was switched off.

"*Smith!*—How did you get in!" Craig asked.

"Not so loud. I have been standing by outside for some time."

"*I* let him in, Doc," Sam explained.

"There's some kind of thing slinking around out there," Nayland Smith went on, an odd note in his voice, "which isn't human—"

"What on earth do you mean?" Craig asked.

"Just that. It isn't a baboon, and it isn't a man. Normally, I should form a party and hunt it down. I have a strong suspicion it is some specimen out of Fu Manchu's museum of horrors. But"—Craig could hear Smith moving in the dark—"just shine a light on this."

Craig snapped his lamp up. Nayland Smith stood right beside him, holding

out an enlargement of a snapshot. Sam stood at Smith's elbow. Upstairs, a door closed softly.

The picture was that of a stout, bearded man crowned with a mane of white hair; he had small, bright, inquisitive eyes.

"Lights out," Smith directed. "I waited at police headquarters for that to arrive. Recognize him?"

"Never saw him in my life."

"Correct. Following his release from a Nazi prison camp, he disappeared. I think I know where he went. But it's of no immediate importance. That is the once celebrated Viennese psychiatrist, Doctor Carl Hoffmeyer!"

"What?"

"Smart, ain't it?" Sam murmured.

"The man New York knew as Professor Hoffmeyer was *Dr. Fu Manchu!*"

"Good God! But he was here today!"

"I know. A great commander must be prepared to take all the risks he imposes on others."

"But he speaks English with a heavy German accent! And—"

"Dr. Fu Manchu speaks every civilized language with perfect fluency—with or without an accent! But I made one big mistake—"

"We all made it," said Sam. "You're no more to blame than the rest."

"Thanks," said Smith. "But the blame is mine. I had the Hoffmeyer covered, and I thought he was trap

"Well?" Craig asked eagerly.

"He didn't go back there."

"Listen!" Sam broke in again. had three good men on his tail, b tricked 'em!"

There was something increasingly about this conversation in the dark

"The clinic remains untouched," land Smith continued. "But Fu chu's private quarters, which pa never saw, have been stripped. I raided hours ago."

"Then where has he gone?"

NAYLAND SMITH'S voice h groan in it. "I don't know. B that he needs in order to complet work is here, in this house!"

"Shouldn't we rouse Frobisher?" asked, excitedly.

"No. There are certain things I want Mr. Frobisher to know yet."

"Such as, for instance?"

"Such as—this is going to hit where it hurts—that your entire pla the Huston laboratory was destr tonight—"

"*What!*"

"Quiet, man!" Nayland Smith gra Craig's arm in the darkness. "Th department has the job in hand. It their proper province. The thing i crumbling away, breaking like dry ter. Last report to reach the radio that huge telescope affair—I don't l its name—has crashed onto the floo

"But, Smith!"

"I know. It's bad."

"Thank Heaven! My original are safe in a New York City bank va

Silence fell again, broken only dry cough from Sam.

"They are not," Nayland Smith evenly. "They were taken out two ago."

"Taken out? By whom?"

"In person, by Mrs. Frobisher. fact, by Dr. Fu Manchu. Frob doesn't know this, but the only re of your invention which remain, C are the blueprints hidden somewhe this house!"

"They were in back of the desk th Sam mumbled. "But they've vanis

"You're not suggesting"—Craig h the note of horrified incredulity i own voice—"that Mrs. Frobisher—

"Mrs. Frobisher," said Nayland S "is as innocent in this matter as

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va e. But we are dealing with Dr. Mnchu!"

'Wy are we staying in the dark? at happens next?"

'Wat happens next I don't know. a staying in the dark because a man let Dimitri Sokolov, a Soviet agent hm Ray Harkness is interested, has of armed thugs down by the lower Sokolov seems to be expecting ne."

HE stillness which followed, Mor- Craig tried desperately to get used th idea that the product of weary s of unremitting labor had been out. How? By whom?

oor old Shaw—" he said.

w is safe," Smith interrupted. adly shaken. He has no idea what d. Quite unable to account for I am unable to account for what's n here. I'm not referring to the ce of someone, or some *thing* g just outside the area controlled alarms, but to a thing that isn't g."

at?" Sam asked.

pack of dogs! Listen. Not a but the drip of water. What has e of the dogs?"

!" Sam muttered. "I keep think- dead quiet everything is outside, nd of wondering why I expect it different. No dogs!"

all stood motionless for a few ts. That ceaseless drip-drip-drip roke the silence of Falling Waters. ere is this kennelman quartered?" d Smith asked. He was unable to e fact that his nerves were strung ert-violin pitch.

dle gatehouse," came promptly am. "I'll go call him. Name of I can get the extension from out

eak quietly," Smith warned. him to loose the dogs."

's flash lamp operated for a mo- It cast fantastic shadows on the walls, showed Nayland Smith tense; painted Craig's pale face as of tragedy. Then Sam was gone. g could hear Nayland Smith restlessly in the darkness. Ob- Sam's mumbling reached them. d left the communicating doors . . Then the alarm cabinet glowed reenish-blue life; the muted buzz- gan.

at's this?"

A shadow moved across the plan. It was followed by a second shadow.

"Someone crossing the tennis court!" Craig's voice sounded hushed—unfamiliar. "Running!"

"Someone hot on his heels!"

"Into the rose garden, now!"

"Second shadow gaining! First shadow doubling back!"

"That's the path through the apple orchard. Leads to a stile on the lane—"

"But," said Nayland Smith, "if my memory serves me, the dog track crosses before the stile?"

"Yes. One of the gates in the wire is there."

And, as Craig spoke, came a remote baying.

The dogs were out.

"Listen." Sam had joined them . . . "Say! What's this?"

"Action!" snapped Smith. "Was Kelly awake?"

"Sure. But listen. Mrs. Frobisher called him some time tonight, and ordered him to see the dogs weren't loosed! Can you beat it? But *Mr.* Frobisher gives him the same order half an hour earlier! . . . Oh, hell! Did you hear that?"

"He's through the gate," said Nayland Smith . . .

The first shadow showed on the chart at a point where a gate in the wire was marked. The second shadow moved swiftly back. A dim blur swept along the track. Baying increased in volume . . . A shot—a second. And then came a frenzied scream, all the more appalling because muted by distance.

"Merciful God!" Craig whispered. "The dogs have got him!"

"Lights!" Smith cried. "Where's the man, Stein?"

As Sam switched the lights up, Stein was revealed standing in the arched opening which led to Michael Frobisher's study. He was fully dressed, and chalky white.

"Here I am, sir."

A sound of faraway shouting became audible. Stella Frobisher ran out onto the stairhead, a robe thrown over her nightdress.

"Please—oh, please tell me what has happened? That ghastly screaming! And where is Mike?"

She had begun to come down when Camille appeared behind her. Camille had changed and wore a tweed suit.

"Mrs. Frobisher!" Craig looked up. "Isn't the chief in his room?"

"No, he isn't!"

Camille's arm was around Stella's shoulders, now.

"Don't go down, Mrs. Frobisher. Let's go back. I think it would be better if you dressed."

She spoke calmly. Camille had lived through other crises.

"Miss Navarre!" Nayland Smith called, sharply.

"Yes, Sir Denis?"

"Go with Mrs. Frobisher to her room, and both of you stay there with the door locked. Understand?"

Camille hesitated for a moment, then: "Yes, Sir Denis," she answered. "Please come along, Mrs. Frobisher."

"But I want to know where Mike is—"

Her voice faded away, as Camille, very gently, steered her back to her room.

Nayland Smith faced Stein.

"Mr. Frobisher is not in his study?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I do not retire tonight. I am anxious. Just now, I am in there to look."

"Was the window open?"

Stein's crushed features became blank.

"Was the window open?" Nayland Smith repeated harshly.

"Yes. I close it."

"Come on, Craig! Sampson—follow!"

"Okay, chief."

Craig and Nayland Smith opened the French windows and ran out; Sam followed.

STEIN stood by the opening, and listened. Somewhere out in the misty night, an automatic spat angrily. There was a dim background composed of barking dogs and shouting men. He turned, in swift decision, and hurried into the kitchen quarters.

He took up the phone there, dialed a number, waited and then began to speak rapidly—but not in English. He spoke in a language which evidently enlarged his vocabulary. His pallid features twitched as he poured out a torrent of passionate words . . .

Something hard was jammed into the ribs of his stocky body.

"Drop that phone, Feodor Stenovicz. I have a gun in your back and your family history in my pocket. You're too late to tip off Sokolov. He's in the bag. Put your hands right behind you. No, not *up*—behind!"

Stein dropped the receiver and put his hands back. There was sweat on his low forehead. Steel cuffs were snapped over his wrists.

"Now that's settled, we can get together."

Stein turned—and looked into the barrel of a heavy-caliber revolver. Sam's grinning face was somewhere behind it.

"Suppose," Sam suggested, "we step into your room and sample some more of the boss' bourbon? What you gave me this morning tasted good."

They had gone when Camille came running along the corridor to the stairhead. And there was no one in the library.

"Please stay where you are!" she called back. "I will find out."

A muffled cry came from Stella Frobisher: "Open the door! I can't stay here!"

Camille raced downstairs, willfully deaf to a wild beating on wood panels. She ran on to the open windows.

"Morris! Morris! Where are you?"

She stood there clutching the wet frame, peering into chilly darkness. Cries reached her—the vicious splat of a revolver—the barking of dogs.

"Morris!"

She ran out onto the terrace. A long way off she could see moving lights.

Camille had already disappeared when Sam entered the library, having locked Stein in the wine cellar. Switching on his flash, he began hurrying in the direction of that distant melee.

(To be concluded next week)

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PERSON-TO-PERSON

Continued from page 17

bitter clarity: He was considered an outlander here. They resented him, his suit and strong shoes, the pictures of his house, and even his food. Sandy had got sick on the chocolate bars, moaned and clutched at his stomach until his mother had spoken to him sharply in Gaelic and led him outside.

Now Sandy had fallen asleep, his head down upon his scarred knees. Hugh, two years his elder, lifted him and carried him to the chaff bed in the corner. When Hugh came back his glance went to Harry.

"We have but the one picture here," he said, "and not many things." He stepped past his mother and took down from the shadows of the fireplace a small photograph and a flintlock pistol. "Our brother, Sam." He put the photograph in Harry's hand. "Killed with the First Scottish at Alamein. The pistol"—he held it out—"was used by Dougald MacBain in the Rising. We fought with Phrionssa Tearlach."

"He means Bonnie Prince Charlie," Alison said, color dark in her face.

"I understand," Harry Pacek said, "I've read about it."

HUGH had gone to stand by his mother, his hand on her arm, and the silence was very heavy through the room. Harry Pacek could hear his own breathing, feel the trickle of nervous sweat down his back. The boy has shown you, he thought. You're a stranger, and they want no part of you.

It was full night outside. The vast silver beam from Rudha Reidh reached to the door. "Would you like to walk to the light, Harry?" Alison said. "The men there would be glad to see you."

"Sure," Harry Pacek said. He turned and in his haste tripped clumsily going out the door.

He walked apart from her as they crossed the moor. In the pale blue darkness small, shaggy ponies came up to Alison, but they shied away from him. It would all be like this, he told himself. The dream was no good. He saw the rough headland, the rush of surf against the rocks. There it was, the place where the ship had broken and the men had died. He stopped and called Alison's name.

"Let's go back," he said. "There's no sense in keeping on."

She moved quite close to him, then rested motionless. The light beam lifted, fell, lifted, fell, and he was grateful for the periods of darkness. During them he didn't have to watch her eyes. "You're disappointed in us?" she said.

"No, only in myself," he said. "I don't get along with you folks at all. But I'm a simple kind of a guy. My people are farmers, and a lot like yours. Back in Minnesota we're called Hunkies, because we're Hungarian and Czech by blood. I didn't think that would make any difference here."

"It doesn't," she said. "It's not that."

"Then what's the matter?" The words were rough with a sudden rage and he was bent forward toward her. "You treated me fine before. You came down there through the deep snow and found me. You"—his hands made an unconsciously tender motion—"lifted me up and wrapped me in your blankets. All covered with oil and blood, and you put the soft, white blankets around me, ruined them forever. You made a fire and you brought tea and whisky. Then you took me to the cottage. If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be alive."

He was silent. He was about to weep. But the urge of memory here within sound of the surf, made him go on and tell her: "I can't forget that when I was over in Loch Ewe in the hospital you came to see me every day. You wa miles through the snow to do it. pegged over there on days when nurses were afraid you'd freeze wher started home."

"But what troubles you," she saic not so much that, Harry. It's the d ence between Mother and the bairns you. I got to know you at the hos But they only saw you the one n For them, everybody's a stranger e our own folks here around."

Her voice eased the anger and the in him. She had talked like this o telephone when he had called from ida. It had made the dream very real afterward he had been able to go refreshed to his work on the house. had worked all night sometimes, the gentleness still in his ears, and his tho was that she was in the room with This was for her, his bonnie l There'd be no more snow, no more c cold wind for her. The bright little h would be hers, and the sunlight, the trees golden at the windows, the G great jewel beyond.

"Maybe I've been away from you long," he said. "When I was buil the house I used to think of you al time. I figured how it would be with there. I can't—I can't do enough you."

"It might be," she said, "that y tried to do too much."

"No," he said fiercely, "that's not How could I? The tea you made fo down on the beach was from your rations. So were the jam and the you brought me in the hospital. W you gave me those, you went wit anything yourself. You starved to me. And the day they sent us Loch Ewe Hospital over to Inve the snow was so deep the trucks c hardly get through. But you came t hospital. You had bluebells for me, bells you'd dug from under the sn

"But it was the war, Harry. You the ones fighting it for us. If we he you, we helped ourselves."

He stared at her in understanding that why the folks were sore wh brought all the stuff from the St why your mother didn't even thank for the dress, and Hughie got dow picture of your brother, and then pistol?"

"Aye, it is," she said. She linke arm through his. "We've been poor around a long time. My father die the consumption, trying to make a l off this land, and since Sam was k Mother has been a wee bit fey and to herself. It was a lot you gave u at once, and the pictures of the hous

"But those were for you," he said, for them."

"So I know," she said, and tugged by the arm. "Let's get along now ar the light."

ANRA JAMIESON and the other of the lighthouse crew shook hard by the hand and clapped hin the back. "The engineer lad from Russia-bound Liberty ship," stooped Jamieson said. "Man, that a night. But the lass here made care of you. Are you to be taking off to the States?"

"If she'll let me," Harry said. Alison was blushing, drawing back the corner of the whitewashed where Mrs. Jamieson sat. Harry too his cigarettes and passed them aro "The first job is to get the harvest i

"Then if she's to make a farmer o you," Jamieson said, laughing, "you needing a small suck from the jug."

Jamieson brought the black whisk and they sent it from hand to h "Engineers," he said, "are harder to

this part of Scotland than farmers. you take a look at a generator for

son stood by and held the flashlight Harry adjusted the generator es. "I'm proud that you could fix e whispered. "We must start home, gh. There's plenty to be done to-ow."

e peat-reeking whisky was hot in his l and Alison walked close. He put rm out and took her to him. The beam had veered away; they were arkness and alone except for the ing, squawking gulls. He lifted her feeling the smoothness of her flesh. he kissed her, every muscle tensed. love you, Alison," he said.

ye," she said, "and I you, Harry. nce is what we need. Patience gh for both of us. . . ."

E morning sun was across his back here he worked cutting peat turfs. n stood on the edge of the pit, took from him and stacked them to dry. vas aware of his grace and strength. od man, a real worker, she thought pride. He's cut as many turfs as ever did. "Come up," she told him. time we ate."

ill we be back here later?" he said. o," she said. "The tide is out, and we've eaten we'll take Hugh and y and the cart and gather seaweed the beach for fertilizer. You'll have nce for a swim maybe."

e smiled over at her. "Good. I l use that."

e meal her mother put before them a brose of oatmeal mixed with mut-roth and a couple of cold bannock s. Alison felt the doubt which had e to her last night. She felt no shame he poverty here, but Harry's dream possessed him, and there was a great rence between An Cuaidh and the es called Minnesota and Florida.

er uncertainty left her as they went n onto the beach. Harry and the legged boys helped the ponies pull art, Saighear barking alongside. The ght made the sea, the sky, the air kle. Small clouds out over the Minch e like shields of bronze, and the Skye were a clear and marvelous blue.

arry and the boys splashed through shallows, rolling the seaweed creels re them as they stripped the stuff the rocks. Once she caught Harry g off toward Rudha Reidh headland re the ship had sunk. But the boys started to play, spattering sprays up each other, and one hit him. He turned with a whoop and slapped a shower back at them with both hands. Then they were all tangled together, toppled over into the water.

She stood laughing and jeering at them until suddenly they rose and sprinted for her. She was too late, even though she gathered her skirt up on her thighs and raced away. They caught her and lifted her and hurled her into a deep pool, laughing at her as she rose gulping.

Harry swam offshore after that and came back in spouting like a whale. Hugh and Sandy took turns riding on his shoulders. The boys clung to his neck and gave wild shouts in Gaelic. His voice joined theirs and when at last they emerged at her call she saw that there was smiling understanding between them. Harry had won that much; he had made them his friends. You love him, she thought, and you have good reason for it. But this is just one day he's spent here. He's not certain of you, nor you of him. It will take time. You're no way near a decision.

He cut the barley with the broad-bladed scythe they called a *heuk*, and Alison, following behind, bound up the sheaves. The smooth-worn wood of the handles felt pleasant in his grasp. He took delight in the way the blade swung and the grain flicked down.

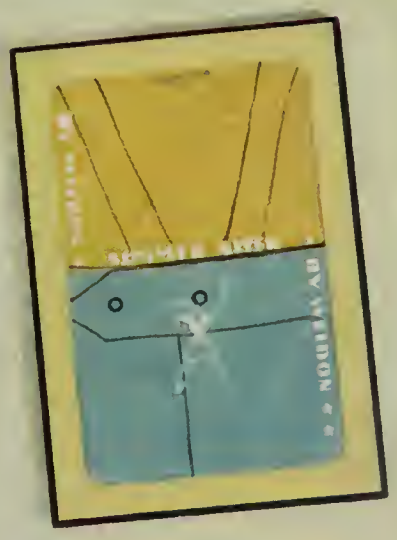
His mother would be happy to see him at such work, he thought. She had always said he'd make a real farmer, and when he visited home after the war she had asked him to settle down on the place, not let his restlessness take him off to Florida. He increased his pace, the recollection of his mother's words oddly sharp in his thoughts, and Alison was forced to call out to him, "Och, Harry, go slower. You're a fine man in a field, yet just a wee bit too fast for me."

He lowered the *heuk* to the ground and went back and kissed her; he laughed at the look of open admiration in her eyes. But as he began work again he found that in the moment of inaction his shirt had stuck to his skin and even through the sweat of his effort he felt chill.

There was no longer any sunlight. Fog came in from the Minch upon the moors. He looked up and measured the distance to the end of the field. It was the last, and he was very glad. The sooner the harvest was in, the sooner he and Alison could start for the States. Winter was behind the fog. The wind he hated and could never forget would sweep the land, and he wasn't staying for that.

They had loaded the sheaves on the cart, were on their way to the cottage

COLLIER'S "It's from the Army. They want it all back" C. T. WATERS



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when Anra Jamieson strode along the path. He wore a collar and tie and his visored cap. "My cousin Tom has lent me his motorcar," he said. "I'll be driving to Gairloch inside the hour. Would you and the bairns like the ride? There's to be a harvest *kirst* at John Grashan's farm., That means a sma' amount of whisky drinking and dancing, Harry. It would do no harm to stop on the way home."

"I have some things to buy in the town," Alison said, glancing aside at Harry. "Now the cold's about to set in, the bairns have need of brogans."

"Let's go to the *kirst*, too," Harry said. "I've never yet had a dance with you."

IN THE town there were tourists—people up from England, well dresssed and jaunty. The women gazed squarely at Alison and the bairns, and she heard one murmur, "Look at the crofter folk. They go barefoot out on their bogs."

The embarrassment was not for herself, but for Harry. She made as if to go ahead of him with the boys, but he held her arm, forced her to walk at a slow pace. He was grinning. "We have the same kind of knuckleheads in the States. They judge everybody by themselves."

"You get along to the pub with Anra and have a glass," she said. "The boys and I will meet you there."

He touched the bundle she carried. "Are those the shoes I brought you?"

"Aye, so they are, Harry. I've been thinking perhaps I could change them in this shop."

"Be sure you find a good pair." His fingers were on the wallet in his pocket, but the look she gave him kept him from drawing it out. "Think about yourself for once, and not the bairns."

"I'll do my best," she said, color high across her cheeks. "There's little choice in such a place." . . .

Hugh and Sandy were very proud of their new brogans and clumped hard over the pub floor when they came to call him and Anra. "How about your sister?" Harry said.

"Nothing for her," Hugh said in a flat, strained voice. "She could no' come upon the sort she wanted."

Harry checked back the anger until the battered old Morris car was jerking over the moorland ruts again. Hugh and Sandy rode in front with Anra, giving him excited directions for every yard of the way. But Alison sat in silence in the rear seat, her head down, her hands clasped in her lap. "You could have asked me," Harry said. "You could have told me you didn't have enough money. We love each other. We're going to be married, and if you—"

"Be still, Harry!" Tears were at the corners of her eyes. Her body was taut. She began to tremble. "Let's talk no more about shoes, money or marriage."

Anra swung around and gave him an understanding wink. "It's not far to Grashan's place now," he said. "Take care, Harry. There'll be plenty of lasses eager to learn the Yankee jitterboog."

The dancing was on the stretch of sward before the Grashan cottage. Music for it was a fiddle and a concertina, later John Grashan's bagpipe. The tunes as they were shouted out were Reel of Stumpie, I Am a Man Unmarried, and Strip the Willow.

Harry stood at the back of the crowd among the older men. They greeted him with respect and several told him in their quiet way that they had heard he was a good hand with a *heuk* and had done well with the harvest at An Cuaidh. That was Anra Jamieson's doing, he knew, and he gave a self-conscious nod in answer. Still it was good to have them accept him so; he was no tourist like these people in the town. When he took Alison away with him, he was leaving a full harvest and things in a lot better shape than he had found them.

It eased some secret inner doubt to realize that, and he looked around at the crowd, eager for enjoyment. The dancers were the young fisher lads from near-by Melvaig, dressed in their kilts for the occasion, but there were many more women than men, and Alison had disappeared into the cottage at once. Anra pushed his black jug into Harry's hand. "Mind her, Kaithe Odell," he said. He nodded toward a broadly built girl in a long, blue dress. "She worked on the Clyde in the shipyards during the war. She knows your jitterboog from dancing it in Glasgow. Go give her a dance."

"No," Harry said; "I'm really not much good at it."

But the men around him and Anra had heard and were shoving him forward and the Odell girl had disengaged herself from her partner and stood nervously waiting. The fisher lads stared at him with thoughtful eyes and there was a constraint of jealousy in the expressions of the other girls. "Can you cut a rug?" he said to the Odell girl. She flounced her hair away from her shoulders with both hands. "I've cut a few," she said. "Play your best, John."

"Och, all I know is one tune a Yankee flier taught me," John Grashan said. "It's Pistol Packin' Mama, and that on the pipes. But you must make it do."

They danced it through twice before the crowd would let them stop. The fisher lads came to him with mugs full of ale, and a group of girls pressed about Kaithe Odell, asking her the steps. But the bagpipe was taking up a wild, swift tune, and Harry found Alison at his side. "It's a strathspey," she said. "Would you do it with me?"

The crowd laughed and called the measures for him as he stepped cautiously through it, and at the end there were more mugs of ale. But he drew her away. They walked in the dusk out along the path that led to An Cuaidh. "I don't want to go back," he said. "Anra will bring the boys, and your mother's home alone."

"The dancing's good fun, Harry," she said. "Mother will be asleep by now."

"I'd like to be alone with you," he said. She looked up into his face, noticing the set of the jaw, the pallor that had touched his cheekbones. The wind was from the west. It took the fog from the moor, swept it swirling in high, thin ribbons.

He bent before it, his hands up over his chest, all but unaware of her and with a constant quivering through his body. It's the wind of winter, she thought, the one he can't forget. She wanted to speak to him, caress him, tell him of her love, but a black, deep despair kept her silent.

THE wind had opened her own memory. She saw the moor in snow. Birds who could no longer fly froze and died there. To cross it with the wind blowing was to risk your life. But the night of the great storm she had done that.

Her bones made her remember it still. The surf had a sound in which nothing else could be heard. The poor lads who had been tossed living up among the rocks lay with their clothes torn from them, burrowed up behind the rocks to be free of the wind. She had found Harry so, his body slimed with heavy oil, the blood from the rock gashes trickling down upon the snow as she tended him.

That was enough of horror. Memory of it lay always in the back of her brain. If she were to speak of her love now, it would be to ask him to go on living within sight of that place and the wind screaming, battering to keep the horror present for him.

She had put him to the test in the fields and in the town and at the dancing. He hadn't failed her. Each time he'd made good. He was her man, but only if he could conquer the wind, and in that she had no way to help him. No matter how strong her need and her love, it would be selfish to keep him as he was at An

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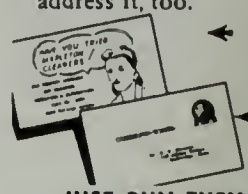

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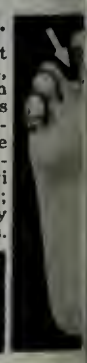

Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX

dh. He should go—go at once. "To-
ow, Harry," she said, "we'll walk to
own. You can send your message
about passage to the States."
stared down at her, hardly making
out of her words. Then the mean-
as clear, and he laughed and caught
o him and kissed her. "You and I,"
id.
e kissed him so that she didn't have
swer, the despair tight around her
t.
oing up the moor path to Gairloch,
y tried hard not to think of Mrs.
Bain. She had said nothing when he
Alison had left the cottage, just given
a slight nod in farewell. But in her
was a sadness she couldn't conceal,
it bothered him now, kept him from
sing the words of the telegram to the
oing company in Glasgow.
e looked aside at Alison. She walked
her head down, as though watching
oath, and he wondered if the reason
hat was to hide from him her own
ppiness.
ey were almost at the stile and the
hedge there. A scuffling sound
from behind the hedge. A sharp,
k cry lifted and then Sandy jumped
and ran straight for Harry. Tears
on his face and blood was on the
rs of one hand. Harry picked him
nd said, "Hey, what's the matter?"
ndy pointed. Hugh was emerging
in back of the hedge. He carried
g-eared hare dangling from a stick
he gave his brother a look of con-
t. "Yon's a sniveler," he muttered.
t with the younger boy still in his
Harry walked over to Hugh.
ch around in my back pocket," he
"and get out my handkerchief. We
t to put a bandage on his hand."
lison helped make it, talking softly to
dy in the Gaelic. Then she said, "Tell
hat happened, lads."
ugh told it, oddly sullen and slow-
en. "We rigged a snare down yonder
he strath. With you goin'"—his
ce was for Alison— "we reckoned a
of meat would no' be bad. But the
e hare wasn't full dead, and Sandy
ld get too close before I'd made sure.
e was bit. It serves him for being a
."
et me down," Sandy said. "Let me
at him. He can't call me that."
arry laughed. "No," he said. "We're
g back to the cottage and see that
r hand is fixed right." Sandy's damp
k against his, the slim body quiet in
his arms, he experienced a sudden and disturbing emotion. "But, Harry," the boy asked, "you're not truly leavin'—you and Alison?"

"Don't worry," Harry said. It wasn't necessary to wonder any longer about Alison. He knew what her loss would mean to the boys and Mrs. MacBain. The impact of it had just struck him as he thought of parting from Sandy. "I'll be around for a while." He smoothed back the hair from Sandy's brow and brought him to a more comfortable position. "You and Hugh can haul some driftwood from the beach. Then tonight we'll have a big outdoor fire and roast the hare. Will that be a good deal?"

"Verra fine," Sandy said, and squeezed him tightly.

HARRY moved away from the others when they were back at the cottage. He leaned against the corner of the wall, feeling weak and spent, and yet somehow elated. The wind will blow, he thought. The snow will pile here as high as your head. But you'll learn to beat that; Alison and the others will show you.

Alison walked slowly toward him. She searched his face with a keen, open stare. "What did you mean, Harry, back there on the path?"

"I'm staying," he said, "if you'll marry me. I'll make a real farm of this place. Later, maybe, when the boys are grown, you and I can go out to the States. But the money from the sale of the Boca Linda house will help us a lot here."

"Och, Harry," she said, her eyes wide, "you can't sell that house. It's been your dream."

"Mine, not ours," he said.

She stood nearer to him and put her hands up on his shoulders. "You're certain?"

"Absolutely. Let's get to town and send the cable."

She stepped back, afraid that he would discover the trembling of her body. It had been difficult, she thought, and still he had done it himself. She hadn't been forced to tell him that he must go to Florida without her and that she had decided to stay here. He had been spared that. Harry had won his fight.

They walked in stride along the path, but at the stile Harry stopped her. "Carry you over," he said.

"The lad wants a forfeit," she said.

"Would one kiss do?"

"Not at all," she said. "Two, at least."

THE END

"When I bought the hat I knew you'd be mad. Then I bought a dress and shoes so you could get it all out of your system at one time"

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GIVE AND TAKE

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

Dad turns a beaming and understanding eye on his three youngsters who are sampling their Father's Day gifts to him. Odds are Junior will inherit the sweater and Joe will fall heir to the tie. Tony will have to fill out some before he'll wear that belt. Dad isn't saying anything, but that bright-colored sport shirt will see plenty of heavy duty on the beach this summer

HERE comes June, and here comes the bride—as a matter of fact, a vast army of brides; and, it might be added (though it seldom is) exactly the same number of grooms! The weather is more or less divine and all is well.

A serious problem, however, confronts many of us in this loveliest of months—to wit: What are we going to give the newlyweds? And—with Father's Day and school and college graduation days coming in June, to say nothing of the usual birthday and other anniversaries—what are we going to give Dad, the youthful graduates and the others?

Out of that problem, another—a much less bewildering by-product—arises. We will call it Problem Number Two, and by way of illustration let's say that early on the morning of Father's Day, young William X. Hicks, Jr., presents William X. Hicks, Sr., a gentleman of conservative taste, with a bright green necktie, featuring purple and pink polka dots. With the gift in his hands, Hicks, Sr., is confronted with Problem Number Two: How to appear to be pleased as he eyes the darned thing!

Innumerable persons, male and female, must solve somewhat similar problems. Should you be one of the victims—you *will* be, don't worry!—you are hereby advised to preserve your composure and be as sweet and gracious to the gift giver as you can possibly be.

But *receiving* gifts is comparatively simple. Infinitely more difficult is the problem one must face when he has to *pick* a gift for some friend, relative or acquaintance. Take graduation gifts for example. Leading authorities report that the most acceptable of such gifts is a check—the larger it is the better (from one viewpoint, that is). Tycoons have learned, by experiment, that the gift of a cruise trip to Europe or to other parts of the world is usually well received. So is a personal plane, for that matter.

Whether you are a tycoon or not finding suitable gifts should be a cinch. If the graduate in whom you are interested—your son or your nephew, perhaps—contemplates going into journalism, he will undoubtedly welcome a typewriter with loud cheers.

If he's active in sports, he will be genuinely pleased if you give him some golf clubs or a tennis racket or a set of boxing gloves—anything he can use in his favorite muscular activity. If he enjoys photographing things give him a camera—the perfect gift for almost anyone.

Before graduation day, you might put these items, also, on your list of possible gifts: a set of glasses, ornamented with the school or college crest; a pipe; a pipe rack; a tobacco jar; binoculars; a hat certificate, entitling the recipient to acquire a hat for nothing, at some shop; a sweater; an electric shaver; a toiletry set; a shoe wardrobe certificate.

Weddings demand much gift giving. It is up to the groom to give some small item to his best man and the ushers, and he is expected to provide flowers for his bride to be and the bridesmaids. His problem is fairly simple, for any of these things will be appropriate as gifts for the members of his male retinue: tie clips or bars; cuff links; key chains; key cases; billfolds and wallets; small hand luggage; cigarette cases and lighters. If he has his choices initialed, so much the better—no one will object!

(Note for husbands to be: If the

dding ceremony is held during the y, the groom *may* be expected to pply matching waistcoats, collars d ties for the ushers.)

The Father's Day gift problem has ven, and will continue to give, sons, ughters and wives many a head-he. What to give the Old Man? at *is* a problem—at least it is for any good people who can't, for the e of 'em, figure out what Dad would ally like to get on the big day.

Dad's hobbies and pastimes should considered first. If he spends his eek ends at the golf course, a new of clubs, slacks, some sport shirts, belt or a golf jacket might warm e cockles of his heart. If, on the her hand, he enjoys fishing, he will ry likely welcome any addition to s equipment—especially something thinks he can't afford.

If he regards a Sunday-afternoon oll as hard physical exercise, and is terested in no sport, get him such ings as books, phonograph records, a brief case or a framed picture. Don't be afraid to give him shirts; he can always use them—if they're his size. The same goes for ties; pay no attention to him if he says, with loud squawks, that they're too loud—you can bet your bottom dollar he will wear them.

Pajamas, robes and slippers are first-rate gifts, old stand-bys, for the fireside type. Should the recipient object to receiving a raincoat on the ground that his old one is as good as new (which it probably is *not!*), give it to him anyhow—at the mere suggestion of the next drizzle, he will wear it.

A hat certificate is also an excellent gift for Dad. And here are some more items that any man will be delighted to get on Father's Day: suspenders; a belt; cuff links; tie clips; sport shirts; gloves; a pipe; hand luggage; after-shaving lotions and colognes.

Make out your list. Decide what you'll buy. And stop worrying! ★★★

FOR THE GRADUATE

IF YOUR BANK BALANCE IS LESS THAN $100 GET HIM:

Radio	Hand luggage	Wallet
Pen-pencil set	Sweater	Lounging robe
Watch	Smoking jacket	Hat certificate
Camera	Pipe	Toiletries
Class ring	Tobacco jar	Record album
Cuff links	Cigarette lighter	Records
Tie clasp or bar	Cigarette case	Sport shirt

IF YOUR BANK BALANCE IS LESS THAN $500 GET HIM:

Typewriter	Office accessories	Golf clubs
Rod and reel	Dress jewelry	A dozen neckties
Radio-record player	Shotgun	Humidor

IF YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED AT YOUR BANK BALANCE RECENTLY:

Car	Trip to a foreign country	Television set

FOR GROOMS TO GIVE

IF YOU'VE ALREADY SPENT TOO MUCH ON YOUR WEDDING:

Tie clips or bars	Wallets	Stickpins
Handkerchiefs	Cuff links	Pen-pencil sets
Key chains	Cigarette cases	Fountain pens
Lighters	Game sets	Neckties

IF YOU HAVE A LITTLE LEFT OVER:

Hand luggage	Fitted traveling cases	Traveling watches
Personal radio	Gold watch straps	Mufflers

IF DAD IS PAYING FOR IT:

Gold cigarette lighter	Bride-and-groom's ring	Champagne
Friendship ring to match	Traveling cocktail set	Scotch whisky
Gold cigarette case	Wrist watch	Cocktail shaker

GIVE DAD

IF YOUR ALLOWANCE IS $5 A WEEK:

Belt	Wallet	Toiletries
Handkerchiefs	Magazine subscription	Tobacco jar
Pipe	Bottle of Scotch	Fishing equipment
Golf balls	Key case	Neckties
Hose	Sport hat (fishing, golf)	Billfold
Shirt	Suspenders	Box of cigars

IF YOUR ALLOWANCE IS $25 A WEEK:

Robe	Beachwear	Lighter
Slacks	Hat certificate	Sport shirt
Beer mugs	Waterproof jacket	Raincoat
Pajamas	Slippers	Cigarette case
Pipe	Sweater	Bar accessories

IF DAD GIVES YOU BLANK CHECKS:

Sport jacket	Sport apparel	Gun
Brief case	Slacks	Golf clubs
Desk set	Radio-record player	Luggage
Gun case	Camera and accessories	Office accessories

The smiling groom, contemplating his wedding cake, is perfectly dressed for a formal day wedding in his morning coat, striped trousers, double-breasted gray vest, turndown-collar shirt, gray small-figure tie and pearl stickpin

Our young graduate prepares for that trip abroad. He's making sure that his blazer and dinner jacket aren't left behind, and is traveling sensibly in a gabardine jacket, gray flannel slacks, button-down shirt, and a striped rep tie

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CIRCLES OF OUR DEFENSE

Continued from page 19

The victorious Russian offensives that rolled the Germans back in 1944 and 1945 took place only after Germany's home arsenal was brought under crippling strategic bombing attack by the United States and Great Britain. This bombardment hamstrung German mechanization. Russia could not have delivered this bombardment herself. Russia could probably not have beaten Germany without it. By that time the Russians were getting free, huge quantities of Lend-Lease weapons and supplies from us. In addition, from 1943 onward, Britain and America had second-front operations going in western Europe. Our Normandy landing in 1944 drained much German strength from the Russian front.

But in the Russian view today none of this counts. As Russia sees it, the Russian army beat the Germans. Russian willingness to face another war is based on faith that no one can beat their army.

Russia's conception of war revolves around use of this army. To capture territory, one rolls overland with the army. There is no other way. Once one holds a piece of land, one subdues all opposition, political or military, and that is that. The Russian sense of conquest is absolute.

But this "army point of view" means that Russia's military thinking stops when it comes to salt water. The Russians have never fought anyone overseas. Russia is completely and utterly lacking in equipment for moving an army across water that can't be bridged. There are no Russian landing ships, no amphibious tanks, no invasion transports. Nor has she the carriers, special weapons and supply craft for large-scale air invasion.

U-Boats Are of Doubtful Value

Weak in naval power, the Russians have tried to make good their deficiency by turning to the submarine. Aided by German technicians, they have built up their undersea fleet to a reported 250 boats, some of the latest type. But this is defensive armament. It could be used, at best, to hamper our overseas transport. And at the moment, the Russians lack adequate deep-water bases for effective use of the submarine weapon.

Even if Russia got the whole fancy arsenal of overseas invasion as a gift, the Russians are lacking in the know-how of overseas conquest. So there is no Russian thought, as an early possibility, of moving an army across the Atlantic to the United States—or even across the English Channel to the British Isles.

How, then, would the Russians fight us?

To begin with, they probably as that we will oblige them by carryin land war to them. If we landed an in Europe to fight Hitler, wouldn' do the same to fight Russia? They very little idea of our three-dimensi conception of war, with its "tem empire" strategy.

We used this strategy effectively i Pacific in World War II by taking using new bases as our land-sea-air progressed toward Japan. This te rary empire, which enabled us to d Japan's permanent empire, was a doned after its purpose was achieve

Of course the Russians have working diligently to build up air p ever since they became aware of B and American success in strategic b ing. If you can't capture a thing, may be able to smash it. For direc tack on overseas objectives, the Rus will certainly try to use air power.

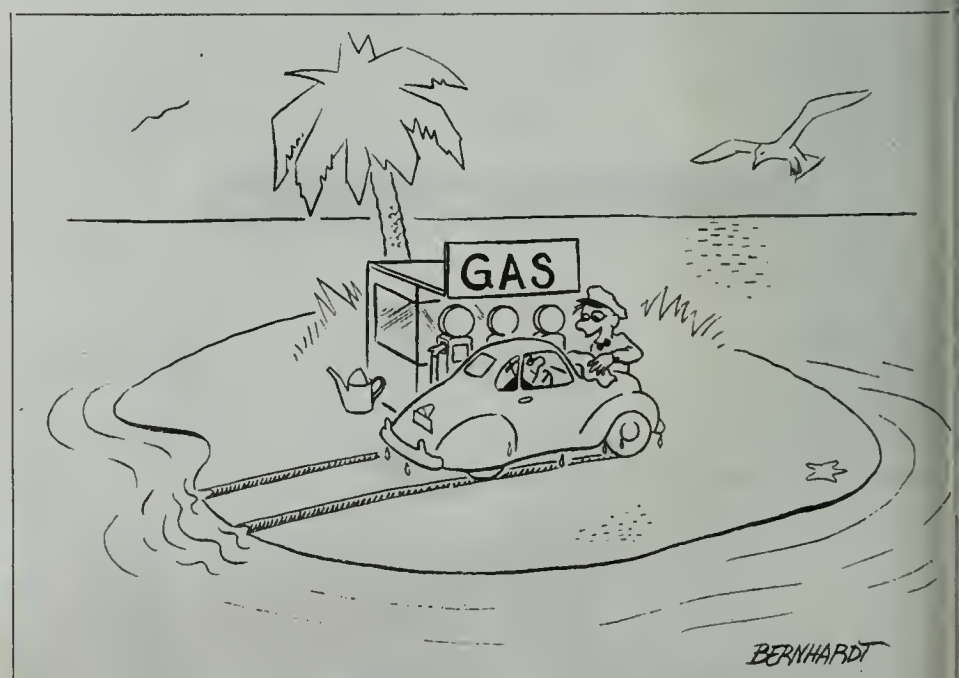
Then they have another internati operation of which all the world has only too aware for an uneasy qu century—political infiltration thr the fifth columnist, the agitator, th ganizer, the Communist minority g ready for anything treasonable sabotage to revolution. This "b from within" is Russia's ace weapo overseas attack, to be used, if possib freely on us as it has been used in mania or Bulgaria or Czechoslovaki

Suppose the Russians do go to against us. How would they strike first blow?

In the first place, they can't stri us without striking at others. There right from the beginning, their war be Russia-plus-satellites versus United States and allies. Thus it w not be a Russian-American war, World War III. This is inescapable, the map shows that Russia cannot sibly strike at us, by air, sea or land, out violating the domain of others.

This explains Russia's prelimi strategy, aimed at knocking the alli out from under us. So far, this has bloodless strategy, by political inf tion and local uprising. The Russian quest of Czechoslovakia, early in is a perfect example. It is the che known method of invasion. The quered people themselves furnish troops, in the form of Action Com tees. After carrying out this role grabbing control these Action Com tees willingly accept the orders of Kremlin.

As a variant, the Russians use "treaty" method of conquest. Th put through against small nations by



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- For a mixer that gives drinks fresh zip, ask for Hi-Spot.

nic and politico-military pressure. idea is to keep them from joining alliance of free people, under threat military annihilation. The recent alli- e-pact power-foisted by Russia upon land is an example. The Russians uld like to do the same to Sweden and rway, and ultimately to Denmark, lland and Belgium.

To Prevent Allied Air Attack

All this, if accomplished, would be ful conquest indeed. Russia's goal? ok at the map. Russia would like sical control of all the west-Euro- n and Scandinavian countries which ht serve as air bases for an allied cam- gn against the U.S.S.R. or as build-up es for anti-Russian, three-dimen- l strategy.

f Russia can't achieve this goal by olution alone, then the opening mili- y move, in a war ultimately aimed at might be a well-timed blitz out of goslavia and Hungary into Italy and nce, to support "oppressed Commu- t minorities" in the latter countries. st, Russia would probably try to lo- ize this action, and keep the British d ourselves out of the picture. This uld follow the Hitler pattern of strik- at weakness in local wars, while keep- the great powers quiescent with ble-talk about "peace" and the be- olence of motives behind the attack. Suppose, however, the people of Italy d France fought back and were joined an alliance of the other states of the st? Would the Russians let loose a jor military steam roller across the d World in a drive for the Atlantic?

Quite possibly they would not. If Rus- undertook to occupy the Continent as west as France, Moscow's armies uld soon be far from home, and Russia uld run into major difficulties of sup- , and of air support. They would have bring ammunition, fuel and weapons the way from Russia, over supply es vulnerable to air attack. The gaso- e problem alone is one to daunt the est logistician.

Hence the Russians, who know this , might stop their western movement at the Rhine, and use their main strength for two other blows. First, they might overrun the Scandinavian peninsula into Sweden and Norway, on the main line of the sea-air route between the United States and Russia.

Second, the opening Russian offensive might strike in a radically different direction, into the Middle East in a campaign aimed at the conquest of Persia, Arabia, the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and ultimately, perhaps, at Egypt and North Africa.

To strategists, the Middle East is one of the most important areas on the globe, the crossroads of sea and air travel between Europe and the Orient. The Suez Canal alone makes it vital to ship movements; it is equally important to air transport.

Beyond this, the Middle East means oil. Persia and Arabia are so valuable as sources of petroleum, upon which all modern transport is utterly dependent, that there are no limits to their military significance. You can't fly planes, operate tanks or trucks, or send ships to sea . . . you can't fight a war, nowadays, without stupendous oil production.

At the moment, the Middle Eastern oil fields are included in the Western structure of world oil economy. Russia has oil, too, lots of it—big fields down near the Caspian, lesser fields elsewhere. But the basic strategic plan of a new Russian war probably would include a major effort to grab off all the Middle East oil, both to get it away from us and to add it to the Russian stock pile.

So we see a possible Russian strategic plan of movement by cheap infiltration and revolution into western Europe, with power drives into Scandinavia and the Middle East. What else?

How could Russia hurt us?

Shift to the United States map and see three ways of approach which, while they might not lead to a knockout, could prove very embarrassing to us.

First, let's think of Russia's objectives, short of a knockout. Russia's first task would be to keep us, if possible, from using our industrial strength to aid Europe. To do this, Russia has air power and submarines with which to try to stop our ship movements in the Atlantic. The Russians might also try to strike at the source by long-range bombing of our factories and harbors.

But these would be big-league operations—operations in global strategy—and the Russians now lack the kind of overseas bases needed to wage such warfare. They might, however, plan to set up these bases by, say, a surprise parachute invasion of Iceland and Greenland. The present weak defenses of those spots would presumably offer the Russians no unsolvable difficulties. If Russia got the jump on us, and moved in on the northeastern approaches to North America, we might be in for a messy situation before we got the upper hand again.

Then there is the Alaskan approach. This would be of great value to the Russians for strategic bombing purposes—and also to check our strategic air operations in Alaska. As this is written, the United States has 9,000 aviation personnel in Alaska, serviced by 7,000 Army ground troops. We have no combat troops in Alaska—none. Russia might find this tempting. After all, Siberia is not far away, and once they got men landed across the narrow Bering Strait, the Russians are probably unexcelled in land operations under arctic conditions.

Our Menace from Latin America

There is still a third direction from which the Russians might approach us, and that is by way of South America. During the recent Pan-American conference, held in Colombia, the capital city of Bogotá was torn apart by an uprising that demonstrated the political uncertainties of some of our southern neighbors. Curiously enough, Bogotá is on the defense-zone circle for the eastern part of the United States, almost exactly 2,000 miles from Washington, D. C. Furthermore, Bogotá and the Panama Canal are practically side by side.

If on the outbreak of World War III, the Russians could put through a revolutionary coup in a country like Colombia, they might fly planes across to attempt a surprise bombardment of the Panama Canal. If they could consolidate a South American base, the results might be very unpleasant for us. If they could do the same thing in Mexico, they could be really troublesome. Once more, their main difficulty would be supply. They could get around this, in part, if they could build up bomb dumps before the war in the country in question.

But for all the Russians' potential ability to expand into Europe, Scandinavia and the Middle East, and perhaps to strike at us by way of Greenland, Alaska and South America . . . what after that? Where would they go with their war?

Could they hand us a knockout?

The chances are that they would not try for a military knockout. The Russians are Asiatics. Their approach is conspiratorial and revolutionary. They have never tried global warfare, but for 30 years they have been trying global conquest—"world revolution."

As the Russians are likely to see it, they win wars with men, and with conspiracy. We win them with dollars. They would try to make us spend our dollars . . . and they would try to save their men. It might be that simple, in their book. If they could prolong the war long enough, they think we would go broke financing it in our "capitalist" way. That would upset our economy, and lead us to financial collapse. Then, they may believe, the revolutionaries would move in.

And what would we be doing?

Back to the maps. Problem number one, for us, is American security. Global war, as we see it, is a matter of using a three-dimensional, co-operative military establishment—the Air Force, the Navy, the Army, supporting each other.

After nearly four years of global warfare we discovered that we could extend

JOHN RUGE

SPORTING ODDS

Last May, pitcher Rogerson of the Greenfield, Massachusetts, High School had a no-hitter in his grasp, only to lose it by a freak play. Pitching against Athol High, Rogerson had two out in the ninth, and a clean no-hit record. With a man on first (he had walked), the batter hit a bounding ball directly toward the Greenfield second baseman. It should have been an easy play to retire Athol hitless. But as the second baseman moved in to pick off the ball, the ball hit the base runner dashing from first to second. The game was over, for the runner was automatically out. But Rogerson's no-hitter was ruined, the batter being credited with a hit.

—Ed F. Galvin, Hastings on Hudson, N. Y.

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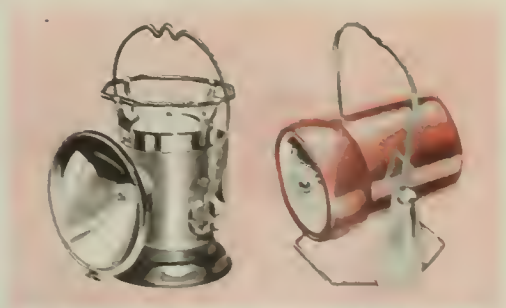

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Skipper Margan sails across the set with Mate Malone and "crew". If you're all at sea about a gift for Father's Day, June 20th, observe Dennis' shirt (and sail) of Marlboro's **Galahad Tissue . . .** airy-light but super-durable.

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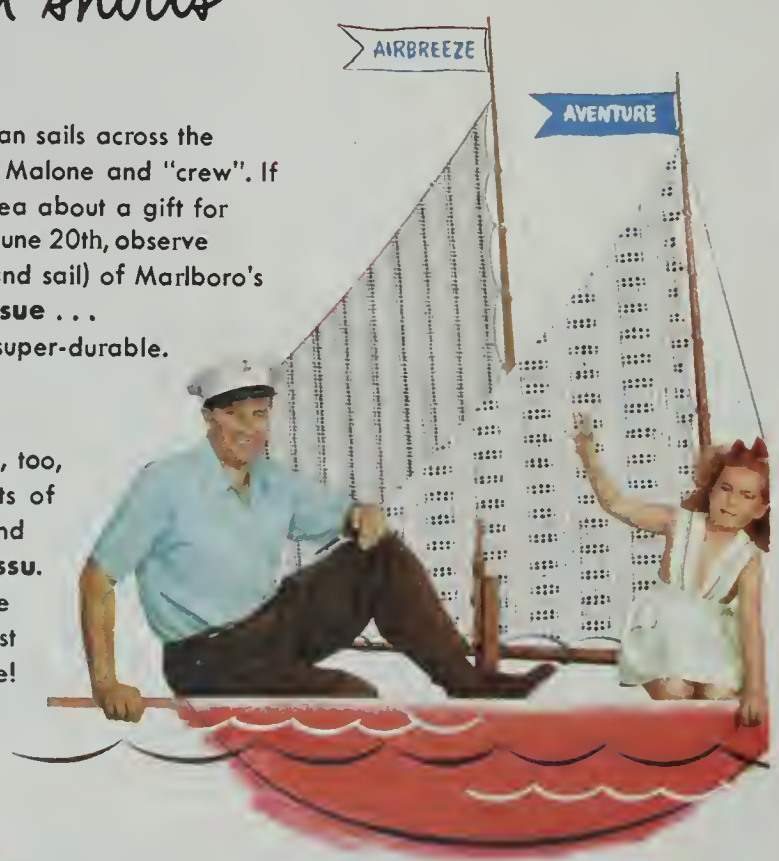

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our power almost anywhere at will, by setting up a "temporary military empire." We put up naval bases on remote Pacific islands. We had air bases in the middle of Africa, in India, China, the Aleutian Islands . . . in England and Brazil and Algiers and Newfoundland. We landed the Army in the Philippines and in Normandy, on the shores of the Red Sea and up the Persian Gulf . . .

Our kind of warfare is a fantastic, interlocking structure of mechanized power. Out at the far end, where it meets the enemy, we deliver things that hurt, destroy and kill.

We wage a war of material. To us, men are precious. We use them, mostly, to operate machines. We spend the product and the power of those machines.

If we should go to war again, our first job would be to move outward, fast, to protect all the danger spots within our 2,000-mile defense circles. If Alaska, Greenland and Iceland are important to the Russians, they are obviously so to us. If the northern part of South America has possibilities as a hostile base, we need a strong defensive setup at Panama and in the Caribbean to meet the threat.

As this is written, we haven't the power to put through this vitally important, quick-opening movement. In the whole of the United States, we have but 54,000 combat troops ready for action. This unreadiness in combat man power is what has taken our military leaders to Congress to ask for the draft and for Universal Military Training.

As for the European theater, should World War III break out, our first and most important problem would be to keep our Western European allies alive. The old arsenal of democracy would have to start functioning once more. The burden on us would, of course, be enormously lightened if Western Europe could be strengthened enough now, in peacetime, to provide some of its own arsenal.

In any fight for survival, our Number One ally will as before be Great Britain. Britain, in the first place, is the only European country able to defy Russia, now. Britain still has a navy, an air force, an army. Britain is plenty tough. The Russians are not going to capture Britain with any parachute drops. If the Russian air force tries to tangle with the Royal Air Force, it will find things plenty hot. As for the Russian navy . . . we and the British have carriers. The Russians have none. That says it.

Britain Again a Bastion

So whoever else gets knocked over by the Russian opening attack, our first main build-up base, for counteraction, would be the British Isles. Once more we would send men, aircraft, ships and supplies to this stout bastion.

Our secondary build-up point would probably be in the Mediterranean area—perhaps North Africa, perhaps France and Italy, perhaps both.

Look at the map. Russia's defense circle runs down along the North African coast, and yet, because of Russia's weakness at sea, it is virtually impossible for Russia to get troops to North Africa and supply them in any strength, except by going the long way around—overland via Egypt.

After we set up the bases of our "temporary military empire," the air war would begin.

We have another card to play in this campaign—and the British can play it too. Both of us possess strong naval forces, including those mobile flying fields called aircraft carriers, and we send them anywhere that salt water float large ships.

The planes operating from these riers are a valuable auxiliary in global air strategy.

Look at the map, and you will see the eastern Mediterranean, the Red the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf have important strategic bearing on fighting done in the Middle East. The ters up around Scandinavia, too, h great strategic importance.

As to whether we would ever l large armies on the European contin for major land warfare against the R sians, the chances are that we would this only to the extent needed to libe our allies and set up our own air base the west.

Invasion of Russia on the gro would play into Russian strength. wage another kind of war.

Of one thing we can all be certain. matter what weapons we used, the Al would not conquer Russia cheaply. would Russia conquer the Allies— cheaply or any other way.

Maps back up the verdict of comm sense and of history. The Allies can h Russia much more than Russia can h the Allies.

You will notice this article has offe no promise, either for the United St or for Russia, of war-winning strat based on the atom bomb, or on any fa push-button attack. Conceivably, if world indulges in the madness of anot war, it may go mad in a big atom-bo way. Fear of reprisal, however, is most effective possible deterrent to s a venture. The simple fact, perhaps ficult to accept, is that if we have anot war it will probably be without use of A-bomb.

As Americans, only one thing c cerns us at the moment. The Russians day are strong on the ground and in air. They can strike on very short not

We, on the other hand, are not re for anything. We are not only de bilized, but way below even our thorized peacetime strength. Unless rearm, quickly, and adequately, the st will be a very different one from t forecast in these pages.

This is the second of a series on tional defense. Another will appea an early issue of Collier's.

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

ROUND NUMBERS

How aptly named is middle age,
As any man should know;
For when his years have reached this sta
The middle's where they show.

—Richard Arm

Bob Watson gains more than time traveling American's new DC-6 Flagship. He gains the opportunity to *use* extra time for the most precious things in life . . . .

He enjoys more time at home with his family — a reward of air travel appreciated by wife and children! Yet he travels more than ever before, getting more work done at his desk and out of town . . .

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

man's. The average woman is emotionally more immature than the average man and this is reflected in less psychological wear and tear on the organism as a whole. That's what makes women interesting—you never know in a given situation whether they will react like a girl of ten or like an adult woman. Of course, I'm only speaking of the average female, but, actually, no such person exists. BURTON L. SINCLAIR, M.D., Fall River, Mass.

HYDROPONICS

GENTLEMEN: *In re* your article on soilless gardening, Magic in the Garden (Apr. 17th), Mr. Molitor gives the impression that hydroponics requires a minimum of equipment, practically no care, and results in better vegetables, grown in a third less time. Nothing could be further from the actual experience of those of us who have tried it—on a modest scale. . . .

As a practicing gardener, I sincerely hope none of your readers will be misled to the extent of thinking that hydroponic gardening is the panacea and cure-all of the troubles which beset the average dirt gardener. I have observed that many gardeners who grow flowers and vegetables for a hobby get more real honest enjoyment from digging in the dirt than from any other phase of gardening.

DON MIDDLETON, Wichita, Kans.

GROSS INJUSTICE

COLLIER'S: I just read Who Will Run the Red Sox? (Apr. 24th). I have followed baseball for many years and this is the first unkind thing I ever read about Joe McCarthy. I always thought him a gentleman and it makes me sad to learn from Gross that he is just another bum. Who is this Milton Gross person anyway? It is possible that he is "a first cousin" of Larry McPhail. They sound a lot alike. I'll wager that McCarthy is known and respected by more people than ever heard of Mr. Gross. D. S. HALLAHAN, A "B.B." Fan, Knoxville, Ia.

CATCHING THE FISHERMAN

DEAR SIR: While the prof in Fisherman's Prof (Apr. 17th) was taking the temperature and studying the general situation in my old fishing haunts, I would have my creel filled with the limit and be on my way home. And believe it or not I could take him to some places where he could tie the thermometer on the end of a line attached to his pole, dangle it in the water, and the rainbow would strike at it, and leave their teeth marks on it. Lures? You don't need them. Just take two blades of grass, tie them to a hook, make your cast and you'll have a rainbow. And I mean rainbow, measurable with a yardstick.

W. M. KARTZMARK, Tucson, Ariz.

THE UNALONE GRANGER

GENTLEMEN: I really enjoyed reading the article The Farmer's Best Friend (Apr. 24th) by Wade Nichols and Ike Vern.

However, one might get the impression from this article that the Grange is only for "hay kickers." Although it was originally and primarily established for the promotion of agriculture, we now find that many city people, too, are participating.

BYARD W. ESLEY, Member of New York State Grange, Keene, N. H.

FALL OF THE PRAT FALL

DEAR SIRS: Reference to Collier's in today's Hollywood Reporter may be of interest to you *in re* Apr. 17th editorial That Slapstick Is Good for What Ails You: "We wish the gentleman who wrote the editorial for your magazine would read a few of the supercilious comments of various critics around the country, the moment the prat fall and the custard pies appear on a motion-picture screen. . . . Most of the big-city critics are wise enough to realize that slapstick is timeless and corn ever ing. But there are a few vociferous c mentators who start beating their bre and wailing about the 'infantilism' Hollywood whenever entertainment down to the slapstick level. They are same thumpers who yell for message our screen plays."

ARTHUR A. ENGEL, Hollywood,

. . . How come you missed mentioning dean of them all, Marie Dressler? Or Turpin, or Noah Beery, or Polly Mo

In these times of tense nerves, crisis crisis, a good old slapstick would do u good. CHAS. R. SHORT, Lemoyne

OUT OF PLACE

GENTLEMEN: I enjoyed your article on gon, Out Where the West Ends (Apr. 2

Also I want to compliment on the drawn map and I am very happy to out that they have finally moved Or City from near Portland to where All now is supposed to stand.

DELBERT E. FREDRICKS, Dallas,

. . . Your Jim Marshall did a fine jo Oregon. Many tourists are a source o sentment to homeowners and realtors cause as Mr. Marshall says, "They wa look—at anything," and the new r seems to be having a real-estate br conduct them through every intere and beautiful home available. It is fu see how others live and they get an i look at Oregon atmosphere but it s too inconsiderate that they have no re for others' time, privacy, or the real gasoline. Can't you say a word to to about this window shopping?

AGNES DRISKELL, Grants Pass,

OLD SUBSCRIBER

TO THE EDITOR: Let me congratulate on the Apr. 3d issue. It is always but this one is especial—when did begin printing Collier's? I began taki early in the eighties (1880) and have ceased; since I am ninety years old dates may not be correct.

It would do us all good to read a like A Cross for Urdia every week. could only feel condemned for every thought we have of our fellow men!

JOSEPHINE K. RHODES, Delaware Co

Collier's appeared as Once A Wee Apr. 28, 1888, changed to Collier's We Sept. 19, 1895. We salute a faithful ve

MARY ANN ATKINS

DEAR SIRS: Cover for Apr. 24th sho pretty girl: Mary Ann Atkins. Wh Ted Shane call her Mary Anne Sawy The Week's Work? Or did she get ried after the picture? Not complai just curious. E. L. TAYLOR, Sike

Mary Ann Atkins, unmarried.

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 15

y available British armed ship would iolently engaged in the defense of the ish Isles, and therefore, the very fact uccessful German invasion would uppose the total destruction of the e fleet.

hat was precisely what Roosevelt ted to hear. He knew now that the mer Naval Person was determined if Britain were to go down, she ld go with colors flying and guns ing, and with no servile requests for s. Being a naval person himself, he began to feel confident that with determined spirit and with such a she would not go down.

The Question That Was Evaded

was at this time that he also asked t were the intentions as to the transfer e seat of government from London anada or some other point in the monwealth in the event of successful sion. He wanted to be assured that British would do what the Dutch, ians, Norwegians, Czechs and Poles done and set up a government in —which Pétain had failed to do. He ived only an equivocal reply on this t. (But when Harry Hopkins went to don, seven months later, he learned truth: *The British government did have even a skeleton plan for evac- on to Canada or anywhere else over-* . Churchill believed that if the United gdom fell, the Empire would be ed—at least temporarily—and the ership of the remaining units of the ish Commonwealth would pass to shington.)

he Dominion governments were ing messages to London after the fall rance urging that the Royal Family, t least the two young princesses, be to a place of safety at once so that institution of the crown would be tinued regardless of the fate of the e islands. This request was not ac- ted. Queen Elizabeth said, "The prin- es could not leave without me—and I ld not leave without the king—and, of rse, the king will never leave."

lthough there was a plan for evacu- g the government to the west of England in the event of invasion, members of Churchill's staff at that time have expressed the conviction that he never had any intention of quitting London under any circumstances whatsoever. If the Nazis succeeded in taking London—which he was pleased to call "this Imperial City"—they would take him with it, or anything that might be left of him.

The cables that passed between Downing Street and the White House at this time made the following further points:

The only British hope of defeating Germany was in the retention of the United Kingdom itself as a base, and to that end every resource and every life would be directed. If the United Kingdom were conquered, and the fleet destroyed, then North and West Africa as well as Europe would inevitably fall under German dominion. All that the British could do in the Mediterranean would be to deny the Germans use of the Suez Canal, not by defending it but by destroying it. Germany would have a formidable naval striking force with the Italian fleet and substantial units of the French navy joined to her own. Furthermore, with all the shipyards of western Europe at her disposal, she would have enormous naval productive power.

Hitler's triumphs in Europe would undoubtedly stimulate the Japanese to acts of aggression against French Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies, thereby gaining for themselves bases for attacks on other points, including British and American territory. Churchill expressed the belief that the whole world situation could be greatly helped if the United States government would proclaim that any violent attempt to alter the *status quo* in the Far East would "produce a state of belligerence" or (toning it down a little) would "not be tolerated."

Roosevelt repeated (not once but several times) that, for constitutional reasons, he could not give any assurance that the United States would declare war. But he made it quite clear that if Britain fell, his own purpose would be to do all that he possibly could "more than mere words but short of war."

In the notes that he made for a speech

"You know me, Ed—always loved traveling—hit that ol' highway—the moment I feel the urge. That's for me!"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

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at a secret session of the House of Commons on June 20, 1940, Churchill stated that if Britain could get through the next three months she could get through the next three years. He expressed the opinion that nothing would so stir the people of the United States as fighting in or over England. He felt that the best provocation to the American people to enter the war would be furnished by the heroic struggle of the British people.

Roosevelt, meantime, scraped the bottom of the barrel in American arsenals for 500,000 rifles, 80,000 machine guns, 130,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 900 75-mm. guns and 1,000,000 shells, as well as some bombs, TNT and smokeless powder, all to be shipped to Britain. This was done at a moment when many men close to the White House were shouting almost hysterically that this represented suicide for Roosevelt and quite possibly for the nation—that Britain was finished and that all this material would merely fall into the hands of Hitler who would turn it against us in our own relatively defenseless state.

Defenders Discard Pitchforks

But the British home guardsman, who had been preparing to meet German invasion with a pitchfork or a flail, now had a rifle in his hands and ammunition in his belt. He felt much better. He felt, in fact, unbeatable.

It is perhaps a bit of unnecessarily grim speculation, but I believe there were some in England—and I should not be surprised if Churchill were one of them—who later regretted rather wistfully that Hitler never tried that invasion. As a member of his staff remarked later to Hopkins, "It would have been a hell of a fight."

This, then, was Roosevelt's first tremendous wartime decision: to back the seemingly hopeless cause of Britain with everything that he could possibly offer in the way of matériel and moral encouragement. This decision was entirely on his own. There was no time in his Presidential career when he met with so much opposition in his Cabinet or when his position in the country was less secure.

But he made his decision and proclaimed it—let it be remembered—on the brink of a Presidential political campaign. Roosevelt was influenced undoubtedly by strategic considerations; but there were considerations of morality which were even more important to him. His inability to offer any kind of satisfactory reply to the desperate calls for help from France had given him, I believe, the bitterest sense of defeat that he had ever experienced. He was determined not to repeat that national miliation.

The decisions Roosevelt made in l on his own authority and without cla calls, involved commitment of the Un States to the assumption of responsib for nothing less than the leadershi the world.

It is often erroneously believed propaganda is nothing but a maz words dreamed up by fiendish minds. the only propaganda that really ma is that which proclaims action or w threatens it, and in the latter case th tion must always follow or the pr ganda boomerangs. If the strateg terror were enough in itself to con the world, Hitler after the fall of Fr needed to fear no future battles. there are some peoples whom it is dan ous to alarm, and the first of these the British, and the second the Russ and the third the Americans.

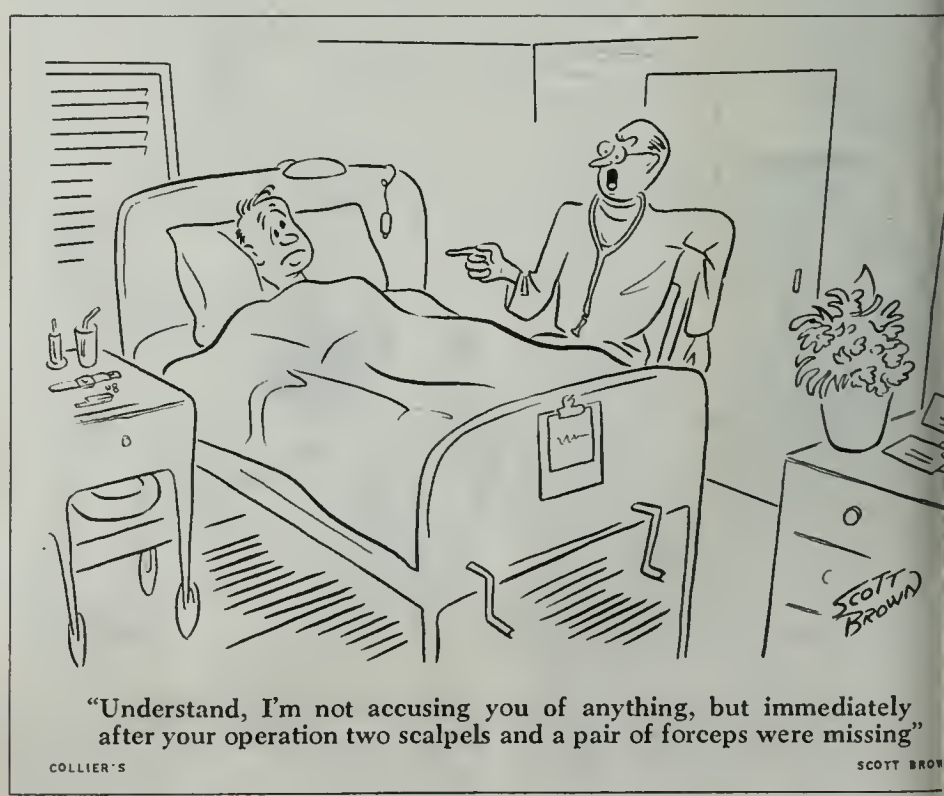
Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh seen the flabby weakness of the Eng of Stanley Baldwin and Neville Cham lain, and the chaotic disunity of Fra and the apparent deficiency of Russia dustry, as contrasted with the superb ganization and regimentation of Hit and Goering's Germany which prese a model of efficiency to his techno cal mind. He came to the seemi logical conclusion that Nazi Germ was invincible and that Britain, Fra the United States and everybody should wake up and, facing the fact modern life, yield to "the wave of the ture."

Lindbergh became an eloquent sader for the cause of isolationism. was undoubtedly Roosevelt's most midable competitor on the radio.

When the 1940 blitzkrieg in the was at its height, Roosevelt asked Congress for a program which woul volve, among other things, the pro tion of 50,000 warplanes for the A and Navy.

Lindbergh denounced this as "hys cal chatter." He did not say much licly at this time of what he had see German might and of British, Fr and Russian weakness. But when h cited facts and figures at private meet he could generally scare the living lights out of his listeners and som them were impelled to write to Roos urging him to command Churchill to render at once. But one of Lindbe listeners had a somewhat different action. This was Dr. Vannevar B formerly dean of Engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Techno now president of the Carnegie Inst in Washington.

Dr. Bush was impelled to action b very threat which Lindbergh so f



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fully presented. Bush was in consultation with various like-minded men of science, among them Presidents James B. Conant of Harvard, Karl T. Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Frank B. Jewett of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. They had discussed a plan for the mobilization of American scientists to work on new weapons. Bush had been named spokesman for this group principally because he was the one who happened to be in Washington, but he proved to be (in the words of Conant) "an ideal leader of American scientists in time of war."

Bush had no quick access to anyone on the higher levels of government, but he knew that the man to see en route to Roosevelt was Harry Hopkins and he accordingly went to him with his plan for a National Defense Research Council.

Two Quick-Thinking Men

Always receptive to new ideas that were both daring and big, Hopkins was immediately impressed by Bush's proposal. There were certain points of resemblance between the two men. Bush was also thin, quick, sharp and untrammeled in his thinking. He knew what he was talking about and he stated it with brevity and, like Hopkins, with a good sprinkling of salt. Bush had prepared a memorandum outlining his proposals. Hopkins arranged for Bush to talk with the President.

When Bush went to the White House he was prepared to answer all kinds of questions and meet probable objections, but he found that Roosevelt had already studied the memorandum and, after uttering a pleasantry or two, wrote on it, "O.K.—F.D.R."—and Bush was out of the President's office a few moments after he had entered it.

Subsequently Bush, in consultation with Hopkins, drafted a letter to himself for the President's signature. That letter, with a few additions which provided for close co-operation between N.D.R.C. and the military authorities, was signed by Roosevelt on June 15, 1940, the day after the fall of Paris, when it seemed that Christian civilization was coming to an end. Included in that letter to Dr. Bush were these momentous words:

Recently I appointed a special committee with Dr. Briggs of the Bureau of Standards as chairman to study into the possible relationship to national defense of recent discoveries in the field of atomistics notably the fission of uranium. I will now request that this committee report directly to you. . . .

This country is singularly fitted, by reason of the ingenuity of its people, the knowledge and skill of its scientists, the flexibility of its industrial structure, to excel in the arts of peace, and to excel in the arts of war if that be necessary. The scientists and engineers of the country, under the guidance of your committee, and in close collaboration with the armed services, can be of substantial aid in the task which lies before us.

Such was the authorization to Vannevar Bush to go ahead with his plans. And such is the story of how Hitler's Strategy of Terror influenced the establishment of the organization which was responsible for the invention of the atomic bomb.

Lindbergh, who had helped to impel Bush to action, eventually proved himself highly useful in experimental work for the Air Force; his precise recording mind retained all the intelligence material that had been so hospitably offered to him in Germany and he applied it effectively in testing some of the hundreds of thousands of war planes produced in the U.S. during the next five years.

The question has often been asked: Just when did Roosevelt finally and definitely decide to seek a third term? So far as I know, that question will never be answered authoritatively.

On January 22, 1940, Hopkins told me he was virtually certain that Roose would decide to run for a third term, three months later, April 23d, he pressed grave doubts about it. He s then that the President seemed disincl to do anything about the nomination to permit any of his friends to do a thing, which would have meant tha would go to the James A. Farley fact by default. Farley, of course, was posing a third term.

The Democratic convention opene Chicago on July 15th. Previous to there were meetings at the White Ho of pro-Roosevelt (which meant a Farley) Cabinet officers and Cong sional and party leaders to discuss w and means. At one of the meet Roosevelt was asked: "Suppose at s point we want to know your directi on strategy—whom do we ask?"

Roosevelt thought for a moment then replied, "In that event, if I were I'd consult Jimmy Byrnes." Howe when Secretaries Frances Perkins, Ic Wallace and the rest arrived in Chic they found, to the dismay of some them, that Roosevelt headquarters already been firmly established i Blackstone Hotel suite by Harry H kins. Here was the Chicago end of a vate line to the White House.

Hopkins carried in his pocket t penciled paragraphs in Roosevelt's ha writing on a sheet of yellow, ruled p (it is reproduced on page 15). It was dressed to "Dear Will"—Speaker liam B. Bankhead, who was tempo chairman of the convention. This the President's well-known message to convention and was delivered by Sen Alben W. Barkley, the permanent cl man, on the evening of the second It provided the signal for the fifty-th minute Roosevelt "demonstration" by Mayor Kelly's notorious "voice f the sewers." The machine Demo obediently if reluctantly climbed ab the band wagon. They were, how given a bitter pill to swallow when H kins announced that the Presid choice for his Vice-Presidential run mate was Henry Wallace.

Drafting a Speech of Refusal

Even some of the President's loyal adherents were shocked at thi lection; Ickes threatened to bolt party. In the White House, on the ning of the fourth and last day, Ro velt had become so angered by the sc shambles in Chicago that he was act preparing a draft of a speech ref the nomination. (He had not yet pub stated that he would run if nomina

However, the insurrection was quite strong enough to stop Wall nomination on the first ballot, Roosevelt relaxed and started to di his acceptance speech.

Hopkins knew that his dilemm Chicago was only a minor projectic Roosevelt's. In ordinary times, Ro velt would probably have enjoy knock-down, drag-out political Do brook against such opponents as F and Garner and legions of ward he and he would have handled it wi much perceptible difficulty. But this vention was staged against a backgr of world catastrophe, of which the gates had scant conception, and Ro velt, in his distaste for the whole v proceeding, displayed none of his tomary adroitness.

After Chicago, it became all too to Hopkins that he must resign as S tary of Commerce, and if he had no the idea himself, there were plen Roosevelt's friends ready to convey him. He was more of a political lia than ever. On August 22d he subn his resignation in a letter which s his physical inability to perform hi ties under the rigorous demands of which seems an odd excuse in the li his subsequent activities.

Hopkins was planning to take the job t Hyde Park Library and, vaguely, some writing on the side." But by er he was back in the fray, helping e Roosevelt's speeches. Willkie onducting a vigorous campaign but epublican professionals begged him ndon his nonsense about a bipartireign policy—to attack Roosevelt armonger—to scare the American e with warnings that votes for velt meant wooden crosses for sons and brothers and sweethearts. the campaign in its final, frantic and the public-opinion polls showoosevelt well in the lead, Willkie nbed to these heated urgings and to warn that the boys were albeing loaded on the transports. The of the Republican professionals e only way to get votes was to terople proved unhappily sound.

War Phobia Reaches Its Peak

eemed as though the fear-of-war ia, as expressed in the messages to ngton, reached its peak near the f October. The Democratic leaders becoming more and more jittery. demanded that Roosevelt provide te guarantee to the mothers of ica that their sons would not fight. October 30th, we were on the Presil train going up into New England important speech at the Boston . Every time the train stopped, ms were delivered, stating almost lly that, if the President did not hat solemn promise to the mothers, ght as well start packing his belongt the White House.

osevelt, as always, worked hard on eech between stops. He sat in a acked armchair in his private car, test draft of the speech on his lap, Missy LeHand, Grace Tully, Hop- Rosenman and me all working with n copies. Hopkins handed the lent a telegram from Ed Flynn ining the usual urgent request.

ut how often do they expect me to at?" Roosevelt asked. "It's in the ocratic platform and I've repeated undred times."

ereupon I remarked, "I know it, Mr. President, but they don't seem to have heard you the first time. Evidently you've got to say it again—and again—and again."

So it was put in, as follows:

And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance.

I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again:

Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.

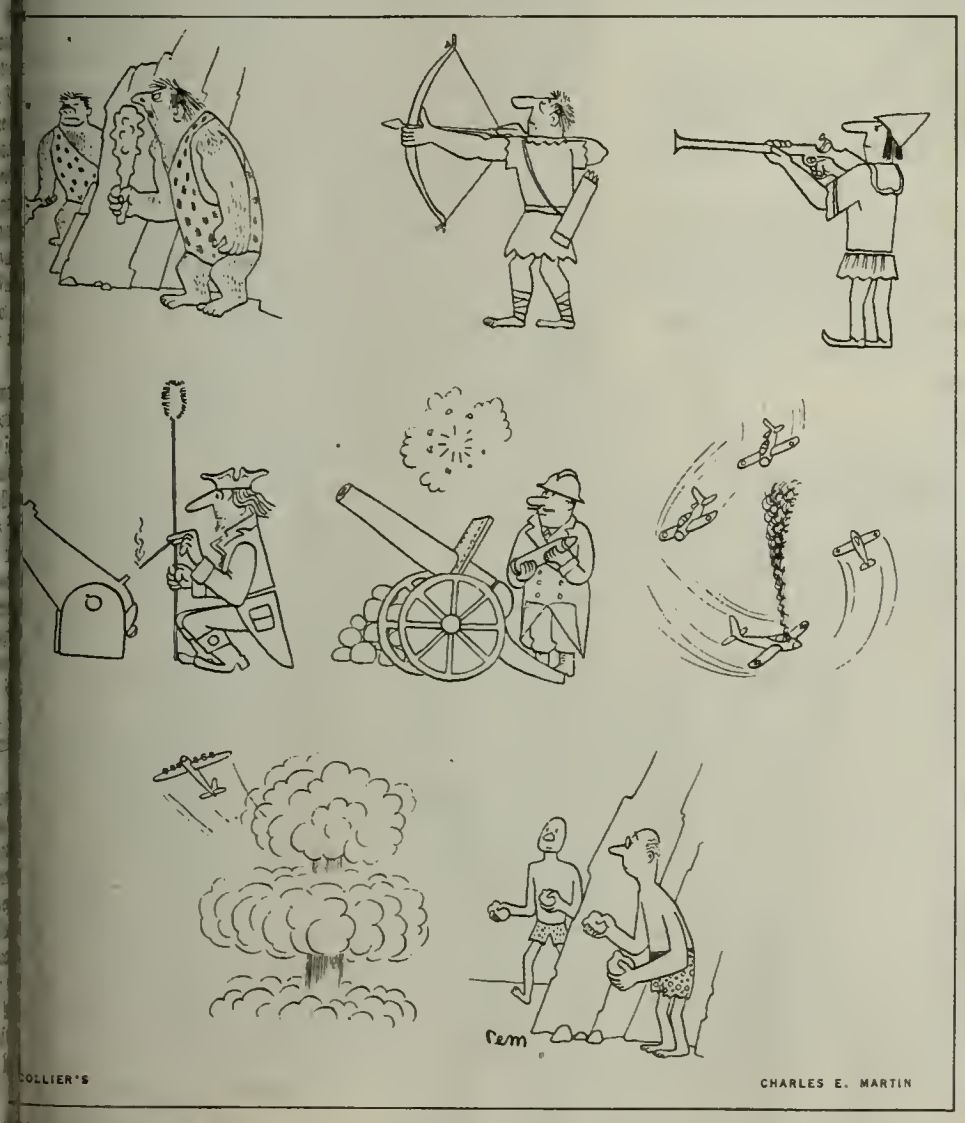
That passage has been given almost as much quotation (in the isolationist press) as Roosevelt's somewhat complementary observation that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Rosenman, whose duty it was to remember everything, mentioned the fact that the Democratic platform had added the words, "except in case of attack." Roosevelt said he could see no need to tack that on now. "Of course we'll fight if we're attacked. If somebody attacks us, then it isn't a foreign war, is it? Or do they want me to guarantee that our troops will be sent into battle only in the event of another Civil War?" He was plainly sick and tired of these jugglings of euphemisms, as well he might be.

After the election had been won, it seemed to me the President made a mistake in yielding to the hysterical demands for sweeping reassurance, but, unfortunately for my own conscience, I happened at the time to be one of those who urged him to go the limit on this, feeling as I did that any risk of future embarrassment was negligible as compared with the risk of losing the election. I burn inwardly whenever I think of those words "again—and again—and again."

Roosevelt probably meant it when, in his Philadelphia speech, he said, "I am an old campaigner and I love a good fight." But he certainly was not enjoying himself when he was impelled to make lame, equivocal speeches in Boston and New York. By then, this was a fight that he despised. It left a blot on his record which only the accomplishments of the next five years could remove.

(Next week: How President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill arranged a "common-law marriage.")



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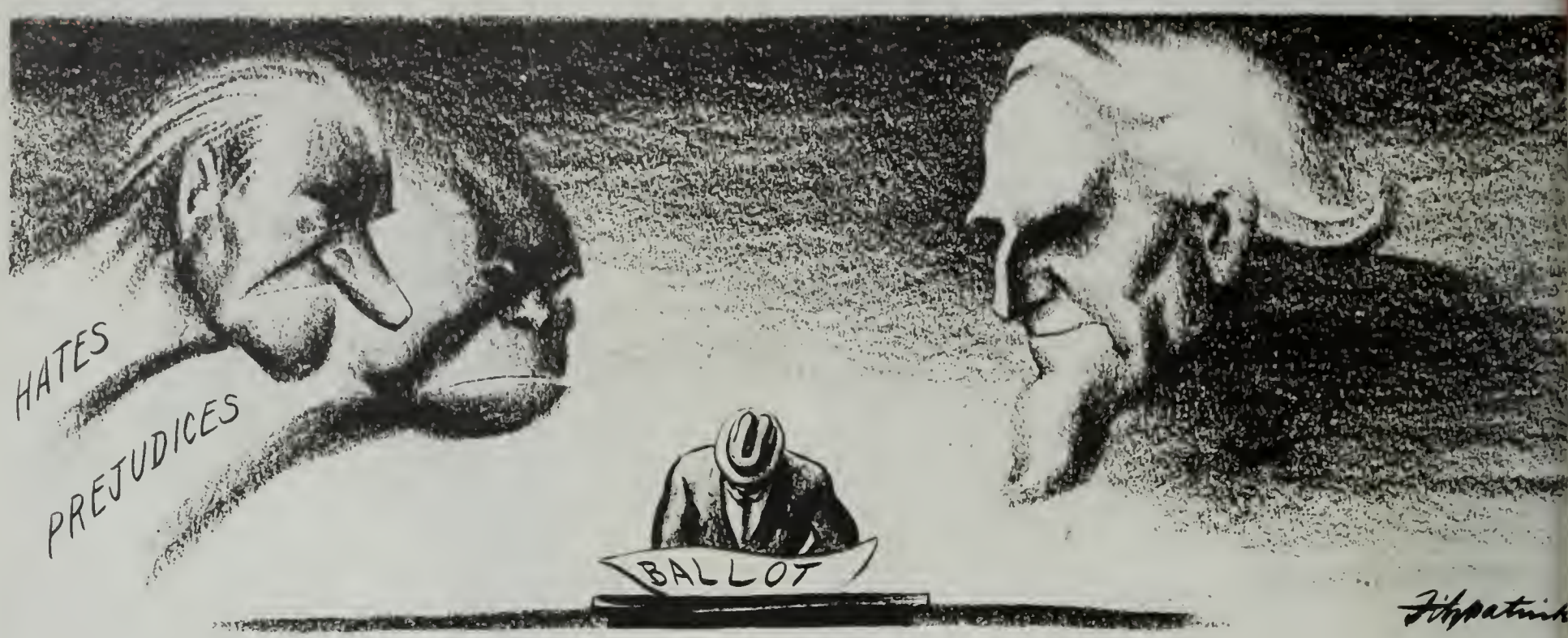

...1948 IS THE YEAR TO VOTE AMERICAN

THE big national political conventions are almost here; and, as always at such a time, excitement and speculation are growing hotter by the hour. How about Mr. Truman's chances? What will the Southern revolt achieve, if anything? Will the 1948 Republican convention run into a stalemate as in 1924; and if so, how will it be settled? And several dozen other questions like these.

Collier's doesn't endorse candidates for public office. We would, however, like to offer a thought for all voters to ponder as the Presidential election approaches.

This thought is that 1948 is pre-eminently a year for all U.S. voters to vote for America—for its best interests as they see them, and for the candidates they think will most vigorously push those interests if elected.

Of course, no Presidential year is a year to vote against America. But in 1948 we are on an unusually hot spot. We came out on the winning side in the late war. Also, we came out free of any bombing damage, and with our productive apparatus in better shape than ever before.

Accordingly, we are cordially detested, even by some of the people we are trying to help via the Marshall Plan; and the government of Communist Russia quite frankly hates our capitalistic innards and seems determined to do us in somehow sometime.

In such a position, we cannot afford to take chances on having a lightweight in the White House, for the term of 1949-53. So when you step into your polling place next Nov. 2d how about shoving aside all your personal hates and inherited prejudices, and voting for the candidate whom you consider the best qualified to lead the nation through the next four years? If we'll all vote American we'll most likely elect the best available man.

...MANY DOGS NEED HELP: We are speaking here of American men's feet, slangily called dogs. Your correspondent has been making a one-man survey of these appendages of late, in subway and other trains, busses, etc. While we haven't kept book on our observations, we've worked out a rough estimate that some seven out of ten American men plod around in shoes that are either too decrepit and beat-up to be presentable or are not treated nearly often enough to the common courtesy of a shine.

American women, on the other foot, are almost invariably careful about their shoes. The designs may sometimes be funny-looking, but the shoes themselves are consistently well kept and chipper. And the gals don't hang onto one pair of shoes until the shoes are about to fall apart.

Our tip to every U.S. male who knows the value of good personal appearance would be to give his own dogs a dispassionate look and ask himself whether he is or isn't treating them right. Chances are he isn't.

We will now relax to await a shower of dear-sir-you-cur letters about women's demands for new clothes and shoes keeping men from buying enough of either for themselves. Okay, gents; but where's your old American independence? To repeat, those brogans that most of you guys are sporting around look like hell in a high wind.

...IN THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS: In this Presidential election year, we think at least one organization deserves unqualified and enthusiastic applause—the League of Women Voters, with headquarters at 726 Jackson Place, Washington 6, D. C.

One of the LWV's main preoccupations is with getting out the vote; but it doesn't stop there. It claims credit for having improved county and city governments in many places, and for having brought about adoption of new constitutions in Missouri and Georgia. It is now pushing similar constitutional reforms in New Jersey, Oklahoma, Florida, Connecticut, Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee and Louisiana.

The LWV has sponsored innumerable election-law improvements, child-labor restrictions, taxation and education reforms and so on. But possibly its most important achievement was summed up by an LWV lady who said, "One characteristic of a league member is the way she brings about the substitution of 'What are *we* going to do about it?' for the usu 'What are *they* going to do about it?' of everyd conversation."

Here's a long life and more power to the Leag of Women Voters. We'd be much poorer without

...HERE'S A FINE PLAN: The new Middle Sou Area Development Program is rather clums named, but otherwise we think it looks better th good. In case you haven't heard about it, it's plan for the integrated industrial, agricultural, soc and economic improvement of the lower Mississip Valley. The program is sponsored by four private owned utility companies doing business in th region—Arkansas Power & Light, Louisiana Pow & Light, Mississippi Power & Light and N Orleans Public Service, Inc.

Saying that "private industry is on trial the days, and we are going to deliver a job down here these power concerns plan to help the whole regi develop smoothly and evenly from here on.

We'd say that private industry isn't on trial a that Socialism is. But let that pass. What we chie admire about this scheme is the fact that here a four privately owned utility companies which a determined to show results of the kind achieved the publicly owned Tennessee Valley Author north of their area. They plan to compete li good-natured, energetic sports, rather than conte themselves with putting out large salvos of prop ganda against any extension of the TVA idea to t lower Mississippi.

"We don't want any state or federal funds," sa a spokesman for one of the companies. "We do want an empire within an empire, and we don't wa a second Russia. This is to show that free ente prise can develop a region so that a young man wi ambition can always find a job and prosper."

To show how sincerely they mean business, t four companies intend to spend a total of $10 000,000 by the end of 1949 for turbines, generato power lines, etc. We expect to watch the progr of the undertaking with much interest. It strik us as a most enlightened and enlightening exam of what free enterprise can and should do to m any challenge Socialism offers it.

Colliers

JUNE 12, 1948
TEN CENTS

T OF THIS WORLD
Jim Marshall

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Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

ESPERANTO

SIRS: It may be of some interest to you to learn that I translated Collie Small's Under a Red Thumb (Jan. 17th) into Esperanto and sent it to a friend in Finland. He, in turn, translated it into his native language for the benefit of his friends. He asserts that the article is, for the most part quite accurate and wishes that it were possible for the Finnish press to reproduce it.

JAMES A. CLARKSON, Hopkins, S.

English: *The Russian troops at Porkkala are the only Russian troops in Finland, but they are only a few miles from Tauno's apartment, and the thought of living under Russian guns makes him apprehensive. In fact Tauno is troubled more and more by an obsession that, wherever he moves in his house, a Russian is looking down the chimney at him.*

Esperanto: *La Rusa soldataro ce Porkkala estas la solaj Rusaj en Finlando, tamen ili estas nure kelkaj mejloj malproksima de la logejoj de Taino, kaj la penso pri vivado sub Rusaj pafilegoj maltrankviligas lin. Fakte, Taino estas genata pli kaj pli more per obsedo ke, kie ajn li movas en la domo, Ruso malsuprenrigardas lin tra la kamino-tubo.*

BUST MY TIMBERS, KIDS!

DEAR SIR: That's a nice article you had on Fish-Pond Sailors (May 8th). More power to the kids!

I was seven times round Old Stiff, otherwise Cape Horn, under square sail, before I was twenty-two.

I wish some of those kids could know how it feels to be at the wheel of a full-rigger, under full sail, in a stiff squally southeast trade, running up the hill from the Horn to the Line, bound for the Golden Gate; with a rival abeam. Or to be at the wheel, with a ship of say 1,700 tons net register, in a southerly buster; six topsails and a full foresail set; snow squalls blanketing the sea every few minutes; the old barky rolling her bulwark beadings under, heel after the other, her masts swaying through an arc of eighty degrees. It was mighty hard work at times to hold her on course, with the compass swinging half circle; and especially by night when, as happened, the binnacle light blew out and a fellow had to steer in pitch dark by the feel of the wind on the nape of his neck. That was honest-to-God *sailoring*.

Meanwhile, toys are lots of fun. I wish

(Continued on page 76)

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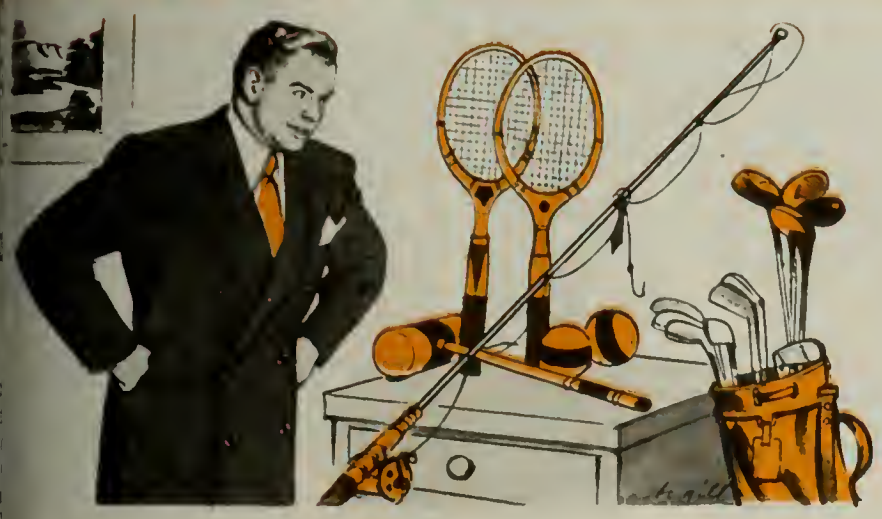
FOR A HAPPIER, HEALTHIER SUMMER



1. CHOOSE THE OUTDOOR EXERCISES THAT ARE BEST FOR YOU.

Summer weekends and vacations are ideal times to enjoy healthy outdoor exercise, and to get yourself in good physical condition for fall and winter. You should, however, be careful not to *over-exercise.*

The businessman in the middle years of life who works in an office all week and over-exerts on weekends may do himself more harm than good. So choose activities that are suitable for your age. Better still, check with your doctor and follow his advice as to the kinds and amount of exercise *you* can enjoy safely this summer.

2. FOLLOW COMMON SENSE RULES FOR SAFETY IN THE WATER.

Swimming is excellent exercise, for you use nearly every muscle in your body—but every swimmer should remember a few precautions.

It's best to swim where there are lifeguards, as even the strongest swimmer may suffer a cramp and need help. Be careful not to overestimate your ability as a swimmer, and when swimming long distances, try to have two people accompany you in a boat. After a full meal, it's wise to wait two hours or so before you go in the water; and prior to diving, find out if the water is deep enough for safety.

3. BE CAREFUL ABOUT GETTING YOUR SUMMER SUN TAN.

Sunburn, like any burn, can be painful and serious. For a safe tan, doctors usually recommend starting with a short period (about 10 minutes) in the sun, and gradually lengthening the time of exposure.

While most sun tan oils or creams help you tan safely by filtering out some of the sun's ultraviolet rays, you may still get a sunburn if you stay too long in direct sunlight. Over-exposure to the sun, especially when you are exercising strenuously, may also lead to sunstroke, or heat exhaustion.

4. REMEMBER THAT MANY SUMMER HAZARDS CAN BE AVOIDED.

A bad case of poison ivy can spoil your vacation, so learn to recognize this plant, and stay away from it. If you give prompt attention to cuts and bruises, and avoid scratching insect bites, you can help prevent the start of infection.

In spite of all your precautions, accidents may still occur, so it's wise to have a well-equipped first aid kit available. Following the rules of good health, eating wholesome food, drinking safe water, and getting plenty of sleep, will also help you to a healthier summer.

To help you enjoy your summer, Metropolitan has prepared an envelope of summer health suggestions. It includes leaflets on First Aid and vacation hazards. Send today for your envelope of Metropolitan's "Summer Health Suggestions." 78-C

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Please send me the envelope of "Summer Health Suggestions." 78-C

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

COLLIER'S SPORTS

HANDBALL IS FOOTWORK

BY BILL FAY

GUS LEWIS has worked at so many odd jobs that nobody can understand how he found time to learn the championship geometry of four-wall handball.

Thirteen-year-old Gus shuffled off from Buffalo in 1932 and was a hoofer on the Schine vaudeville circuit for five years. He didn't kill vaudeville, but he may have been an accessory after the fact.

Then Gus shuffled home to Buffalo to work as a painter—at $1,000 a month. Rather high wages for a painter but Gus was a rather high painter. He air-gunned the flagpole on Buffalo City Hall—32 stories up—and daubed bridgework over Niagara gorge in hundreds of feet of air.

When the bridgework and flagpole market slumped, Gus descended to painting the insides of electric furnaces at $10 an hour. It was hot and exciting work because he was only a few brush strokes away from live 27,000-volt electrodes. "They figured it was cheaper to pay us ten bucks an hour than to turn off the furnaces," Gus recalls. "Sometimes gas pockets popped up through the hot soup and there'd be all kinds of hell. Once, I had my mustache, eyebrows and hair singed off."

That once was enough. Gus decided there was a brighter and longer future in demonstrating department-store aluminum cooking utensils. Twice daily, he prepared a full-course dinner for 15 customers. Gus (smiling, black-haired and a bit of a devil with the women shoppers) was Buffalo's foremost aluminum demonstrator when the Seabees sent him off into the wild blue yonder—painting 250-foot radio towers in Bermuda and Africa. Gus developed a mahogany complexion and a liking for sunshine which carried him west to California in 1945. He sold pari-mutuel tickets at Santa Anita, then slipped into the sound-technician department at RKO.

Every afternoon Gus played handball at the Walt Disney studios with Joe Platak, winner of nine national championships. Platak sharpened Gus' left-hand kill, and Gus won the National A.A.U. four-wall title.

Footwork explains Gus' success. He's never off balance—a precaution he learned over Niagara gorge. "You really play handball with your feet," Gus says. "I never watch my opponent's hands when we warm up—I watch his feet. They tell me how he'll hit—where his weakness is."

However, when play starts, Gus watches hand action on every shot. "Most good players hit a 'break' ball—that is, they cut it so that it bounces left or right when it hits. You have to watch their wrists to predict the bounce action—and you've got to have a good memory. Suppose a ball bounces funny. Automatically, my memory goes back and remembers the hand action that produced the freak hop. Maybe a game or two will go by before my opponent tries the shot again, but the instant I see that peculiar hand action I'm ready. I anticipate the bounce. A good handball player never forgets a wrist."

After Gus retained his national title in April, RKO offered its steeple-jack-of-all-trades an acting role—as a flagpole sitter. Gus said no, thanks. The champion who has spent most of his life up in the air finally has settled down.

Gus Lewis, now champion of four-wall handball, got his early training air-gunning flagpoles

STRICTLY SECOND DIVISION

No wonder American League officials are worried. Competitively, the league is falling apart. The disparity between the powerful Yanks and Red Sox and the "dog-meat" clubs in Chicago, St. Louis and Washington is so great that 1948 may well produce the most one-sided race in American League history.

Usually, the situation is even worse in Philadelphia, where Connie Mack's bargain-basement entries have finished eighth nine times in the 13 years since 1935.

Although the American League probably will continue to win more than its share of World Series and All-Star games—thanks to robust support from New York and Boston—the National League enjoys much better competitive and financial health. It has seven owners who are more interested in pennants than profits, and that eighth wonder of the baseball world, Branch Rickey, who divides his interest between developing pennant players for Brooklyn and selling antiques to the Pittsburgh Pirates for $75,000 apiece.

Somewhere, the American League must find progressive leaders for its decadent second division. Connie Mack and Clark Griffith are young men no longer. In St. Louis, the DeWitts are an unknown baseball quantity. Chicago's last hope is Charles Comiskey II, grandson of the late Charley (Old Roman) Comiskey, shrewd and able founder of the White Sox.

Young Charley is secretary and president-elect, but his mother, Grace, determines financial policy which can be summed up in five words: Never waste money on players. Occasionally, young Charley issues optimistic estimates of future Sox varsities. Recently, he was irked by his slothful athletes in spring training and predicted darkly that changes would be made. Nothing happened, though except that Coach Red Faber knocked over the dugout water cooler two weeks later. Conscientious Chicago baseball writers reported in straight news fashion that the crash startled Red and woke up everybody on the Sox bench.

RIDING THE SMOG

Glider pilots are worried about the Los Angeles smog problem. They're afraid some smart chamber of commerce operator will find a way to eliminate the thick, black stuff which makes the country around Mirag

(Continued on page 94)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

news about nylon

G-WEARING! Luxurious nylon upholstery makes easy easier . . . easier on your budget, for nylon wears ars; easy on the eyes, for it's lovely to look at; easy r housekeeping, simple to clean. Matching draperies!

Y TO WASH! Bobby socks, like bobby soxers, lead a life. Into the tub, onto the girl, into the tub again. socks hold their shape, are never harmed by perspi- And good-bye, darning basket—they wear and wear.

SO LIGHT! Lighter, lovelier, more radiantly right for the bride than bridal gowns have been—that's the big news about this dream of a filmy tulle in nylon. Yet for all its fragile loveliness, nylon is strong—slow to wrinkle, hard to tear—the last word in wedding gowns!

Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products use nylon because products made with nylon can have these outstanding properties:

STRENGTH LONG WEAR TOUGHNESS
LIGHTNESS ELASTICITY RESILIENCE
EASY WASHING FAST DRYING
RESISTANCE TO MOTHS AND PERSPIRATION
. . . CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD ITS SHAPE

TO MANUFACTURERS: Are there textile fibers in your product? Then you'll want to read "Nylon Textile Fibers in Industry." Write for it!

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NEW! FREE, fascinating book for women, teachers, students—"About Du Pont Nylon." Write for it—to Nylon Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Delaware.

For nylon . . . for rayon . . . for fibers to come . . . look to Du Pont

SO TOUGH! Nylon cords are built into truck tires to absorb the shock of impact—protect the rest of the cord body. Reduce danger of tread separation—more recaps possible. Nylon's elasticity helps ward off blowouts! Nylon cords make tires safer, longer-lasting.

SO QUICK TO DRY! Up it goes, keeps you snug and dry. Down it goes . . . soon snug and dry itself. Here's a bright new fashion—nylon—fastest-drying textile fabric ever found for umbrellas. Longer-lasting, hard to rip . . . nylon!

You're sure of a good reception when you've got P.A.*

The man with P.A. enjoys a good reception everywhere. He has Pipe Appeal—an extra attraction to the ladies. And when he has Prince Albert in his pipe—he's sure of extra enjoyment . . . real smoking joy and comfort.

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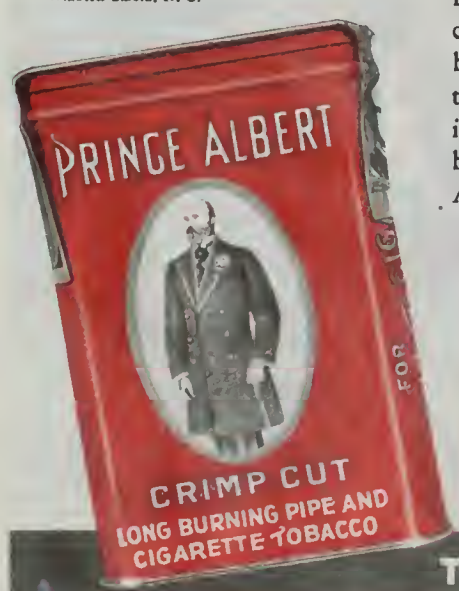


THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In 18th-century Europe, a prized possession of wealthy families was a snuffbox, usually of gold and studded with gems, that not only played music, but also had a scene on its cover in which characters performed mechanically. In one such scene on a box preserved today in a famous collection, six firemen pump water on a burning house while three persons trapped in its flaming rooms dash from window to window seeking to be rescued.

The largest sum of money ever won on a horse race was that paid to Arnold Rothstein, the New York gambler, at the Aqueduct Track on July 4, 1921. The horse, Sidereal, was unknown and ignored in the betting, but Rothstein was sure the colt would win as it had been trained by a friend and held for just such a race. To avoid changing the 30-to-1 odds, Rothstein waited until shortly before post time and then quickly placed huge bets with a number of bookies—and a few minutes later collected approximately $800,000.

A quick glance may not be sufficient to determine whether a person is intoxicated as the appearance of drunkenness can result from over 50 other causes, including vertigo, epilepsy, narcolepsy, brain tumor, fractured skull and toxemic coma of diabetes.

Of the 8,000 millionaires in the U.S. today, 4,475 or 56 per cent live in six states—California, Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

In the United States, the books of 20 matches presented to purchasers of cigars and cigarettes are not, as commonly supposed, given free to the retailers by the companies whose ads appear on the covers. Cigar stores and stands have to buy them, at the rate of four books for a cent, and the number they hand out gratis costs them $450,000 a week.

Owing to persecutions in 16th tury England, thousands of w men and women hid in secretly rooms in the homes of friends their concealment was rarely known to other members o households. Although the hidin sons dared not move about or l candle until midnight, they we casionally seen through the wi by neighbors or heard on secret cases by servants. These exper so thoroughly convinced the p of the existence of ghosts that some 150 luxurious country hot Britain cannot be rented becau rumored visitations of phantom

More than 100 large America taurants now cook on elec ranges, which are not sold but at $150 a month. This new k range is valued for its speed i kitchens, as it will, for example, sear and cook a ten-ounce steak seconds.

While on a visit to Melbourne tralia, in 1918, Alexander Wic a native of the Solomon Islands champion swimmer, accepted a bet, offered by a group of spor that he did not have the cour dive from a certain high clif though Wickham feared it wou him, he made and survived th the highest on record, which w feet, or the height of a seve story building.

Bullfighting is believed to only spectator sport on which t no betting, because the bull is always killed. Should it lea arena alive, it is either saved for ing purposes or else it is shot, experience in the ring makes t mal too dangerous for a mata fight it again.

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contributio be accompanied by their source of tion. Address Keep Up With the Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Yor N. Y. This column is copyrighted items may be reproduced without pe

Should husbands and wives take separate vacations?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' they should take separate vacations!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "A guy needs to get away from the wife and kids—go off with the fellows."

"And what about the wife?" asked Elsie, the Borden Cow.

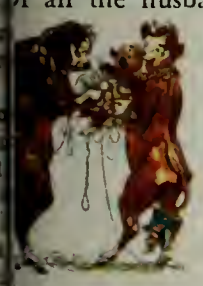
"Oh," airily answered Elmer, "she can go off with the kids, and have herself a swell time."

"If you think it's so much fun to go off with the children," [illegible]ed Elsie, "why don't you take Beulah and Beauregard with *you?*"

"Have a heart, woman!" [illegible]rmed Elmer. "What does a husband know about [illegible]ng care of young ones and feeding them?"

FULL DAY'S SUPPLY *of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), D, [illegible]iacin, and Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus in just [illegible] glasses of chocolaty, tip-smacking Hemo!*

"Of all the husbands I know," said Elsie, "*you* should know the most about food. I've told you hundreds of times about all the nourishing Borden's foods, including *Borden's Hemo.* It's brimming with vitamins and minerals children — and grownups — need *every day.*"



"Even at vacation time," [illegible]d Elmer, "I can't get a vacation from Hemo."

"But who wants a vacation from Hemo?" asked [illegible]. "It's the most delicious, chocolaty drink you [illegible] sipped! And any number of folks drink *hot* [illegible]o every night at bedtime to help them relax!"

"I don't want to relax in bed!" snapped Elmer. "I'll relax on the bank of a stream with a fishing rod."

"Sounds lovely!" breathed Elsie. "If we all took our vacations together, Beulah and Beauregard could sit with you while you fished. And I could go off and enjoy myself for a few hours."

"Nothing doing!" roared Elmer. "Kids scare fish. Besides, they might fall in the water."

"Elmer, Elmer," laughed Elsie, "you'll have to think up a *better* excuse, before I consent to separate vacations."

"Well," mumbled Elmer, "camping is too rough on wives. Can you imagine yourself baking a pie over an open fireplace *with all that smoke?*"

"Indeed, I can't!" giggled Elsie. "But then, in summer folks *love* ice cream for dessert—and between meals, too! So, I'd just walk to town for the creamiest, smoothest of ice creams—*Lady Borden Ice Cream!*"

NEVER IN YOUR ICE-CREAM-EATING LIFE *have you tasted ice cream like Lady Borden! It's the smoothest, creamiest treat — and sound nourishing food!*

"STOP!" commanded Elmer. "We're not taking the whole family of Borden's foods on our vacation!"

"WHEE!" triumphed Elsie. "We're going *together?*"

"*Okay, Okay,* I'll give in," wilted Elmer, "if you'll stop raving about Lady Borden Ice Cream!"

"As if *anybody* could ever stop raving about Lady Borden Ice Cream!" chided Elsie. "It's made with rich, golden cream! The berries and fruits used in it are luscious and ripe. As for the vanilla and chocolate — they're simply *wonderful.* And they have real character."

"It'd take *volumes* of character," moaned Elmer, "to shut off your Borden sales talk!"

"Not *volumes!*" corrected Elsie. "Just eight little words—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

©The Borden Company

For a list of winners in the contest to name Elsie's baby, write ELSIE, 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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gives longer lasting beauty and protection!

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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

THE WEEK'S WORK

Duncan, Duncan and Duncan and the converted garage where he does his writing

THE new serial: David Duncan says The Bramble Bush (p. 13) is nostalgia-born. In 1940 he and his wife spent six months in Mexico and came on many refugees from Spain, most of whom wanted to get home again. "The rest of the story is wanton fabrication," he adds.

Of himself, he says that he was "spawned" in Billings, Montana; and having finished the U. of Montana, trekked to New York to become a writer. "Discovered I had greatly overestimated my talents, so after two years of it, I took my skin and bones to California where I made an honest living for about eight years," he says. "Have been a social worker, housing-project manager, radio newswriter, and for three years was a labor economist, although by education I'm supposed to be a psychologist."

Mr. Duncan's first novel was published four years ago. A Duncan whodunit has come out since. Now he and family (he has two daughters) are in Carmel, California, where he's building a house. "I've hired a boss to tell me what to do," he relays. "Today he had me tearing the forms off the concrete septic tank. Tomorrow I'm to lay the draintile. Now that Collier's has bought my story, I have a car and no garage to put it in. I converted the garage into a fiction factory to write the story to get the car."

YOU'VE been looking at j. hyde barnum under illustrations for some fifteen years, and so we hasten to advise that Jay was born in Geneva, Ohio, longer ago than he cares to remember. Certain church hymnals still attest the fact he showed artistic ability at a very early age; and with very little art training he was pushed into a job on a Cleveland paper. "It eventually ended in my being fired after a battle of the fists with the art editor," says Barnum, "in which I didn't fare too well."

The blows deposited Barnum in Chicago, where he did posters and men's fashions. In between he married, and made trips to Europe. "Instead of pursuing my artistic studies, I played tennis and absorbed the Riviera—by night," he says. "At least I played a tennis match against King Gustavus of Sweden, whose valet packed my tennis flannels, leaving the king's by mistake. I can proudly say I've worn the king's pants. Don't ask me how the match came out."

Twice married, Mr. Barnum has collaborated on illustrating his present wife's children's books, and also has two children. "In the past few years I've been delving into the m teries of abstraction much to horror of my friends," he says. "I lieve it helps me to keep from gett dated. Possibly you notice my traces in the way I have pictured musical Dear Miss Phillips (p. 21).

HARRY HOPKINS, it seems, all writers, had a secret vice: longed to write poetry. Among secret papers, which continue in issue (p. 26), we can now reveal so poetic fragments, possibly inspired his visits to London during the b Here is one:

See the snow—see it
Come on and see
White like my bed.
The snow is a white bed
Sleep in its coolness
Crawl under its clean covers and sl
Best sleep under the still white s
Than go to sleep standing up.
See the snow—see it
Come on and see
White like my bed.

Here is another, an expressior his attitude toward his Middle W ern homeland:

In long straight rows the corn's by in hot June days,
Almost tenderly Iowa's corn is n ished
Its yellow mellowness is soft—its lowness is precious
Iowa tends its corn like a slick ba watches a ticker tape
Too wet—too dry—early frost— frost.
An Iowa farmer always looks in dark.

When Hopkins was in Londo 1928, he explored Keats' Walk Hampstead Heath and wrote h "Here Keats walked with F Brawne . . . Imagine my feelin saw his red head and proud step s tering through the green. It wa though I could reach out and t him—quite like a dream."

This week's cover: Cat Race. spring Mrs. Warren Baumgartne just finished seeding her new port, Connecticut, flower bed Honey, a friend's cocker sp sighted a black cat and decide have a bit of a workout. Inevitabl pair headed for Mrs. B., and Baumgartner had a cover idea. usual I had to build this picture the snow was on the ground," he "Artists paint fur coats in Au bathing suits in January." . . .

TED SH

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ow you can have that same patented aluminum oxide sulator material in AC Spark Plugs especially designed r your car, truck or tractor engine—plugs that can ke terrific punishment—plugs whose wider Heat Range apts them to a wider range of engine temperatures. or easier starting—better idling—steadier firing under avy load, buy AC's. They give you *utmost reliability.*

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'Jeep' Station Wagon

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A. · MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

Photographed in Johannesburg, South Africa, amid the Witwatersrand goldfields.

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

here was a man in our town,
nd he was wondrous wise;
e jumped into a bramble bush
nd scratched out both his eyes.
nd when he saw his eyes were out,
ith all his might and main
e jumped into another bush
nd scratched them in again. . . .

ike the wise man in Mother oose, Mike Finney moved st once he was trapped. He asn't sure where he was go-g, but he had no intention letting himself be killed -either for love or for money

I

LOLLED in a hammock under the palms of Calisto and listened to the high surf ex-ode along the shore. It was eve-ng and a few lights were coming on, re electric globes haloed by clouds gnats and mosquitoes. One swung the center of the village, down here the sand bar struck the main-nd. It lighted up the yellow grass ofs of the native huts and threw a rcle of light on the ground where the ds shouted and scampered like low-ing moths.

The other lights were all at Jim aylor's hotel, one over the bar, one the terrace and one down by the goon where the boats were tied up. he hotel was a row of plastered oms with tile roofs and doors open-g out on the terrace. You could rent room for ten pesos a month. For other sixty pesos you could get all ur meals. A tame fawn wandered ong the tables looking for hand-ts, but not doing very well; there ren't many customers. At one table s a foursome of tourists, middle-ed people, unhappy and ill at ease, though shocked that their wander-gs had taken them past the last out-sts of the neon sign. At another ble sat a man named Philip Temple, o kept squinting through the dark-ss toward my hammock as though had plans to join me. I lay still. I dn't care for Philip Temple.

Once in a while Cayetano would nble out from the bar to make sure was supplied with beer. Normally would have been Paquita who ought the beer, but she was avoid-g me. At first she'd cried when I ld her I was leaving, and then with quick change of mood she'd become gry at me. The one who stays be-nd always feels rejected, and it

you are not here," Paquita said, "it esn't matter where you go. I think shall be happier after you are gone"

always hurts. It hurts even though—as in our case—there'd never been any implication that our friendship was anything but temporary. A week earlier I'd come close to leaving, and we'd gone through the same scene. Maybe she thought I'd change my mind again. I wouldn't. Paquita and Calisto were about to become memories—along with the hot, sticky twilight, the kind, beautiful people and the charcoal smell of Mexico.

I'd been in Calisto three months. The summer rains had ended, and the country steamed under blue skies by day and yellow stars by night. The mountains back from the sea crawled with vegetation clear to their craggy tops. Here and there bright red trees would jump at you out of the eternal greenery, and lately a vine of some kind—it looked like a big morning-glory to me—had thrown a pastel veil over the whole landscape. There were lavender and pink, milky yellow and spider blue streaming down the slopes and lacing through the trees.

In the mornings you could walk along the beach through a scattering of ruby shells, walk and watch the waters of the lagoon waving like blown silk at your feet. You could toss off your clothing and swim through the warm water with the gold and silver fish darting like bursting rockets as you approached.

In the afternoon you could find a hammock under a palm tree and sit with a big coconut in your lap sucking the brandy-spiked milk through a straw. You could do that all day if your money lasted. And in the evening you could sit on the terrace of Jim Taylor's hotel and watch the people. A beautiful place—and how I hated it.

I HATED it the way one hates a prison. It didn't matter that there was a whole continent to the south of me and others to the east and west. I wanted to go north, and that's where the prison doors stopped me. The feeling of being in prison had started five months before in Mexico City when I stood before the desk of the assistant U.S. consul. He'd called me into his office to receive the reply to my request to re-enter the United States. He had the grace to look a little embarrassed as he handed me the letter. It was short and to the point:

We must advise you that Mike Finney's return to this country must be on condition that he appear in person for questioning regarding his past activities.

"I guess that's that," I told him and tossed the letter back on his desk. He pulled his ear and thought about it a few seconds.

"You can do what you think best," he said, "but my advice would be to go back."

"And face questioning?"

"Certainly."

"Why? I've already told you all there is to tell. If they won't clear my record while I'm still here in Mexico, I can't see much chance of their clearing it after I get back to the States."

"I can't promise anything," he said, "but my feeling is that you won't be held after questioning."

"I falsified a passport once," I said. "That can be three years in prison."

"Not necessarily." He hunted in his file a moment and pulled out a Manila folder which he opened on his desk. "You had a passport to Edinburgh. You altered it and went to Spain instead where you fought with the Loyalists. That was in 1936." He paused, fingering the Manila folder. "Altering the passport was a crime, of course, but you didn't do it for criminal purposes."

"I didn't consider them such."

He pulled his ear again. "The point is this. When an American citizen goes abroad, he's entitled to the protection of the United States, but if individuals are going to have the right to call upon their government when they need help, they have to co-operate to the extent of keeping their entry in and out of a foreign country legal. Otherwise it can embarrass a lot of people."

"I'm not arguing," I said.

"But it happened a long time ago," he continued, "and you've got a good record since."

"From some viewpoints."

"You were with the underground in France. That's in your favor."

"I'm not looking for favors. I want to go home and get a job."

"I think it might work out that way, Finney."

"But you aren't sure. Have you read many American newspapers lately?"

He smiled. "There does seem to be a slight wave of hysteria on certain subjects. However, newspapers aren't official documents, you know." He paused to bend over the Manila folder again. "I don't see anything here that can hurt you outside of that passport."

"I worked in San Francisco before I went to Spain," I said.

"Yes, you told me. But lots of people were doing union organizing in those days. Nothing illegal about it. I'll admit some private citizens frown on the activity, but it's nothing that can be held against you." He put the folder back in the cabinet.

It was the folder which worried me. Not that particular folder necessarily, but others which existed somewhere and which must be a little fatter. Passport violation was a federal crime, so I must have a folder on file with the F.B.I. I knew what documents it probably contained. The earliest would be my graduation picture, the one Tommy Beedle took of me in his studio on the corner of Larkin and Eighth streets in Meridian, Montana. I had posed with a soulful expression in my eyes, trying to look like "I Love You," because I wanted to give one of the pictures to a girl named Betty Witherspoon.

Besides the picture the folder would contain a report on my early work in San Francisco, a report on the two years I spent in Spain, possibly something on my work with the French underground—and the report on my passport falsification.

"I'll forget it," I said to the consul. "Thanks for your trouble anyway." I didn't want to go home unless I knew the passport violation charge had been dropped. I thought it ought to be, but if the charge was to be dropped, the letter to the consul would have said so. And it didn't.

A month later I finished a translating job I was doing for the Mexican government and moved down to Calisto. That was the mistake. Calisto is a hot place, so hot that all I did was sit around remembering how clean and white and cold those Montana winters were. I could see the town of Meridian on a pale winter morning with a hundred threads of gray smoke standing straight up above the houses, matching the gray bluffs to the north and the wind-swept patches on the hills to the south. That was the place.

I wanted to walk down the familiar streets and wave to the familiar faces. I wanted to say, "See, I've come back. I've gone all around the core of the apple and now the core has dropped out. I've come back to the place where I started and now I can begin again on something else."

But I stayed in Calisto, homesick as a schoolboy, thinking of the F.B.I. folder. And then something happened that made me realize that maybe I was being a fool.

WHEN I first got to Calisto I found a group of men who were reconditioning a fishing boat to carry them to Valparaiso. There were two Poles, an Englishman, two Italians and this fellow Temple. The idea of going to Valparaiso sounded good at first. It was so far from home that maybe I could forget about being homesick. So I told them my name was Robert Fitzgerald and joined in with them to help get the boat in shape. Everything was serene until the night before we were due to sail, when Temple came aboard with the news of a minor revolution in Chile, which disturbed everyone except me and the two Poles. Plans were changed on the spot. It was decided to go to the Galapagos Islands instead; the Englishman convinced the others we could make a stake there collecting tortoise shell. I wasn't having any. The Galapagos had no appeal, but more than that it was a shock to find that my companions were running from something. There were some places they dared to go and other places they feared. They were running, and I'd been on the point of running along with them. It gave me a good look at myself. I decided right then that if I was going to run anyplace, I'd run home. After all, I'd been on the point of going to Chile without a passport; why not go to the United States without one? Once across the border, who'd bother me?

So I let the boat sail without me. Oddly enough it sailed without Temple too. After going to the trouble of getting the plans changed, he dropped out himself. That had been a week ago. Since then I'd been recovering from an attack of malaria and waiting for Taylor to make his weekly trip to Acapulco for supplies so I could go with him.

Cayetano ambled out from the bar again. "More beer, Señor Temple?"

"The name is Fitzgerald," I told him. "Robert Fitzgerald. That's Temple sitting at the table on the terrace."

He shrugged and grinned. "*Norte Americanos* all alike. More beer?"

"Tell Paquita to bring it."

Paquita was about eighteen. She had the very dark skin of southern Mexico and her long black hair had a wave to it. She'd been married once but her husband had disappeared somewhere. During the time I was at Calisto he never showed up, and Paquita rarely mentioned him.

She came out to the hammock with a tray on her arm. She handed me the bottle of beer and stood beside me.

"Cayetano said you wanted to see me."

"I wanted to know if you were still angry."

"Not angry," she said without emphasis. "You are going away. That is all there is to it. After you are gone it won't matter whether I was angry or happy about it. You will go to that very cold country you told me about and forget all about me."

"No, I won't forget you."

"There is a woman waiting for you there?"

"No one."

"Your parents, maybe?"

"My parents are both gone."

She held her hands out in an empty gesture. "Then how do you think I am to understand? Last week you almost went to Chile, which I know is far south of here. Now you say you are going north, but you say there is no one. I must believe that any place is better for you than this place. Perhaps you remember a tree or a mountain in the land where you were born, and the tree or mountain means more to you than I do."

"It isn't quite true. I must go someplace where I can earn a living. I'll go to San Francisco first. I lived there for a while many years ago."

"I don't want to hear," she said. I got up and started for a walk along the ocean side of the sand bar. She walked with me. "If you are not here it doesn't matter where you go. I think I shall be happier after you are gone. Perhaps Señor Temple will stay a while." She turned quickly then, and walked away.

THERE was no use trying to go to bed this early. My room would be like an oven, and besides, I was nervous. In the morning I was to leave for Acapulco with Jim Taylor and from there I'd head north for the border. Somewhere en route I was going to have to buy or manufacture fictitious papers to use at the border. Either that or make plans for wading across the Rio Grande. Of the two possibilities the first was least dangerous. It shouldn't be very difficult. People did it all the time. The trouble was, if I was picked up on it, there'd be a double passport violation against me, with a penalty that would be pretty hard to duck. But I was going home to live a nice quiet life, and there was no sense in calling myself to the attention of the authorities by voluntarily turning myself in for questioning. I was under the impression that everyone who had fought for the Loyalists in Spain was still regarded as a highly suspicious character by the U.S. government. Premature anti-Fascism, they called it. So—I'd cross the border under the name of Robert Fitzgerald and forget about my real name. Mike Finney could blow away in a puff of smoke.

(Continued on page 88)

He was standing on the corner looking at me. . . . I didn't feel like talking, so I turned to the girl and said, "All right, Catherine, let's go"

15
MEN
WORKIN
E. CHEIDER

The dome opens at the push of a button to expose a slice of sky 30 feet wide at the maximum. The top of the telescope "tube" is in the lower foreground. The gangplank-like platform is an elevator on which the astronomer rides to the top of the telescope. It runs on a curved, toothed track laid on the inside of the dome and can reach the telescope wherever it may be. In the telescope top is a circular observation chamber

In the foreground is the telescope control board, called the "pulpit." Th yoke of tubular girders in the background hold and swing the telescope. The the control board has only to flick a switch or push a button to turn the don it and swing the telescope onto a star. He is in telephonic communicati the astronomer who rides in the observation chamber at the top of the t

OUT OF THIS WORLD

BY JIM MARSHALL

Collier's will be privileged to present to the world the first photographs to be made with this great instrument and the 48- and 18-inch Schmidt cameras

A Collier's man was the first reporter to ride in the 200-inch mirror-telescope on Palomar Mou tain, California. His were the first nonscientific eyes to scan the heavens with the aid of this, t largest astronomical instrument ever built. Here is what he saw and learned and even hea

FIND me a star, Bruce!" said the man with the tousled gray hair. We were sitting in a tiny steel capsule, six feet either way, six thousand feet above southern California. Down around the concrete base of the great Palomar observatory the chill mists swirled and a thermometer hanging to the wall of the capsule read 28°. Above us through a narrow slit in the great steel-and-aluminum dome a few stars shone brightly. Far below was the Big Eye, the earth's largest telescope, peering out into the unknown farther than any eye ever had looked before.

"How about your old friend Pollux?" asked Bruce Rule. He was far away, down at the controls in the great cavern that is the home of the giant reflector. His voice came to us through a squawk box, hollow and metallic.

"Sure you don't want Castor, Bruce?" asked the astronomer.

"Don't give me any of that old oil, Dr. Bowen."

"All right." A chuckle. "Give me Pollux."

Dr. Ira S. Bowen—Ike to his fellow scientists—is a Seneca Falls, New York, boy who received his A.B. at Oberlin College and joined the California Institute of Technology staff as an instructor in 1921 when he was twenty-two. He made his way to the top, in 1946 becoming director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, with its 100-inch mirror, and more recently director of Palomar. Few men on earth know more about the stars.

He is warmly dressed, up here in the chill steel cell. He wears thick old pants and a fleece-lined leathern jacket and heavy boots over warm socks. At fifty his eyesight is keen after years of strain peering into eyepieces.

We sat on a tiny steel chair hitched to the inside of the cell. The great dome began to turn. The telescope, which had been pointing to the zenith, tipped slowly horizontally and slewed around. We adjusted the chair with a handwheel so that, as the cell tipped and slewed and swung, we kept on a fairly even keel.

To get to the capsule you mount a tiny bridge that creeps slowly up the rounded inside of the dome until one end is directly over the top of the camera-station, and then climb down into the cell. You are now at what the astronomers call the prime focus. The camera is at the point at which the light from a star, reflected by the mirror fifty-five feet away, is concentrated into a tiny disk about the size of a pinhead.

In the capsule, you are actually inside the telescope itself. The instrument, a latticework tube is 55 feet long up to 22 feet in diameter and weighs 140 tons. It is floated on a film of oil and so balanced that a baby could move it easily.

In the center of the cell was a r tangular hole through which, away, you could see the shining s face of the great mirror. Into this h Dr. Bowen fixed a five-by-seven pl holder and pulled the slide. Th was nothing there except a clear g s plate, with a cross etched near s center.

Looking down through the pl far below, you saw the great 200-i mirror, a circle of light.

"Don't watch the mirror, focus the plate," said Dr. Bowen. pointed to one edge of the pl "Pollux will show up about here."

Searching for Pollux

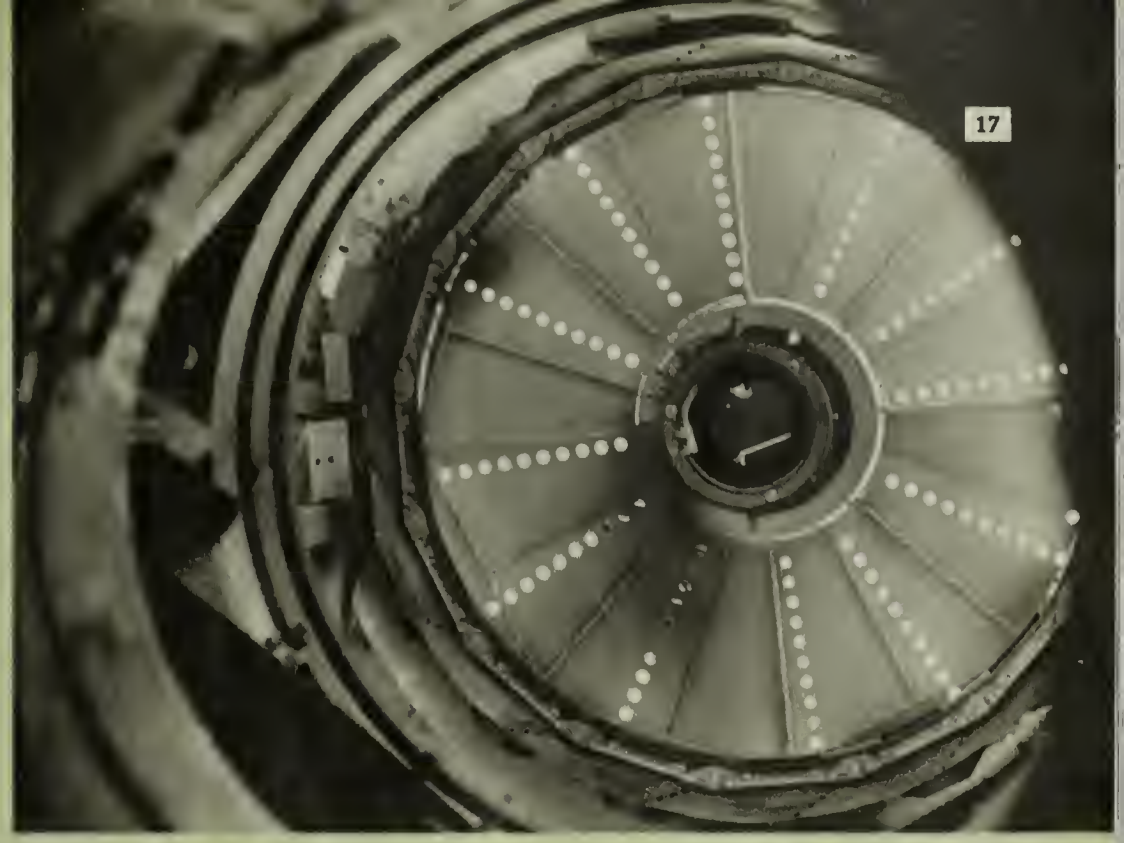
The great telescope swung nc lessly and then, at the plate's e there came a yellowish pinhead light. It moved slowly across glass and came to rest centered on etched crosslines.

"Pollux," said Dr. Bowen. "L up through the dome opening and can see it with your naked eye. Th right near Castor. They're the bri est stars in the constellation some gotten astronomer named Gemini twins. Castor and Pollux were sons of Jupiter and Leda, if you member your mythology."

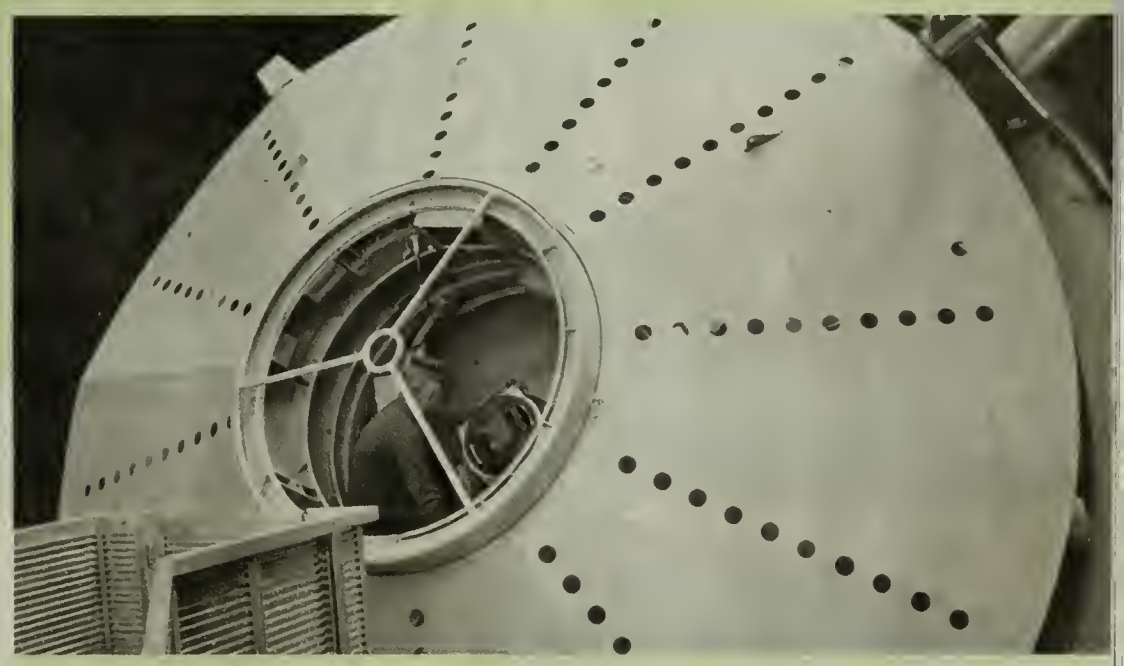
We said we remembered very mythology. This was mere diplon —astronomers hate mythology al as much as they hate astrology.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

elescope is here pointing at the zenith. The huge tubular girder in the left ound is one of a pair in which the telescope is held. These girders are so at they can serve as laboratories, and one of them does (lower right). The ope is so nicely hung that a push of the finger will move its weight of a pounds. Actually, a motor of only one-twelfth horsepower moves the "tube"



Looking down the "tube" at the 200-inch mirror. The radial bright spots (daylight here) are cast by perforations in the umbrellalike screen at the top of the telescope (below). The spots are used to correct slight distortions of the mirror at this stage. In the mirror's center is a 40-inch hole. For some purposes light thrown up to the top by the big mirror is thrown back through this hole by an auxiliary mirror



Temporarily mounted over the top of the telescope is this perforated umbrella-like sheet-metal screen (above). Light passes through the perforations to the mirror below and the patterns formed are used to test the accuracy of the mirror's shape along different diameters. When the mirror is found to form a flawless image the telescope will be ready for work and the screen will be removed. Below, an astronomer walks up the steps in one of the twin tubular girders holding the telescope. In the girder is a spectrograph which can break up reflected light from a star or nebula and reveal the composition and physical state of distant bodies

Like most people, we had believed hat the 200-inch mirror would bring n a faint star the size of the moon.

"It's very small, isn't it?" we said.

"Now look," said Dr. Bowen. He gave us a small magnifying glass, and through it Pollux sprang to life, a magnificent, sparkling gem in the blackness.

"The mirror," said Dr. Bowen, "doesn't magnify the size of the star t's looking at. It merely collects more light for spectrographic work, and brings in the light of stars, nebulae and galaxies never seen before. But it cannot give detailed pictures of tars; enlargements show merely lurs."

We inquired about Pollux. Well, it's practically in the suburbs of our part of the universe—about 31 light-years away. It's a yellowish star, incandescent. . . .

". . . and headed away from us at about two miles a second," added Dr. Bowen. "But it is so far away that f you came back in 2048 and looked at it you'd swear it hadn't moved. We'll be seeing it for billions of years yet."

Up there in the telescope as star after star drifts across the glass to come to rest briefly on the crossline, you think back to the beginning of this stargazing.

Astronomy has come a long way since old Jan Lippershey looked through the first telescope in Holland. Besides the older lens telescopes, mirror telescopes are now used, both visually and with photographic plate for recording. About forty inches in diameter is the limit for lenses: the new larger ones will be mirrors. The eye can watch a star only a few minutes without tiring; a camera can watch it for hours—and make an accurate record of what it sees, which is more than an eye can.

Byron Hill, construction engineer, who knows all the figures, points out that the forty-inch hole in the center of the telescope is exactly the size of the largest lens, now in operation at the Yerkes Observatory. The hole is to allow one of the focal instruments to be mounted; it doesn't affect the operation of the mirror.

"The cell in which we are sitting," says Dr. Bowen, "reduces the amount of light getting to the mirror by about 13 per cent—but the 87 per cent that we can use—well, I wonder what Galileo would say if he were here."

Along in 1609, Galileo Galilei made a telescope with a lens about two and a quarter inches in diameter. He also named the instrument. From this, lenses grew until they were being cast three feet six inches across. Isaac Newton invented the mirror-telescope, and this has grown through the years until the present Palomar mirror, 200 inches across.

"Closing the diaphragm," Dr. Bowen tells Bruce Rule. The automatic guiding apparatus which has held our star perfectly on the crosslines by slowly turning the telescope to follow the star in its diurnal movement stops work. Far below, the leaves of the diaphragm fold inward and the mirror is hidden. The telescope slowly moves to the perpendicular.

All telescopes, whether lens or mirror, have one thing in common: They ask more questions and pose more problems than they answer. Three

(Continued on page 44)

FASHION HIGH COMMAND

BY RUTH CARSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

Fashion Group's summer fashion preview with, left to right, Ceil Chapman's red dotted organdy, Adele Simpson's gray chambray, Claire McCardell's cotton madras and Carolyn Sehnurer's linen tank suit

THE scene is the ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel in New York, at luncheon time. The audience is some 500 businesswomen and their guests. The lights are dimmed, spotlights pick out a runway down the middle of the room, and a show of summer fashions is on.

The businesswomen are not playing hooky from their jobs. They are members of The Fashion Group and they turn coldly calculating eyes on the twenty-one costumes, from barn-dancing red calico to exquisite sheer linen and lace, parading down the runway. They want to know the answer to some strictly business questions: Is it new? Does it represent a fashion trend? Will it sell?

They want to know, too, whether you—the American woman—will rush in to buy when such costumes, and hundreds of others of which these are typical, hit your local stores. Although the clothes may be pretty they're not important if you don't buy. What you want is what matters. Figuring that out ahead, and getting it to you in good season, at your own price, has grown, in the past twenty years, into big business. It is one of the largest and best-paid fields of work for women.

You didn't always get such flattering attention. Fashion magazines, for example, used to publish pictures of glamorous costumes, products of New

Speakers' table, millinery luncheon, left to right: Janet Sloane, advertising manager Madeaps; Annette Remer, millinery merchandising, Bonwit Teller; Mary Goodfellow, milliner; Frances Hodges, chairman millinery division, Fashion Group; Hector Escobosa, general manager Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Margaret deMille, co-merchandise editor, Mademoiselle. Model wears John-Frederics' multi-colored turba

Dorothy Nash, Fashion Group member and millinery buyer for Marshall Field and Frederick & Nelson, prepares model for Fashion Group millinery show. Hat by Emme

At the summer fashion show's speakers' table are, left to right, Tina Leser, Jane Derby, Mildred Orrick, designers, and Ruth Waltz, Milgrim's advertising manager. All except Miss Orrick are members

Fashion Group members who are responsible for the famous Nelly Don dresses. Director of design, Beulah G. Spilsbury is seated to the left of Mrs. James A. Reed, president and owner of the Donnelly Garment Company

'ork and Paris. Whether you could get these anyhere in the country was a matter of airy disconern.

Customers began to clamor and out-of-town buys and department-store executives made demands round New York. Where could they find out head of time what fashion magazines would be owing so they could stock the same fashions?

Complaints reached the sympathetic ears of Mara Connor, then of Vogue's promotion department, nd Helen Cornelius, then of Harper's Bazaar. he result was a meeting of top-flight fashion omen like Dorothy Shaver, now president of Lord Taylor; Carmel Snow, now editor of Harper's azaar; Aimee Larkin, then distaff editor of Coler's; Edna Woolman Chase, editor in chief of ogue; and Mary Lewis, now head of her own retail ore. The Fashion Group was formed. It would nter no commercial ventures itself, but, financed y dues and an occasional fashion show, would erve as a common meeting ground for members nd an information center for the fashion world.

Today its membership is 1,800, with headquarters New York and groups in Dallas, Los Angeles, hicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland. an Francisco, Columbus, Kansas City, St. Louis, linneapolis and St. Paul, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Washington and New Orleans. The 1,800 include heads of important cosmetic firms; designers of fabrics, hats and clothes; store executives and buyers; editors and writers; and specialists in display, decorating, radio, advertising and publicity. Last year they had their fingers in $13,500,000,000 worth of retail business. They are powerful enough in their individual jobs to be a deciding factor in what all American women wear.

They go about their job of influencing our looks in two ways: by finding out what we want and helping to see we are provided with it pronto, and by seeing to it that we are constantly wanting something new. Both ways are good for business.

They judge trends by watching sales figures, which indicate which fashions are on the wane and which are gaining favor. They travel around to see what we do, and, therefore, what we need. They talk with sales clerks.

A woman who is interested can go just about anywhere in the fashion business today. Good examples of this are Dorothy Shaver, first chairman of the group's board of governors and president of Lord & Taylor, who started out being a comparison shopper; Elizabeth Madeira, fashion editor of the Woman's Home Companion, who at one time stumped the country reporting to stores on shoeleather colors; Helen Valentine, president of The Fashion Group, who, as editor in chief of Seventeen, made it the magazine it is today; and Mary Brooks Picken, one of the first presidents of the group, who is vice-president of the G. Lynn Sumner advertising agency.

The Fashion Group helps its members in several ways. It played a large part in putting the fashion business on the map. In 1935, it staged a fashion show called Fashion Futures, which did so well that it was repeated the following three years. These were moneymakers and forerunners of the countless fashion shows of today.

The group runs an informal job bureau in New York, conducts fashion training courses and holds frequent luncheon meetings at which members and guest speakers discuss what's new. At the job bureau Ethel M. Kremer, executive director, gets four or five hundred calls a year from girls wanting work, or employers wishing to fill jobs. Prominent fashion people like Alieda van Wesep, vice-president of Lord & Taylor in New York, and Jessica Daves, editor of Vogue, lecture at the training course, which has been taken by a thousand women.

But all the while it is the consumer—with a capital C—who counts. She is Very Important. That's where The Fashion Group came in. ★★★

Founder-member Aimee Larkin, who was distaff editor of Collier's until her retirement early in January of this year, enjoys lunch at The Fashion Group's post-Easter millinery show. Helen C. Reid (at right) is the merchandise editor of Harper's, Junior Bazaar

On hand to observe the summer fashion show are, left to right, Ruth H. Fay, free-lance writer; Kay Sullivan, who runs a fashion counseling service, and Alison Bisgood, hostess editor of Vogue. Miss Sullivan is former fashion editor of Town & Country and was 1947 group head

CAN WE GUARANTEE A FREE EUROPE?

BY JOHN FOSTER DULLES

One of our foremost authorities on foreign affairs calls upon European states to unite in order to avoid disaster, and says an American political and military guarantee may be the deciding factor in the struggle against Communism

THIS spring the representatives of five Western European nations met at Brussels and signed an agreement to co-operate economically and to join in common defense against attack. The five were the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg.

That was a happening of great significance. It showed that the nations of Western Europe have waked up to the fact that they are in grave peril. Also it showed a determination to unite their strength to overcome that peril.

What is the peril? Some would put it in a single word: "Russia." That, at the moment, is the right word. But there is another word equally significant: "disunity."

This peril is one that is of utmost importance to the United States as well as to European states. And our contribution to solving the problem may well be decisive. We must not only assist in the recovery and stabilization of Europe but it may well be that success will depend on political and military guarantees which we should give Western Europe in this critical transition period.

As for the basic problem of unity, there is every reason why the people of Western Europe should come together. United, they have possibilities which are immense and challenging.

The 16 Western European nations which are now working together under the European Recovery Plan, plus that portion of Germany which is free of Soviet control, have a population of over 250,000,000 people. The peoples are highly educated. Most of them have democratic institutions and similar moral and legal conceptions derived primarily from their common faith.

They possess in Europe large resources of such basic things as coal and iron, and their colonial possessions in Africa have vast undeveloped mineral and agricultural wealth. They have almost everything, except common language, that the United States possesses and they have everything, and more, that the Soviet Union possesses. But—and this is a big "but"—they have disunity, whereas the states of the United States and of the Soviet Union are united in a federal system.

It may not be practical for all of the countries of Western Europe to come together at once into a single federal system. Preliminary steps may be needed. It would, for instance, help if the new Germany were a confederation of German states instead of a highly concentrated Reich and if there were European federal control to insure that key areas like the Ruhr would be economically developed to serve the general interest.

Planning Economic Control of the Ruhr

A start in this direction was recently made at London, where the five nations, parties to the Brussels agreement, and the United States, as one of the powers occupying Germany, agreed on the broad outlines of an international control of the economic activities of the Ruhr.

None of the special circumstances which exist are important enough to prevent the creation in Western Europe of an area of political and economic unity which would have the population, the institutions, the ideals and the resources necessary to make it one of the great units of power in the world. Such a unit could be fully comparable to the United States or to the Soviet Union. It could be so strong that no other nation or likely group of nations would feel that they could be aggressive toward it with impunity.

Any union now formed ought not to be limited, for all time, to the original members. It should be expanding. Indeed, the Brussels Pact contains that thought and provides that other states may be invited to accede to it. There is no reason to accept, as permanent, the artificial division of Europe which the Soviet state and Communist party now impose by reason of their iron control over all or part of the 13 nations of Eastern Europe.

The Brussels Pact is a beginning toward unity, but it is only a beginning. The unity to be adequate ought, even at the beginning, to embrace more than five countries, and the unity should have more reality than generalized pledges of economic and military co-operation such as are contained in the Brussels agreement.

A great obstacle to the necessary degree of unity is the fact that postwar economic distress has forced most of the European countries to operate under highly regimented economies. In these countries essential goods—food, clothing and construction materials—are closely rationed so as to insure a somewhat equal distribution of what is in short supply.

Also, because individuals do not have much opportunity to provide self-security, the governments are setting up social plans which call for expenditures that shake international confidence in the continuing value and purchasing power of the different national moneys. That strikes at the heart of economic unity, for without currencies which command confidence there cannot be an adequate production and exchange of goods.

It is not easy, probably it is not possible, to conduct such regimentation and such social planning without building up walls which cut off outside influences and accentuate disunity. We found that out for ourselves in 1933.

In that year a World Economic Conference was held at London in which the United States participated. It had been called before the advent of President Roosevelt and the "New Deal." It was called because the then leaders believed that the world would drift into war unless there were more economic unity, more productivity and a freer exchange of goods. By the time the conference was held, Mr. Roosevelt had become President and he decided to meet the depression in our country by social and economic experimentation which would involve altering the value of the dollar.

He realized that he could not do that at home and at the same time join in a world program which would require the United States to surrender its independence of action in monetary matters. So he rejected increased international unity, in order to keep free to carry out domestic policies like some that the European countries are trying out today.

I was in Berlin while the London Economic Conference was going on, negotiating for the collection of German debts to American citizens. Hitler had just come into power and there was a division of opinion within the German Cabinet as to what policy the new government should follow.

Some wanted Germany to try to regain big-power status by becoming a great factor in world trade, producing and selling abroad what she could produce most efficiently and buying from abroad what could not be produced cheaply and easily at home.

Others wanted Germany to follow the road of "autarchy" and to become at all costs a self-contained economy which could wage war without danger of economic collapse under sea blockade. I was on the ocean, on my way home, when I received a telephone message from the Reichsbank statin that in view of developments at the London Eco nomic Conference, Germany would take the wa of autarchy.

So, in 1933, each nation turned to handling it own affairs in ways that required intercommunica tion to be cut. Out of that division, war quickl developed in Europe. It may be that even if th London Economic Conference had succeeded, Hit ler would still have plunged Europe into war. Tha we can never know. What we do know is that th United States chose to make its economy into closed area of domestic experimentation.

Present Needs Cause Unwise Decisions

The governments of Europe today face a simila dilemma. They know that in the long run their pec ples can only get peace and prosperity throug unity. But also each government is engaged in sc cial and economic planning which seems necessar to meet present needs and which calls for a close economy and continuing economic and monetar disunity.

At this juncture the United States can play a help ful and perhaps decisive role. We can in the fir place help the people of Europe to convalesce. W can make it possible for the peoples of Western Eu rope to get more food and clothing and to get it wit less exhaustion. Out of that can come the plentifi vigor of body and spirit which men must have they are to find and to seize great new opportunitie

We can, furthermore, use our European Reco ery Plan to induce greater unity by helping to me the domestic dislocations which are inevitable whe closed economies are put together.

When I testified before the Senate Foreign Rel tions Committee regarding the European Recove Plan, I emphasized that there was great danger th our foreign assistance would "work in reverse" b subsidizing the continuance of the very conditio which ought to be changed.

I gave, as an illustration, Belgium, The Nethe lands and Luxembourg, which had already begu to create a customs union as between themselves. asked whether, if some countries in this way in proved their economic condition, that would aut matically disqualify them from American ai leaving that aid primarily for the countries whic lag behind because their leaders balk at the dome tic consequences of increased unity. Our econom aid to Europe can keep an obsolete machine ru ning for a little longer or it can effect reconversic from an obsolete to a modern design. Unless we c a job of reconversion, the European Recovery Pl will prove a terrible deception.

That point of view was, I think, accepted by tl Congress when it gave the Secretary of State and tl administrator a policy directive which will enab them to use our aid to promote European unity.

Lunching with Prime Minister Attlee last Decer ber, I recalled his earlier statements as head of tl British Labor party that "Europe must federate perish." I asked him whether he still believed th and he said that he did.

I also talked with President Auriol of France wl said, "Europe must unite herself if she wishes to r cover and live, and if she does not want Americ assistance to be a gesture without future or a h miliating charity." The five-power Brussels Pa refers to "the necessity of uniting in order to pr mote the economic recovery of Europe." Unity in the air and if we use European recovery a skillfully to make it more *(Continued on page 7*

DEAR MISS PHILLIPS

BY LOUIS PAUL

Girl meets piano, and girl gets piano—one that made a noise like an elephant with a cough

A funny noise began to come out of the piano. A sound like the squash of a pair of wet shoes

Dear Miss Phillips:
We have your note of May 29th in regard to the Cantrell Small Grand piano which you purchased from our city showroom recently. If you will call Mr. Thornquist, our service manager, I am sure he will be happy to take care of your complaint.
Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:
Thank you for your letter of May 30th. However, I am preparing to play Chopin's Polonaise at my brother's graduation exercises on June 26th, and when I called your Mr. Thornquist, he informed me that a mechanic could not fix the piano until June 24th. What would you suggest?
Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:
We would very much like to adjust this matter to your satisfaction, but you have not made it clear just what is wrong with your Cantrell. If you can tell me exactly what the trouble is, I will get in touch with our Mr. Thornquist and explain the situation to him.
Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:
Thank you for your prompt reply. However, if I knew what was the matter with the piano I would probably know enough to fix it myself. It seems to me that a new piano should be in perfect condition when it is sold to a customer. We bought this instrument in good faith. But no sooner did I start to practice on it than a funny noise began coming out of the middle of it. It is a noise that is not easy to describe. It sounds something like—well, like the squash of a pair of wet shoes. This is particularly annoying, as Chopin's Polonaise is a composition that is supposed to be inspiring, but on the Cantrell it is just plain soggy. Unless I can practice it unaccompanied by the march of squushy shoes, I shall certainly not be able to do justice to it at my brother's graduation. Please tell your Mr. Thornquist that this is a matter of considerable importance to me and my family.
Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:
The difficulty you are having with your piano is most regrettable, and we can thoroughly understand your annoyance. Personally, I have never heard of a Cantrell which sounded like soggy shoes, nor has my father, who has been with Cantrell & Company for more than thirty years. However that may be, I have had another talk with Mr. Thornquist, service manager in our city showroom. When I told him the nature of your complaint, he informed me a mechanic would be available to you on June 24th, the date specified. While we all sympathize with your desire to prepare yourself for your brother's graduation on June 26th, it is impossible to favor you over those others who also desire service on their instruments. Hoping you will understand our position in this matter, I remain,
Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:
I won't thank you for your letter of June 7th. If the time element weren't the main consideration, I would certainly place this in the hands of an attorney. But it is already June 8th, and I am getting absolutely nowhere with the Polonaise, particularly with the bass fingering—three octaves below middle C, the sound in our Cantrell changes from one of squushy shoes to dull grunts that resemble an elephant with a hacking cough. Our old piano had its finish marred by wet glasses, and some of the hammers that Harold had taken out were missing, but at least a person could get music out of it.

It is unfortunate that you decided to bring your father's name into the

(Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Mrs. Mesta greets the President, Mrs. Truman and Margaret at the American Newspaperwomen's party. In background is society writer Genevieve Reynol

TWO-PARTY GAL

BY EULALIE MC DOWELL

Easily Washington's A-1 unofficial hostess, Mrs. Perle Mesta wines and dines top Democrats and Republicans alike. Her Lucullan feasts are the favorites of one and all, from President Truman and Speaker Joe Martin on down

DOWN in Oklahoma City, an undisclosed number of years ago, a little girl named Perle Skirvin gave a party to celebrate her twelfth birthday. It was not her first party, but it was the first for which she was entirely responsible. She issued the invitations, prepared the refreshments and planned the entertainment. She let it be known, without divulging details, that the entertainment would really be something special.

Her friends accepted with pleasure. They anticipated a romping good time and lots of tasty eatables, for Perle was a lively child and her folks were rich. And they were all eager to see what she had cooked up to amuse them.

They soon found out. When they arrived at the Skirvin mansion they were solemnly ushered into the parlor and arranged in orderly rows, where they waited in great excitement for the show to begin. And there they sat for more than an hour, looking at lantern slides of Japan and listening to a missionary discourse on foreign lands, with animadversions upon the higher life.

The missionary finally ran out of slides and retired, and the guests, somewhat dazed, engaged in a half hour of games under the stern supervision of their hostess. Then they marched decorously into the dining room, where a feast had been spread for their enjoyment—ice cream and cake and little sandwiches, each of which was topped by a nasturtium blossom, carefully chosen by Perle from the Skirvin flower gardens.

All this soon vanished, and the bewildered guests were politely informed that the party was over. They wandered into the street, their lit noggins crammed with geography a uplifting thoughts, and possibly w their little digestive systems struggl with nasturtiums.

Little Miss Skirvin learned a about parties and people as she w onward and upward with the ye Today she is Mrs. George Me widow of a Pittsburgh industrial lessee of the Hoover House in Wa ington, so called because Hert Hoover used to live there, and ow of a cottage, "Mid-Cliffe," at N port. She divides her time betw

both establishments, shuttling back and forth with her domestic staff of nine servants.

In both Washington and Newport, Mrs. Mesta entertains frequently, and sometimes vigorously. Tradition-bound families at Newport consider her parties at Mid-Cliffe a bit on the informal side, and say that one never knows what's going to happen. Nevertheless, she's doing all right. She probably brings more celebrities to Newport than any other hostess. Last year her guests there included Chief Justice and Mrs. Fred M. Vinson, General and Mrs. Omar N. Bradley, and Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Speaker of the House of Representatives.

A Lively Summer in Philly

Right now Mrs. Mesta and her corps of social secretaries—she employs four or five and wears them out rapidly—are planning a series of fancy shindigs to enliven the Republican and Democratic national conventions at Philadelphia. She will attend the former as a critical onlooker and the latter, she hopes, as a delegate from Rhode Island. In a sensational scoop not long ago, Evelyn Peyton Gordon, society columnist for the Washington Daily News, gave her readers an inkling of what Mrs. Mesta will be up to this summer. She wrote:

"Comes now the *political* news of the week—Mrs. George Mesta is planning the biggest party of the week of the Republican convention! *Wow!*"

In a somewhat calmer mood Miss Gordon admitted that Mrs. Mesta "will undoubtedly do the same for the Democrats." She went on to pay tribute to the celebrated party giver:

"Can you name anybody else who within the same six months entertained the Democratic President of the United States in her Washington home at a dinner for 50 people, and at the other end of the six months gave the biggest dinner of the Newport season for the Republican Speaker of the House?"

The folks who raise their eyebrows at Mrs. Mesta's social goings on in Newport should see what she does in Washington, where she really hits her stride as a party giver. She is by all odds the most indefatigable, and probably the most successful hostess in the capital; she knows every Democrat and Republican who amounts to a row of beans, and they're all eager to accept her invitations. Moreover, a beautiful friendship exists between Mrs. Mesta and the family of President Harry S. Truman; she is said to be on the White House invitation lists oftener than any other woman in Washington. And an in at the White House has never hurt a Washington hostess yet.

As might be imagined, Mrs. Mesta is a stanch Truman Democrat; she was co-chairman of the Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner this year, and she is working hard to keep Mr. Truman where he is for another four years. Her intimacy with the Trumans has silenced most of the critics who used to sniff disdainfully. There are still some who insist that Mrs. Mesta doesn't know some of the people she invites to her house. Her friends admit that maybe this is true, but so far as Mrs. Mesta's importance is concerned, one Washington society woman said, "Well, when you can go in the front door, the side door and the back door of the White House, that's certainly being some kind of important."

The story of the Truman-Mesta friendship is often told in Washington these days to illustrate Mrs. Mesta's native shrewdness and her ability to spot a comer. Originally, Mrs. Mesta was an old-line Republican. Until some seven years ago she labored as diligently for the G.O.P. as she does now for the Democrats. She was particularly devoted to Wendell Willkie, and she deeply resented his defeat in the 1940 Presidential race. When she surveyed the campaign, she concluded that somewhere along the line there had been a spot of double-crossing; she considered that the Republicans had not done right by Willkie.

So she changed parties, as such big shots as Harold Ickes and Willkie himself had done before her. Overnight she became a Democrat, although she still insists that she has nothing but the friendliest feelings toward the Republicans, deluded though they may be. "After all," she says, "they are a great bunch of people. Some of my best friends are Republicans." Inevitably, Mrs. Mesta's change of politics caused her to be nicknamed "Two-Party Perle," and she is still called that. She doesn't mind. "My motives and objectives," she says, "are so much more important than a nickname."

Once Mrs. Mesta became a Democrat, her allegiance required a focus. She cast about for a likely candidate, one whom she could help and vice versa, and spotted a somewhat shy and retiring senator from Missouri by the name of Truman, who was just beginning to get a little publicity with the war investigating committee that he headed.

Foresaw Truman Destiny

She watched Mr. Truman closely for a year or so, and at length decided that he was destined for great things. Her big opportunity came when the senator was booked to make a speech in Oklahoma City, her old home grounds. She flew out to Oklahoma City several days in advance of Senator Truman, and after he had made his speech gave a party for him in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Skirvin, which she used to own. The function is said to have been one of the fanciest affairs ever given in Oklahoma City. Every Oklahoma Democrat of importance was there, and a great many top Republicans as well.

This was the first of two parties which Mrs. Mesta gave for a member of the Truman family in Oklahoma City. Last fall Miss Margaret Truman gave a concert there, and was in town for two days. Thanks to Mrs. Mesta the time proved to be about the most hysterical period in Oklahoma since the great land rush. Mrs. Mesta arrived in Oklahoma City several days before the date of Miss Truman's appearance, and arranged a big surprise for the young singer.

When Miss Truman walked onto the stage to sing her first song, there in the front row, as big as life, sat all of her mother's bridge-club cronies from Independence, Missouri. They had flown to Oklahoma City in a chartered plane as guests of Mrs. Mesta. After the concert the card players, who call themselves *The* Bridge Club, escorted Miss Truman to the Skirvin Hotel, where Mrs. Mesta was hostess at a grand party for the President's daughter.

Mrs. Mesta has given several other parties in honor of the Trumans, including what amounted to a debut

(Continued on page 95)

RENI

Above, a group of Mrs. Mesta's guests enjoys one of the acts in a postprandial program. Seated in foreground, left to right, Secretary of the Army and Mrs. Royall, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnston, Martin Braverman, Mrs. Burdette Fitch and Mrs. Clarence Mackay

JACKIE MARTIN

Above, at a buffet supper, which Mrs. Mesta sometimes substitutes for a more formal dinner, are, left to right, Miss Emily Chase, Mrs. Leon Henderson, ex-Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Tom Clark, wife of the Attorney General, and Mrs. William H. Davis. Below, Perle bids good night to Ambassador and Mme. Henri Bonnet

JACKIE MARTIN

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN

BY FREDERICK BORG

She fell for this pleasant fairy tale—until she came face to face with the brutal facts

THOUGH it was only a photograph, the lashes had been so lengthened, the mouth so emphasized, the skin so smoothed and whitened, that it might have been a painting. It had a distant, luminous look; the dark, sad, incredibly large eyes were fixed on some remote horizon, the lips parted as though in pain; the hands, slim, pale and useless, were clasped under the chin in an attitude of supplication. Through some trick of the lens she seemed to lean out of the cover as one leans out of a window; the wonder of it was she did not speak.

Across her enchanting bosom, in red letters which somehow failed to spoil the illusion, was the legend: GLORIA CARTWRIGHT AT HOME, and under this, in smaller type, *An Exclusive Interview, by the Editor of Cinema News.*

Ruth studied the cuts scattered, with careful artlessness, across the two pages. Gloria and Jeremy Baird at the Mocambo. Gloria in the pool of her new hillside home, The Aerie. Gloria stepping from her limousine at the *première* of her latest triumph, Demented. Gloria at La Rue, showing her teeth to Hedda Hopper. Gloria in her living room, flanked by her adopted children. Ladd, aged four, and Barbara, eight, staring pensively into an empty fireplace.

When she had had her fill of the pictures, Ruth started on the text. Now, in the mid-morning hiatus between breakfast and lunch, with the dishes washed and stacked and a fresh batch of coffee bubbling on the electric plate, she could really indulge herself.

". . . I arrived for my interview a few minutes early. When nobody answered the bell, I went around to the back and saw something that warmed the cockles of this poor old heart. There she was, the glamorous spy of Intrigue, the beautiful neurotic of Demented, prancing around on her hands and knees, with four-year-old Ladd on her back, and daughter Barbara, in the cutest little spangled outfit you'd ever want to see, patent-leather boots and everything. I tell you, it made me wish I had a camera, so I could refute the sneers of some people who seem to think Gloria spends all her spare time in the more elegant bistros.

"When I came right out with it, and asked whether she and handsome Jeremy Baird were going to be married, she said:

" 'Jerry's one of the finest men I know, but I'm not considering marriage till Barbara and Ladd are at least old enough to go away to school. I don't want to make the same mistake I made six years ago.'

"Referring, of course, to her unhappy union with Lyle Standish, which reached a climax when Gloria adopted the two children. For the time being, it looks as if Gloria will remain a single gal, dedicating her too-few leisure hours to the happiness of two very fortunate youngsters."

There followed a description of The Aerie, with awed mention of the twelve-foot-square bed, designed by Gloria herself, which, at the touch of a button, rolled out of the bedroom onto a porch overlooking the Pacific. Finally, there were Gloria's immediate plans:

"Following the success of Demented, Gloria is knocking off for three very-much-needed weeks and will take things easy up at Lake Tahoe. By the time you read this, she should be on her way back, tanned and rested. . . ."

THE coffee maker made a snuffling sound, like a horse in wet grass, and Ruth reached back and turned the switch down to low. Outside, on the macadam road that traveled west to Placerville, and east and north to Lake Tahoe, traffic was beginning to pick up, as it always did toward noon.

Leaning over the counter, Ruth took another look at the carefully assembled features of Gloria Cartwright, and a faint smile turned up the corners of her mouth as she recalled how tenderly Jeremy Baird had tucked her into his big convertible in Demented. That was before he knew there was anything wrong with her, too. As far as he was concerned, she was just another pretty girl, but the way he had helped her in and arranged the rug over her legs, you would have thought she was a basket of eggs.

Well, that was the difference between a gentleman like Jeremy and a lout like Grant Schofield. Of course, if you wanted to be strictly fair, you had to admit Grant had it all over Jeremy in looks. He was bigger, too, with shoulders so wide he had to move sideways through a door, and tall enough to look down on an ordinary six-footer; but if he had other assets he kept them well concealed.

On the other hand, his faults were practically endless. He was too fresh. He was so supremely confident of the impact of his personality that he never gave a thought to his clothes, so that most of the time he looked like a fugitive from a chain gang. Also, he took too much for granted. Just because he happened to be working here, living under the same roof and seeing her every day, he thought he owned her. Just because, in an occasional moment of weakness, she had let him kiss her, he thought they were practically married.

It made her mad. After all, a girl has her pride. How would Gloria have reacted, for instance, to being called Monkey Face; and not just when they were alone, mind you, but in front of a dozen customers? What would Gloria have done in the improbable circumstance that Jeremy had called for her, not in a twelve-cylinder convertible, but a war-surplus jeep in the last stages of disintegration, and then, as she was getting in for a big time in Placerville (movies and a sundae at the Sweet Shoppe), had slapped her on the, uh, hips?

Quivering at the recollection (it had happened only last night), Ruth flounced out of the lunchroom into the little apartment which she shared with Daisy, her mother. Kneeling on the window seat, head against the glass, she stared gloomily at the semicircle of eight cabins, each with its own car port and flower-bordered lawn, which, together with the lunchroom and the pumps out front, and sixteen acres of woods down to the creek, made up the more tangible assets of Pine Grove Haven.

As she looked, her mother came out of one of the cabins, staggering under a miscellaneous load of sheets, pillowcases, cracker boxes, papers, empty bottles, and, finally, slung like a bedroll over her shoulder, a fully inflated inner tube. Lifting her feet high to avoid unseen obstacles, she started for the lunchroom.

Ruth opened the window. "Hi, Daisy! What are you doing with that tube?"

"Going swimming," called her mother. She was not going swimming; she had found the tube in the cabin, draped over the back of a chair.

WHEN she had started all this, two years ago, putting herself and the insurance of her late husband to work, she would have been properly amazed at such a discovery, but finding strange objects in and around the cabins was no longer a novelty. There were, among her miscellaneous souvenirs, several letters in the safe upstairs, worth a fortune in the blackmail mart. When business was slack Ruth occasionally extended her horizon by reading them.

"Where's Grant?" asked Daisy. She stood under the window looking up at her daughter, her handsome eyes narrowed in conjecture. She had no more than her share of womanly intuition, but from the breakfast-table atmosphere, which had nearly frozen the cream in the pitcher, she concluded there had been another fight.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ruth in the detached accents reserved for things better left unsaid. "That glamor-wagon of his is still here, so he hasn't sneaked off to town. My theory is he's goofing off again down by the creek. Either that or he's in his room, pounding his ear—" *(Continued on page 38)*

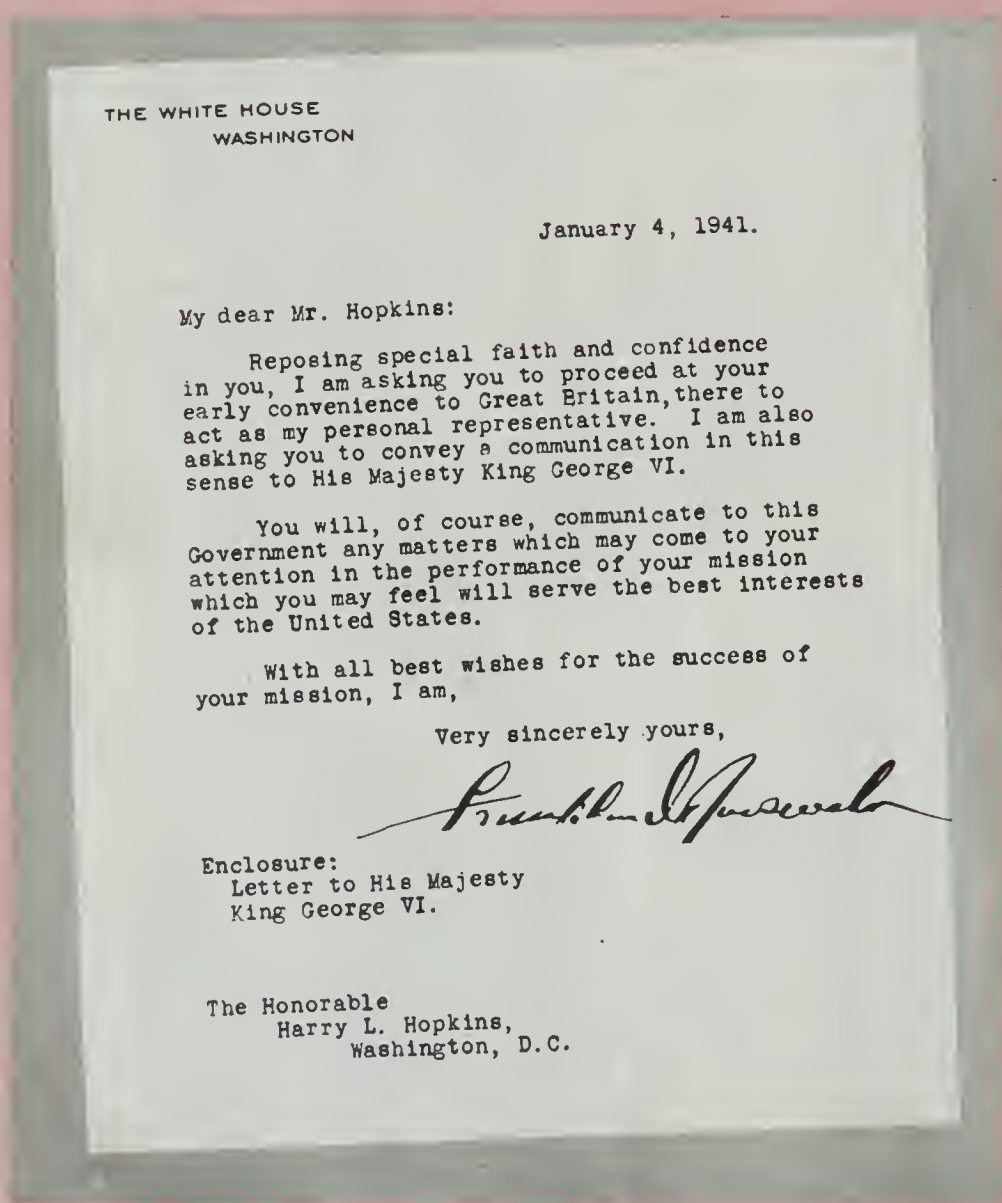
Just because he happened to be working here, living under the same roof and seeing her every day, he thought he owned her

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

BRITI



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 4, 1941.

My dear Mr. Hopkins:

Reposing special faith and confidence in you, I am asking you to proceed at your early convenience to Great Britain, there to act as my personal representative. I am also asking you to convey a communication in this sense to His Majesty King George VI.

You will, of course, communicate to this Government any matters which may come to your attention in the performance of your mission which you may feel will serve the best interests of the United States.

With all best wishes for the success of your mission, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Enclosure:
Letter to His Majesty
King George VI.

The Honorable
Harry L. Hopkins,
Washington, D.C.

Above: While Hopkins conferred in London with Churchill on Britain's Len needs, British forces pushed across the Libyan Desert in the battle for

Left: Armed with authoritative letter, Hopkins flew to England to discuss situation at firsthand with the king and queen, Churchill and other

Below: When a Royal Navy chief petty officer warned Hopkins (behind Cl that a destroyer's depth charge is a rather precarious seat, Harry decided

BRITISH OFFICIAL

PART III. THE COMMON-LAW MARRIAGE

Early in 1941 Roosevelt and Churchill, with Hopkins' aid, managed an unrecognized alliance that might have led to F.D.R.'s impeachment but instead gave us a six-month advantage when war came

Here is presented the third installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. Months were spent in sorting, studying stenographic records, letters, official documents and memoranda. Mr. Sherwood had to bridge gaps by interviews with and letters from men at home and abroad with whom Hopkins had dealt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . .

The Editor

ONCE during the early New Deal years, Harry L. Hopkins said: "If you want to get ahead in Washington, don't waste your time trying to cultivate the favor of the men with high-sounding titles. Make friends with their office boys. If you want to get something done, concentrate on the office boy. If he likes you, he will put you through straight to the one man who can do what you want. If he doesn't like you, he will shunt you off until you're so worn out you've forgotten what it was you were asking for in the first place."

During the war years, when Hopkins lived in the White House, he said impatiently to a persistent petitioner, "Why do you keep pestering *me* about this? I'm only the office boy around here!"

I am sure that he was unconscious of any connection between these widely separated statements; but it was certainly there. One might say that Hopkins became, by his own earlier definition, the supreme office boy of them all. One of his most important "errands" was in connection with Britain's desperate plight.

Immediately after Election Day, the major problem confronting Roosevelt was one that had not been mentioned either by him or Willkie during the campaign: Great Britain was on the verge of bankruptcy in terms of dollar credits.

It seemed to alarmed British officials, however, that Roosevelt, following his victory at the polls, had lost interest in the war situation. On December 2d, the President left Washington as carefree as you please for a Caribbean cruise on U.S.S. Tuscaloosa, taking with him only his immediate staff. Those most familiar with Roosevelt's vacation habits suspected that the main business of each day would be fishing, basking in the sun and spoofing with cronies.

Then on December 9th a Navy seaplane landed alongside the Tuscaloosa and delivered a long letter from Winston Churchill. It was one of the most important documents of that period.

Addressed to "My dear Mr. President," it expressed Churchill's view that Americans were convinced the future of their democratic government was linked with Britain's survival and that it was up to Britain to contain Germany's attacks until America's defense program was completed. Churchill discussed in detail the critical problems of shipping and production and menace to both by the German submarine warfare and bombing. He said that even if the United States should eventually come into the war against Germany as an ally, there would be no expectation on the part of Britain that a large American expeditionary army should take part at any time.

He emphasized that shipping was the major problem, and suggested ways in which the U.S. might give vital aid in what could be called a common cause. He raised a question as to whether the United States could reemphasize the doctrine of freedom of the seas which would permit American ships greater latitude in foreign trade. He pointed out that the American Navy could protect such trade and that such protection would be facilitated by temporary bases in Eire.

It seemed unlikely to Churchill that such action would cause Hitler to go to war against the United States, because the Nazi leader had obviously been trying to avoid trouble with America until he had defeated the British.

Churchill believed that such a nonbelligerent policy on the part of Washington might be of decisive importance in the war.

He also brought up the possibility that warships, particularly destroyers, could be loaned or supplied to Britain, or that American naval patrols could be extended eastward, for maintenance of Atlantic shipping lines.

Churchill outlined at great length the specific needs of the British armed forces for American war production. But he pointed out the danger that Britain's dollar credits would be entirely used up as a result of expenditures for war material. Such financial exhaustion, he felt, would be contrary to the interests of both countries.

Churchill eloquently emphasized the courage and sacrifices of the British and pledged that they would redouble their efforts, especially to pay for war needs.

He ended with an expression of confidence that the American nation would appreciate Britain's position and would act to achieve the defeat of Nazism and Fascism. But he made no suggestions as to just how Roosevelt was to accomplish all this with the Congress and the people.

The letter exerted a profound effect on Roosevelt, and it filled Hopkins with a desire to know Churchill and to find out how much of him was superior oratory and how much hard fact.

A few days later, when homeward bound, Roosevelt held a press conference and talked affably but he said nothing in the way of news. It still seemed that he had spent two weeks in a state of total relaxation and utter indifference toward the prospects of world calamity. That, however, was only as it seemed.

The Program for Victory

Hopkins said later, "I didn't know for quite a while what he was thinking about, if anything. But then I began to get the idea that he was refueling, the way he so often does when he seems to be resting and carefree. So I didn't ask him any questions. Then, one evening, he suddenly came out with it—the whole program. He didn't seem to have any clear idea how it could be done legally. But there wasn't a doubt in his mind that he'd find a way to do it."

That "refueling" process was a vital function for Roosevelt. Nobody that I know of has been able to give any convincing explanation of how it operated. He did not seem to talk much about the subject in hand, or to consult the advice of others, or to "read up" on it. On this occasion he had Churchill's remarkable letter to provide food for thought; but this presented no key to the solution.

One can only say that Roosevelt, a creative artist in politics, had put in his time on this cruise evolving the pattern of a masterpiece, and once he could see it clearly in his own mind's eye, he made it quickly and very simply clear to all.

He returned to Washington, tanned and exuberant and jaunty. The next day, he held a press conference and launched the Lend-Lease idea.

Following the press conference, Roosevelt determined to go on the air to explain the seriousness of the war situation.

In the preparation of the Fireside Chat (delivered December 29th) Hopkins provided the key phrase which he had read in some newspaper editorial: "We must be the great arsenal of democracy." There was some debate over the use of that since it might seem to preclude the eventual extension of aid to the Soviet Union or to certain Latin-American "republics," but the phrase was too good to be stopped by any quibbles. When, after days and nights of hard labor, the speech was in something like its final form, it was sent over to the State Department for comment—of which plenty was forthcoming. The department's suggested insertions and deletions were marked on the draft with a red pencil.

At one point in the speech, Roosevelt spoke of the agents of the fifth column operating throughout the United States and Latin America. Then followed the sentence, "There are also American citizens, *many of them in high places,* who, unwittingly in most cases, are aiding and abetting the work of these agents."

The words that I have italicized came back from the State Department circled in red to indicate they should be cut out. When Roosevelt read this draft and saw that mark, he asked, "Who put this red line in here?" We explained that the State Department suggested it would be well to delete these dangerous words.

"Oh, *do* they!" he said. "Very well. We'll change it to read—'There are also American citizens, many of them in high places—*especially in the State Department*'—and so forth."

During the very last session on the speech late in the afternoon of the day it was to be delivered, Hopkins said, "Mr. President, do you feel that you could include in this speech some kind of optimistic statement?" Roosevelt thought that over for a long time, tilting his head back, puffing out his cheeks as was his habit. At length he dictated: "I believe that the Axis powers are not going to win this war. I base that belief on the latest and best information." Sam Rosenman and I wondered what that "latest and best information" could be.

I learned later from Hopkins that it was no more than Roosevelt's own private confidence that Lend-Lease would go through and his certainty that this measure would make Axis victory impossible.

A New Line of Thought

Around Christmas, 1940, when Roosevelt was mulling over the numerous implications of the letter he had received from Churchill, he said, "You know, a lot of this could be settled if Churchill and I could just sit down together for a while."

"What's stopping you?" Hopkins asked.

"Well, it couldn't be arranged right now. They have no ambassador here, we have none over there."

The gleam of high adventure came into Hopkins' sharp eyes. "How about me going over, Mr. President?"

Roosevelt turned that suggestion down cold.

But on the morning of January 5th, Hopkins was in his room when Steve Early telephoned from the West Wing to say, "Congratulations!"

"On what?" said Hopkins.

"Your trip to England," said Early. "The President just announced it at his press conference."

Two days later, Hopkins was off.

Shortly after Hopkins' departure, the suggestion was made that Wendell Willkie also make a trip to London. It was obvious that Roosevelt would heartily approve of this. When Willkie went to the White House on the eve of his departure, Roosevelt was working in the Cabinet Room. He shifted into his wheel chair and was going through Missy LeHand's office into his own to greet the man who had been his opponent in the recent, bitter campaign. He looked into his office and saw that his desk was clean of papers. Then he stopped his wheel chair and turned and asked us to give him a handful of papers from the litter on the Cabinet table. We asked,

(Continued on page 58)

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

Camille lay on a heap of coarse canvas piled up in a corner of what seemed to be a large warehouse. There was a smell of dampness and decay in the air

The Story:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, famous detective who is in New York at the request of the F.B.I., is trying to keep the secret of a terrifying new weapon of destruction from falling into the hands of the notorious international criminal, DR. FU MANCHU.

The weapon, a giant disintegrator, is not yet complete; but its inventor, brilliant young DR. MORRIS CRAIG, working at the country home of his financial backer, MICHAEL FROBISHER, has just completed the drawing of the missing part.

Fu Manchu's efforts to obtain the complete set of plans have been clever and fruitful. In a raid on Craig's New York laboratory, Fu Manchu abducted a technician named REGAN, then destroyed the carefully constructed disintegrator and one of the two existing sets of blueprints.

The original set of plans he has obtained from Frobisher's safe-deposit vault. All he need now do is steal the remaining set of blueprints and Craig's recently finished drawing from the country home of Frobisher.

To protect the house, Frobisher has installed a burglar alarm, and his wife has bought a pack of ferocious dogs. As additional protection, the men stand guard at night. While Craig is on guard, CAMILLE NAVARRE, his beautiful secretary, steals downstairs to confess to him that she loves him.

Nayland Smith interrupts their meeting with the warning that a Soviet agent is also trying to get hold of the plans. Suddenly the burglar alarm reveals that someone is running across the grounds. Then it shows another figure pursuing the first. Smith phones the kennelman to let the dogs out. When the butler runs in with the information that Frobisher is not in his room, Smith, the F.B.I. agents and Craig race outside. The dogs are savagely mauling a man.

THE library remained empty for some time. With the exception of Stein, all the servants slept out, so that Mrs. Frobisher's despairing calls won no response. And presently they ceased.

Then subdued voices and a shuffling of feet on wet gravel heralded the entrance of an ominous cortege. Upon an extemporized stretcher carried by a half-dressed gardener and the grizzled kennelman, Michael Frobisher was brought in. Sam came first to hold the windows open. Nayland Smith followed. There were other men outside, but they remained there.

"Get a doctor," Smith directed. "He's in a bad way."

They lifted Frobisher onto the settee. He still wore his dinner clothes, but they were torn to tatters. His face and his hands were bloody, his complexion was grayish-purple. He groaned and opened his eyes when they laid him down. But he seemed to be no more than half conscious, and almost immediately relapsed.

The kennelman went out again with the empty stretcher. A murmur of voices met him.

"I know Dr. Pardoe's number," said the gardener. "Shall I call him?"

"Yes," rapped Smith. "Tell him it's urgent."

The man hurried away to the phone.

"Nothing on him?" Sam asked.

"Not a thing! Yet he was alone—with the dogs, God help him! I believe he was running for his life. Perhaps from that monstrosity I had a glimpse of when I first arrived."

"That's where he lost the plans!" said Sam excitedly. "He must have broken away from whatever it was and tried to cross the track. Lord knows what was after him, but I guess

(Continued on page 77)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

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The little red schoolhouse is a thing of the past in many progressive rural areas.

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School buses help make the Consolidated School possible. Each school day some 85,000 buses take approximately 5,000,000 American children safely to and from school.

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INTERNATIONAL

SAINT-LÔ FIGHTS ANOTHER BATTLE

Four years ago, our fighting men almost obliterated the French town of Saint-Lô. Almost—but not quite—and here's the story of what happened to the remnants, told by a man who went there to get it

INTERNATIONAL

To oust the Nazis, we had to do this to Saint-Lô. Today we are helping the unhappy town (below) to build a fine hospital. The mayor, a courageous man, says, "Almost every family lost a relative or friend, and at first there was no resentment. But," he adds sadly, "talk against America grows as the people stare into the ruins, day after day. I suppose it is human nature"

INTERNATIONAL

BY STANLEY FRANK

SAINT-LÔ is a provincial town in Normandy that was the scene of one of the last classic land battles in history, and looks it. There are more extensive new ruins in Germany and parts of Japan, but nowhere in the world is the devastation of war more concentrated than in Saint-Lô, a once unknown place name that reanimates a great American feat of arms with the impact of a newspaper headline.

Through an accident of geography, Saint-Lô was the focus of the Breakthrough, the terrible convulsive effort on July 25, 1944, that catapulted the 1st and 3d U.S. Armies across France and Belgium to the Siegfried line in seven weeks. When the planes and tanks and guns had gone, 90 per cent of Saint-Lô was destroyed and 800 of its 13,000 inhabitants lay under the rubble. The G.I.s said that even the dust was broken up in little pieces at Saint-Lô.

Today Saint-Lô still is a battlefield that symbolizes and reduces to fundamentals the struggle confronting little people throughout Western Europe. The issue is not Communism or the Marshall Plan or even national policy. The dour Norman peasants, isolated from the rabble rousers and the political jockeys of Paris, don't know—and care less—about such things. Like combat soldiers who make history but cannot see the course it is taking, they are concerned only with the problem of survival. Nothing else mattered to the soldier in the slit trench—and the people of Saint-Lô have been living literally in trenches and cellars and the shells of broken homes for almost four years.

The several million Americans who poured through Saint-Lô in 1944 would have no trouble recognizing the place now, even without the benefit of the total recall which crowds the memories of old soldiers with indelible sights and sounds and smells. Except for the square fronting the cathedral, the rubble is undisturbed. The family of seven that was living in the basement of the communal bakery in June, 1945, still occupies that dank hole where the ceiling is so low an adult cannot stand erect. People are sleeping in barns that would have been considered unfit for livestock during the German occupation.

In the four winters that have passed since the liberation, only 40 permanent houses with tar-paper roofs have been built and 400 flimsy barracks have been thrown up. Every public building except one school was demolished by American bombers and artillery; not one has been restored. This is the sum of the reconstruction in what relief agencies call "the Capital of Ruins," despite the high priority the French government has assigned to Saint-Lô and the promises of help made by America.

Wait a minute. Why blame America for the failure to rehabilitate Saint-Lô? It is a valid question. Nobody is blaming America—yet. The realistic Normans know the big idea in war is to kill and dislodge the enemy where you find him. It happened that we found large detachments of Germans in Saint-Lô on the night of D-Day, sixteen hours after the invasion had been launched on the beaches fifteen miles to the north.

A Small Town of Strategic Importance

Then, as now, Saint-Lô was the capital of the department of Manche, and the Germans converted its administrative facilities into headquarters for their 7th Army. The town was important strategically for another reason. Located in the middle of the Cotentin Peninsula, it was the hub of the road network the Krauts were using to bring up reserves from Brittany and the Paris area to push the Allies back into the sea.

Saint-Lô was a D+1 objective, and when the resistance on the beaches threw our timetable hopelessly out of whack—Saint-Lô finally fell on D+41—it was imperative to plaster that communication and transportation center. So on the night of June 6, 1944, a fleet of American heavy bombers leveled a town that had been a-building for ten centuries and what was left standing was knocked down later by American artillery.

All right; the destruction of Saint-Lô was our handiwork. It had to be done to rid the French of the Nazi conqueror—and it was accomplished at frightful cost to ourselves. Seventeen thousand Americans were buried in military cemeteries within

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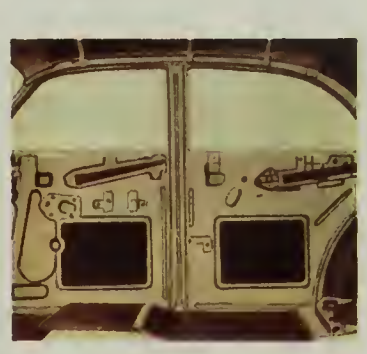

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a fifteen-mile radius of Saint-Lô. In the final drive on the town, the XIX Corps suffered 11,000 casualties in fifteen days to gain from three to seven miserable miles.

No special appeal was made on behalf of Saint-Lô until three American cities, without solicitation, voluntarily "adopted" Saint-Lô in January, 1947, when Georges Pierre Lavalley, the mayor, was invited to the United States on a good-will tour. Saint-Lô was the medical center for Manche, and the need for a new hospital to replace the two that had been destroyed became acute when 187,000 of the 438,000 people in the department were bombed or shelled out of their homes.

Sympathetic people in Baltimore, home of the 29th Division, which captured Saint-Lô, sponsored a fund-raising campaign for a modern, fully equipped hospital. At the suggestion of President Truman, Kansas City joined the drive to commemorate his World War I outfit, the 35th Division, which played a conspicuous role in the battle. Boston, always interested in hospital projects, offered to get behind the program. The understanding was that America would contribute about one third the cost, estimated roughly at $6,000,000, with the balance to come from the French government.

We went back to Saint-Lô last winter to find out, among many other things, how the drive was progressing. Our informal visit surprised Mayor Lavalley. Although the town is rich in historic associations, fewer than 300 American civilians have returned since the end of the war. It is far off the beaten tourist path, transportation is bad and accommodations are worse. Lavalley, a small, self-effacing man of fifty-three, was a private, a mechanic, in the French air force during the first war.

Merchant Made Good as Mayor

He never held public office until he was appointed mayor by American and French military authorities in August, 1944. He had been manager of Saint-Lô's largest department store, Les Nouvelles Galeries, and he was selected for the job because it was thought he had the administrative ability to cope with the situation. The choice since has been confirmed twice by the people. At the last municipal elections in October, Lavalley was unopposed for office.

He answered questions freely and precisely until we asked how much money had been raised for the hospital.

"Two hundred thousand dollars," he said finally. "But," he added quickly, almost apologetically, "we are not entirely without hospital facilities." He walked to a window of his bare, unheated office and pointed to a barracks. It held, he explained, 130 beds donated by the Irish Free State.

The office faced the Notre Dame Cathedral and, in the square below, groups of men were working in the rain—it always rains in Normandy—on a pile of debris. Their labor suddenly accounted for the surprisingly broad vista in front of the cathedral—far more impressive than it was on the well-remembered day when one of the most dramatic incidents of the war took place there.

During the battle for Saint-Lô, a battalion of the 29th Division, commanded by Major Sidney Bingham of Beaumont, Texas, was isolated for three days. Another battalion led by Major Tom Howie of Staunton, Virginia, was sent to relieve it and, after getting through, was ordered to spearhead the drive to the outskirts of the town.

As his men jumped off to the attack, Major Howie shouted, "I'll see you in Saint-Lô!" and was killed instantly. Major General Charles H. Gerhardt of the 29th had Major Howie's flag-draped body borne into Saint-Lô with the task force that routed the Germans. It was placed on catafalque of rubble under the ruined altar of the 14th-century cathedral. At that moment the sun came through the clouds and, like a celestial spotlight, focused on the bier through a shell hole in the roof.

The mayor and I watched the men below lift heavy timbers and stones and carry them tediously to a horse-drawn cart. Despite off-the-cuff statements by congressmen and tourists who see only the black-market restaurants in Paris, the gold doorknobs at the Ritz Hotel and the oo-la-la floor shows in the booby traps of Montmartre, the French are not hanging around, waiting for America to rebuild their country. They aren't in Normandy, anyway. Only in Saint-Lô and Caen, where the destruction is overwhelming, are the scars of war visible. But there is a limit to what individual initiative and bare hands can do. A bulldozer and an Army dump truck could have finished in two weeks what it had taken the men of Saint-Lô more than three years to accomplish. The same thought must have crossed Lavalley's mind.

"Discouragement is the enemy of the people now," he said suddenly. "They work and hope, but conditions get worse all the time. We need materials to rebuild and we will make payment for them. We don't want handouts from America or anyone else." He repeated *aumône*, the French equivalent for handout, several times to emphasize his point. "I suppose you will be wanting to know whether Communism has taken a hold. Everyone from America asks the same question. Here, look at this."

He drew from his desk the tabulated results of the October elections to the municipal council. Twenty-seven seats were contested. Nine of the successful candidates were Independent Republicans. Seven were De Gaullists, six belonged to the Moderate (conservative) party and three were Socialists. Two were Communists.

"Three years ago the Communists were a negligible factor," Lavalley commented. "Today they hold two seats. Tomorrow, who knows? Few believe their promises, but you can't blame the people if they listen. Nobody else is showing them the way out of their misery. It is the wrong way, we are convinced now, but it *is* a way."

What was the reaction of the people of Saint-Lô whose homes had been destroyed by Americans?

"At first there was no resentment. But almost every family lost a relative or friend among the 800 who were killed and—I am sorry to say this talk against America is growing as the people stare at the ruins, day after day. I suppose," he sighed, "it is human nature."

In describing the terror and confusion that gripped Saint-Lô on the night of June 6, 1944, Lavalley cast clarifying side lights on the Normandy invasion. First of all, the natives had no idea where or when the landings were to be made. The Germans had confiscated all radios five months earlier and, although the underground operated a few sets, there had been so many conflicting rumors for two years that the people no longer believed anything they heard. German defenses along the coast were alerted for the attack, but a few miles inland the *Wehrmacht* was caught with its vaunted efficiency down.

German Officer Was Unperturbed

A German major, the chief transport officer for Manche and Calvados, was billeted in Lavalley's home and he was still sleeping off a drunk at 11 o'clock four and a half hours after the invasion had been launched. Madame Lavalley unable to suppress her elation any longer awakened the oaf to tell him the great day had arrived. The major told her she was crazy and went back to sleep.

Lavalley suggested we look at the new housing and the public market, for it was a Saturday, traditionally the day farmers came into Saint-Lô to sell their produce. We went out into the hazy sullen rain and passed a half-dozen German prisoners of war walking unconcernedly across the square without a guard.

"We have about two hundred of them clearing the mess they brought on us, but they all will be gone by the end of the year," Lavalley said curtly. "They work hard, they mind their business and the people leave them alone."

It was predicted by Americans in 19[illegible] that Saint-Lô never would be rebuilt on the same site. Why waste time and energy, it was argued, on a mess from which nothing could be salvaged? I put the question to Lavalley.

"Many Frenchmen said the same thing," he answered with a wan smile. "They forgot the peasant's affection for his land. It is strange, too, how people feel the need for companionship in times of trouble. You would think they'd scatter in the country where the food is. No. They huddle together in their common misery. Eight thousand of

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

"That was a nice bit in the Times about your theater party. I was fascinated by th' description of your blue fox"

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13,000 people already have returned and the population is rising daily."

How long was it estimated the job of rebuilding would take?

He shrugged. "I say ten years and I'm called an optimistic fool. Maybe twenty-five years is a better guess."

The natives converging on the market place trudged through the mud talking in low monosyllables, as though animation would be obscene in the presence of so much desolation. The clouds of gray, acrid dust that rises when debris is moved seemed to have settled on their faces and spirits.

In the market, in a score of rough, wooden stalls covered with tarpaulins, there were chickens, cheeses, vegetables, clothes and household goods on display. Customers gravely examined the merchandise, asked the price, then moved on. The stall that drew the largest knot of folks just looking was selling pastry. It was made without sugar and one cookie cost 18 cents.

Lavalley offered to buy a drink and we went into one of the barracks the government has erected. The place was jammed, but there was no change from the temperature outside. A large pool table in the room was ignored by the patrons who were drinking ersatz coffee, wine or Calvados, the local version of applejack with creosote added for body and flavor.

Normandy always was the great dairy farm of France; in the old days a man couldn't lift all the butter he could buy for a dollar. But in a café at lunch, the waitress informed us butter was rationed and served only at dinner. It was a good lunch—thick soup, a piece of beef close enough to steak to warrant the billing on the menu, fried potatoes and black bread. The cost was 200 francs—about $1.70 at the official rate of exchange or 65 cents at the "business" rate.

The only American relief agency now operating on the Cotentin Peninsula is American Aid to France, Incorporated, which has set up a medical and social center at Coutances, a few miles south of Saint-Lô. Coutances is memorable as the locale of one of the most bizarre sights in the war—the Cow that Tried to Jump Over the Moon. The cow apparently had been grazing on a steep embankment along the highway that carried Patton's tanks to Avranches and into Brittany, when it stepped on a land mine. It was blown into the air and, by a fantastic freak, was caught by the head in the crotch of a tree fully 50 feet above the road. The cow hung there for weeks and anyone with half a functioning nose unerringly detected the offense to same.

Coutances now smells and looks better, particularly in the American Aid to France center. In addition to dispensing free medical supplies and a cup of milk a day to deficient children, the center is doing the best it can with limited funds to lift the morale of the people by occupying their spare time. A workroom with sewing machines for women and tools for men is provided along with a library and one movie a week. It's wonderful what Betty Grable can do for sagging spirits.

It took the 1st Army forty-two days to get from Omaha Beach to Saint-Lô, but the path can be retraced today in less than forty-two minutes. The fields have been reclaimed by cattle at Saint-Mère-Église, where parachuting pathfinders prepared the drop areas for the airborne troops seven hours before the assault from the sea was made. The only lingering trace that a great army marched through Carentan is the Bailey bridge the engineers built—and rebuilt a dozen times under direct shellfire.

At Isigny, where the infantry stood in awed appreciation of the Navy's fire power, the square block that was pulver ized by a tremendous barrage of 16-incl shells now is a neat plaza commanded rather incongruously, by a quick-luncl joint.

The hedgerows are still there, o course, those masses of shrubbery an tough trees growing out of embankment the Normans have been using for cen turies as boundaries for their fields an which the doughfoots hated more tha the Germans. The Krauts could be con quered, but never the hedgerows. A aerial reconnaissance photo taken befor D-Day showed more than 3,900 suc natural barriers in an area less than eigh square miles, and every one had to b attacked as a separate defensive positio A general office described the hedgero fighting with a passion rare in offici Army documents:

"I doubt if anyone who ever ducke bullets and shells in the hedgerow waded through the mud on foot, an scrambled over the hedgerows neve knowing when he might find himse looking into the muzzle of a German tan gun, will look back on those days wit any remembered feeling other than of th deadly, unrelenting fatigue and dange Except when the Germans counte attacked, there was so little result to sho for so much suffering; just a few hedg rows gained, each one just like thos already behind and those still to take

And then there are the cemeteries a Omaha Beach. Graves Registration un were disinterring at all American cem teries in Normandy during the wint Canvas curtains and signs forbiddi entry shielded their tragic work. V tried to render a small measure of homa at the first, and most isolated, cemete in France, where those who fell Omaha Beach were buried. A barri across a rutted dirt road halted us, a a corporal wearing the flash of the 8 Airborne on his right shoulder and fo battle stars on his ETO service ribb came out of a sentry box. "I could you in," he said, "but do yourself a fav It's not a pretty sight. Go on down the beach and wonder how anybody w hit it on D-Day came out alive."

The tide and the dusk were raci across the breakwater of ships that we sunk offshore for the artificial harb Mists shrouded the hills, but on the bea the rusting hulks of two landing barg and German barbed wire and shatter gun emplacements still stood as mor ments to courage. It should have be an inspiring sight, but the rain and t approaching night could not obliter the face and smell of death from t strip of sand that wasn't worth o American life and cost 3,000 casualt on the morning and afternoon of D-D

We drove up the road to Vierville hamlet of six houses clustered arou a general store. A weather-beaten si over the store must have been a macal joke; it couldn't possibly mean wha proclaimed. And yet it was there, yards from the spot that marked the h tide of American valor and agony. T sign, so help us all, read:

J. STALLIN

Café Épiceri

THE END

MAKING HIS MARK

Writ plain in consonants and vowels
Are "His" and "Hers" upon our towels,

But no embroidered letters need
Be sewn on Junior's, for, indeed,

When once his hands and face are dried,
His towel is well identified.

—Richard Armour

It's wonderful! Heavenly coffee... Just by pushing a button!

What a beautiful and useful gift for June brides . . . this marvelous, 2- to 8-cup G-E All-Automatic Tastegard Coffee Maker!

It's such a sparkling, beautiful thing!

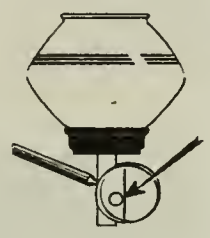
Made of crystal-clear Pyrex,* it will be a proud companion-piece for gleaming new silverware, carefully chosen china.

The big, BIG advantage is that this coffee maker is *completely automatic.* Just add coffee and water, and press the button. That's all you do.

The water goes up *automatically.* Coffee—rich and mellow—comes down *automatically.* And this heavenly coffee keeps hot *automatically.*

With a G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker, you'll need no other coffee maker in the house! For with any model, you can brew as few as two cups—or as many as eight cups—and have *every cup perfect, every time.*

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Here's why:

Look at any General Electric Coffee Maker. In the stem of the upper bowl, you'll find a tiny but important hole . . . the Tastegard . . . precisely located to control the temperature at which the coffee brews.

Four pictures of good news about General Electric Coffee Makers

1. With a G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker, you don't have to have different size coffee makers. You can make two cups or eight—or any amount in between—and have every cup *flavor-perfect, every time.*

2. All G-E Tastegard Coffee Makers have wide-mouth bowls for easy cleaning. And cup measurements are marked right on the bowls for easy measuring.

3. There are five of these wonderful G-E Tastegard Coffee Makers—including automatic and semiautomatic models—at prices to suit your purse. See them at your General Electric retailer's.

4. No matter which model you pick, you are sure to get General Electric quality and reliability. And all have the exclusive G-E Tastegard. *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.*

Every G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker brews 2 to 8 cups . . . every cup perfect, every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

You had to listen hard

to hear the mellow, fine-car purr of that heavenly, *made-for-Mercury* motor. You had to hear it to believe that *this* 8-cylinder, V-type motor was not in a car far beyond Mercury's price class.

You saw something exciting!

Longer, lower, wider—with a poised, graceful silhouette. It was not a "new model" looking pretty much like last year's with its face lifted.
You saw the *all-new* Mercury in a choice of superb body styles—including the new *Six*-passenger Coupe and *Six*-passenger Convertible.

You sat on a flying easy chair

with a luxurious "comfort zone" seat cushioning you. You made your own "weather" inside the car —with something they called "Fingertip Weather Control." A controlled flow of fresh, filtered air —no fog on the windshield—no opening to drip water on your stockings. That was comfort you'd dreamed about.

You were happily married to the steering wheel!

You felt so *safe*, so *secure* because Mercury didn't "wind-wander." Mercury didn't "over-steer." Mercury took the curves with ease. Its perfect balance, the way it hugged the road, and its fat new super-balloon tires gave you a ride that was smooth as satin.

You tiptoed into a new world of driving pleasure!

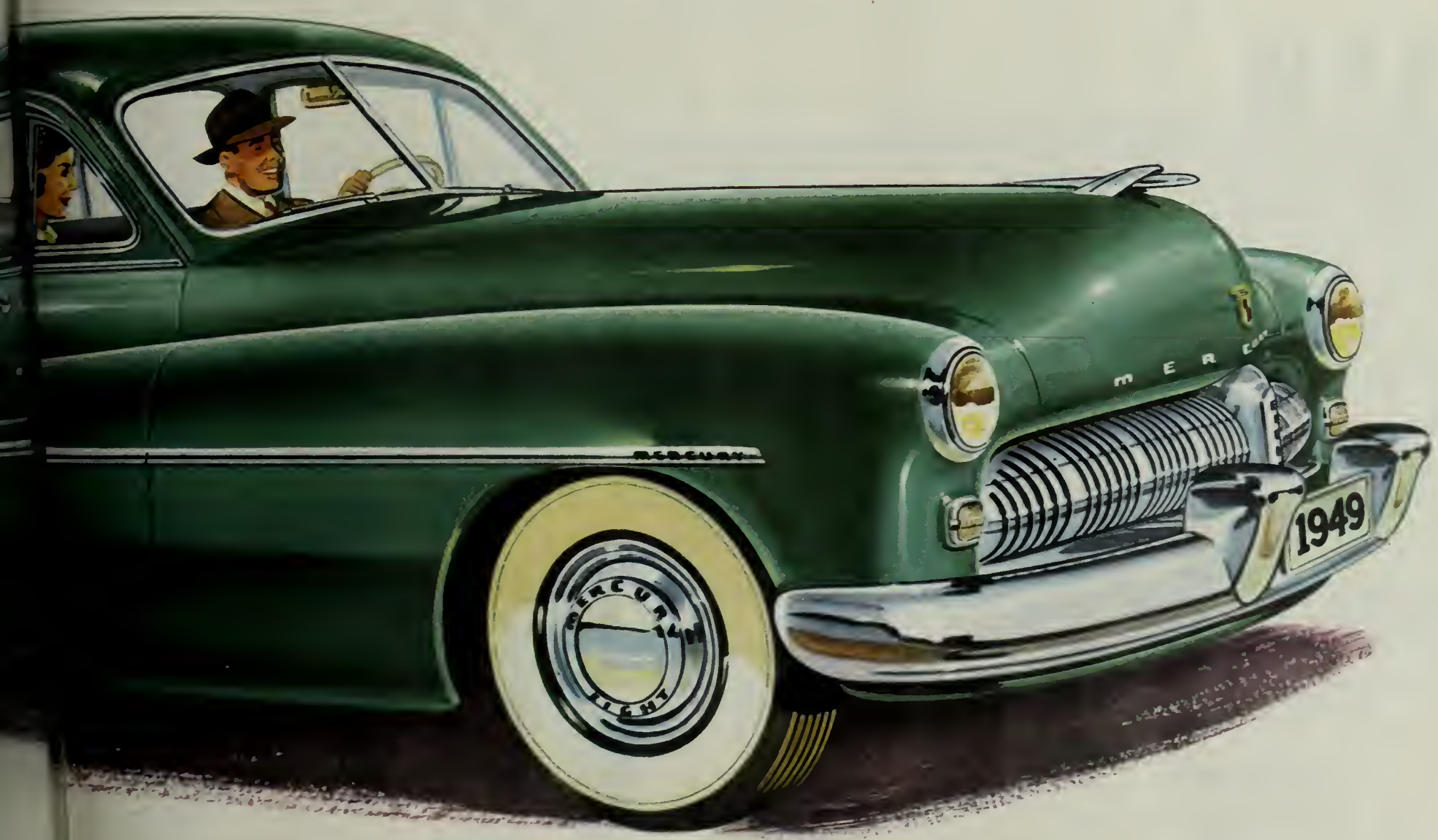
You knew thrills that—until this year—came only to the owners of the costliest cars. You learned about big, new brakes that bring you to a swift, sure, yet *gentle* stop . . . about all-new beauty, comfort, performance . . . about how really *new* a car can be! That's Mercury, 1949 Mercury, the ALL-NEW Mercury!

Now you know how new a car can be

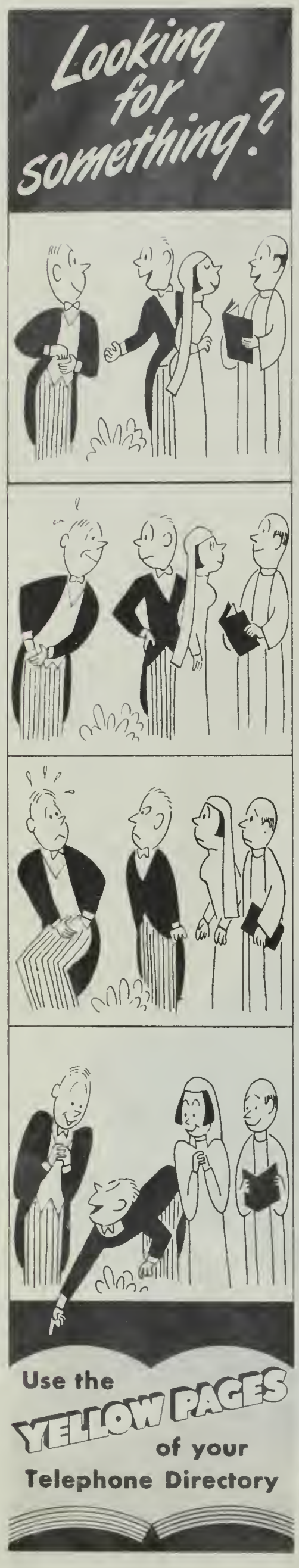
The All-New 1949 Mercury

Not a "new model"... it's the

All-New MERCURY



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN

Continued from page 25

From behind her came a hard, dry sound, suspiciously like a slap, and her mouth popped open in outraged surprise. A moment later Grant's head appeared beside hers. He was smiling that slow, bland smile of his that always infuriated her, and his left arm was tight around her as she struggled to return his salute.

"Temper, temper," he said, and made a sound like a setting hen. He looked down at her mother, still burdened with the heterogeneous offal from the cabin, and gave her his special smile. There was a close bond between the two, a combination of respect for each other's determination to see things through, and a kind of mutual commiseration for the burdens Ruth imposed upon them.

"Hello, beautiful," he said.

"Hello, yourself," said Daisy, grinning back at him, and thinking what a handsome pair they made. Grant with his lean, blond good looks, and Ruth with her pert little heart-shaped face, her soft young mouth, and her dark, shining hair.

All this time Ruth was struggling to get free. Suddenly she gave a quick, convulsive twist and slipped out of his embrace, and Grant was alone in the window, looking, with that smile on his lips and his straw-colored hair falling over his eyes, like an amiable sheep dog. As usual, when he worked around the place, he was stripped to the waist, and his muscles were like cables under the bronzed skin. His eyes, when you could see them, were gray and calm and widely spaced, and when he smiled, which was often, they crinkled into gleaming slits. He was quite a piece of man. For the thousandth time since she had hired him, a short two months ago, Daisy wondered how she had managed all this with only Ruth to help; and she thought again, with a little stir of panic, what would happen if Grant ever took it into his head to leave. He was foot-loose, she knew; he had told her when he started that he never held a job for more than six months. It was, he said, a matter of principle—he wanted to see the world before he settled down. Only Ruth could make him stay, but she was unpredictable, too; most of the time she went around with stars in her eyes, stumbling over the furniture, but when the mood possessed her she was more difficult than a spoiled child.

"Daisy."

"Yes?"

"Think she loves me?"

"You know she does."

"See you later."

Abruptly the window closed. Sighing, Daisy entered the door directly below to dispose of the bed linen and the bottles and boxes.

TUCKING his shirttails inside his levis, Grant came from the apartment into the lunchroom. Two men were at the counter, gulping a short order of coffee and doughnuts. He waited for them to leave. While he was doing this, his roving eye rested on the copy of Cinema News that Ruth had been reading, and he picked it up and flipped the pages, stopping now and then to utter an enthusiastic cluck at a cutie in a two-piece bathing suit or a harem outfit that did little to conceal her assets. His enjoyment was not lost on Ruth, who betrayed her apparent indifference by pursing her lips in a hard, thin line, and finally by spilling coffee all over the electric plate.

At last the men left. Grant went around to the front of the counter and plopped the magazine down. Ruth meanwhile gathered the plates and dumped them in the hot water, and took a wet cloth and started on the counter. When she came to where Grant sat, apparently submerged in the article on Gloria Cartwright, he looked up, grinned, and raised the magazine high enough for her to wipe off the crumbs.

"It says here," he proclaimed, "that Gloria Cartwright keeps in shape by rolling around on the lawn in the early-morning dew. It says this gives her blood a jolt that makes her skin beautiful. Also, for girls with undeveloped busts," and he made a vulgar, smacking sound, "there's nothing like it. She says it put two inches on hers. Well," he added, looking at Ruth in a detached, analytical sort of way, "I guess you'll never have to roll on any lawn, baby," and reaching over, he pinched her cheek.

Ruth recoiled as if she had brushed against a fiery furnace. Her face, normally a golden tan that Gloria Cartwright would have traded her back teeth for, was suddenly white, and the freckles on her cheekbones stood out like ink spots. There were tears in her eyes as she turned at last and looked at him.

"Besides being beautiful," she said in a thin, trembling voice, "Gloria Cartwright is a wonderful actress. She's probably the greatest actress in the world, that's all. She can say more by raising her eyebrows than most others can by talking ten minutes, with gestures. Of course," she went on, "there are always those who prefer burlesque," and she gave Grant a certain kind of look.

"What's wrong with burlesque?" he demanded, resting his elbows on the counter. "Lots of our very best actresses got their start hiding behind a fan."

"You just wouldn't understand," said Ruth, brushing her tears away. "Trouble with you is you're lopsided. Anything you don't see just doesn't exist. You take me for a ride in that so-called car of yours, and there's just one thing in your mind. All you want to do is park along some dark road and neck. Well, kissing's fun, and I guess I'd be an awful liar if I said I didn't like kissing you, but, my gosh, there are other things, too. I don't know, maybe I'm extra sensitive, but for my money the man who treats a person with even *that much* respect," and she pinched her thumb and forefinger together to show how little was required, "he's the one that rings the bell."

"You know," Grant said, "every time you see that Gloria Cartwright babe days before you get back to normal. W a minute," he said, seeing she was ab to protest. "You've got the same fau lot of other people have—you bel only what you want to believe. You ne realize what those movie people really like. This Jeremy Baird, for stance—I seem to remember a little pleasantness about him, a couple of ye ago. Something about a narcotics cha as I recall. Of course, he was acquit but I wonder if it'd been me, say, whet I'd have got off with just a rap on knuckles."

"He never—"

SLAPPING the magazine with the b of his hand, Grant continued, "T there's Gloria herself. Sure, she's a g actress—she ought to be, after all th years—but what's she like when you p the paint and the gowns away? I m what's she like *inside?* Just a babe, th all. Ten years ago she was wowing sailors in a joint on Scollay Square Boston. She had another name th She was known as Vivienne Vaugl and she wore an outfit consisting of th pompons—"

"Sure," said Ruth, tossing her h "and before that she worked in a flea cus, and before *that* she was a hostes a taxi dance hall. I know, I've heard th all, and they're all lies. The fact is was brought up in very strict surrou ings. Her folks wanted her to be a and when she finally made up her n to study under Madame Danilovna, mother actually pined away and died

"Nuts," said Grant, running his fin through his hair, "we're talking in cir I don't care if she went to Vassar— I'm trying to say is the Cartwright see on the screen is a heck of a lot di ent from the flesh-and-blood Cartw that once in a while comes down wit old-fashioned bellyache, or an ingr toenail, just like the rest of us."

"That may be so," Ruth answ "but even the real Cartwright woul sore if a man called her names slapped her on the—if he treated her a kid sister. Last night, for insta when you—"

"Would you like it better if I gave

Just as a DeSoto owner

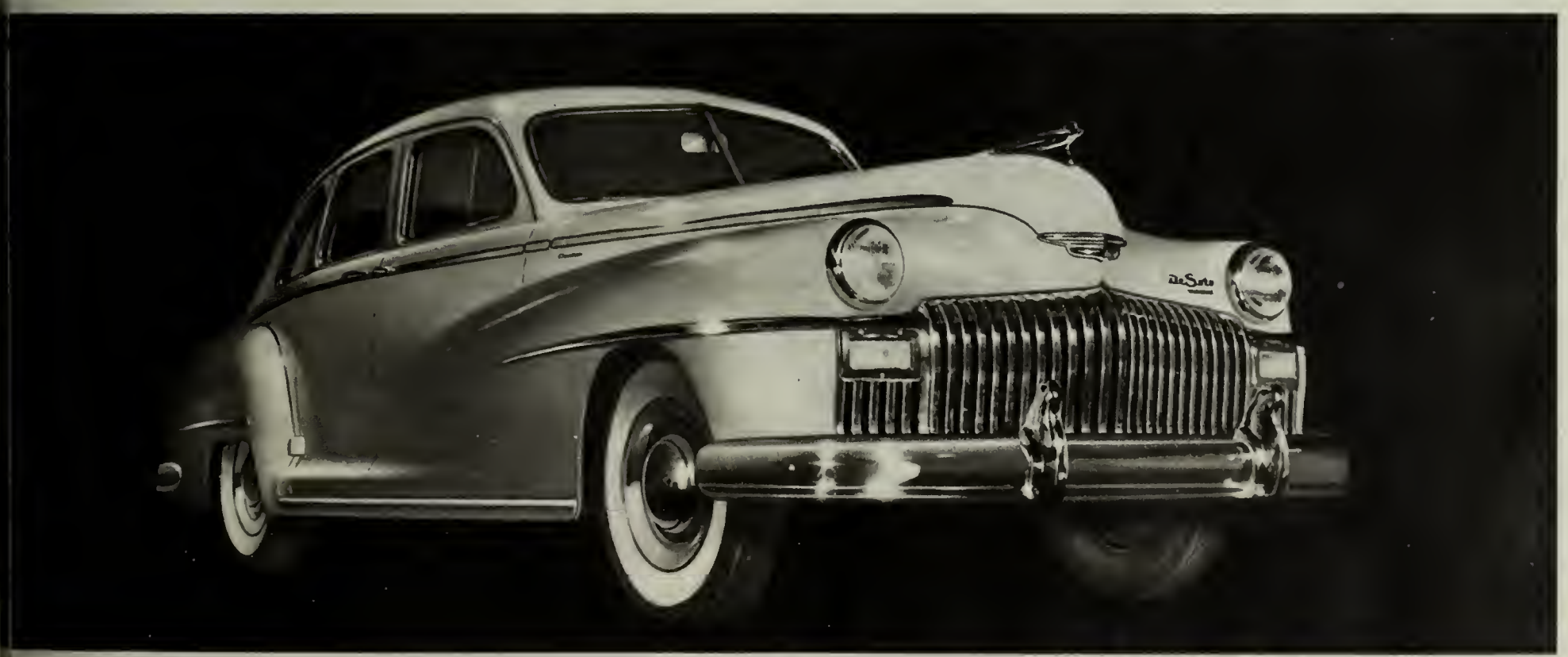
ould never go back to an ordinary car after

iving without shifting. . . neither would he ride

ordinary tires once he has felt the incredible

noothness of the new Super-Cushion tires with

hich DeSoto is now equipped.



FOR RADIO ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS DRAMATIC BEST, DON'T MISS **"ADVENTURE WITH CHRISTOPHER WELLS,"** BROUGHT TO YOU EVERY WEEK BY YOUR DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALER, OVER ALL COLUMBIA BROADCASTING STATIONS

R 3000 DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALERS COAST-TO-COAST EQUIPPED TO GIVE YOU EXPERT SERVICE

DE SOTO DIVISION CHRYSLER CORPORATION

A N

See what's in the wind for father...

take father by storm with action-styled sportswear by B.V. D. See how he falls for its suave, smooth fabrics, its casual, easy-going manner. Banish for him the curse of clothes that bunch, crawl, and bind. B.V. D. combines action-wear with the freedom fit and comfort cut that father craves. So breeze into your nearest dealer today and ask for *"B.V. D."

1. Dad falls for this smooth-textured B.V. D. *Ruggers shirt, smart with or without a tie.

2. Dad loves the sleep-easy comfort of the B.V. D. pajamas, tailored for freedom in fine fabrics.

3. Dad rates B.V. D.'s Hollywood *Rogue shirt high for casual wear. Buttonless, botherless!

4. Dad shows good form in sleek, smooth B.V. D. swim trunks, snug-fitting, colorful, action-free.

1.

2.

3.

4.

B.V.D.
BRAND

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"

FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 20th

oil?" demanded Grant. His voice had opped an octave and become the soft, guent voice of Jeremy Baird. "Darg," he whispered, "come with me. hat's done is done—there are just two us now—two against the world—we'll somewhere, anywhere, make a new rt—" His voice returned to normal. Vould you like that better?"

"Grant, you just don't understand."

"I understand," he said, and his eyes ew hard. "What you're trying to say is u'd rather listen to a lot of hot air from erk with the morals of a hyena than the ngs I have to say—one of them being it I happen to be nuts about you." He used. "Maybe I don't say it like a et," he went on, "and maybe I don't end *all* my time in white tie and tails, t at least you know when I say someng I mean it." He waited for the nds of a passing truck to subside, and n went on: "If you're so gone about t Baird baboon, why don't you go up d see him? The paper said he was ending a couple of days at Tahoe, ng with your dream girl and a lot of er glamorpusses. It's only twenty-ht miles," he said, getting up and ramng his hands into his pockets.

The silence was so deep that Ruth uld hear the rush of blood in her ears, she could not speak. She knew what wanted to say, but all she could was stand with her hands clenched er sides.

"Well," Grant said in a tight voice, ening the door, "I'm on my way to cerville. Is there anything you want?" was pale, and his mouth was set in a n, unhappy line.

Fear twisted her heart suddenly.

"What are you going to Placerville ?" she asked, in a voice that seemed come from someone else.

"Well," said Grant, "I suppose pal emy could find a more romantic way say it, but me, I'm just going to pick a couple of toilet bowls."

FTER the luncheon rush was over, Ruth went to the apartment and od looking at herself in the full-length rror on the door. Working over the ve and running from table to table d heightened her color, so that she gave illusion of health; but peering into depths of her dark eyes she shook her ad with the sad and secret knowledge t from now on, it could only be a matter of time. In her mind she saw herself stretched out, cold and beautiful, in a vast room with heavy drapes drawn over the windows and four great candles, one at each corner of her bier, shedding their soft radiance over all that remained of the young *contessa*. A darker shadow detached itself from the shadows in the corner, and her heart contracted with love and pain, for it was Jeremy Baird, here at last from far-off America, to say goodby. In the diffused light his hair gleamed like spun gold, and his wide shoulders shook as he tried to stifle a sob. His gray eyes—

Something was wrong. If this was Jeremy, what was he doing with blond hair and gray eyes—and shoulders as broad as a sofa? On the other hand, if it was Grant, how come he was whispering in that low, intimate way, each sentence ending on a rising note, like a question? Suddenly agitated at the somehow indecent idea of one man's psyche in another man's body, of Jeremy's tender, fierce, romantic soul rattling loosely around in Grant's colossal hulk, her mind swung from the chapel where she lay, glamorous in death, back to the little living room. Her mother was standing in the doorway, watching her with a familiar expression on her face, the sort of expression she wore in earlier days when she caught Ruth sacking the cakebox. Her face came slowly into focus.

"Hello, Daisy."

"May I come in?"

"Of course, darling. I was just getting ready to go back."

Daisy came right to the point.

"What's the matter with Grant? What was it this time?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing. Tell me, Daisy, how was it with you and Dad before you were married? I mean—well, for instance, what were some of the names he called you?"

"Names?" said Daisy, sitting down and turning her glance inward—"Well, once in a while, if he was feeling extra good, he'd call me—Petunia." She blushed. "Sometimes, when he wanted to tease me, he'd call me Little Pipsqueak. Also Dumpling and Pumpkin and—uh—Patootie."

"Bet he never called you Monkey Face," said Ruth bitterly, "or Stinky."

"Is that what's bothering you? Baby, you've got an awful lot to learn."

"Maybe I have, but how'd *you* like it

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

The villagers had known Mary from childhood, and now that she had come home in uniform with a secret government assignment they watched her every move. Somehow every telegram she sent or received got to be public property, but because most of her messages were in code, they didn't learn much. When Lieutenant Wilgus came to see her, they assumed it was on official business, so they didn't pay much attention when Mary sent the lieutenant, with a big smile, this transposagram:

WEATHER RAINS WRECK ENEMY

		■	C	A	N	■					
		■			R			■	W	E	E	K	S

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 82)

A FINE WAY *to Treat Your Lawn!*
It's the modern, *chemical* way to kill ugly weeds without killing grass. Just spray 'em away with 2-4 DOW. Your lawn, free of weeds, is easily encouraged to achieve green-velvet beauty. Dow research—out to "get" the weed *everywhere*—has provided a variety of weed-killing sprays for many purposes.

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

Cory gifts

keep newlyweds happy

Give a gift they'll enjoy every day. Whether it's a famous Cory coffee brewer, the coffee grinder or the handy Cory electric knife sharpener, they'll love any and every Cory gift.

Cory Buffet Queen for extra guest occasions. Brews 6 to 16 cups, $27.75

Cory Coffee Service with Rubberless Brewer. Complete, only $13.95

Cory Electric Knife Sharpener sharpens every knife easily, safely. Lasts a lifetime. $11.95

Cory Automatic Brewer brews coffee, keeps it piping hot. 6 to 8 cups, $27.75

Cory Electric Coffee Grinder gives ground-to-order flavor freshness every time. $19.95

prices include federal tax where applicable

HE'LL LOVE HER COFFEE AND SHE'LL LOVE THE NEW CORY RUBBERLESS BREWER

She'll brew the most delicious coffee ever—with the new Cory Rubberless Coffee Brewer. The flavor is fuller, richer. There's no rubber, no metal to impart foreign taste or odor. And without rubber, there's no twisting, no tugging, less accidental breakage. All this—and Cory Flame-Tested glass, too! 3 sizes, $4.95 up

FLAME-TESTED *for quality*

CORY

the only All-Glass coffee brewer

© 1948, Cory Corporation, Chicago 1, Ill.

if your boy friend smacked your fanny every time you got into his car? And pinched your cheeks, as if you were twelve years old? How'd you like—"

"Darling," said Daisy, getting up and putting her hands on her daughter's shoulders, "if Grant calls you those horrible names, it's just because he loves you."

"Love," said Ruth, making a face. "How can a man love a girl he doesn't respect? Why can't he at least *act* like a gentleman? Last night, for instance, right in the middle of the picture, when Gloria Cartwright was saying goodby to Jeremy Baird, and she knew she'd never see him again because the doctors said she was hopeless; well, right where Jeremy took her in his arms and was telling her how he loved her, this Grant creature slumps down in his seat and *yawns*. You could hear it all over the theater."

"Grant's a realist," said Daisy. "It was probably getting a little thick for him."

"It wasn't thick, it was beautiful."

"Well, maybe he saw those two for what they really were—just a couple of ordinary people dressed up and rehearsed to say things they'd never dream of saying in real life."

"That's not so," said Ruth, her voice beginning to break. "Can you imagine Jeremy Baird being anything but a perfect gentleman? A man with eyes like that—eyes that tell a woman she's the most important thing in the world? Or Gloria being anything but a lady? No, Daisy, they're just not made that way."

"Well, honey," said her mother, starting for the back steps, "all I can say is, if you really love Grant, and want to keep him, you'd better mend your ways." Halfway down she stopped, and for a moment they stared at each other like strangers meeting on a path. "His kind doesn't grow on trees," she said, and went on down.

OUT of the line of traffic coming from Lake Tahoe swung a long, glittering convertible with enough chromium-plated accessories to stock a store. It sped across the gravel and stopped in front of the lunchroom with a sound like the tearing of fabric, and the front end dipped as if in reverence. Standing inside the screen door, Ruth watched a man and a woman get out. Like the car, they were lean and decorative, the man in gabardine slacks and a hound's-tooth jacket, the woman in a blue linen dress, simple and trim, the deceptively casual kind that none but the rich can afford. They were both short, no more than five feet four, and tanned the color of old leather. Shielding their eyes were the kind of sunglasses pilots wear, with a plastic bar over the nose. The man's black hair shone like painted metal, and he walked with small, fussy, impatient steps, swinging his arms like a clever toy.

He ran up ahead of the woman and seeing Ruth at the door, said, "Can we get a steak here?" His voice was deep, disproportionate to the slim body, and somehow familiar.

"Yes," said Ruth, and suddenly, as the door opened, she recognized them. They were Gloria Cartwright and Jeremy Baird. It was almost more than she could stand. Numbly she followed them to the counter, her feet moving through no apparent will of her own, her hands like weights at her sides. Slowly, with the careful co-ordination of a sleepwalker, she laid the silverware before them, filled two glasses with water, set them down without spilling, and waited for the sound of his voice.

"New York cut," he said. "Make it rare. *Very* rare. *Blood* rare. Hashed-brown potatoes. Sliced tomatoes. Milk."

With what was left of her powers of observation, Ruth noted that even in so prosaic a matter as giving an order, his voice was like music, and that his speech ended, as it always did, on a rising no Fascinated, she watched as he flipp back his sleeve and looked at his wat a small, circular masterpiece with d monds for numerals, and a flexible g band. "Well," he said finally, stari straight at Ruth but obviously addressi his companion, "what are *you* having

"Oh," said Gloria, taking a lipstick of her bag to define the contours of celebrated mouth, "I'm not very hung Cottage-cheese sandwich, I guess, whole wheat, and a cup of coffee, pleas

FOR a while, as she hovered over toast and sliced the tomatoes, R was beyond range of their voices. In refrigerator she found an enorm steak, thick, dark, and succulent, t she had stashed away for the next dou order. She arranged the potatoes in almost perfect circle beside the meat, a she filled a glass with half-and-half stead of ordinary milk. Down at other end she saw Gloria make a famil gesture—hands out, palms up, in an titude of supplication—that remin her of that wonderful scene in Demen where she lay on the couch in the d tor's office and tried to explain what v happening to her.

Ruth spread the toast with real butt not the melted margarine she usu applied with a brush; and though had a practically new package of c tage cheese in the front of the refrige tor, she got a fresh one from the ba In her imagination she saw Gloria b in Hollywood, telling her friends of perfectly wonderful little spot she Jeremy had discovered on their way b from Tahoe. She saw a steadily incre ing stream of actors and producers d in and recommend it to other actors producers, till it became so popular t had to phone for reservations.

Or, better yet, she saw Jeremy i huddle with some big producer, tell him for Pete's sake to hurry up to P Grove Haven and get this kid's name a contract before someone beat him t because—

"—because she's a natural. I m she's got *everything*—beauty, vo brains and a smile like a klieg li You know, the wholesome type. Mar you don't catch the first plane up, yo better have your head examined—"

It could happen.

"Is there anything else?"

The dark glasses swung at her, and a startled moment she remembered illustration she had seen years ago in old biology text, of a head-on ph graph of an ordinary fly, magnified to credible proportions; the eyes, the bl shining eyes that covered almost all face, were like windows in the sun.

"That'll be all," said Jeremy, turned to Gloria. Something was wr Her mouth was twisted, and her l thin fingers were spread on the edg the counter like the spokes of a wh There was a long silence, and t Jeremy said something to Gloria in a l voice, and very slowly the hands and mouth relaxed.

"That'll be all," he said, aiming glasses at Ruth. His voice was no lo low and melodious; it had come u octave and it was edged; it jarred on teeth like a drill. She went to the far and pretended to be filling the s bowls; but the eyes behind the gla kept boring into her with the sharp sistence of an awl, and after a while turned and went down the corridor t apartment.

Then she did a shameful thing. opened the door, waited for the ti would take to go through, and slam it, hard. As far as the two at the cou were concerned, she was in the room; but she was not, she was around the corner, pressed flat agains wall like an ordinary sneak.

For a long while the thump of heart was all she heard, but finally

eard Jeremy say: "—have to louse bings up, after Grossman had it all arranged. It was a natural, too—"

"I keep telling you," said Gloria in a oice like a poor recording, "I was sick. could hardly hold my head up. Miraine—I wouldn't wish it on my worst nemy. My God, Jerry, you know how nuch sleep I got last night. Did you vant me to pass out right there on the latform?"

"Nuts," said Jeremy. "All you had to lo was sit there while those babes walked ast. Hell, I was the one on the spot, rying to pick a beauty queen from a rowd of damned heifers."

There was a long pause punctuated by he sounds of eating—silverware against hina, and the clink of glass set down —and then he said, "You know, I think ou're jealous. You probably figured 've been getting too much advertising nd when Grossman came along with this wo-judge deal—the most romantic team n Hollywood, and isn't that a laugh— ou saw a chance to spike my wagon. Vell, baby, let me set you straight—as ar as I'm concerned, you've had it."

"Darling, you don't understand—" Gloria began.

"The hell I don't. I understand a lot f things I never even thought about a ear ago. I understand the only thing ou live for is good old Cartwright. I nderstand now why people are always o damned anxious to have you at their arties. They figure as long as you're round, at least they won't get stabbed n the back—"

"Shut up!"

"Don't tell *me* to shut up," said Jeremy, n a voice not even remotely like his own. One more crack out of you and you'll alk home." A thin, metallic ringing choed in the room. "Where's that girl?" e asked, banging on the glass. "Waitess!" he yelled.

Slowly, with the delicate precision of he very old, Ruth crept back to the door, pened it, waited a moment, and shut again, remembering, in the midst of olocaust, to complete the poor illusion. Her hands as they took the bill were cold and rigid, and her eyes so blurred she could not make change.

"Skip it," said Jeremy as she stood gaping helplessly into the register. From far away came the sound of the door, and a moment later the whine of a starter. The great engine roared, coughed, spat, roared again, and settled down to a kind of rhythmic purr. Ruth turned toward what was left of her dream. Gloria was closing her bag. For a moment they looked at each other, Gloria with the brief, impersonal glance of a stranger in a public place, Ruth with her whole soul crowded into her eyes.

Outside, the engine roared again, and the horn blared twice. Gloria tucked the bag under her arm, turned a smile on and off like a light in a dark room and went out. The car was already moving, and she had to trot beside it like a dog on a leash until she reached the door. The moment she was in, even before the door slammed shut, the car lurched ahead.

MECHANICALLY, Ruth washed silverware and plates and glasses, and put them back where they belonged. She wiped the counter. She scraped the grill and polished the mirror and went over the refrigerator with a soft cloth and cleansing powder.

Desperately she seized a broom and started sweeping. When the sweeping was done she looked around for something else to keep her busy. There was nothing. For a moment she stood leaning against the broom, then the broom dropped and she was sitting at the counter with her head on her arms, crying in long, shuddering sobs.

That was the way Grant found her, five minutes later, on his return from Placerville with a contrite heart, and a five-pound box of candy. Some things a man will never know, not if he lives to be a thousand. Grant would never know what it really was that made Ruth act as if she could not get enough of him, holding him so close he could feel the beat of her heart, kissing him until it hurt. He thought it was the candy.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Goodness! We didn't learn songs like that at Smith" DON TOBIN

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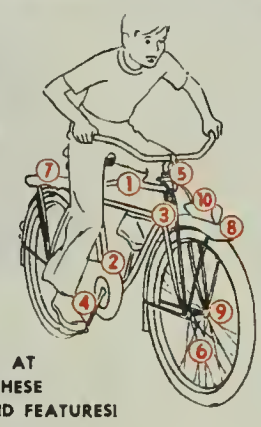

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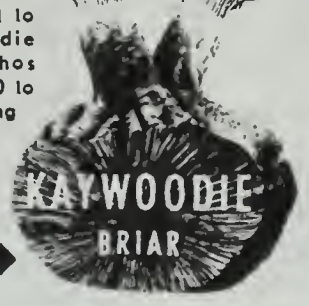

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Select a Kaywoodie for him for Father's Day

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Continued from page 17

hundred years ago, a small glass established certain facts—but what did these facts mean? As the years passed, each larger instrument turned up more and more facts—but still left the main questions unsolved. Judging by the past, the Palomar eye will produce still more facts to baffle the astrophysicists.

We climb out of the capsule to the traveling bridge, which has come crawling up the inside of the dome. The tiny platform carries us down to the base of the dome, and from there a conventional elevator takes us farther down to the main floor. Here, to one side, glinting under hooded lamps, is the main control board. On its level surface are dials and switches and lettered buttons.

At the back are two clocks; one shows Pacific standard time, the other keeps sidereal time. This is nearly (but not quite) "star time"—and is found usually only in an astronomer's observatory. A sidereal clock runs faster than an ordinary clock by about four minutes a day. So it wouldn't be of any use for civil purposes, because its noon may occur at various times of day or night throughout the year. But it is valuable to an astronomer. For example, with the sidereal time and the known position of an invisible star, comet, etc., the observer can point the telescope onto the object, and then by a little checking with star charts he can pick up and center this otherwise invisible object.

Meet the Man at the Controls

Bruce Rule, in heavy sweaters and stocking cap against the chill, stands at the controls. He started with the Big Eye years ago, halted briefly for Naval Reserve service and is now back, engineering the telescope. He and others designed and supervised the building of most of the complicated electrical mechanism. At his finger tips is one of the most intricate and sensitive machines on earth. Its job is to find any known star within a period of seconds and swing 140 tons of steel and glass dead onto this star in a few seconds more. So delicately is the telescope balanced that a one-twelfth horsepower motor moves it.

"Could be one-fiftieth horsepower for that matter," says Bruce. "We're overpowered."

The squawk box at his elbow groans. Dr. Bowen has gone back up into the capsule and is calling down for another star. "Give me any star."

Bruce hauls out a star catalogue, a thick volume that is one of a set of five. In this catalogue are listed the characteristics and data of about 33,000 stars.

"Plenty more stars but that's all the catalogue carries," says Bruce, running a finger down the column. "Here's one for Doc. Gamma Leonis—the third brightest star in Leo. It's a binary—double star . . . Ready, Dr. Bowen?"

The squawk box growls again. Bruce pushes buttons, twirls levers, flips switches. The great dome rumbles around in the blackness above; the telescope tilts and swings, and Bruce, watching the dials, cuts the power. Silently, the instrument drifts slowly to a stop.

"Right on," says the voice from above, approvingly. Gamma Leonis is centered on the crosslines on the glass far above, his twin stars shining brightly.

Gamma Leonis is a giant yellow sun twenty times the diameter of our own sun. It is 150 light-years away—and if you want to work that out in miles, multiply 186,000 by 60 by 60 again by 24 by 365¼ by 150. The tiny pinheads of light on the glass at Palomar started from Gamma 150 years ago—hardly a human mind can imagine the distance they traveled.

You still don't know how far away Gamma Leonis is? Okay; it's about 880,000,000,000,000 miles away give or take a million miles. And Pollux, that suburban star, is around 176,000,000,000,000 miles out there.

We stand by the opening in the dome and the country below starts to revolve slowly around us. It is really the dome revolving—but try to make your brain believe that. To the south and west and north are tumbled hills and green valleys, all etched in black and white now. Far to the southwest a dim glow marks San Diego. Away to the east the grim snow-capped rampart of the Santa Rosa Range shines coldly white in the moonlight.

The mists are drifting up over the dome and prowling into the observatory through the opening. The flip of a switch closes the leafed diaphragm that protects the mirror. Dr. Bowen comes down the elevator, the curtain lifts to close the aperture against the damp fog, and we all go downstairs to the hot room. It's tucked away carefully, where none of its heat can escape and rise to alter the temperature of the telescope. A few degrees difference at the mirror can throw everything off and spoil the seeing for hours.

Over hot coffee and sandwiches and cookies, the talk turns to Palomar Mountain and its history.

Byron Hill says: "Earthquake-racked southern California might seem the last place on which to mount the world's largest telescope—but Palomar is a safety island of solid granite, not much affected by the heavings and slippings of the near-by terrain, laced with geologic faults. From its top, covering about eight square miles, you can see over much of southern California, and past San Diego to the Coronado Islands. The highest point on the mountain is 6,126 feet above the Pacific; the observatory is a few feet lower, in a shallow valley on the north side."

Many tourists think Palomar is a suburb of Los Angeles—but it's seventy miles from the nearest city, San Diego, and twice that far from Los Angeles. Like all observatories, it is as far as it can get from city lights—there isn't a place to sleep or eat within several miles.

Palomar sometimes has sixty inches of rain a year, and not only is the climate different: It's a different world. Gone are the palms and cacti; the hot desert sands; the waterless brown hills. U here it is like the Pacific Northwest. O cedar, fir and larch grow tall and t forest floor in the spring is gay with w azalea, lupines and tiger lilies. Gr squirrels play in the keen mountain a

The original Indians called the mou tain Paauw, which was their word f mountain. The padres named it Sie del Palomar—Mountain of the Dov That name was discarded for Sm Mountain for years, but in 1901 t present name was restored. The bar tailed pigeons that gave the name to t place are still around.

Accommodation for Spectators

"We get hundreds of tourists up h during a week," says Byron Hill. ' the observatory there is a glassed room from which anyone may see t telescope—but of course it does r operate during daylight."

"If that mirror ever saw the sun I h to think what would happen," says I Bowen, munching a cookie. . . . "It wou heat up, for one thing, so that we could use it for a long time, and it costs abo $100 an hour to operate it."

"Mirror's pretty flexible," adds Bru Rule. "We have all sorts of adjusters it, so that if it gets out of shape, we c squeeze it or pull it or push it back to perfect parabola—that is, within a f millionths of an inch."

"A parabola? What's that?"

"It's the curve you get if you spin panful of water fast enough," expla Dr. Bowen. "There's a mathemati formula for it. It's the only curve t will reflect starlight the way we have have it."

While the cold mists swirl around t great white dome outside, the talk tu to astronomy—a science that still is co paratively young and still is in the fa collecting stage—and perhaps not v far along at that. From the facts pa fully and patiently learned up to now few theories have been thought up.

"Slow work," says Dr. Bowen. took fifty years just to find out what su spots are—and it may take another fi to find out why."

Humanity's notion about its lit world has gone through several pha already. At first, anyone who thou about it figured it was just a flat pla and didn't bother to account for s

"We'll be over, Al. We lined up a terrific baby-sitter"

COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

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4 You sit in the observation car while time and the fabulous scenery of the Santa Fe country whiz by. Isn't all this something to write home about?

5 Now to bed, and what a bed! Before you drift to sleep, a few chapters. Light's just right. Flick your finger to adjust temperature as you like it; get soft music too, if you wish.

Yes, ma'am, Santa Fe service is really something these days! And when you go Santa Fe all the way, anywhere West or Southwest, your comfort, going and coming, is a memorable part of the trip. We hope you'll ride with us soon.

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T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4

and stars. Further along, the was known to be a ball with every- else revolving around it. Then this ged into the idea that the sun was the r of the universe, with everything ing around *it*. Later, it was dis- ed that our solar system is just one llions making up what every school nows as the Milky Way and which ne can see with the naked eye. nomers have even figured out that Milky Way—a galaxy—is roughly l-shaped and that our tiny solar n is out to one side.

w astronomers have gone on to dis- millions of island universes. These, , may just be small component of some superuniverse; and this niverse may again be one of mil- . . .

this point, as the old books used to the mind reels."

en we see a star, what we see is the l of a beam of light that left a star years ago. Where the star actually lay can be worked out—but not d. The star may have exploded; it have collided with another star years ago, and the catastrophe viped it out of existence may not be n to the man operating the tele- for many more years. . . .

Showing the Big Eye at Work

three o'clock in the morning and , who has been keeping track of the er, comes in to say it's clear above moon nearly down and some good available. Dr. Bowen zips up his -lined jacket and we go up to the floor again. The Big Eye hangs in the semidarkness. A push of a n and the curtain drops slowly the curve of the dome and the stars r, with Orion and his three-star belt is sword shining in the clear, cold es up there—far away and as he ng, long ago.

Bowen climbs to the inner rim of ome, mounts the bridge and goes ing up the great curve of the inside, man rising inside the dome of St. s in Rome or St. Paul's in London. ps down into the steel capsule and oice comes metallic from the k box on the control desk.

ive me a star, Bruce!"

ce picks one out of the catalogue— 1,897. It's invisible to the naked any light-years away. For almost s time a light ray has been speed- ward the earth at incredible speed, o one has seen it except a few as- ners using giant lenses and reflec-

Dials spin and motors hum and then: "Right on the line, Bruce. Hold her, will you?"

Another switch is flipped and the computers, digesting distance and course and speed of No. 11,897, feed the order into the guiding machinery. The star's tiny point of light will stay centered on the glass for hours, now, as the mirror, moving slowly and relentlessly far below, traps the ray and shoots it with unerring accuracy back to the watcher in the turret.

You watch the great telescope work, and think how little it cost, and how valuable to humanity it may be. America spent more in twenty-five minutes of the last war than Palomar cost. The war destroyed; the Big Eye will create.

Tonight it's just a test run. It will be months before the instrument really gets to work with its two assistants, the 48- and 18-inch Schmidt cameras whose domes you can see from the main observatory.

These Schmidts will act as finders for the 200-inch mirror. They can see, at one look, many times the amount of sky reflected in the main glass.

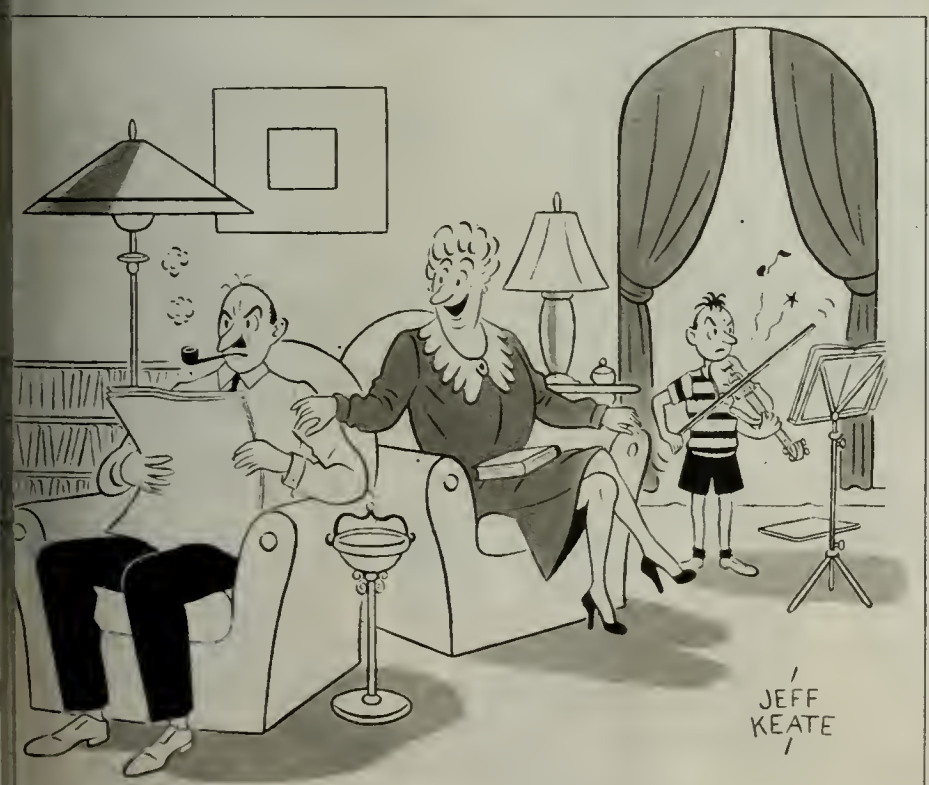
But when all three instruments are working, what they find out, patiently translated by astrophysicists, may solve the puzzle of the universe. "May" is right. Because, to a reporter sitting up there in the darkness watching a tiny dot of brilliance drift slowly across a glass plate, the idea of a man trying to understand what's going on farther out in space than any human mind can imagine is comparable to an ant trying to understand the solar system.

But someday a few human minds, reading what the telescope tells them, will be able to put enough facts into a pattern that will make sense. . . .

The false dawn comes and then, standing on the catwalk outside the dome, you watch the sun rise through a pink haze over the snowy saw-tooth range of the Santa Rosas. Behind you the curtain lifts and shuts in the mirror, protecting it against its enemy: heat. The white dome reflects the changing colors of the dawn and down the mountain the mists swirl gray again.

"Hello, Sol!" you say to the eastward. "Hello, you little junior ball of fire in a tiny solar system in an obscure part of a minor galaxy. How come we ever thought you were important and far away? You're right next door, you puny little runt, and you don't amount to a hill of beans. . . . Boy! We've been wa-a-ay out there in the real spaces with the big ones!"

THE END



"Hear that, Fred? It was almost a note!" JEFF KEATE

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I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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DEAR MISS PHILLIPS

Continued from page 21

ussion, because it is perfectly evident he has no pride either in the way his os are made, or in the way his chil- are brought up. Your talk with Mr. rnquist makes it plain to me that r service manager has you intimi- d, and that you probably turn pale n any time he says, "Boo!"

have called several piano men in my mpt to have the defective instrument ired, but none of them is available re my brother's graduation date. Ob- sly they are all working on new trell pianos. I can only add that, as seem to possess absolutely no moral onsibility for your product, I am compelled to ride six miles on a ded bus each evening in order to ctice on the piano at the college where father is a professor of physics. This o isn't anything to boast about, but as one outstanding virtue: It's not a trell.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

r Miss Phillips:

spite of what you said in your letter une 8th Cantrell pianos have a great ition behind them. De Pachmann a Cantrell with him wherever he t. Nowhere in our files can I find a plaint from any of the famous mu- ns who use our instruments saying ever sounded like an elephant with cking cough. Of course, they were ly pianists and not witty daughters mall-town professors.

is our habit to presume that the cus- er is always right. But not when you the liberty of attacking the integrity y family. My grandfather, Mr. An- . Jones, went to England in 1889 for sole purpose of recushioning the o of Queen Victoria. Our latest in- ation is that this piano is still used e royal family. Among piano work- the name of Jones is always men- d with respect. I point out these only for the purpose of assuring that when my father says he never d any piano produce sounds like shy shoes or sick elephants, then er has anyone else.

am bound to let pass your remarks erning my relation to our service manager, Mr. C. V. Thornquist. Mr. Thornquist has been with Cantrell & Company for fifty-eight years. I know that he is a cantankerous old fuss-budget, but there is nothing we can do about that. Although you have cast slurs on everybody connected with Cantrell, I took the liberty of asking Father if he would call Thornquist and see if he would make an exception about a mechanic to examine your piano. The matter is now in the lap of the gods. Personally, I hope this is the last I hear of your squushy shoes, Miss Phillips, because my work is piling up and I would like to get back to it.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Early this evening I had a call from somebody in your service department named Harrison or Acheson or something. He wanted to know what was the matter with our Cantrell. I told him it made peculiar noises. He asked me to play it while he listened on the telephone. Like a fool, I did. I did some squushy shoes for him, then some elephant coughs, and also some Chinese gongs. These you haven't heard about, as they developed after my last letter to you. Mr. Harrison or Acheson or whatever his name is listened intently to your celebrated piano. After a good deal of deliberation, he said that he would come and examine it on June 24th.

Now, I am an even-tempered person, as anyone who has lived with a high-spirited younger brother for fourteen years is bound to be. But I must tell you frankly that I have never been quite so aggravated in my life. A month ago I imagined that the preparation of a piano composition to be played at my brother's graduation ceremony would be the simplest thing in the world. This, of course, was before I made the acquaintance of the Jones family, father and son. You know I would love to come and see your factory. Mr. Jones. What probably happens is that someone takes a lot of parts, and glue, and tosses them into a heap. Maybe it turns out to be a piano, maybe it doesn't. "It's all in the lap of the gods," as one member of the firm puts it.

Last evening, on the bus, some ruffian stepped on my foot and it is now almost impossible for me to walk. Today is June 11th. I have looked carefully at the bill of sale that came with our Cantrell, but not even in the fine print does it state that anybody in the firm is a gentleman. So I suppose I can just forget about my commitment of the 26th.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

I am sorry to hear that you have a sore foot. When I told you in my previous letter that we regretted the inconvenience caused by the noises coming from your piano, we were perfectly sincere. However, we cannot feel responsible for what happens to our customers when they are riding on busses. Right here I want to inform you that I have put aside all my other duties in an effort to settle this matter once and for all. To begin with, I had a long-distance talk with our Mr. Carrington (not Harrison or Acheson). His opinion seems to be that Chopin's Polonaise may be over your head, and suggests that you play something simpler at your brother's graduation. Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-Sharp Minor is his choice. He tells me this is an old standby that can be managed by anyone with five fingers on the left hand.

I also had another talk with our Mr. C. V. Thornquist. Mr. Thornquist seems to be convinced that my efforts on your behalf indicate an interest far beyond those of simple routine duty. Indeed, he implied that you must either be a relative of mine or my fiancée. Naturally I was indignant. I am afraid I said certain things to Mr. Thornquist that a person does not say to his elders.

During dinner I went over the whole matter again with Father. Mother was annoyed, asking why we have to talk "shop" day and night. There was a good deal of argument about this pro and con. Mother finally became quite roused, saying that if she had it to do all over again she would certainly never marry another piano maker. My brother Charles, who is sixteen, asked Father if the new Cantrells with the Chinese gongs in them were proving popular. That was finally too much for Father. He told me he would issue an order in the morning to our city showroom instructing them to deliver to your address a thoroughly tested new instrument, and to return to the factory, for dismantling and study, the one of which you complain. He also said that if, on dismantling, this piano showed no defect in construction or workmanship he would deduct the cost of it from my salary week by week.

Dear Miss Phillips, I hope you have your new piano soon. I hope your brother graduates with honors. I hope your foot gets better. I hope you will appreciate the trouble you have put me to. For a moment there I too wished that Mother had married anybody but a piano maker.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

The new piano came this morning. The men dropped the harp on the living-room table and dented it (the table). But that was all right. I played a few chromatic scales on it and it seemed fine. I plunged into the Polonaise with great delight, since I still had ten days to master its difficulties. The men forced me to sign a paper saying that when they left, this piano made no sounds other than those normally to be expected. My father, who was somewhat opposed to our buying a new piano in the first place, agreed that the tone was satisfactory. In spite of your last letter, I had decided

"Oh, I suppose I'd say the same thing again if I had it to do over"

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to sit down and write you a note of thanks—a mistake which now I am happy to say I did not make. For what I have to tell you is that I think you and Cantrell & Company are unqualified frauds. No sooner had I finished my lunch and returned to practicing the Polonaise than an altogether impossible sound began coming from this piano. Something inside apparently worked loose with a few vibrations—the nuts became undone, or something, I don't know just what. But in any case, this new instrument *echoes*. It acts just as an echo does when you shout, "Hello." Only instead of hollering "Hello" back, the piano keeps repeating the last bar of music played.

I am the daughter of a simple college professor, and my limited experience has not taught me how to deal with such obvious cheats and frauds as Cantrell & Company employs. So please consider our correspondence closed. I would rather hear a piano talk back to me than continue to exasperate myself in fruitless arguments with you. You probably mean well enough, but like everyone else connected with Cantrell, you are not quite bright. Neither do I need your advice in musical matters. If I wanted to play Rachmaninoff, I wouldn't be practicing Chopin. So Mr. Thornquist thinks I am your fiancée. Just now I am not considering marrying anybody. And if I were, I would break the engagement for fear the young man might take a notion to go into the piano business. Please give my regards to your good mother, and tell her I understand exactly how she feels. And thank you for your concern about my foot. It will heal in time. But I'll never forget this experience with the scion of a noble piano family. Goodby, Mr. Ansel L. Jones, 3d. If I come across some real good glue, I'll send you the recipe.

Regretfully yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

It is not quite that simple. I told that Father threatened to deduct the of your piano from my salary if it tu out to be in good condition. And Fa never jokes. The piano was returne us, tested for "voice" by our Mr. Hu mann, and Father himself personally amined the action. A memo has been signed by Father charging me only with this piano, but express and livery expenses on the other.

You have been very free, Miss Phil with accusations of fraud. You have I was not quite bright, and attacked integrity of Cantrell & Company. I only suppose that you are suffering f some type of persecution mania. A tory hallucinations often accompany illness. The victim is convinced tha or she is hearing strange noises. T could easily be the sound of squ shoes or the ringing of Chinese go or even a piano talking back. I wou presume to make a diagnosis from evidence in your letters, as I'm n physician. But I do think that you ther ought to send you to a compe neurologist. If these things are caug time, they can be cured.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Your letter of June 15th has bee ceived by me. Ordinarily it would n worthy of a reply. By a mere coincid last evening a colleague of my fath Dr. E. C. Broadcamp, visited our h with his wife. Dr. Broadcamp is ar perimental neurologist at the colleg happened to be trying to practice Polonaise when they arrived, as my is still sore. I might say that Dr. Br camp, like your father, is not di guished for his sense of humor. Whe heard our piano, he asked why we torturing innocent little cats inside proudly said, "Oh, no. That's really

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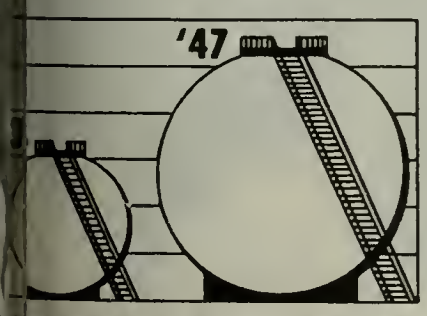
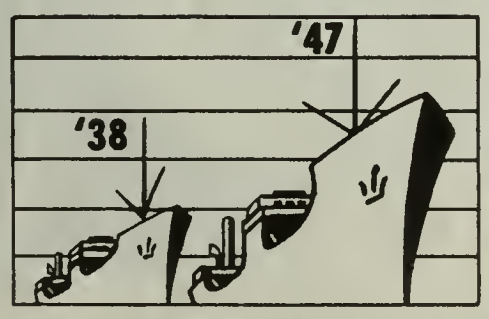


ng: Oil refineries handled 77 billion gallons de oil last year—with facilities expanding, ies will soon top this mark . . . deliver even il products to you.



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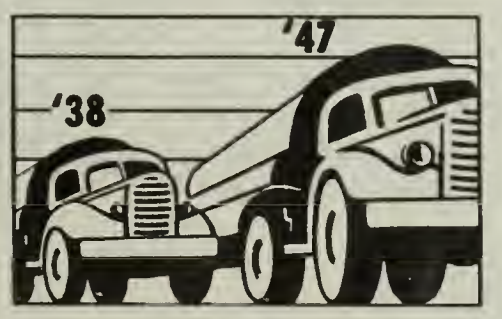
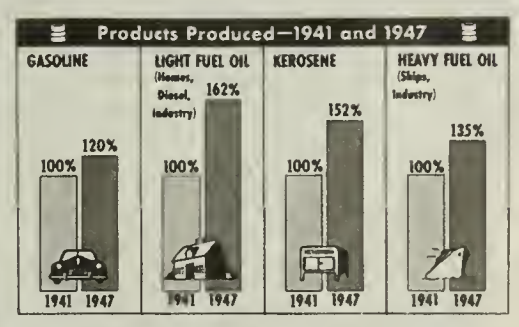


Giant trucks supply service stations, farms, home owners, industry. Today there are over 200,000 trucks in the oil industry—60,000 more than 1938.



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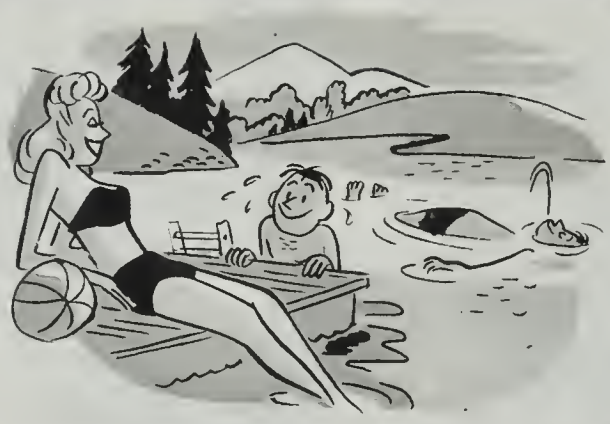

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way a Cantrell sounds." Now you will probably suggest that Dr. Broadcamp should be sent to a neurologist.

I have given up hope of playing at my brother's graduation, which is nine days away. But, I confess that I sympathize with you about the deduction that is being made from your salary. It seems unjust to visit the sins of the father onto the son. It really isn't your fault that Cantrell hasn't the slightest notion of how to make pianos.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Miss Phillips:

Let me assure you that what I am about to say is written without any desire to inject my own personality into the matter. I do not know what you do for a living, but you know nothing of the craftsmanship which the manufacture of pianos entails. May I enlighten you? At eighteen I started a regular course at college, in addition to working nights in the Cantrell & Company factory. For four years I did menial labor in every department. On graduation, I was sent to Paris, where I studied in the factories of Movais et Cie. On my return, I took my place here at the bottom of the ladder. Before I was permitted to touch a piano in construction, I was required to describe the function of the seven thousand parts that go into its manufacture. For a year I was given the task of rebuilding instruments which had been discarded as worthless by the turn-in department. It is possible for me now to make an entire piano blindfolded.

The suggestion I have decided to make is the result of a variety of motives. I don't like to pay for pianos out of my salary. I don't like to be called a fraud and a cheat. I don't like Cantrells to be made fun of. My curiosity is aroused by the trouble you are having. Something is happening that just doesn't happen. You may believe me or not, but I am as anxious that you play the Polonaise at your brother's graduation as you are. We think the Rachmaninoff would be a more practical choice, but then, as you say, if you wanted to play Rachmaninoff, you wouldn't be practicing Chopin. The suggestion I have to make is this: The twentieth is Sunday. I take the train down to Howards Saturday evening. I had planned to some tennis on Sunday, but I will s fice my recreation to learn exactly is the matter with the instrument have been delivering to you. Pleas me know if it will be convenient fo to call at your home at 11 A.M. Sun June 20th.

Cordially yours,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Mr. Jones:

Nothing would delight me more to receive you at the time specifie shouldn't make any difference to what I do for a living, but for the of your curiosity, I am an English tea at the Howardsburg High Schoo never studied in Paris, of course. I just a small-town girl, and I have no sions about my musical talents. simply that in our community what ents we possess must be used to best advantage.

I am looking forward to your ar on Sunday. I have only one comm to make before I see you then. In last letter you said that you could bu piano blindfolded. If this is the Cantrells are made, I think you sh state such facts in your advertising.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Helen Phill

Dear Ansel Jones:

I hope you arrived back at the fac without too much discomfort. I am ing this because there were a few th which I did not get to tell you Sun Father has not yet decided what h tends to do about Harold. My fath a very beautiful person. His thou are extremely abstract. He wants on teach and to make everybody happy. whenever he is faced with a problem the one that came up Sunday, he do know what to do. Mother is soft-hea too. She has mildly suggested tha deprive Harold of his allowance fo next year. It was my feeling tha should spend the next year in a refo tory.

Naturally we had no time to ask why he did it when you were here,

COLLIER'S

"We used to dance beautifully together. Why did you have to go and learn how?"

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ard I took him aside and asked a uestions of my own. First, how- I grasped his shoulders and shook ntil his teeth rattled. When I asked e had sneaked rubber shoes and the -table bell and a couple of dozen hells into the sounding board of the he finally confessed it was to pre- ne from playing at his graduation. isn't quite clear to me why he did ant me to play. All he would say, Aw, Sis, the gang'll never quit kid- e if you get up and play that corny ." Why the gang would kid him layed the Polonaise is a complete to me.

n less embarrassed by my ignorance folk-ways of young boys than I the trouble you have had in the last l weeks. I have been trying for ime to write an apology that would adequate, but humility, as my let- ve probably indicated, is not one outstanding traits. Instead of try- assume it, I would much rather ex- my admiration for the manner in you took our piano apart. I was ing your face closely, and the light ione in your eyes when your pincers ted one of Harold's rubber shoes ke that of a surgeon triumphantly ting a bullet from the body of a person.

en a decision has been made about d, I will write and let you know, as gine you will be interested. Mean- I am sorry my foot was still o that I couldn't take a walk with' ter supper as you suggested. There so many things to talk about. I 't had time to practice the Polo- but I am hoping that in the few hat remain I will master it, now e have a "silent Cantrell."

Ever yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Helen:

y I call you Helen? It seems as h I had known you all my life. I rry to hear that what to do about d has become a problem in your hold. Maybe if you just went ahead layed the Polonaise at his gradua- hat would be punishment enough. I told Father what had really hap- he chuckled. Work almost came tandstill at the plant. A polisher has been with us for eleven years ne afterward that it was the first he had ever heard Ansel Senior during business hours.

nk you for your compliment about rk. It is a tradition with us Joneses. told you, our name is mentioned espect wherever piano men gather. lt bad, too, that we had so little op- nity to talk last Sunday. Another

Cordially,
Ansel L. Jones, 3d

Dear Ansel Jones:

I think you are the most conceited man I have ever known. A little compliment, and your chest bulges out like an over-blown balloon. Just what do you mean when you say that my playing at Harold's graduation will be enough punishment for the trouble he has caused? I thought I had experienced the last of your insults when our piano was fixed. When I met you, you seemed to be a sensible young man. I can only conclude that you have a streak of arrogance which you find impossible to control. Please don't write to me any more. All my time is taken up practicing the Polonaise.

Yours,
(Miss) Helen Phillips

Dear Mr. Ansel Jones, Dear Sir:

It will probably come as a surprise that you get this letter from me. You better come down here right away. My sister is pretty upset. It is getting so that I am sorry I ever started putting stuff in that piano. I didn't want the guys all kidding me about it afterward that my sister is such a terrible paino player, after all a guy that expects to go out for the football team has to be pretty careful of his reputation, etc. But also at the same time I never figure she would be so upset like she is. She stays up in her room and cries, and when I knocked on the door a little while ago she says: "Get away, you inhuman monster. If it wasn't for you, I would of never heard of that stubborn pighead named Jones." It is her that calls you the name of pighead, not me. I am only quoting her words verbattum.

Personally, people that get in love are crazy as far as I'm concerned. On the other hand, since it was me who had the idea of putting stuff in the piano, I guess it is only right that I write and tell you I think Helen is head over heels in love with you. She sits around all day and mops, and at night she cries, and anybody that goes near her, she snaps at like a snaping turtle. I guess nothing can be done to stop her from playing the paino at my graduation, but at least I figure if you came down here and made her feel better by marrying her or something, maybe that would be the solution.

Yours very truly,
Harold Phillips
(Helen's Brother)

HAROLD PHILLIPS
HOWARDSBURG

THANKS FOR KIND INVITATION TO ATTEND GRADUATION STOP AM TAKING MIDNIGHT TRAIN STOP WILL GIVE CAREFUL CONSIDERATION TO SOLUTION SUGGESTED IN YOUR LETTER

ANSEL JONES

My dearest Helen:

My head is in the clouds. I will never forget your brother's graduation. He is a typical American boy. After hearing you play Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-Sharp Minor at the exercises, I was positive you should have stuck to the Polonaise. All this is as nothing, however, to what happened between us on our walk home from school. It was when you said you considered the Cantrell to be the finest piano in the world that my head rose into the clouds. Helen dearest, I've known you too short a time to ask you to be mine. But if you care for me even the least bit, would you consent to visit our factory? It would be sheer bliss to acquaint you with the approximately seven thousand parts that go into a Cantrell. Say you will. A yes from you will make me the happiest man in the world.

Devotedly,
Ansel

ANSEL JONES 3D
CANTRELL AND COMPANY

DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT PIANOS STOP YES I WOULD LOVE TO COME STOP IF YOUR MOTHER GOT USED TO IT THEN SO CAN I STOP LOVE

HELEN

THE END

"Okay, Maleen, your bath is ready!" MISCHA RICHTER

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Sole United States Importers:
Carillon Importers, Ltd., New York, N. Y.

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 27

"Which particular papers do you want, Mr. President?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Roosevelt, "just give me a handful to strew around on my desk so that I will look very busy when Willkie comes in."

When Churchill was informed that Harry Hopkins was coming to visit him, his first question was, *"Who?"* When told who his curious guest really was, he ordered the unrolling of any red carpets that might have survived the blitz.

Hopkins was five days en route, traveling the last leg, Lisbon to Poole on the south coast of England, in a British Overseas Airways Clipper. Churchill sent Brendan Bracken, his Parliamentary private secretary, to Poole to meet the airplane, but when the passengers debarked Hopkins was not among them.

Exhausted After Clipper Trip

Bracken got aboard and found Hopkins still sitting, looking sick and shrunken and too tired even to unfasten his safety belt. He had to rest for a long time before he felt well enough to take the train journey to London. But then he began to perk up. As the train moved through the countryside, which seemed as tranquil and untroubled as ever, Hopkins said to Bracken, "Are you going to let Hitler take these fields away from you?" That was his first leading question about British intentions.

Bracken answered, with authority, and with unaccustomed brevity, "No."

Hopkins was not at first favorably impressed with Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, though they later became very good friends. In his report to Roosevelt in longhand on Claridge's stationery and dispatched by courier, Hopkins wrote:

Number 10 Downing Street is a bit down at the heels because the Treasury next door has been bombed more than a bit. The Prime Minister is no longer permitted to sleep here and I understand sleeps across the street. He told me they are building a real shelter for him so that he can sleep in peace near by. Everyone tells me that he works fifteen hours a day and I can well believe it. . . .

Bracken led me to a little dining room in the basement, poured me some sherry and left me to wait for the Prime Minister. A rotund, smiling, red-faced gentleman appeared, extended a fat but nonetheless convincing hand and wished me welcome to England. A short black coat, striped trousers, a clear eye and a mushy voice was the impression of England's leader as he showed me with obvious pride the photographs of his beautiful daughter-in-law and grandchild.

I told him the President was anxious to see him in April; he expressed regret that Bermuda would not be the place—the climate was nice, he would bring a small staff, go on a cruiser and by accident meet the President at the appointed place, and discuss our problems at leisure.

I told him there was a feeling in some quarters that he, Churchill, did not like America, Americans or Roosevelt. This set him off on a bitter though fairly constrained attack on Ambassador Kennedy who he believes is responsible for this impression. He denied it vigorously.

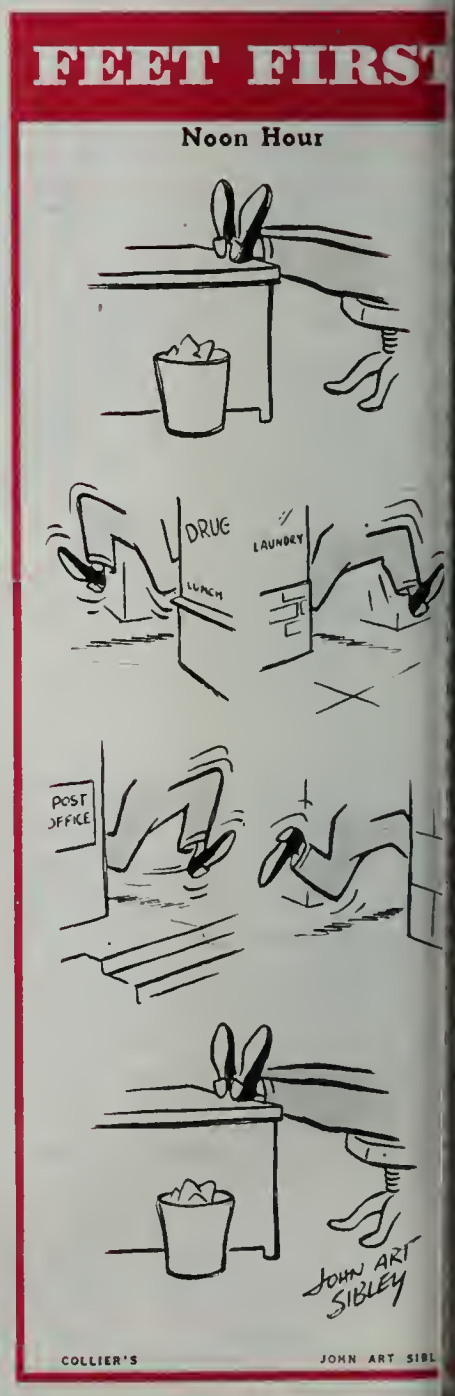
I told of my mission. He seemed pleased, and several times assured me that he would make every detail of information and opinion available to me and hoped that I would not leave England until I was fully satisfied of the exact state of England's need and the urgent necessity of the exact material assistance Britain requires to win war. . .

He thinks Hitler may use poison but if they do England will reply in ki killing man for man—"for we too h the deadliest gases in the world"— under no circumstances will they used unless the Germans release first. He said he believed Hitler wo not strike at Spain now because population is starving and Hitler d not want sullen people around armies—he has enough of that alrea but the spring might tell a differ story; he left me the impression t Spain would be overrun in the spring.

He looks forward with our help mastery in the air and then Germ with all her armies will be finished. believes that this war will never great forces massed against one other. . . .

The sentence, *"He believes that war will never see great forces mas against one another,"* should be note a suggestion of the strategic think which later led Churchill into so m arguments over the second front.

Hopkins traveled with Churchill in private train to Scotland where L Halifax was about to embark on the battleship, King George V, for his jo ney to the United States. The final st of the trip to Scapa Flow had to be m on a destroyer which was boarded der utmost difficulties, while pitch badly. Churchill was talking rapidly the time about the African campa He scrambled aboard the destroyer



COLLIER'S "You need a two here for a 99" HANK KETCHAM

but Hopkins, being no old salt (nor n a young one), missed his footing l was narrowly saved from falling into sea. He was dragged aboard by the uff of his neck while Churchill went ht on talking.

On board the destroyer, off the north st of Scotland in January, Hopkins s horribly cold, tired and generally serable. He borrowed General Ismay's ng boots to keep his feet warm and down to rest on some object on the k, but was promptly hauled off it by hief petty officer who said, apologetily, "Excuse me, sir, but I don't think u should sit just there, sir; that, sir, is a oth charge."

At Lunch with King and Queen

Although Hopkins had paid his rects at Buckingham Palace shortly er his arrival in London, he did not ve an opportunity for a real talk with king and queen until two weeks later. [had lunch today with Their Majes- the King and Queen at Buckingham ace today. . . .

He wrote on January 30th].

[f ever two people realized that Brit- is fighting for its life it is these two. ey realize fully that this conflict is erent from the other conflicts in Brit- 's history and that if Hitler wins they l the British people will be enslaved years to come.

The queen told an amusing story out going to church with Mrs. Roose- t, Sr., and the President. It appears t the old lady dropped her prayer k over and over again and the queen l to pick it up. This was no sooner e than she would drop her handker- ef. Eventually the prayer book went r the bench and there was nothing ther that could be done. The queen l been amused at the fact that the tor of the church had urged the ishioners to come to church even en such distinguished visitors were present. . . .

The air-raid alarm had gone off just we sat down to lunch, and as we ched coffee and port the bell rang in palace and the king said, "That ans we have got to go to the air-raid lter," so we immediately walked wn two or three flights of stairs, ough a dark hallway, led by a guard, ough several doors and finally landed n small lighted room with a table and irs.

The king told me the story of Queen lhelmina's escape from Holland. It ms she had, after some urging, asked fighter planes, which could not be sent, but the British government instead sent a destroyer. She was refusing to leave Holland and took the destroyer in order to get to Flushing. The commander of the destroyer could not get to Flushing and told the queen there was nothing to do but go to a British port, which she did. She got to Buckingham Palace at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon wearing a tin hat given her by the commander of the destroyer. The queen said she was a fine, courageous woman, and it was perfectly clear from this conversation that she arrived in England entirely by accident and not by intent on her own part. . . .

The king expressed a good deal of sympathy with the king of the Belgians. It was perfectly clear that he felt that the king had had two responsibilities—one as commander in chief of the Belgian army and the other his job as king, and that he had got the two jobs mixed up. He apparently had little or no criticism of him as commander in chief of the army, but as king he thought he should have left the country and established his government elsewhere.

The queen said she felt Hitler and the German people were a pretty cruel lot and realized they would have no mercy on them; that she liked the fact that the British people did not seem to have much hatred in their hearts but rather determination to resist to the end. . . .

When I emphasized the President's great determination to defeat Hitler, his deep conviction that Britain and America had a mutuality of interest in this respect, and that they could depend upon aid from America, they were both very deeply moved.

I have made some deliberate deletions in the foregoing document relating largely to the British political scene. None of the material deleted was concerned with President Roosevelt or U.S. government policy or problems.

The only real hardship that Hopkins experienced in living conditions in England was at Chequers, the official country seat of Prime Ministers. Hopkins voted that the coldest house in the world. Although Churchill seemed to thrive there, Hopkins seldom took his overcoat off. His favorite haunt was the downstairs bathroom, the only room where the "central heating" was detectible. He would go there and sit reading newspapers and dispatches; but he wore his overcoat even there.

In letters and cables to the President, Hopkins stated Britain's specific requirements and made his recommendations for meeting them. When Herschel Johnson read these cables as they passed over

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his desk in the embassy, he was amazed by the accuracy of Hopkins' reports and even more by his disregard for the taboo of isolationism. Many of the messages discussed broad questions of policy.

One quoted Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden:

According to Eden the Japanese believe that the presence of our fleet at Hawaii is purely a routine matter and he, Eden, is very anxious that we find a way to accent our determination to prevent Japan from making further encroachments. Japan might pause before they move on Hong Kong if we took a positive line, Eden believes.

I want to emphasize in your mind that the British believe that under the influence of Germany, Japan is considering making in the near future a positive move against England. . . . Eden asked me repeatedly what our country would do if Japan attacked Singapore or the Dutch East Indies, saying it was essential to their policy to know.

Just before he ended his mission, Hopkins summed up in another cable to Roosevelt:

Let me point out that I believe my telegrams have in no ways overstated the need. . . . I hesitate to urge upon you matters about which I know you are already convinced, or to assume to advise one who has seen the needs here far clearer than anyone in America. I would not do it now but for the compelling conviction which the military men of England have impressed upon me. The difference between victory and defeat may depend on decisive action now.

Prime Minister's Pills Analyzed

When he returned to Washington, Hopkins brought forth among his souvenirs a bottle of pills Churchill had given him with the assurance that he himself took them frequently and found them very bracing. Roosevelt asked what was in them, and when Hopkins said he hadn't the faintest idea, ordered that some of them be given to Dr. McIntire for analysis. The analysis was duly sent to Hopkins from the Naval Medical Center, and he noted, "I am told by the Navy that the whole prescription is a conglomeration of everything that couldn't do anybody much harm. It couldn't possibly do them very much good, either."

Debate over the Lend-Lease Bill created considerable uproar for two months. The Administration leaders in the Senate, of whom James F. Byrnes was t most vigorous and the shrewdest strat gist, waged the battle on the Presiden lines, and on Saturday night, March 8t the bill finally passed the upper house l a vote of 60 to 31. This was a histo victory for Roosevelt. Hopkins imme ately picked up the telephone and p through a call to Chequers. One of t secretaries said the Prime Minister w asleep and should he be awakened? Ho kins said never mind—to give him t report of the Senate vote in the morni When he got it, Churchill immediat cabled Hopkins: "Thank God for yo news. The strain is serious. Kindest gards."

The day after Roosevelt signed t Lend-Lease Bill, he was preparing speech for the dinner of the White Ho Correspondents' Association. He said me, "I'm going to get really tough in t one. There have been so many lies goi around about this bill and so many del erate attempts to scare the people t they have got the main issue all confus I couldn't answer all these lies while t bill was still being debated. But now I really going to hand it to them."

He then started to dictate, referring clippings, dragging out one after anot of the vicious charges that had been flu about so recklessly in the Congress a in the press. It was one of the most sca ing, most vindictive speeches I have e heard. After an hour or so, he grew we of it and I said good night and went talk to Hopkins, to confess that speech made me feel very depressed thought it was a terrible mistake for President to take that petulant tone. the hour of his great triumph. Hopk said, sharply, "You ought to know t he has no intention of using all that irr ble stuff you say he dictated. He's just ting it off his chest. It has been rankl all this time and now he's rid of it. probably feels a lot better for it and h have a fine sleep." Hopkins then sp in a way that was very unusual for h "You and I are for Roosevelt beca he's a great spiritual figure, because an idealist, like Wilson, and he's got guts to drive through against any op sition to realize those ideals. Oh- sometimes tries to appear tough and c cal and flippant, but that's an act he l to put on, especially at press conferen He wants to make the boys think hard-boiled. Maybe he fools some them, now and then—but don't ever him fool you, or you won't be any us

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him. It's your job and it's mine—as long as we're around here—to keep reminding him that he's unlimited, and that's the way he's got to talk because that's the way he's going to act. Maybe we'll make ourselves unpopular now and then—but not in the long run, because he knows what he really is, even if he doesn't like to admit it to you or me or anybody."

I don't think that the President ever referred again to the draft he had dictated that evening.

Administrator Without a Title

Roosevelt designated Hopkins to "advise and assist" him on Lend-Lease, but never gave him formally the title of administrator of that enormous program. This brought Hopkins out of the shadows in which he had dwelt as a mysterious confidant and made him, in one huge area of authority, the *de facto* deputy President.

Hopkins' position became more violently controversial than ever, for his activities cut across many lines of authority in Washington. It was obvious that Lend-Lease should become the most vital element in the relations between the United States and all the Allied combatant nations and many neutrals as well, with the result that more and more foreign missions in Washington were conducting, or attempting to conduct, their most important business directly with Hopkins, thus by-passing the State Department. This was a development which, quite understandably, did not set well with Cordell Hull. The predicament was best demonstrated by the appointment of W. Averell Harriman as "expediter" of Lend-Lease, with the rank of minister, in London. It was evident that Harriman was Hopkins' man and thus provided an easy, direct and secure pipe line of communication between London and the White House.

The security authorities required that certain messages must pass through military channels, the State Department codes being considered vulnerable. This applied to many of Ambassador Winant's messages as well as Harriman's, and the ambassador himself communicated more and more with Hopkins through Navy or Army or sometimes even British channels. Here again the State Department was by-passed, and it provided inadequate balm to Hull's pride to receive occasional polite notes from Hopkins enclosing copies of cables "for your information."

It was all irregular, but so was the fundamental situation in which the United States government found itself at that time.

The Webster's Dictionary definition of "common-law marriage" is "an agreement between a man and a woman to enter into the marriage relation without ecclesiastical or civil ceremony, such agreement being provable by the writings, declarations, or conduct of the parties. In many jurisdictions, it is not recognized."

That definition would seem to apply perfectly to the alliance which existed between the United States and Great Britain following the passage of Lend-Lease. It was certainly "not recognized" in such "jurisdictions" as the Congress, and if the isolationists had known the full extent of it their demands for the impeachment of President Roosevelt would have been a great deal louder. But it was a fact of incalculable importance in the whole process of American preparedness for war. By the spring of 1941, six months before the United States entered the war, the following developments, among others, were in progress:

The exchange of scientific information—on all manner of subjects, including atomic energy and radar. The pooling of military intelligence had started. A steady stream of American military and civilian specialists, mostly technical, had started to England. The U.S. Atlantic Fleet was constantly being strengthened, with some new ships and some transferred from the Pacific, for the purpose of guarding the sea lanes in the western Atlantic and thereby relieving the British navy of a large area of responsibility.

Plans were drawn up for the occupation by U.S. forces of Greenland, Iceland, the Azores and Martinique.

Most important of all—the first American-British staff talks had been instituted as early as the summer of 1940, while the Battle of Britain was being fought, for the formation of joint Grand Strategy in the event of American entry into the war. Their principal function was to gain the fullest possible information as to Britain's strength and prospects, as well as estimates of German strength and intentions. In the midst of these London talks, on September 27th, came the announcement of the signing of the Tri-partite Treaty in Berlin, whereby Japan recognized German and Italian leadership in creating the "New Order" in Europe, and Germany and Italy recognized Japan's leadership in organizing the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." That presented so obvious a challenge to the United States that many of Roosevelt's advisers, among them Cordell Hull, urged that the staff talks assume a more formal and constructive character.

An Admiral's Realistic Memo

In mid-November, Admiral Stark prepared a memorandum for Secretary Knox in which he stated, as our major national objectives: defense of the Western Hemisphere and "prevention of the disruption of the British Empire, with all that such a consummation implies." He believed that it would ultimately be necessary for America "to send large air and land forces to Europe or Africa, or both, and to participate strongly in this land offensive." In these tremendous matters, Stark's thinking closely paralleled Marshall's, but it was by no means typical of the Pacific-minded Navy point of view.

The real American-British staff talks began in Washington the end of January, 1941. The members of the British delegation wore civilian clothes and disguised themselves as "technical advisers to the British Purchasing Commission."

The staff talks continued until March 29th and produced a plan, known as A.B.C.—1, which suggested the Grand Strategy for the war. The basic point was that in the event of Anglo-American involvement in war with both Germany and Japan, the concentration of force should be on *Germany first,* while a containing war of attrition was to be waged against Japan pending Germany's defeat. (This was precisely in line with the conclusions reached by Marshall and Stark months previously.)

These staff talks, and the complete interchange of expert opinions as well as facts that they produced, provided the highest degree of *strategic preparedness* that the United States or probably any other nonaggressor nation has ever had before entry into war.

Although the common-law alliance involved the United States in no undercover commitments and required no violations of the Constitution, the very existence of any American-British joint plans, however tentative, had to be kept utterly secret. It is an ironic fact that in all probability no great damage would have been done had the details of these plans fallen into the hands of the Germans and the Japanese; whereas, had they fallen into the hands of the Congress and the press, American preparation for war might have been well-nigh wrecked and ruined as, indeed, it came perilously close to being when the House of Representatives voted on the extension of Selective Service.

(Next Week: Joseph Stalin speaks to Hopkins of morals, good faith and machine guns.)

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IMPORTANT TO A MAN

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

The problem was not how to use the gun—but when

THE haze had lifted a little. It was going to be hot, but not yet a while, for the first smoke of morning was coming from old Walter's cabin far back by the hickory grove. We were walking in single file, Brother Emory and I, our boots making a punching sound on the earth. I was in front and dared not look behind, but I could sense the tautness of his great, gaunt body as he followed me.

"Go west," he said.

I turned that way, moving obliquely by the slave-made limestone fence, away from Brother Emory's ramshackle house. The green smells of Kentucky's summer—honeysuckle, thistle, tobacco—seemed ranker for the powdered dust our boots kicked up. My palms felt moist against the rifle's walnut stock.

"Don't tighten up," said Brother Emory. "Go slow—go slow."

I tried. I kept on thinking how he'd walk if he was out in front, the rifle resting easy in his hand, the one that had no thumb to it, only the scar where long ago he'd sheared it off with a tobacco knife. But it was hard to do. For this might be the morning that he let me have the rifle for my own. He'd promised me. "The time will come," he'd said when I first came to visit him. "You'll learn."

I thought of that as we moved past the creek, and then ahead of us I saw the gravestones of the little cemetery on the rise of ground. I slowed uncertainly.

"Go on," said Brother Emory.

"Between the graves?" I asked.

His gray eyes, deep beneath his thick, gray brows, seemed cold, appraising. "You leery, boy?"

"No, sir," I said. "Except—"

"It shows no disrespect to walk among the dead," said Brother Emory. "They don't mind company. Might be pleasing to these boys to hear a gun again. They're General Forrest's boys, some of them kin to you. Go on."

I didn't like it but I went ahead. We moved between the graves upon the softer grass, until we reached the limestone fence again and followed that, down past the cattails of the creek until I saw the low-pitched eaves of Brother Emory's house. Then as we trudged into the waist-high corn, I heard him whisper, "Now!"

The rabbit jumped. I raised the rifle and took aim and fired and hit him as I should have done. He leaped high in the air and plunged into the harrowed dirt, kicked and lay still.

I turned excitedly. Somewhere, far off from us, a guinea gave its silly, piercing cry.

"We'll go back now," said Brother Emory, "fo Walter burns the hoecakes up. You're spindlin' boy—you've got to do a lot of growin' in the nex three years."

That hurt, and he must have known it, for he had seen my face when I turned around. His hand came down upon my shoulder.

"Look here, boy—"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a dandy shot." He said it in tha harsh, strong voice of his, the way that men car build a fire in boys' hearts, never talking down "That was a beauty, boy—but you're not ready fo the gun. There's more than aimin' straight to bein ready for a gun."

"Yes, sir, but when—?"

"The time will come," he said. "You'll learn You'll know."

And in that moment someone turned in at th gate. It was a buggy driven very fast, careening i the dust that spewed up after it. At first it was s far away that I could not be sure of who it was, an Brother Emory's admiring whistle startled me.

"Hattie!" he cried. He held his thumbless han above his eyes, his mouth fixed in a smile that ha no merriment. And then: "My God! Look at tha horse."

The horse was rearing in the buggy shafts. Ther was a twisting, slashing malice in the pawing of it hoofs, striking like knives into the air and down a something in the lane. It must have been th cantankerous yelping of the hounds, awakene from their napping in the dust, for all at once ol Walter burst out of Brother Emory's house and w could hear his voice, angry and hoarse, shouting a

"It shows no disrespect to walk among the dead, Emory said. "They don't mind company. They'r General Forrest's boys, some of them kin to yo

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them as he ran furiously toward the plunging horse.

"You Fred! You Mike! You Sam! Get out of from dere!"

The buggy's reins went tight. The horse stood in a rigid arc, held there, its ears laid back, compact with violence. Then Walter grabbed its bridle and yanked down.

"That Hattie!" Brother Emory groaned. "You better come on, boy—yo' grandma's here."

He went off with that country gait of his, long-legged, moving fast. I followed him, watching old Walter lead the jerking horse along.

GRANDMOTHER sat there in the driver's seat, the reins taut in her tiny hands, and suddenly it came to me why she was here.

"Your Brother Emory," she'd said that spring when she was sending me to him, "wants you to come. It is his right. But, son, don't mold yourself on Brother Emory. He's always lived the way he wanted to, alone out there, and some of it has got the devil in it. Like the time—why, when he killed that lawyer back in Hopkinsville. Course it was self-defense, but Brother Emory might have argued out of it. Trouble is, he's quick with guns and everybody knows it and that's why some men try—well, men can't seem to help it when they think they're good with guns. But there's no good in guns. No good at all."

It all came back to me as we approached the house. Grandmother had already gone inside. Old Walter stood there with the horse, holding it warily, his eyes bugged out.

"Sho mean," he said, and Brother Emory nodded silently, but there was something in the look that passed between them, something frightening, the way two men look cautiously on danger. "Miss Hattie say she wait in where it cool."

"Yes, Walter. Thanks. Step lively, boy."

I said, "The gun?"

"The gun?" he asked, as if astonished. Then: "You'll carry that, of cour Come on."

Grandmother stood beside the read table in the living room. One corner her white shawl was clenched in hand. Her small black hat sat primly her silver hair. She waited until we w well within the room.

"I've come," she said, "to take grandson home with me."

"Why, mornin', Hattie. Mornin Brother Emory said. Gravely he t her in his arms, then stooped and kis her forehead. "Hattie, you're lool mighty sweet."

"You're kind," she said stiffly.

"Oh, Hattie! No sense in actin' up cause you got a scare."

She shook her head. "No horse scare me, Brother Emory. But what heard about you and my grandson, wa ing with a gun—"

"Just huntin' cottontails," Brot Emory explained.

"I'm sure of that. But we must It's a long drive to Clarkesville."

"With that particular horse, it's li to be longer than you think. You've no business drivin' any horse like t He's a killer, Hattie—a born killer. W when I saw him rear on you, flailin' forefeet at my hounds—"

"Nonsense! I'll gentle him. I alw do."

Brother Emory laughed, shaking head. "You always try," he said. " this time you've got more than you gentle. No, I'll drive you back. Wa can follow in the rig." He smiled armingly. "Course not right n Walter's got work to do. Take off hat—take off yo' hat—breakfast is alr ready. It's a gracious plenty for us He strode toward the porch. "Wa Put up Miss Hattie's horse."

"Just a minute, Brother Emory." voice, as always, had that small clarit silver bells, seeming so feminine, but a steadiness that meant unswer strength. "We shan't have time to st She turned to me. "Go pack your son. Summer's over. Soon you'l

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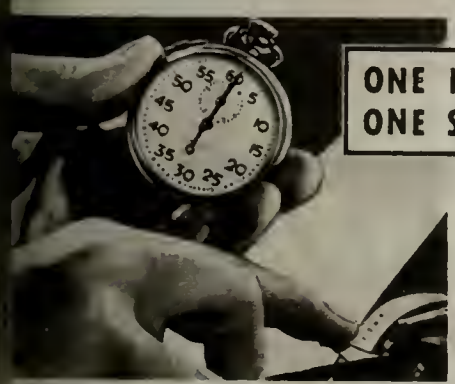

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ack to school. I want you with the next few weeks."

oved uncertainly, but Brother 's hand hooked in the muscles of n. "Hattie," he said, sharply, "what get, my blood runs in his veins the s yours. Joe's blood, my brother's –"

husband's blood," Grandmother "I am aware of it, Brother Emory. on't have you teaching him your ss."

dness?" he asked, and laughed. It harsh laugh, bitter, short. "I can ber when you didn't call it that." se days are long since past," nother reminded him.

bowed, icily courteous. "No, no. Nothing like that is ever past. ld have told you that, if Joe had Joe understood us both. My and your husband, Hattie. But, h of us, a little more than that. as his gun—"

heard the creaking of Grand- 's buggy going toward the barn. that old, ramshackle house, the r morning's heat come now at last, seemed heavy suddenly, thick with stiness of long dry-rotted wood, of s moldering upon the floor, of rooms, mildewed. When Brother spoke again, his voice was hushed. go help Walter, boy. Your a's going to talk to me a while."

n't know. I couldn't know. I Grandmuh?"

down that gun," she said. "And

CKLY, I put the rifle down and nt out toward the barn. Some re too much for a boy of twelve erstand, but I knew this, that this n Grandfather's rifle that I'd used t was promised to me. Grand- rifle, yet in Brother Emory's care, trusted to him until the time when ld pass it on to me. It was more ifle now. It was a heritage out of . And something even more than he symbol of a fundamental dif-

Walter had unhitched Grand- 's horse. He held its bridle slackly, g back, letting it gulp water from ugh beside the iron pump. But en, drinking, its ears were back veined, red-rimmed eyes were g us. Old Walter ran a soothing long its neck.

uble?" he asked, as if he were not g to me. "Trouble in de house?"

"Grandmother wants me to go home," I said.

The horse blew through its nostrils suddenly, sending a spray of water from the trough, then all at once it reared up on its hind legs, pawing frantically. Old Walter tugged down hard upon the reins. "Whoa, boy! Now steady! Steady! Hold on, dere!" His brown hand touched the ugly, jerking head, palm open, soft. "Now, boy! Now come on, boy, le's walk." He shook his head, working the horse slowly toward the barn and making those deep-voiced and coaxing sounds that seem like grownups' baby talk. "Now, boy! Now, come on, boy! Now, walk wi' me." And then: "Seem like Miss Hattie always pick a mighty fractious horse. She sech a peaceful lady, think she pick somethin' dat's mo' equable, but she don't. You goin' home?"

"I'm not sure yet," I said.

"Dat's 'cause dey ain't sure yet," he grinned. "Kind of a puzzle what to do about a boy. Now you take Mister Emory and Mister Joe—"

"My grandfather?"

He nodded thoughtfully. "Dey raised de same. But sho did turn out different. Mister Joe, he sottle down, has all dem chillun what's yo' uncles and aunts, you never hear no ruckuses concerned wid him. But Mister Emory—"

The horse twisted maliciously and bared its teeth. I turned and ran. When I looked back, Walter had gotten it into a stall. He latched the gate.

"Debbil," he whispered to himself. "Debbil, dat's what." Then all at once his dark eyes seemed opaque, as if he'd shut his mind on something bothering him. "You helpin' or you gawpin', boy? Fotch me some hay."

We went back to the house soon after that, for it was well past breakfast time. It was a strange breakfast. Brother Emory was not much for talking while he ate but this morning, while my grandmother listened silently, he was almost gay, the way that older men are sometimes gay, with an underlying gravity. I'd catch him watching me, as if all this were calculated to amuse me. And it did.

"Eat it," he said, pushing some bacon on my plate. "Eat all of it. I'll make a John L. Sullivan out of you yet."

"But I'm full, Brother Emory."

"You're full?" he roared, and poked his fingers in my stomach. "The way a gourd is full! You eat that up. You need a little somethin' stickin' to your ribs. Your grandma's going to take you for another walk."

Grandmother's fork clicked sharply on her plate. "I was to tell him that."

"Hattie, it just slipped out."

"And not by accident. You're prejudicing him, trying to make it humorous. You're not fair, Brother Emory."

He scowled at her. His deep-set eyes were suddenly morose. The dark look of the Welsh, the latent fury of a forest people came in them. "It's not a thing I care to be too fair about. Walter—" And violently he thumped his heavy cup upon the table. "Walter, more coffee!"

"I think we'll go now, Brother Emory."

"All right!" he cried. "Go for your walk—and if you win, take him away with you. But you won't win."

"You'll have my buggy hitched?"

"I promised that."

She got up quietly. "We'll go now."

OUTSIDE, the sun had gotten scorching hot, and as we went down Brother Emory's steps the hounds got up and shook themselves, licking their jaws with indolent delight at seeing us. Grandmother did not seem to notice them. They slumped back disappointedly into the dust. And we walked on.

"They take the easy way," Grandmother said to me at last. "I mean those hounds. If there's excitement, they'll get up for that. They thought that you might take them hunting—"

"But they're foxhounds, Grandmuh. They hunt at night."

"Don't quibble, son. The sight of you means hunting to them. They don't think about the time of day or night at first. So they get up for that—and nothing else. That's easy living, son—excitement is. It's doing the dull, necessary things that's hard for dogs. And hard for men."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, not really understanding what she meant. "Where are we going, Grandmuh?"

"Beyond the creek. Up on that rise of ground."

"Just for a walk?"

"Yes, son," she said. "Just for a walk. You've been there lots of times before, I'm sure. Your Brother Emory must have taken you or you've gone by yourself, exploring. Boys do that. Boys can't resist the sight of gravestones, though they never comprehend them. Did you comprehend them, son?"

"They're General Forrest's men," I said, remembering. "Some of them kin to me."

We passed the creek. We climbed the slope and stood at last before the little cemetery. Then Grandmother spoke.

"Yes, they were Forrest's men. Here's where they died—and when they died they weren't much older than you are this morning, son. They'd marched from Mississippi, marched and ridden when they had the horses. Night and day, trying to feint Sherman out of Georgia. It doesn't matter now that they did not succeed, but it did then. This was only a tiny part of it—a raid, a screen for Forrest's general movement north. They skirmished here, a battle too small even for a name. Still, it seemed important to these men. Enough to die for, if they had to die." She moved ahead upon the softer grass, keeping my hand in hers. "Some of them didn't die," she said. "Your Brother Emory—my Joe—that's your grandfather, son. But Philip died."

She touched a stone. The lettering upon it, scaled by time and rain, was hard to read. *Philip Frederick Haskins.*

"My brother," said Grandmother presently. "Nineteen that day. You're twelve. In seven years you'll be as old as Philip ever got to be. In seven years you'll look like Philip did—oh, not a large man like your Brother Emory A small man with a straight smile and the kind of eyes you've got. Brown eyes. Good, honest eyes—kind'eyes. And sweeter to his sister than most men would be. Or than most men could be." She ran her finger down the letters of the stone. "You'd think that in the fifty years since then I'd

"She's in taking her, ha, ha, beauty nap"

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orgotten Philip, but you don't for-
or time and rain don't scale a face
your heart."
t turned away. And in a moment we
down the slope. As we walked on,
pt on talking in that voice that was
lver bells.
e point is, son, that Philip died for
nvictions. And if a man must die,
how it should be. I have no wish
ue that. But always, there's a time
the guns away. My Joe did that.
the war was over, Joe was through
uns. But not Emory. He's kept on
g ever since. Sometimes with men,
imes against the trend of time itself,
ways ready with his gun, ready if
d to use his gun. Now, look at me."
sun blazed in my eyes. And yet I
er clearly, standing there.
other Emory's way is easiest, for
the way excitement lies. Fury and
n, burning love and bitter hate, but
aren't God's way, son. God's way
. His way is peace. That is the way
e went when the war was done, and
t with him. You remember that.
we'll go back."

THER EMORY was waiting in
living room. My bag was at his
He had the rifle in that hand of his
d no thumb to it. He didn't hold
to me.
e summer's gone," he said. "It'll
night. Yo' buggy's almost ready,
Walter's getting it. Sit down—"
're leaving, Brother Emory."
t not like this." He shook his great,
ead at us. "No, Hattie, not like
'm not the devil, after all—surely
n't trained the boy in devilment.
ly taught the boy the way to use a
haven't given it to him."
that," Grandmother said, "you
have done."
time, in time! Hattie, he's going to
an."
clenched her shawl. "If that means
—"
ere is a time for that. There was
. Oh, I know that we went a dif-
way after the war. That was be-
well, you were lovely when he
you. Sixteen that year, red-
, slim, the finest hand in Christian
with a horse. I would have done
h for you, if I'd been Joe."
Brother Emory. You were born
t."
eyes were glistening when he an-
her. "Joe was my twin in every-
ntil you came along, my twin in
ing except the fact of time. You
him. You gentled him the way
entle horses—patience, firmness
ve. But I know this, you couldn't
man that wasn't first a man, that
't always be a man. Temper a
man to live the way a woman must, but first—"

"That's pompous talk."

Harshly, he said, "Of course. All men seem pompous in the women's world it has become. Security and safety, these are all that matter any more. You'll preach that to the boy, you'll make a woman out of him—"

Grandmother took my arm. And in that moment Brother Emory handed me the rifle.

"Look at it, boy," he said. "It was Joe's gun. And someday you come back for it. I'm sorry, Hattie—no, let's go outside. The time for talkin's past. Yo' buggy's here."

I walked behind them out upon the porch. The rifle seemed forever lost to me, for in a moment now, I knew, I'd give it back to Brother Emory.

"Hattie, goodby. Come back sometime."

"I will," Grandmother said, and touched my arm. "Let's go now, son. Give Brother Emory the gun."

A shout came from the drive beyond the porch. Grandmother's horse, rearing, jerked free from Walter's hand. There was a splintering of wooden shafts. The horse was loose, and Walter, grabbing at it, fell into the dust. Then those sharp hoofs rose terribly into the air.

Grandmother screamed. And in an instant Brother Emory was plunging down the steps. The hoofs came up again. Old Walter rolled and groaned and rolled again. I heard a raging cry from Brother Emory. Walter tried hard to roll again.

Then all at once he could not roll and hoofs were slashing murderously at him. I raised the rifle and took aim and fired.

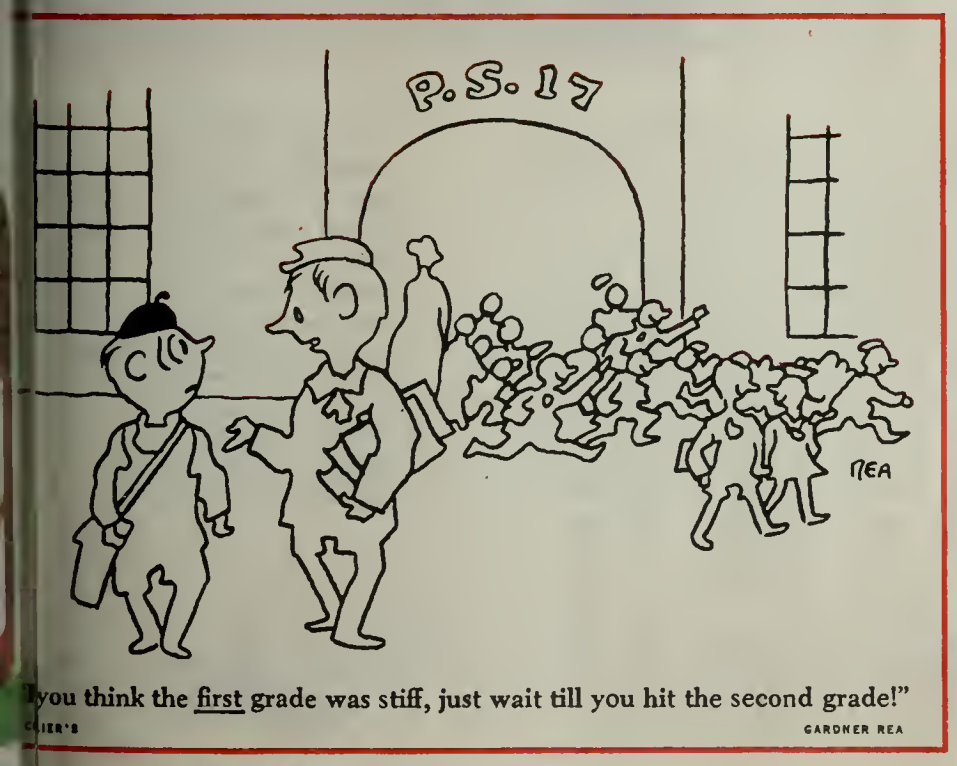
IT WAS Grandmother who helped me to get back on my feet. I was confused. I hadn't known that I'd dropped to my knees when Brother Emory, with Walter in his arms, went in the house. I saw the horse, seeming so awkward lying in the dust. And then at last Brother Emory was coming out.

"He'll be all right," he said. "Cut bad and hurt inside, but Walter's lived through worse. Hattie, I'm givin' you another horse, more fittin' to your age. And you"—he turned to me—"you, boy. Your Grandma'll let you take the rifle with you now. Because you've learned the thing you had to know—not how to use a gun, for any fool can learn that much. But when! That's what's important to a man."

Grandmother nodded somberly. "Yes, son—"

And I knew then that both of them, according to their lights, were right.

THE END



you think the first grade was stiff, just wait till you hit the second grade!"

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No! Not now! ←

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MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

LOCK THAT TOOTHACHE!

BY MARGOT GRUBB

IGH on the list of detested in- ventions, along with the atom bomb, alarm clock and juke the dentist's drill. This was re- confirmed, if confirmation were by one of Dr. George Gallup's able investigations.

relief from the dentist's drill t last in sight. The U.S. Pub- lth Service has announced that fluoride—known to you as a ch killer—decreases decay in 's teeth by at least 40 per cent, operly applied. A small number siastic dentists, furthermore, see n why adults cannot cut their fu- ctancy of cavities by about 25

gh some skeptics discount the lea, sodium-fluoride applications only antidecay measure ever to imously endorsed by the cautious tions of the American Dental ion, the State and Territorial Officers Association, and U.S. Health.

Public Health Service's findings sed on tests made on more than ildren by Dr. John W. Knutson, the Dental Health Section. Dr. and Dr. Wallace Armstrong, of versity of Minnesota, treated the s of the mouths of 289 Minne- dren seven to fifteen years old. rs later those teeth had 41 per er cavities than the right, un- eeth.

1,800 Ohio children were next dium-fluoride treatments by Dr. and Dr. Donald J. Galagan, public health official. Four ap- s decreased tooth decay by 41 In Rochester, Minnesota, over ildren had half of their teeth ith the decay resister. Two years y had 20 per cent fewer cavities reated teeth than in those not Here the teeth were not cleaned eatment, which may explain the drop in the number of cavities.

utine now recommended to give lts on Junior and his kid sister is dentist cleans the teeth, blocks f with cotton rolls, dries with sed air, douses them thoroughly wo-per-cent solution of sodium then lets them dry for three min- is is repeated—with the excep- the cleaning—once a week, for ks. A series of four applications mended for children at the ages seven, ten and thirteen to be atch all the teeth as they grow in. ctiveness of the treatment is not ed over a period of three years. how long it will insulate the wever, is still unknown.

practicing dentists, for better rse, vary the recommended rou- refinements and compromises. ip the first treatment except in rs already showing marked signs eeth. Others reinforce their sur- plications with prescriptions of fluoride pills, tooth powders and ashes. The Public Health Serv- ever, is leery of such frills, de- hat "studies are not sufficiently to warrant conclusions regard- worth."

test-tube experiments at Tufts School, Boston, had demon- hat the enamel of old teeth ab- uorine solution as readily as that g teeth, Dr. Harry Ostrow, dental ficer of the District of Columbia, k unofficial tests on adults. He hat adults who habitually had four or five new cavities on annual visits to their dentists decreased these cavities to three, two, sometimes one or none after sodium-fluoride treatments.

Instead of the two per cent liquid solution, Dr. Ostrow used on adults a paste containing 25 per cent sodium fluoride, the balance kaolin and ungasol, with gentian violet for coloring matter to facilitate removal. Other dentists use a paste made of one third each of sodium fluoride, kaolin and glycerin, plus a coloring, for adult teeth.

An additional boon for grownups is the apparent action of sodium fluoride on the so-called "denuded" areas of the teeth, bare spots where enamel has worn off, leaving teeth sensitive to hot or cold. Dr. Ostrow tells of a friend whose teeth were so sensitive to cold that breathing was painful in winter. After one treatment with fluorine paste the sensitiveness disappeared and had not recurred one year later.

Home application should not be attempted. For one thing, in sufficient quantities, sodium fluoride is a poison.

Those best qualified to give treatments are dental hygienists, who thoroughly dry the teeth and then make sure every possible crevice and in-between area is covered.

Exactly how sodium fluoride works on teeth has not been determined. It may combine with the enamel to make teeth more resistant to lactic acid (a major cause of decay) or perhaps it acts on the enzymes that help produce the destructive acid. Why it desensitizes sensitive teeth is still a mystery.

Fluorine first got widespread notice in the United States from the counties in the Southwest where teeth grew in mottled with brown spots caused by fluorines in the drinking water. Although unsightly, these teeth showed astonishingly little decay. And children who spent their tooth-formation stages where drinking water had minute quantities of fluorines had only one third to one half as many cavities as normal, but did not have mottled teeth. Dentists reasoned that artificial addition of minimum amounts of fluorines to water might inhibit decay without staining teeth. At least nine U.S. cities are now trying this (Keep Your Teeth In, Collier's of April 1, 1944). Conclusive results of the artificial fluorination will not be known until at least 1950.

Experts caution that sodium fluoride will never prevent all decay and that, while it is the best preventive measure on hand, a better may yet be found. Research is under way also with synthetic vitamin K, urea products and the war-born wonder drug, penicillin.

The process of tooth decay is known. Sugar and foods with high carbohydrate content (bread, pastries, cereals) are acted upon in the mouth by enzymes which presumably always lurk there, and lactic acid results. The acid attacks the enamel of the teeth. If unchecked there, germs invade the dentine under the enamel and next the pulp of the tooth, commonly called the nerve. If not stopped there, an abscess results, with possible infection through the blood stream.

Good teeth are, if present-day science knows what it is talking about, largely a matter of inheritance and luck. If chance has not caused you to be born and raised in a fluorine-water locality, your best bet would seem to be to have sodium fluoride applied on your teeth and, especially, on your children's. Is it worth it? Well, had a toothache lately? ★★★

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AN WE GUARANTEE A FREE EUROPE?

Continued from page 20

we will not be dictating. We shall ly be helping the peoples of West- Europe to accomplish what they y recognize to be indispensable to own good.

ere is one further contribution that ay have to make. We may have to some political guarantees to cover eriod during which Western Europe s transition from the weakness of sity to the strength of unity.

viet leaders are violently opposed to ern European unity. They realize if that happens, it will end, once and all, the Soviet design of moving gh Western Europe to the Atlantic. e nations of Western Europe know every move they take toward unity involve the great displeasure of So- leaders and they feel that that dis- ure may evidence itself in hostile

viet doctrine sanctions the use of neans to accomplish Soviet ends and have in the Russian army a means h Western Europe in its present state ot resist and they have in the Com- ist parties a means of penetration h it is difficult to resist so long as is economic sickness.

e European states would feel safer oceeding if they knew that, in doing hey had over-all backing from the d States and not merely financial economic backing.

A Hostile Power's Opportunity

Western Europe should succumb to tism, as Eastern Europe already then a great power which treats us nemy would, through Greenland, North America. It would, through ce, Italy and Spain, come into con- of long-established cultural ties with n America and then it would be diffi- o prevent the kind of encroachment South America which, President roe said over a century ago, would dangerous to our peace and safety." e United States would, under those mstances, be virtually encircled and ted in the world and a process of strangulation would be well under Probably we would then try to fight way out. But surely it is not in our nterest to be halfhearted and ineffec- until we actually feel the noose tight- around our neck.

. I say, the United States should be ared to give to the uniting countries of Western Europe assurance that, while unity is being forged, they will have our complete backing. That backing should be against military aggression and against the overthrow of their free political institutions by Communists who are within but who function as foreign affiliates of the Soviet Communist party and take its orders.

All of that is permissible under the United Nations Charter, which authorizes collective self-defense and joint action to promote observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms.

I feel, however, that any military guarantee that we now give should be provisional and transitional, and not permanent. Perhaps that judgment would need to be revised in the light of future events, but my present thought is that Western Europe, with its African territories, has the possibility of becoming a free and democratic area equally as powerful as the United States herself.

The immediately pressing problem is to bring about a realization of that possibility. That might not happen if the different nations of Western Europe felt that they could rely continuously upon us. American aid and support, whether economic or military, is, today, a crutch. Crutches are good so long as they help convalescent people to get the strength to stand alone. Crutches are not good when people who can recover get to leaning on them permanently.

The United States cannot, and should not, go on indefinitely bolstering up peoples who have the possibility of standing independently on their own feet. I am confident that they can stand alone. If so, we will have helped to create a great sister federation, a new regional grouping such as the United Nations Charter permits and encourages. That transformation in Europe would bring to an end the present considerable risk of war. It would fill with health the present vacuum into which Soviet power is penetrating.

The coming into being of a federation of Western Europe should not, of course, mark the end of our efforts to replace international anarchy with international order. It might, however, mean that from then on, our efforts could be on a more universal basis through the United Nations. There would be real chance of developing world order on a universal basis. We should never lose sight of that ultimate goal.

THE END

"Oh, just show him any one—he'll never know the difference!"

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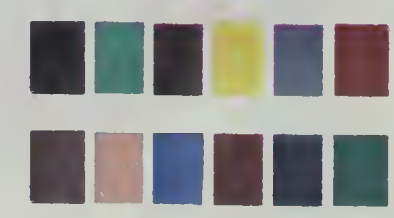

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★ CHENEY CRAVATS

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

I were a kid again, playing that game. Fair winds, sunny seas and a spanking heavy payday! BILL ADAMS, Dutch Flat, Cal.

ASK JOHN L. LEWIS!

TREASURED COLLIER'S: First, to make myself solid, I love your magazine. I read the "Mailbox" with much interest. Anent letter in it for May 1st: There just "ain't no such word" as "disassociate" in my dictionary. That word is in the same classification as "irregardless" (or "uncareless" as I heard one person say!) . . . it is, I believe, "associate" and contrary, "dissociate." Would it follow that the proper word is "disfiliate"? . . . I can't find "disaffiliate" either! MRS. GERTRUDE HEATON, Altadena, Cal.

We hate to disbobulate Reader Heaton but both disassociate and dissociate are correct.

FLYING SCHOLAR

DEAR EDITOR: In his What's Wrong With Veterans' Schools? (May 1st), Mr. Maisel picked out the flying schools in particular. I am studying flying and have found no such discrepancies as he brought out.

His big item was the expense to the "poor taxpayer." Who does he think we veterans are? We repay in taxes almost what we have spent on us in a year; last year I paid *more* in taxes than I had spent on me by the "poor taxpayers."

I don't say that the methods of the G.I. Bill couldn't stand revision but please don't make all of us sound like leeches; we did win the war, you know.

H. E. ZIEGLER, Roslyn, Pa.

. . . Albert Q. Maisel's parallels are poorly drawn. Six apples and six oranges under no circumstances can ever make one dozen oranges, so lack of funds for hospitals should be blamed on lack of planning rather than the educational program.

JOHN E. REILLY, JR., Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . Those of us who were fortunate enough to complete our education (formal) before going into the Army feel that we have as much right to study voice, ballroom dancing, or chicken sexing as anyone attending college or a university for a degree in law or medicine. May we remind you that our foxholes were just as muddy, our C- and K-rations just as tasteless, and our combat just as bloody as those in colleges and universities?

LT. JAMES K. CARTEE, Washington, D. C.

RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT

DEAR EDITOR: We who are attached culturally to Kansas State College and much more deeply to Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower by human ties indignantly deny that he is resigning the presidency of our college for reasons of health. He is as robust as his brother Ike and, thank God, not leaving us. I am writing this in denial of the recent paragraph by your Washington columnist, Robert S. Allen (Washington Party Line, Apr. 17th) who, incidentally, is a good man too. WALPOLE T. CLASKEY, Manhattan, Kans.

Colonel Allen's sources for his information were one United States senator, one top-flight newspaper correspondent and one former governor who is still a big shot in Republican politics.

LICENSE US!

DEAR SIRS: The editorial of May 1st, Press Pipe Lines Should Be Protected, asks: Should publications and writers be immune from compulsion to disclose sources of confidential information?

The answer is yes, but only if the publications and professional writers were licensed under rules and regulations just as doctors and lawyers and other professional men are licensed.

A professional writer is merely one has acquired the art of phrasing words sentences and is able to put them on p in such a manner that they will ha commercial value to a printer or publi He is not always endowed with a sup intellect nor is he of a superior race god, but usually thinks he is when h ceives pay for his work. He shoul licensed after qualifying and he sh also live up to professional standar conduct and ethics. It could also app professional teachers.

L. S. JACOBY, New York, N

E-NUN-SEE-AY-SI-YON!

EDITOR COLLIER'S: You ran some fine cles on the radio in Men, Money & M (Apr. 17–May 8th), now can you do s thing to get these people who talk like had mush in their mouths off the ra They say pro-*grum* for program—anist for piano-ist—*on*-velope for velope, and can scarcely pronounce word correctly, except AID TO EUR and that while drooling.

JAMES DINGLE, JR., Burbank,

B'R BRADFORD

DEAR SIRS: We are cotton farmers in n east Texas, and Roark Bradford's s about Little Bee Bend are so typical, myself gradually thinking of the foll our own, or near-by, farms. We all a "Widow Duck," "Uncle Henry" "B'r Charlie."

These colored folk are the ha people on earth. They have a hous garden, a few hogs; a church nea where they can shout and sing hal night; a school on the adjoining farm they seldom attend; money on Satur and they know that in an emergenc farm owner pays their doctor or ho bills.

We sit on the porch after supper an about weather, the price of cotton etc., and about 100 yards away the co family sits on their porch talking to bors, gossiping, laughing and singin wonder they don't have gray hair or kles before they're at least 90.

MRS. G. E. STRICKLAND, Texarkana,

THE UNDEWEY I

COLLIER'S READERS: A lot of peop *fed up to the gills* with words, words, such as the detailed account of ernor Dewey's smoking habits (Go Dewey, May 1st).

When are we going to learn that th erning of a nation is serious busine not a moving picture? If the man wl untangle the web of his and other at ties that have been built up in this U. bald-headed and cross-eyed—well, of it? He is the man we need.

JAMES TULLOUA, Ysleta,

8

SIRS: Your article The Vanishin (May 1st) contains much food for t that are facts, but why the fiction clover and especially the mammoth has too deep a honey (nectar) reposi accommodate the honeybee and as sult very little pollinization is accom thereby. Also an otherwise fascinati ture has been printed upside dow disturbing to a beekeeper. The que should hang open end downward.

DR. H. W. SATTERLEE, Lewiston,

The picture was apisdn umop and print it right side up; Authors Wil Wheeler listed red clover as one of the many clovers, were aware it was not an important bee source, but did not have space to go into detail.

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Continued from page 28

was crazy with fright. Anyway, he red the dogs were locked up—"

When, in fact, they were right on of him! If Kelly hadn't arrived, I ld have done nothing. Rouse some- y up. Get hot water, bandages, io- . Rush."

s Sam ran to obey, Raymond Hark- stepped in through the open win- . He wore a blue raincoat, a striped ller and a brown hat. He was peeling a pair of light pigskin gloves. He ed like an accountant who had called dvise winding up the corporation.

It's not clear to me, Sir Denis, just t happened out there tonight—I n what happened to Frobisher."

You can see what happened to him!" Smith, dryly.

Yes—but how? Sokolov was wait- to meet him, but he never got e—"

Somebody else met him first!"

Sokolov's thugs made the mistake of ning fire on our party." Harkness his gloves in his pockets. "Other- , I'm not sure we should have had hing on Sokolov—"

he wounded man groaned, momen- y opened his eyes, clenched his in- l hands. He had heard the sound omeone beating on a door, heard a's moaning cry:

Let me out! Mike!"

Don't . . ." Frobisher whispered, "let . . . see me."

ayland Smith turned, exchanged a ce with Harkness, and went racing airs.

Mrs. Frobisher!" he called. "Mrs. isher! Where are you?"

'm here!" she said pitifully.

mith found the locked door. The was in the lock! He turned it, and w the door open.

ella Frobisher, on the verge of nerv- collapse, stood just inside.

Mrs. Frobisher! What does this n?"

Miss Navarre locked me in! Oh, for ven's sake, tell me. What has hap- ed?"

Hang onto yourself, Mrs. Frobisher. bad, but it might be worse. Please where you are for a few minutes er. Will you promise? It's for the l of everybody."

Oh, must I? If you say so—"

Just for another five minutes, Mrs. isher."

mith ran out again, and down to the ry. His face was drawn, haggard. he battle to save Frobisher from the dogs, with the added distraction of a fracas between F.B.I. men and Sokolov's bodyguard at the lower gate, he had lost sight of Craig Camille he hadn't seen: he had never suspected that she would leave Mrs. Frobisher's room.

"Harkness," he said. "Send out a general alert. Dr. Fu Manchu not only has the plans. He has Camille Navarre and the inventor, too. . . ."

THE police car raced toward New York, casting a sword of light far ahead. Against its white glare, the driver and a man beside him were silhouettes. The glass partition separated them from Nayland Smith and the others in the rear. It was a special control car, normally sacred to the deputy commissioner.

"We know, now," said Harkness, "where the attack came from."

"We know many things when it's too late," Nayland Smith answered. "I knew when I got back tonight that Michael Frobisher was an agent of the Soviet, knew the Kremlin had backed those experiments. I knew Sokolov was waiting for him . . ."

His crisp voice trailed off into silence.

Cycle patrolmen passed and repassed, examining occupants of all vehicles.

"That broken-down truck wasn't reported earlier," Harkness went on, "because it stood so far away from any gate to Falling Waters. What's more, it hadn't been there long."

"But the path through the woods has been there since Indian times," Smith said. "And the truck was drawn up right at the point where it reaches a highway. How did your team come to overlook such an approach?"

"I don't know," Harkness admitted. "It seems Frobisher didn't think it likely to be used, either. It doesn't figure in the alarm plan."

"But it figured in Fu Manchu's plan! We don't know—and we're never likely to know—the strength of the party operating from that truck. But those who actually approached the house stuck closely to neutral zones! His visit today—a piece of dazzling audacity—wasn't wasted."

Traffic was sparse at that hour. Points far ahead had been notified. Even now, hope was not lost that the truck might be intercepted. Both men were thinking about this. Nayland Smith first put doubt into words.

"They probably pulled into a side road, Harkness," he said suddenly. "Another car waiting. Huan Tsung is the doctor's chief of staff—or used to be,

COLLIER'S "For pity's sake—all the latest song hits" JOHN NORMENT

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formerly. He's a first-class tactician. One of the finest soldiers of the old regime."

"I wish we could pin something on him."

"I doubt if you ever will. He has courage and cunning second only to those of his chief—Hullo! what's this?"

The radio operator had buzzed to come through.

"Yes?" said Harkness.

"Headquarters, sir. I think it may be important."

"What is it?" Nayland Smith asked.

"It comes from a point on the East River. A young officer from a ship tied up there seems to have been saying good night to a girl by some deserted building. They heard tapping from inside a metal pipe on the wall, right where they stood. He spotted it as Morse—"

"Yes, yes—the message?"

"The message—it's just reached headquarters—says: *'J. J. Regan here. Call police . . .'* A party setting out now—"

"Regan? Recall them!" snapped Smith. "Quickly!"

Startled, the man gave the order, and then looked back. "Well, sir?"

"The place is to be covered, but by men who know their job. Anyone who comes out to be kept in view. Anyone going in to be allowed to do so. No suspicion must be aroused."

The second order was given.

"Anything more?"

"No." Nayland Smith was staring right ahead along the beam of light. "I am trying to imagine, Harkness, how many times the poor devil may have tapped out that message. . . ."

CAMILLE'S impressions of the sortie from the house were brief but terrifying.

That tragedy had swept down on Falling Waters she had known even before she ran from her room to prevent Stella Frobisher from going downstairs. The arrival of Nayland Smith had struck a note of urgency absent before. Up to this moment, she had counted her confession to Morris the supreme ordeal which she must brave that night. But when she returned upstairs, apprehension grew. Something was going to happen. Just what, she didn't know.

Then she heard someone running across the rose garden under her window. She went and looked out. She saw nothing. But it was a dark night. She wondered if it would be wise to report the occurrence. But, before decision was reached, that awful cry had come—shots—the baying of dogs.

Stella Frobisher, evidently wide awake, had come out of her room. Camille had heard her hurrying along the corridor, had run out after her . . .

It had been difficult, inducing Stella to return. Camille had succeeded, at last.

But to remain locked in while Morris was exposed to some mysterious but very real peril was a trial to which Camille was unable to submit.

She felt mean for locking Stella into her own apartment, but common sense told her that Mrs. Frobisher could be only a nuisance in an emergency.

Then had come that stumbling rush in cold, clammy darkness. While still a long way off, she had seen that horrifying mix-up of dogs and men. Morris was there.

Almost unconsciously, she had cried his name: "Morris! Morris!"

Morris heard her voice above the tumult. A second disturbance had broken out not far away: shots, shouting.

He turned. Camille saw someone else, probably the kennelman, joining in the melee. Perhaps she was outlined against lights from the house; but Morris saw her, began to run toward her. He seemed to be shouting. His behavior was wild.

Something—it felt like a damp, evil-smelling towel—was dropped suddenly over her head . . .

And now?

Now she lay on a heap of coarse canvas piled up in a corner of what seemed to be a large, drafty warehouse. It was difficult to assess its extent: the only light came from a storm lamp on the roughly paved floor close to where she lay. Another piece of this sacking had been draped over one side of the lantern, so that no light at all reached a great part of the place. There was a smell of dampness and decay in the air. It was very still, except that at the moment when she became conscious of her surroundings, Camille thought she had heard the deep, warning note of a steamer's whistle.

The impression was correct. The S.S. Campus Rex had just pulled out from a neighboring berth, bound for the River Plate. Her third officer was wishing he knew the result of his message to the police and wishing he could have had one more date with his girl friend. . . .

A SCUFFLING sound brought Camille to her feet at a bound. There were rats around her in the darkness.

Swaying slightly, she became aware of a nausea not due merely to fright. There was an unpleasant taste on her palate. A sickly sweet odor lingered, too, in her disordered hair. Of course she might have expected it. The towel, or whatever had been thrown over her head, must have been saturated with an anesthetic.

She stood quite still for a moment, trying to conquer her weakness. The scuffling sound had ceased. In fact, she could detect no sound whatever, so that it might have been some extra sense which prompted her to turn swiftly.

Half in the light from the storm lamp and half in shadow, a tall man stood watching her.

Camille stifled a cry and was silent.

The man who stood there wore a long, loose coat with a deep, astrakhan collar. A round cap of the same close black fur, was on his head. His arms were folded, but the fingers of his left hand remained visible. They were yellow, slender fingers, prolonged by pointed fingernails meticulously manicured. His features, lean, ascetic and unmistakably Chinese, were wholly dominated by his eyes. In the lantern light they gleamed like green jade.

"Your sense of hearing is acute," he said, his harsh voice subdued. "I thought I moved quite noiselessly."

And, as he spoke, Camille knew that this was the man who had haunted her dreams.

"Who are you?" She spoke huskily. "What am I doing here?"

"You asked me a similar question not long ago. But you have forgotten."

"I have never seen you in my life before—as you are now. But I know you! You are Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"Your data are inaccurate. But your inference is correct. What are you doing here?—you say. You are suffering the inconvenience of one who interferes with my plans. I regret the crude measures used by Koenig to prevent this interference. But his promptness saved the situation."

"Where is Dr. Craig?" Camille demanded, breathlessly. "What have you done to him?"

He watched her through narrowed eyes and unfolded his clasped arms before he replied.

"I am glad your first, your only concern, is for Dr. Craig."

"Why?"

"Presently, you shall know."

And something in that phrase brought sudden revelation to Camille.

"You are the man who called himself Professor Hoffmeyer!"

"I congratulate you. I had imagined my German accent to be above reproach. I begin to wonder if you cannot be of use to me."

"Where is Dr. Craig?" Camille repeated, mechanically, desperately. "Why have I been brought here?"

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"Because there was no other place to which they could bring you. It surprises me, I confess, that a woman of such keen perceptions failed to learn the fact that Michael Frobisher is a Communist."

"Mr. Frobisher? Oh, no!"

"Michael Frobisher is an active agent of the Soviet Union. Before his marriage, he spent many years in Moscow. Dr. Craig's invention was financed by the Kremlin. Had Frobisher secured it for them, the military power of Russia would have been absolute."

"Then he was very clever."

"Communism *is* clever. It is indeed clever to force the world's workers to toil and sweat in order that their masters may live in Oriental luxury."

"Why do you talk to me, torture me, but never answer my question?"

"Because, even now, at this eleventh hour, I hope to convert you. You heard me, as Professor Hoffmeyer, outline a design for world harmony. To the perfecting of this design I have given the labor of a long life."

A soft, weird cry came from somewhere near. To Camille it was a death threat. Had Nayland Smith heard it, he would have recognized the peculiar call of a dacoit, one of that fraternity of Burmese brigands over whom Dr. Fu Manchu exercised a strange control.

"What was that?" Camille breathed.

"A warning. Do not allow it to disturb you. My plans are complete. But my time is limited. You are anxious concerning Dr. Craig. I too am anxious. I hope you can induce him to accept the truth. You may succeed where I have failed."

He turned and walked away. Camille heard the creak of an opening door.

THE warning that Camille had construed as a message of evil omen had been prompted by something occurring on the near-by river front.

To any place the wide world over where men go down to the sea in ships, night brings no repose. So that, even at this hour, the water front was active. Winches squealed, and anchor chains rattled. Lights moved hither and thither, even up in spider-web riggings. Hoarse orders were shouted. Tug boats churned the muddy river. And the outgoing tide sang its eternal song of the ocean, from which it had come—and to which it returned.

But no one had time to pay attention to a drunken sailor who came reeling along past deserted dock buildings, blacked-out warehouses, stumbling often, rebuking himself in an alcoholic monotone.

He steadied up every once in a while against a friendly doorway, a lamp standard or a stout pipe.

One such pipe seemed to give him particular satisfaction. Perhaps because it ran down the wall of a building marked for demolition upon the doors of which might still be read the words: "Shen Yan Tea Company."

This pipe the sailor positively embraced, and, embracing it, sank ungracefully to the sidewalk and apparently fell asleep.

A few minutes later he had established contact with Regan. He, too, was a Morse expert.

"Yes. John Regan here," came the message from inside. "Huston Electric. Who are you?"

"Brandt. Police officer. Where are you?"

"Old strong room. Basement. Don't know what building."

"Shout. I may hear you."

"Dumb."

This message shook Brandt.

"How come?"

"Injection. Attacked in lab Friday night. Get me out."

"Starving?"

"No. But food and water finished."

"Is there any movement overhead right now?"

"Yes. Someone up there."

"Hang on. Help coming."

The drunken sailor woke up, suddenly. He began to strike matches and to try to light a cigarette. He remained seated beside the pipe. These matches attracted the attention of a patrolman who had

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—J. J. Grubs, Monticello, N. Y.

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waiting for this signal and who now red from somewhere and ap- hed, swinging his club.

the matches had also attracted the ion of another highly skilled ob- . So that, as the police officer d the drunk to his feet and led him e call of a dacoit was heard in the warehouse.

MANCHU said, "This was for- rly the office of a firm of importers n as the Shen Yan Tea Company. d friend of mine had an interest in usiness."

rris Craig swallowed—with diffi- He had by no means recovered the strangling grip of those unseen . He would have liked to massage ised throat. But his wrists were se- by metal clamps to the arms of his a remarkable piece of furniture, tly of great age; it had a curious, d canopy which at some time might een gilded. He was helpless, mad anxiety about Camille, but un- ed.

ange coincidence," he replied y. "No doubt this attractive and rtable chair has quite a history,

long one, Dr. Craig. I came across eville. It dates from the days of the h Inquisition, when it was known Chair of Conversion. I regret that those treasured possessions for- in the Woolton Building this one e left behind."

ems a great pity. Cozy little piece." Manchu stood watching him, his narrow eyes nearly closed, his ex- n indecipherable. The tall, fur- d figure radiated power. Craig's alance in the presence of this for- le and wholly unpredictable man nded an immense nervous effort.

may be no more than a national Dr. Craig, but your imperturbable reminds me of Sir Denis."

u flatter me."

will interest you to learn that your e, some hours ago, was largely an nt."

arly not my lucky day."

oubt if the opportunity would have but for the unforeseen appearance s Navarre. In running to join her, n, almost literally, into the arms of my servants who were con- only in retiring, undetected."

actically left the poor fellows no ?"

erefore they brought you along hem."

iendly thought."

Dr. Fu Manchu turned slowly and crossed the office. Like the adjoining warehouse, it was lighted only by a partly draped lantern which stood on a box beside the Spanish chair. The floor, in which were many yawning gaps, was littered with rubbish. A boarded-up window probably overlooked a passage, for there was no sound to suggest that a thoroughfare lay beyond.

Directly facing Craig, a long, high desk was built against the cracked and blackened wall. In this wall were two other windows, level with the top of the desk, and closed by sliding shutters. On the desk was a metal-bound teak chest.

Very deliberately, Dr. Fu Manchu lifted this chest, came back and set it on the box beside the lantern. His nearness produced a tingling nervous tension, as if a cobra had reared its threatening hood.

"Among those curious possessions to which I referred," he said, "is the mummied head of Queen Taia, known to the Egyptians as 'the witch queen.' Her skull possesses uncommon characteristics. And certain experiments I am carrying out with it would interest you."

"Not a doubt of it. My mother gave me a mummy's head to play with when I was only four."

"The crystal sets we use in our system of private communication also accompany me to headquarters. This"—he opened the chest—"which I borrowed from there, must never leave my personal possession until I return it."

Morris Craig's hands—for only his wrists were held—slowly clenched. What he expected to happen, what he expected to see, he could not have put into words.

What he did see was an exquisitely fashioned model of just such a device as that which had been destroyed in the Huston Building!

The top, front and sides of the chest were hinged, so that the miniature plant, mounted on its polished teak base, lay fully open to inspection. Wonder reduced Morris Craig to an awed silence. Apart from the fact that there were certain differences—differences which had instantly inflamed his scientific curiosity—to have constructed this model must have called for the labor of months, perhaps of years.

"I don't understand." His voice sounded unfamiliar to him. "I don't understand at all!"

"Only because," Fu Manchu said in cold, incisive tones, "you remain obsessed with the idea that you *invented* this method of harnessing primeval en-

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ergy. The model before you was made by a Buddhist monk, in Burma. I had been to inspect it at the time that I first encountered Sir Denis Nayland Smith. Detailed formulae for its employment are in my possession. You, too, after a lapse of years, have solved this problem. My congratulations. Such men were meant to reshape the world—not to destroy it."

Dr. Fu Manchu began to close the chest.

"I don't understand," Craig repeated. "If the principle was known to you, as well as the method of applying it—and I can't dispute that it was—"

"Why did I permit you to complete your experiments? The explanation is simple. I wanted to know if you *could* complete them. On my arrival, the main plant had already been set up in the Huston laboratory. I was anxious to learn if the final problem would baffle you. It did not. Such a man is a man to watch."

Dr. Fu Manchu locked the teak chest.

"Then it was *you* who destroyed my work?"

"I had no choice, Dr. Craig. Your work was destined for the use of the Kremlin. I have also your original plans, and every formula. The only blueprints left in existence I secured tonight. Only one danger remains."

"What's that?"

"Yourself."

And the word was spoken in a voice which made it a sentence of death.

Dr. Fu Manchu carried the chest across the littered room and placed it inside of what looked like a deep cupboard. He turned again to Craig.

"You will have noted that I am dressed for travel, Dr. Craig. My time is limited. Otherwise, I should employ less medieval methods to incline your mind to reason. You seem to have failed to recognize me as Professor Hoffmeyer, but a committee such as I spoke of when we met already exists. It is called the Council of Seven. In our service we have some of the best brains of every continent. We have wealth. We are not criminals. We are idealists—"

A second of those wailing cries, the first of which had terrified Camille, checked his words. Craig started.

"I may delay no longer. You have it in your power, while you live, to destroy all our plans. Therefore, Dr. Craig, either you must consent to place your undoubted genius at my disposal—or you must die."

"The choice is made."

"Not yet, I hope."

Dr. Fu Manchu opened one of the sliding shutters over the long desk. It disclosed an iron grille through which crept a glimmer of light.

"Miss Navarre!" There was no slightest change of tone, of inflection, in his strange voice. "You were anxious about Dr. Craig. Here he is—perfectly well, as you may judge for yourself."

Camille's pale face, her eyes wide with terror, her hair disordered, stared at him through the bars!

A torrent of words, frenzied, scathing, useless words, flooded his brain. But he choked them back, rejected them; and when he spoke, in a whisper, he said simply: *"Camille!"*

NAYLAND SMITH'S expression was very grim. "When we move," he said, "we must be sure the net has no holes in it. We have Regan's evidence that there are people in that building. We know who put Regan there. So we know what to expect. Is our cordon wide enough?"

"Hard to make it wider," Harkness assured him. "But these old places are honeycombs. There are sixty men on the job. I have sent for the keys of all the adjoining buildings."

"We can't wait!" Smith said savagely. "Fu Manchu has destroyed the last possibility of Craig's invention being used—except *Craig* . . . We daren't wait."

"Report coming through," said Harkness.

The report was one which might have meant next to nothing. A cry had been heard, more than once, in the neighborhood of the closely covered building. At first hearing it had been mistaken for the cry of a cat. Repeated, however, doubt had arisen on this point.

"That settles the matter!" said Smith. "It was the call of one of his Burmese bodyguard! Fu Manchu is there."

DR. FU MANCHU was saying, "There was a pleasant simplicity in the character of the unknown designer of this chair. I fear I must start its elementary mechanism. The device bears some resemblance to a type of orange squeezer used in this country."

He stood behind Craig for a moment; and Craig became aware of a regular, ticking sound, of vibrations in the framework of the chair.

"I am going to ask Miss Navarre to add her powers of persuasion to mine. If you prefer to live—in her company—to devote yourself to the most worthy task of all, the salvation of men from slavery or from destruction, I welcome you—gladly. You are a man of honor. Your word is enough. It is a bond neither you nor I could ever break. Do you accept these terms?"

"Suppose I don't?" Morris Craig had grown white.

"I should lock the control, which, you may have noted, lies under your right hand: an embossed gold crown. I should prefer to leave it free. You have only to depress it, and the descent will be arrested. Choose—quickly."

"Whichever you please, the result will be the same."

"The time for evasion is past. I offer you life—a life of usefulness. I await your promise that, if you accept, you will

Answer to Transposagram on page 41

•

WEATHER RAINS WRECK ENEM

WE CAN MARRY IN THREE WEE

press the control. Your doing so mean, on the word of an English gen man, that you agree to join the Cou of Seven. Quickly. Speak!"

"I give you my word"—Morris Cra eyes were closed; he spoke all but t lessly—"that if I press the control it mean that I accept your offer."

Dr. Fu Manchu crossed to the d behind which he had placed the t chest. As he passed the grilled wind

"The issue, Miss Navarre," he s "rests with *you*."

He went out, closing the door.

"No! No! Come back!" Cam clutched the iron bars, shook them fr tically. "Come back! . . . No! *No!* N ciful God! Stop him! Morris! Agre anything! I—I—can't bear it . . ."

The domed canopy, its gilding ba touched by upcast lantern light, was scending, slowly.

"Don't look at me. I'll—weaken you look at me . . ."

"Weaken! Morris, darling, listen me! Fu Manchu is a *madman!* Th can be no obligation to a madman Press the control! Do it! *Do* it!"

THE canopy continued to desce moving in tiny jerks correspond to audible ticks of some hidden cl work mechanism. It was evidently c trolled by counterweights, for C found the chair to be immovably hea

He closed his eyes. He couldn't dure the sight of Camille's chalk-wh frenzied face staring at him thro those bars. A parade of heretics who rejected conversion passed before

"Naw, we wouldn't be interested in getting our attic insulated. The 3,700 comic books I have up there do the job nicely"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETT

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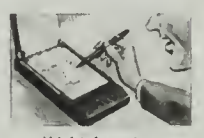
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in the darkness, attired in the silk and velvet, the rags and tatters, of Old Seville. Their heads lolled on their shoulders. Their skulls were crushed . . .

"Morris! Have you no pity for me? Is this your love . . ."

He must *think*. "A bond neither you nor I could ever break." Those had been the words. That had been the bargain. If he chose life, Dr. Fu Manchu would claim his services.

"Camille, my dearest, you have faced worse things than this—"

"I tell you he is mad!"

"Unfortunately, I think he's sane. I even think, in a way, he has the right idea."

Tick-tick . . . Tick-tick . . . Tick-tick. In fractions of an inch, the canopy crept lower.

"I can't stand it. Oh, God in heaven, hear me!"

Camille dropped to her knees, hands clasped in passionate supplication. Kneeling, she could no longer see Morris. But she had to look again.

Meaningless incidents from the past, childish memories, trivial things, submerged dreams of a future that was never to be; Morris' closed eyes; the open, dreadful eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu; all these images moved, in a mocking dance, through her prayers . . .

A whistle skirled—a long way off. It was answered by another, nearer.

Camille sprang up, clutched the bars.

The canopy almost touched Morris' head. His eyes remained closed.

She began to scream, wildly:

"Help! Help! Be quick! Oh, be quick!" She clenched her hands so tightly that her nails bit into the palms, and spoke again, a low, quivering whisper: "Morris! He may be right, as you think. Morris, for my sake, believe it! There is time."

Craig's hand twitched, where it rested over the gilded crown of life which meant . . . He did not open his eyes.

There came a wild tide of rushing footsteps, a tumult of shouting, crash of axes on woodwork . . .

"This way! This way!"

Camille supported herself by clinging with all but nerveless fingers to the grille.

"A light in here!" came a breathless shout.

The blade of an ax split through woodwork covering the only exterior window in the office. A second blow—a third. The planking was wrenched away. Outside lay a stone-paved passage crowded with men.

"Good God! Look! Here's Dr. Craig."

"Be quick!" Camille murmured, and fought to check insane laughter which bubbled to her lips. "Under his hand . . . that knob. . . . *press* it . . ."

Nayland Smith, his dark complexion pale with strain, forced his way through. The canopy just touched the top of Craig's head. A wave of strength, the last, swept over Camille.

"Sir Denis! That—gold crown—on the arm of the chair . . . Press it."

Nayland Smith glanced swiftly toward the grille, then sprang to the chair, groped for and found a crown-shaped knob under Craig's listless fingers. He pressed it, pressed it madly.

The clockwork sound ceased. He dropped to one knee.

"Craig! Craig!"

Beads of sweat trickled from a limp forelock down an ivory face, but there was no reply.

Morris Craig had fainted.

SAM had joined the party. "This is the way she pointed, but maybe it didn't mean anything. Gee! Those two must have gone through hell!"

"Fortunately," said Nayland Smith, "they have youth on their side. But the ordeal was—ghastly. Hullo! what's this?"

They had reached the foot of a short flight of stone steps, the entrance to which Craig had mistaken for a deep cupboard. Harkness was in front, with two men. Two more followed. All carried flash lamps.

An empty passage, extended to left and to right.

"Take a party left, Harkness. I'll take the right."

Ten paces brought Smith to a metal door in the wall. He pulled up. Retreating footsteps, the sound of which echoed hollowly, as in a vault, indicated that the other party had found nothing of interest so far.

"Job for a safebreaker," Sam grumbled. "If this is the way he went, he'll get a long start."

"Quiet!" said Nayland Smith. "Listen."

He beat a tattoo on the metal with his knuckles. Harkness' party had apparently turned in somewhere. Their footsteps were no more than faintly audible.

ANSWERING knocks came from the other side of the door. "Regan!" Sam exclaimed.

Smith nodded. "This is what he called the strong room. Quiet again."

He rapped a message, listened to the reply, then turned.

"This scent is stale," he said, shortly. "Regan states nobody has passed this way tonight."

"We must get Mr. Regan out, right now." Sam spoke urgently. "You back there, O'Leary, report upstairs there's an iron door to be softened. Poor devil! Guess he's dumb for life!"

"Not at all," Nayland Smith assured him. "The effect wears off after a few days—so I was recently informed by my old friend, Dr. Fu Manchu."

He spoke bitterly, a note of defeat in the crisp voice. What had he accomplished? He could not even claim credit for saving the blueprints from Soviet hands. Some servant of Fu Manchu's had secured them before the dogs attacked Frobisher—

"Sir Denis!" came a distant, excited hail. "This way! I think we have him!"

Nayland Smith led the run back to where Harkness and two men stood before another closed door near the end of a passage which formed an L with that from which they had started.

"I think it's an old furnace room. And I saw a light in there!"

"Don't waste time! Down with it!"

Two of the party carried axes. And they went to work with a will. The door was double-bolted on the inside, but it collapsed under their united onslaughts. A cavity yawned in which the rays of Nayland Smith's lamp picked out an old-fashioned, soot-begrimed boiler, half buried in mounds of coal ash.

"Be careful!" he warned. "We are dealing with no ordinary criminal. Stand by for anything."

They entered, cautiously.

The place proved to have unexpected ramifications. It was merely part of what had been an extensive cellarage system. They groped in its darkness, shedding light into every conceivable spot where a fugitive might lie. But they found nothing. A sense of futility crept down upon all, when a cry came:

"Another door here! I heard someone moving behind it!"

Over the debris and coal dust of years, they ran to join the man who had shouted. He stood in what had evidently been a coal bunker, before a narrow, grimy door.

"It's locked."

Keen axes and willing hands soon cleared the obstacle.

A long, sloping passage lay beyond. Along its slope, as the door crashed open, swept a current of cold, damp air. And, halfway down, a retreating figure showed, a grotesque silhouette against reflected light from his dancing flash lamp.

It was the figure of a tall man, wearing a long coat and what looked like a close-fitting cap.

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"By God!" Smith shouted, "Dr. Fu Manchu! This leads to the river—"

He broke off.

Sam had hurled himself into the passage, firing the moment that he crossed the threshold of the shattered door. The crash of his heavy revolver created an echo like a thunder-storm. Nayland Smith, following hard behind, saw the figure stumble, pause—run on.

"Cease fire, there!" he shouted angrily.

But Sam's blood was up. Either he failed to hear the order, or willfully ignored it. He fired again—then a third time.

The tall figure stopped, suddenly, dropped the flash lamp, and crumpled to the damp floor.

"You fool!" Nayland Smith's words came as a groan. "This was no end for the greatest brain in the world!"

He forced his way past Sam, stooped, and turned the fur-capped head. As he did so, the fallen man writhed, coughed, and was still.

Nayland Smith looked into a face scarcely human, scarred, a parody of humanity—a face he had never seen before—the face of M'goyna . . .

He stood up, very slowly. The dark, sloping passage behind him seemed to be embossed with staring eyes.

"Outmaneuvered!" he said. "Fu Manchu played for time. This poor devil was the last of his rear guards. He has slipped through our fingers!"

TEN days later, Nayland Smith gave a small dinner party at his hotel to celebrate the engagement of Camille Navarre to Dr. Morris Craig. When the other guests had left, these three went to Smith's suite and settled down for a quiet drink.

"Of course," said Smith, in reply to a question from Camille, "the newspapers are never permitted to print really important news! It might frighten somebody."

"Quite a lot has leaked out, though," Craig amended. "The cops gave it away. Poor old Regan has been pestered since I resigned. But although he can chatter quite acidly again, he won't chatter to reporters."

"How's Frobisher?"

"Rotten. He'll recover all right, but he'll carry a crop of scars."

"Does his wife know the truth?" Smith asked.

"Couldn't say. What do you think, Camille?"

Camille shrugged white shoulders.

"Stella Frobisher is like a cork," she said. "I think she can stay afloat in the heaviest weather. But I don't know her well enough to tell you if she suspects the truth."

"The most astounding thing—which the newspapers haven't reported," Nayland Smith remarked, after an interval, "concerns the body of that ape man—almost certainly the creature I glimpsed at Falling Waters. He's been examined by all the big doctors. And they are unanimous on one point."

"What is that?" Camille asked.

"They say the revolver bullets didn't kill him."

"What?" Craig exclaimed.

"They state, positively, that he has been dead *many years*."

Camille shook her head and murmured, "But that is impossible."

Yes—that was impossible. It was also impossible, no doubt, that Dr. Fu Manchu had visited New York, and perhaps, as a result of his visit, given a few more years of uneasy peace to a world flirting with war.

"Our two Russian acquaintances"—Nayland Smith grated out the words venomously—"have been quietly deported. But what I really wanted to show you was this."

From the pocket of his dinner jacket he took a long, narrow envelope. It had come by air mail and was stamped "Cairo." It was addressed to him at his New York hotel. He passed it to Camille.

"Read it together. There was an enclosure."

And so, Craig bending over Camille's shoulder, his cheek against her glowing hair, they read the hand-written letter.

"Sir Denis: It was a serious disappointment to be compelled to leave New York without seeing you again. I regret, too, that M'goyna, one of my finer products, had to be sacrificed to my safety. But a little time was necessary to enable me to reach the boat which awaited me. I left by another exit.

"I greet Dr. Craig. He is a genius and a brave man. But his keen sense of honor is my loss. Will you, on my behalf, advise him to devote his great talents to nondestructive purposes? His future experiments will be watched with great interest. I enclose a wedding present for his bride."

There was no signature.

Camille and Morris Craig raised their eyes, together.

On his extended palm Nayland Smith was holding a large emerald. And as Camille, uttering a long, wondering sigh, took the gem between her fingers, Nayland Smith reached for his worn tobacco pouch and began, reflectively, to fill his blackened brier.

THE END

"Get something soothing and then turn it up loud so I can hear it"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

COLLIER'S
SHORT SHORT

I didn't realize until I woke up in the middle of the afternoon that it was her apartment, not mine, that I'd thrown her out of that morning

IT ALL CAME OUT

BY PHILIP DUNNINGTON

I HAVE what my mother used to call an ungovernable temper. "Wallace has an ungovernable temper," she'd say. She was always saying it to somebody or other for some reason or other, usually to get me out of some kind of mess I'd got myself into by not governing my temper. "He just can't be held responsible for what he does when his emotions get upset," she'd say. She said it to Miss Sullivan when I was in first grade and Miss Matthews when I was in second grade and Mrs. Niemeyer when I was in third grade and Miss Scholz when I was in fourth grade and Miss Titsworth when I was in fifth grade. Same thing in sixth grade. Same thing in junior high school. Same thing all through senior high school. Little trouble that way in college, too. My mother was always having to explain it to somebody, how I just went all haywire when I got mad.

I don't mean I was *mad* all the time, or anything like that. I was a pretty nice kid most of the time. But when I did blow my top I'd blow it good. I'd do a lot of illogical and senseless things before I'd calm down. *Really* illogical.

I'm twenty-four now and I've got so I can hold myself in check pretty well. I'm getting older, for one thing. Steadier. More mature. I get mad now maybe twice a year at the most. Call it three times. Four at the outside. But I blow just as high and just as wide and just as handsome as I ever did.

This business with Pamela is a case in point.

I've known Pamela for about a year now. She's a very cute kid. She was a model. I met her somewhere and then I began to see her once in a while, but this was pretty hard to do because she worked in the daytime and I was on a morning newspaper, which meant that I had to work at night. Once in a while I'd get up and have dinner with her or we'd meet for breakfast or something, but it didn't work out that way very often. I'd have to go out of town to a convention, say, or she'd have to go off somewhere and model outdoor clothes against a background of mountains or beaches or someplace, and we wouldn't see each other for quite a while. In the meantime, I knew a lot of girls who worked at night, and she knew a lot of guys who worked in the daytime—mostly models, and you know what kind of guys *they* are. Very shallow. Artificial types. All looks and no brains, most of them.

So Pamela wasn't exactly my girl. We'd see each other as much as we could, but it wasn't practical. I was always going out with these other nice girls I happen to know, and she was always going out with these twerps.

Pamela lived up on East Fifty-third Street. It was a very nice layout, much fancier than the one I lived in down on Grove Street. The morning of the big blowup I was in her apartment, having breakfast with her. I'd just got off work and she was getting ready to go to work, and there was about an hour in there when we could sit quietly and make eyes at each other. If we ate real fast, that left a little time over for holding hands.

JUST how the argument started, I don't remember—except that it wasn't my fault—but I do know that neither of us was feeling any too chipper. I'd had a bad night and I guess she hadn't slept very well—lying awake missing me, maybe—and the first thing I knew we were standing up, clutching our napkins the way people do in the movies, and swearing at each other the way people do at home.

I told her it was a hell of a thing for a nice girl like her to go around modeling pants and brassières and girdles and having a lot of grubby little schoolboys and dirty old men leering at her picture, and she told me it was a hell of a thing the way I tried to palm myself off as a big intellectual-type liberal while I kept working for a scandal sheet that practiced the tawdriest sort of yellow journalism, and I asked her what the hell life it was for a girl whose parents had spent good dough educating her to sit back and make money out of selling soap and underwear and five-hundred-dollar dresses, and she said if I had even the most rudimentary understanding of the economic factors involved—she was beginning to get silly at this point, as you can see—I'd realize that something-or-other blah-blah-blah.

Then she started sneering at these nice girls I sometimes happen to go out with, and I began to lose my temper. I made a few pointed observations about the twerps she was always running after, and I guess that was the wrong thing to say. I was just getting ready to modify that one a little when she called me a pig and slapped me. That's exactly what she did. "You pig," she said. And then she slapped me. I really got mad.

I stood there and I just looked at her with a cold, contemptuous glance. I stood there real straight and spoke through clenched teeth, the way people do in the movies. I crumpled my napkin in my fist until my knuckles showed white. "Get out," I said. "Get out of here and don't you ever the hell come back here again."

She began to laugh. Plainly hysterical. Then she gathered up a lot of stuff and stuck it in her hatbox and grabbed up her make-up kit and flounced out. "Big dope," she said. "Dopey dope."

I shouted down the stairs after her. "I never want to see you again," I yelled. *"Ever!"*

I was very mad. I poured myself a big drink and drank it and went to bed. I didn't realize until I woke up in the middle of the afternoon that it was her apartment, not mine, that I'd thrown her out of this morning.

I didn't hear from Pamela for a couple of weeks. I just stayed there in her apartment and lived there, which I pretty much had to do since I figured she'd gone down to my place and moved in down there. I liked her apartment fine. The only thing was, these damn twerps kept calling her up, just as I was getting to sleep in the morning. I fixed her wagon good, I guess—these guys always getting me. The ones that called at ni of course, didn't even get me. Par subscribed to this answering service have, and I'd call up and ask who called during the night, and then I'd little messages with the answering ser girl. So she told all these jokers Pamela didn't want to see them agai have them call up any more, ever. I her good.

The only trouble was, I had this swering service, too, and Pamela fixing me just as good if not better. P soon I didn't have any girls left. body'd go out with me. They wou even talk to me.

I WON'T bore you with the detail how this business ended up, ex to say that I began to get mad all again. Anyway, I didn't know any girls any more and Pamela didn't k any twerps any more, so we got tog and decided to get married. I told she'd have to give up this ridiculou of hers and she said that would be if I wouldn't mind going to the plac worked and telling them she wasn't g to work there any more. She felt barrassed about quitting.

So I went in there and told the twerp what the new deal was. He tu out to be a surprisingly nice guy, we had a long, long conversation. took some pictures of me and he tol what kind of dough I'd be able to if I'd pose for a couple of collar a something. So I signed up. Just like

I went back to Pamela feeling li prize cluck, throwing up a good jo a paper just so I could make some dough to get married on. Of cours been miserably underpaid—coolie w really—but even so, I didn't hav nerve to go tell my boss what I'd do

So I asked Pamela if she'd be and do it for me and she said she tainly would.

So she went down there and did it must have had a long, long convers with somebody, too, because she there now. Nights.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET

Armand Caputo, Pennsylvania . . . graduated from college at a time a degree in Electrical Engineering was little help in starting a career . . . decided to create his own career with Investors Syndicate . . . has never regretted his decision.

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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 14

Along the bar the surf was deafening. The waves came in as long gentle rollers until they were about fifty yards offshore, where they hit an underwater ledge and started piling up. They'd rise like a wall, fifteen or twenty feet into the air, and then the top would arch over and come pounding down in a long unbroken cataract. The froth hissed toward me up the sand, and the warm spray wet my face. About an hour later I returned to the hotel.

THE tables on the terrace were deserted except for Taylor, who sat at one of them reading a newspaper. Everyone else had disappeared somewhere. My room was still too hot to think about going to bed, so I bought three bottles of beer and carried them to a table facing the lagoon. With no other sounds to interfere, the distant thunder of the surf became a part of the silence the way the drone of insects does on a hot day. Somewhere a bird or animal kept invading the quiet with a peculiar flutelike cry that wavered and subsided and came back again like a hand caressing the darkness. Then a chair scraped beside me and I turned to see Phil Temple sitting down.

"Hello, Fitzgerald," he said. "I thought you'd gone to bed. Paquita told me you had."

I shrugged and looked at the lagoon. I wasn't interested in conversation, but Temple didn't care whether I was interested or not.

"I understand you're leaving in the morning," he said. "Better luck this time. Good thing you didn't sail with that pack of cutthroats last week." He laughed. "They sure played you for a sucker. Got all the work out of you they could and then changed their plans so you wouldn't go with them."

"If I remember right, they changed their plans because of some cock-and-bull story you told them about a revolution in Chile."

He laughed again. "Good thing, too. Showed what kind of men they were. I had my suspicions all along. You maybe noticed I didn't waste much energy working on the boat."

"Everybody noticed it." The trouble with Temple was that he never seemed to realize when someone was being impolite to him.

"Nope. I decided to wait and see. Shows the value of education. I went to Dartmouth, you know."

"I'd never guess it."

"Long time back. I haven't been in the States for about ten years. But Paquita tells me that's where you're heading. Interesting. One week you're all set to go to Valparaiso and the next week you're heading north. And all the time I had the idea there might be some reason why you couldn't go back to the good old U.S.A. None of my business, of course."

"No, I guess it isn't."

"Why all the reticence, Fitzgerald? After all, we're the only two white men left around here except for Taylor, and nobody can talk to Taylor. We ought to get along."

There aren't many ways to handle a man like Temple. You can either get up and go away, or you can sock him. Socking people isn't one of my casual habits. Neither did I feel like walking away. I kept hoping he'd see I was being rude and go away himself, but apparently people had been rude to Temple for so long that he thought it was their normal behavior.

"A man ought to be open about himself," he said. "A man should feel free to talk. People shouldn't be scared. I'm not. I'm not afraid to tell anyone all about myself."

"But some people might be gusted," I said.

"It wouldn't disgust anyone," he s "I had a little trouble with a girl and the family thought it would be b if I stayed away from home a while."

"Ten years."

"Sure. I get paid for staying awa why should I go back? My old ma he's dead now—was a stuffed shirt lots of rocks. Afraid I might disg the family." He pulled out a wallet, tracted a couple of pictures and to them across the table at me. On them was of a semiaged woman wi hawk nose, chops of loose skin u her chin, flat eyes and a mouth li chisel mark in a hunk of granite. "Th my mother," said Temple.

I couldn't add anything to that, looked at the other picture. I looke it a long time.

"My sister," said Temple. "Na Catherine."

Catherine didn't much resemble brother. She was more the cameo with an expression of world-weari that seemed startling on a face so yo The eyes were deliberately vacant though they refused to see what lay fore them for fear they might car reflection. Fear, perhaps, was wh saw most clearly. Not immediate because the picture had been posed, fear of long duration that had tired molded the features until it was alv there, a thing that didn't matter longer. It made the face curiously att tive.

"Nice, eh?" said Temple. I shoved pictures back to him. "She's a few y older now than when that picture taken, but that won't hurt her a From his wallet he pulled a card, w he flopped on the table in front of "And just so you'll be sure I didn't into Mexico by running from the c here's this."

I GLANCED at the card. It was an dinary Mexican tourist permit, gi the bearer six months in the country renewal privileges. This one had b renewed several times. The permits fer from a regular passport in that the for temporary use and don't requi picture. Temple left it lying in fron me. I looked at the card a little m closely and saw what he was waiting He wanted me to notice that the nam the thing wasn't Philip Temple. It Philip Tremaine. I picked up my and started watching the lagoon ag He didn't touch the permit.

"Don't you see anything unu about it?" he asked. "You're not observant."

"Maybe I can't read."

He emitted a few sharp barks w were supposed to be derisive laug "The name on the thing, stupid."

"All right. So it's Tremaine."

"That's who I am. Does that m any difference to you?"

"Not a damned bit."

"Just what I said, see? Doesn't m any difference. Why should a man reticent?"

I suppose he was trying to invite fidence. It was my turn to tell h wasn't Fitzgerald. Or did he alre know? Just why he was trying to in confidence didn't much concern Normally it would have, but I'd bee and out of the guy's company for better part of three months and he such an abysmal bore that wheneve cornered me my main concern wa brush him off. To say I'd greeted Ter with open arms the first time I met would be an error, because I didn't him from the start, but I was enough. Civility only invited familia

culmination was that I finally gave ying to be civil. It didn't pay. Now ked up my remaining beer and stood

for God's sake, Fitzgerald, if that's vay you feel about it, I'll shut up. It n't mean anything to me. I'm just g to tell you I'm a renegade myself u won't be so touchy."

hanks," I said.

ure," he cackled. "I know you've things to hide. Maybe you did a draft dodging. They won't like up north." I was a couple of tables before he spoke again. "And e sure leaving a sweet dish behind Paquita will fall right into my lap."

valked back to the table again and set eer down. "Get up," I said.

started to get up. His rear was t three inches above his chair when used to look at me. He looked as h he might change his mind and sit again, so I kicked the chair out under him. For a few seconds he hed there, his face half scared, half phant. Then because there was no for him to sit, he stood up, and I ked him down. He lay on the floor ing at me, rubbing his jaw and holdis legs up against him as though he afraid I might start kicking him in elly.

ross the terrace Jim Taylor lowered ewspaper. He was a lubberly felof about two hundred pounds and t like to move when he didn't have

top fighting," he rumbled.

e have," I said. Taylor looked at nd at Temple and then picked up his paper.

at down at my table again and de- to let Temple go away first. He d himself to his feet, still rubbing w. His eyes glittered at me and a stream of profanity bubbled from s. His hands dropped to his sides patted his pockets. There was no for Temple to hide a gun in the s pants and polo shirt he was wearut he had made a gesture toward one he gesture was a threat. That was could do unless he wanted to come me with his fists, and he didn't want that. After he ran out of profanity, arched off into the night. . . .

e evening was peaceful for the next hours. I sat at my table listening e sounds of the night while the air ally became cooler. For a while I dered wandering down to the village e Paquita and find out just what told Temple—or perhaps I should him Tremaine—about me, but de- against it because then I'd have to tell Paquita goodby all over again. I was about ready to go to my room when Temple reappeared. He was with the four tourists. They stopped by their car and talked quietly a few moments. Then two of them came on across the terrace and entered the room they'd engaged for the night. A few minutes later they came out again carrying a lot of luggage which they took over to the car. All this time Temple glared at me out of the dusk.

THE same two tourists came back again to talk to Taylor. "We're leaving," one of them said.

"So I see," said Taylor over the top of his newspaper.

"It's an incredible place. Dirty. Bugs. And it's so hot you couldn't sleep in a week."

"Sorry you don't like it," said Taylor.

"So if you don't mind I'd like the money back for the rooms. We haven't used them."

"You've had your luggage in there since noon. What do you mean, you haven't used them?"

"We paid for the night and we're not staying the night."

"That's up to you."

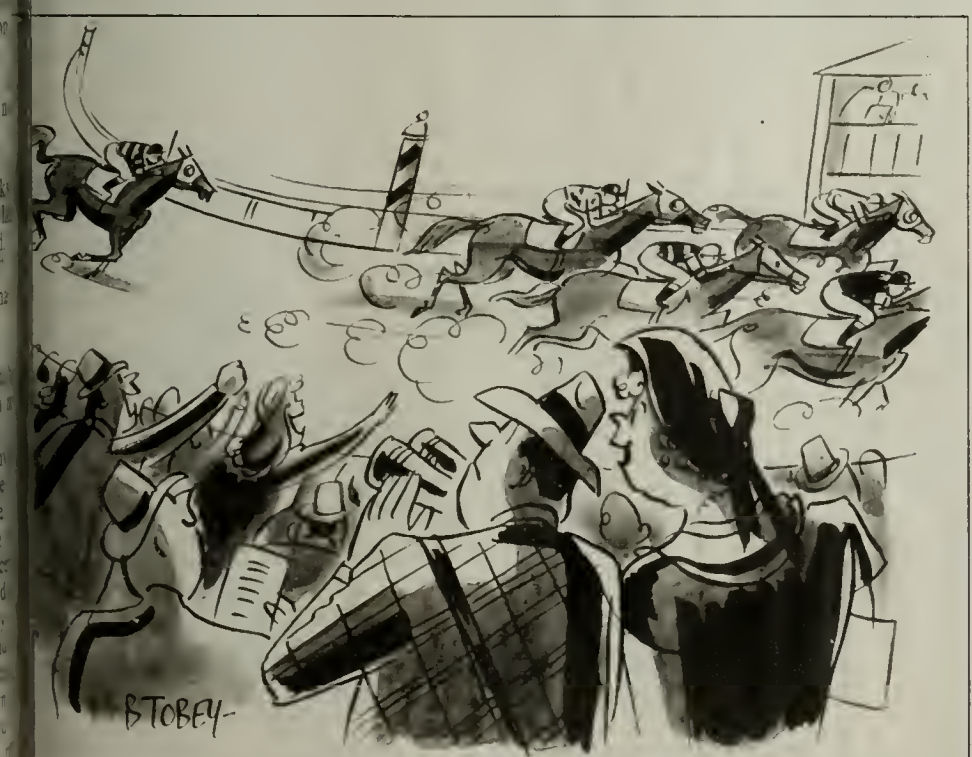
"So we think there should be a refund."

"I don't think so," said Taylor. He closed his paper, got up and shuffled over to the bar where he had a drink of water. The two tourists waited for him to come back, but Taylor dug a magazine out from under the bar and started reading it. The tourists finally shrugged and rejoined the others. All of them muttered together a few minutes; then Temple broke away and walked quickly to his room. He didn't glance at me as he crossed the terrace. A moment later he was on his way back, wearing a hat and carrying a small overnight bag. When he rejoined the group, all five of them got in the car and drove away. As their taillight disappeared over the hill on the road to Acapulco, Taylor looked up.

"Imagine that," he said. "Some people got plenty of guts."

I went to my room and decided to shave so I wouldn't have to bother with it in the morning. It wasn't until I was putting the razor back in the suitcase that I noticed things weren't as they should be. The razor went into the same compartment that held an oilskin pouch where I kept those scraps of paper which a paper world made necessary. The pouch was upside down. When I pulled it out and looked at it, I saw that the zipper was only half closed. It had jammed on a piece of thread.

I carried the pouch over to the bed and



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worked on it until I got it open, then dumped the contents on the blanket. Everything was there that should be—my passport into Mexico, a legal one in my own name of Mike Finney; a citation from the Spanish war and two more from the F.F.I.; a form showing I'd worked as a translator for the Mexican government and a receipt signed by Jim Taylor covering my last month's room and board. Nothing was missing. I pulled the thread from the zipper, replaced the papers, closed the pouch and put it back in my suitcase. Someone had been into my stuff, and to me that someone was Philip Temple alias Tremaine. There wasn't anyone else who'd be so nosy. He'd had plenty of opportunity to do it while I was sitting out on the terrace. My room door had been locked, but the window which looked out on the beach was open.

WONDERING what he had been up to, I closed and strapped my suitcase. A vindictive man will go to any amount of trouble to hurt someone else. Probably he thought that by discovering my right name, he'd found something hot to blat about to the Mexican authorities. He was going to be disappointed there. On the other hand, he'd learned from Paquita that I was planning on crossing the border, and it was just possible he might cook up some trouble for me. He could manufacture a confidential report on my activities in Mexico which a lot of people in the United States might be all too ready to believe. It would be his idea of getting even for that sock on the jaw. It worried me a little, particularly since he'd managed to ride away with the tourists and get a head start on me.

I sat on the bed wondering what precautions I should take or whether I should take any at all when I heard soft footsteps passing along the flagstones just outside my door. I opened it quietly and looked out. Taylor had shut off the lights for the night so it took several seconds for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. I heard a faint rapping a few doors down from mine and made out a dark familiar figure against the lighter color of the wall. It was Paquita, and she was rapping on Tremaine's door.

"He's not in," I said a little harshly. She stepped back quickly and looked at me.

"Roberto," she said. "I thought this was your room."

"You thought nothing of the kind. But the man you're looking for has gone."

She came toward me. "I was looking for you," she said.

"I've been in this same room three months, and you know it. But whether you're looking for me or not, I'm glad to see you. Come in." I took her by the arm and led her into my room, closing the door behind us. She stood against the wall with her hands behind her back.

"I want to know a few things about Señor Temple," I said.

"I know nothing about Señor Temple." Her eyes were large and she was breathing rapidly.

"I want to know what sort of questions he asked you about me."

She raised her shoulders haughtily. "And why do you think we should spend our time talking about you? Our talk is none of your business," she said quietly. She was trying to make me angry and almost succeeding. Behind the pout on her face I could see that she was enjoying the situation; she thought I was displaying jealousy.

"Look, Paquita," I said, as gently as I could. "I haven't any right to tell you who you should see and who you shouldn't. I simply want some information. Except for that I don't care what you do." If I thought that would soothe her, I was mistaken. She stepped toward me, gesturing violently.

"No, you do not care! That's just it. You don't care what I do! But I'll m you care. After you're gone I'll Señor Temple every day! Yes, and ev night, too! You think about it w you're gone and see if you care!" waved her arms upward, and I noti for the first time the thing she'd b concealing behind her back. Her e tional nature had betrayed it. She h a wallet in her right hand. A fami wallet. I took it away from her. snatched at it, but I held her off w I examined it. It was Philip Temp wallet, the same one he'd had ea while we sat on the terrace. Insid were the pictures of his eagle-bea mother and his vacant-eyed sister, al with his tourist permit made out in name of Philip Tremaine. There other stuff too—cards, receipts, s stamps. In the money slot was a twe peso note. I looked at Paquita.

"So you were really looking for m She didn't answer. "Where did you this?" I waved the wallet at her.

"He left it," she said sullenly.

"Where?"

"At the village. In my house."

"I see. And you were returnin Honest girl. How long ago did he l it?"

"An hour maybe."

"Is he in the habit of visiting yo your house?"

"Why not?" she said angrily. " are going away."

I didn't have any answer to that I took the twenty-peso note out of wallet and gave it to her.

"You can have this for a fare present."

"What do you mean?" She ba away from it.

"Don't worry about it. You des it. I'll even add a little gift of my o I took out my own wallet and cou out three more twenty-peso notes. meant to leave this for you any Paquita. You might as well take it n I shoved the money into her hand. Th took her by the shoulders and k her. "You run along now. Forget a Roberto if you can and don't Señor Temple." I propelled her to door. She was beginning to cry a I felt her squeeze my hand and ther ran off toward the village through darkness. I stepped back into my r and closed the door.

THE thing was so beautiful and such a neat, ironic twist that I al laughed aloud. Temple had stymie trip to Valparaiso and now he'd ru off to fix it so I'd land in jail when turned to the United States. But going to all the trouble to find out w was so he could make up a logical s he'd left a nice legal tourist permi hind which contained nothing but a and a physical description of the be Brown hair, blue eyes, five feet el thirty-four years old. It wasn't e but it was close enough. Cayetanc called me Señor Temple a numb times. Besides, the wallet had things in it which would help me I was Philip Tremaine if it became n sary. I wouldn't have to use my name at all. I'd cross the border a my way in peace without ever going the authorities. Why take a chanc

Temple would miss his wallet s or later and come back for it, but it be several days before he found a back to Calisto. And even then Pa would probably deny having seen i couldn't tell what happened wi giving up the twenty pesos. He wo even know I had it. These tho clipped through my head in rapid cession, and I liked their flavor. T was a rat, and stealing his wallet pleasure.

I slept well that night. At six morning Taylor rapped at my do got up and had coffee with him, the my suitcase into his truck and we s

along the cow-track road to lco. The village was still asleep, dn't see Paquita again. . . .

re were no slips. In Acapulco d about the bars and hotels for a f Tremaine or the tourists from . I didn't find any of them. Then ed up Manuel Ruiz who was a di- of a bank in Acapulco. Manuel o school at Cornell and is a gringo- f the first order. I'd cashed my last ment check at his bank and he d glad to see me. I told him I l to rent a deposit box and paid ear's rent, with the stipulation that lidn't hear from me, he'd hold it r ten years on credit.

the deposit box went my oilskin carrying all the papers I had con- Mike Finney. I hadn't accumu- nything tangible under the name bert Fitzgerald. Then I told l goodby and got on my bus. It out a thousand miles to the border, stayed on the bus all the way be- there was the faintest chance that ine might go back to Calisto after t wallet sooner than I expected.

E from the fact that Mexican bus- s are crowded, dirty and bumpy, ly thing which spoiled my trip was rence of the malaria. It was as the country were taking a last t me before I left it. I had a few e tablets left and swallowed one every two hundred miles until they ll gone. By that time the malaria ne too, and the bus set me down in Laredo.

as a September morning, crystal ith the cool air of the night mixing the warm air of the coming day king little whirlpools in the dusty There was the Rio Grande, a ickle between two wide flats of d mud, and there was the bridge it with the Mexican customs on e and the American customs on er. All I had to do was walk and I'd be in the United States. mach flipped a little as I tramped the Mexican officials.

e my tourist permit to the Mexi- ficial and waited. He looked it owled at it, looked it over again rried it into his office. I think it's the United States that people ever accustomed to handling paper. other place in the world I've been, es confusion. They think it must ortant but they don't know exactly they end up expending a lot of l energy on it. They bounce it, t, put it in neat stacks, mess it up and read it several times. Then he ceremony they do what they best. The Mexican official came his office again, smiled and told me to come visit Mexico again someday. I picked up my suitcase and walked on across the bridge.

Somewhere in the middle of it I stopped being in Mexico and started being in the United States. Then I came to the American customs where I unstrapped my suitcase and threw it open on the inspection platform.

A customs man pawed over my two suits, my four shirts, my six pairs of socks and my other pair of shoes. He peeked into the section where I kept my soap and razor, and he tapped the sides of the suitcase to make certain they weren't hollow.

"Name?" he said.

"Philip Tremaine."

"When did you enter Mexico?"

I mentioned the date of the permit I'd turned in on the other side of the river.

"Where were you born?"

"Montana."

"That where you're headed?"

"No. San Francisco."

"Uh-huh. Got any Mexican goods?"

"The suitcase."

He looked it over. It was a nice handmade one that I'd picked up in Vera Cruz. "That's all?"

"Just some of the clothing."

"Okay. I guess you don't owe us anything." He walked away to meet the next entrant. That's all there was to it. I stood blinking at him a few seconds before I realized I'd passed. Then I closed the suitcase and walked on. Laredo and the whole of North America were ahead of me. I passed the exchange and it reminded me that I needed dollars instead of pesos from now on, so I went in and turned in all the money I had. I got back seventy-six dollars and thirty-five cents. That was my stake until I could get to San Francisco and land a job. . . .

Back on the porch of the exchange I noticed that it was a considerable hike into town, so I sat down on my suitcase to wait for a taxi to unload somebody. Things looked good: the street, the people. Neat and clean.

People came in and out of the exchange. A man stopped beside me and asked for a match. I gave him a box I had in my pocket. They were Mexican matches, the kind made of string dipped in wax. The man lighted his cigarette and handed the box back to me.

"You're just from Mexico, I see," he said.

"Yes."

"How was it?"

"Fine, just fine." People will always ask you that question, no matter where you've been or for how long. If you fly over Tibet in an airplane, they'll ask you how's China. You always answer that things are fine.

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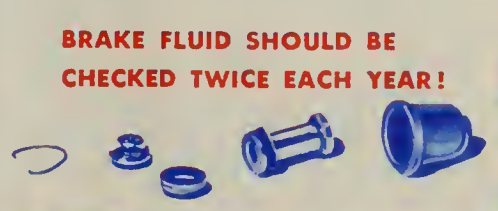

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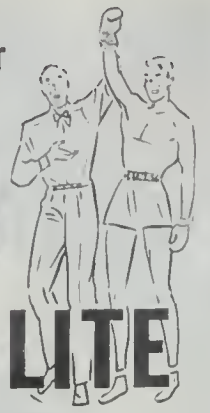

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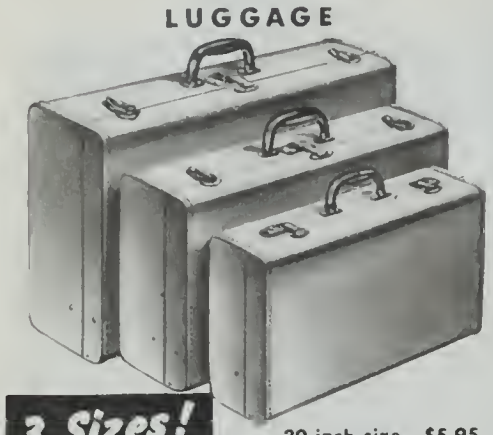

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yet. "I understand there's considerable inflation," he said.

"In spots, I suppose."

"How far down did you get?"

I glanced up at him. He was a heavy, droopy-eyed fellow who looked in his late forties. His hat was shoved to the back of his head, and beneath its brim the skin of his face was pale and moist. His brown suit bagged at the knees, and you could see the ring of white sock between the cuffs of his pants and his black oxfords.

"Not far," I said. He nodded amiably and smoked a few seconds in silence. I thought he must be waiting for someone from inside, but after using up about a fourth of his cigarette, he flipped the long butt to the sidewalk and went into the building.

AT ABOUT the same time a taxi pulled up out front. I flagged it and got in. "The bus station," I said.

"Which station?"

"How many are there?"

"About two, I guess." The driver pulled out from the curb and I looked back at the exchange to see the plump man in the brown suit watching us drive away. He had a fresh cigarette in his mouth and, while I watched, he took a pack of matches from his vest pocket and lighted it.

"Suppose you let me off somewhere between the two," I said to the driver.

"'Tain't hard. They're only a block apart." He didn't say anything more until we were in the business district. Then he pointed out the bus stations and a restaurant across the street under the Newfeldt Hotel.

I thanked him, paid him off and went into the restaurant. I hadn't tasted a real hamburger in nearly thirteen years, and I was going to have one, even if it was for breakfast. It was just the way I remembered: a big round soft bun, a thin slab of ground meat heavy with salt, heaped with fried onions. It looks so simple and yet you can't get one anyplace except in the U.S. It was good. It was delicious. I had another one and then sat licking the onions off my back teeth while I smoked and had coffee.

I paid the cashier and went outside. There was still the plump man to worry about. He'd asked for a match he didn't need and it made me wonder. I carried my suitcase into the hotel and told the girl at the desk I wanted a room with a bath. "A front one," I said.

"I've got a nice one in back. It's quieter."

"But I always take a front one. Don't you remember?" She looked at me closely.

"You're Mr. —"

"Jones," I said. "Clarence Jones of Dallas."

"Of course," she said. "It's so nice seeing you again. You haven't been here for some time."

"Over six months, I think. But I certainly remember you."

She laughed. "I wasn't here six months ago."

"That's odd. I may be thinking of the girl before you."

"It was a man then."

"Well, maybe it was more than six months. Anyhow, may I have a noisy front room with a bath?"

I didn't seem to have done so well. She slid the register book over to me, and I wrote down Clarence Jones, putting my residence as Dallas. I paid for one day in advance. The bellhop showed me to my room and went away after I gave him a dime. Then I called both bus stations by phone. Only one had a line running west along the route I wanted; I told the agent to make out a ticket to San Francisco and that I'd either pick it up or send for it.

Next I shed my clothes and took a bath, shaved, brushed up my shoes and put on my second-best suit. Then I let the shade up a few inches from the bottom and stretched out on the bed where I could watch the street from the window. I had two hours to wait for the bus, but it was only about ten minutes before I saw the other thing I was wondering about.

A plump man in a brown suit sauntered down the sidewalk and wandered into the waiting room of the bus station I hadn't done business with. In a few minutes he was out again, still in no hurry. He stopped in front of a drugstore on the corner and leaned against a lamppost while he smoked another cigarette. He had a good view of the street.

I wasn't sure of anything. Sometimes a person will ask you for a match he doesn't need simply because he wants to talk to you, and sometimes the same person has a reason to stand in front of a bus station. However, I was in a situation where the tendency was to be suspicious. Laredo isn't a very big city, and I'd made the mistake of telling the cabdriver I wanted a bus station before I discovered that the plump man hadn't needed a match. He could have located the cabdriver again with little difficulty.

I called the desk and asked the girl to send the boy up. He was a bright-eyed Mexican of about sixteen who liked me better when I spoke to him in his own language. I told him that the station agent had a ticket made out for Clarence Jones and that I wanted him to pick up the ticket and check my suitcase through for me at the same time. He took the money and the suitcase and left. I watched from the window while he crossed the street and entered the station. Plumpy was at the other end of the block and paid no attention. When the boy came back with the ticket and the baggage check, I gave him four bits.

"When do you leave?" he asked.

"Tomorrow. I have calls to make and don't want to be bothered with luggage. Tell me, does the bus stop anyplace in town after it leaves the station?"

"On Alvarado Street."

"Where's that?"

He found a map of the city in the front of the phone book and showed me where Alvarado Street was. "It stops if anyone is waiting," he said.

"Good. I have a friend out that way I want to see, and it will save me a trip back." I led him over to the window. "Do you see that man in the brown suit across the street?"

"The heavy one?"

"That's right. Do you know him?"

"I can't remember seeing him before."

I gave him another quarter and he left.

PLUMPY ran out of cigarettes and went into the drugstore for more. He came out, he walked over to my side of the street where I couldn't see him. Not being sure of what it was all about, I felt a little foolish about the contortions I was going through. Still, there was no use taking chances that could be avoided. If Plumpy was after me, the time to handle the situation was right now.

He returned to his lamppost about twenty minutes before bus time. I got off the bed and went downstairs. When I turned in my key I asked the girl at the desk if there'd been any messages.

"Nothing at all," she said.

"See you later, then." I left the hotel by the side exit and walked the ten blocks to the Alvarado Street stop. When the bus came, I looked the occupants over carefully before handing the driver my ticket. Everything looked serene. I found a seat near the back where I could smoke, lowered the back of my seat and stretched out. One thing, at least, seemed certain: Plumpy wasn't a federal man. Any F.B.I. employee who had reason to believe I was Mike Finney and had crossed the border under a fake name would have treated me the way a chicken treats a fat worm. And no one but a federal man would have any interest in

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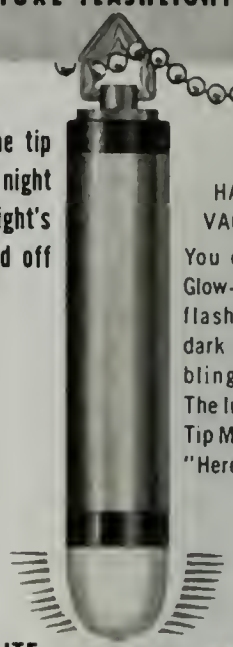

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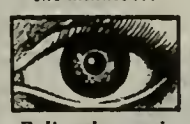

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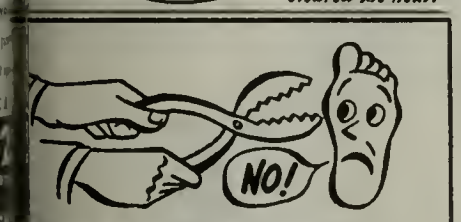

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me. Even if Tremaine reported his missing permit, it shouldn't bother anyone north of the border. So I relaxed.

It was my first ride on an American bus in thirteen years. The last one had been a long ride, too—from San Francisco to New York just before I took off for Spain. I'd been twenty-three then, setting forth to save the world. Now I was riding in the opposite direction for the purpose, I suppose, of saving myself. During that thirteen years my attitude had migrated from the belief that better individuals can be produced only by raising the standards of society to the belief that the standards of society can be raised only by producing better individuals. My two bus rides had one point in similarity, however. Both of them—the one at the end and this one at the beginning—saw me crossing a border with false papers. I hoped it was for the last time. A curious and forlorn hope. I enjoyed it all the way from Laredo to San Francisco. Then it sort of evaporated because it was in San Francisco that I saw Plumpy again. . . .

It was quite a shock. The bus came in over the Bay Bridge from Oakland about six o'clock in the evening. It was my first look at the completed bridges. The sun had just set behind the city. Across the water the tall buildings studded the hills with pinnacles of light, while bright rivers of streets opened and closed to view as the bus rolled on. It was only a few minutes from the bridge to the terminal at Seventh and Mission streets. As we rolled into town, I opened the window a few inches so I could hear the infernal, wonderful clatter of the streetcars. After the bus stopped, I wandered into the waiting room to wait until the baggage was unloaded so I could collect my suitcase. I had twenty bucks left but I wasn't worried about it. I'd been broke in San Francisco before, and this was the way it should be. I was back at the place where the roads had forked thirteen years before; and this time I was going to try the other fork.

My suitcase wasn't heavy, so I decided to travel by foot until I found a room for the night. I went through the swinging doors onto Seventh Street.

A taxi pulled up at the curb in front of me. I thought the driver had spotted my suitcase and wanted a customer, but instead the back door opened and a girl got out. There was no premonition on my part. If I looked at the girl it was only because she happened to be directly in front of me and about six feet away. But having looked once, I looked again. It wasn't her appearance; she had on a green suit, and a white hat with a veil. Her eyes were brown. They were large and surprisingly dull, like bits of old velvet—softness but no light.

I knew her. At least, I thought I knew her and it surprised me to find how small she was. I'd expected a taller, more flamboyant type. My first thought was that she must be someone I'd known in San Francisco many years before. It took a few seconds to realize that the passage of time made this impossible. She was no more than twenty-five now and would have been twelve or thirteen at most then. I'd have discounted the whole thing as an illusion if she hadn't looked at me with a questioning search for recognition. Then she stepped toward me, and barely touched my coat sleeve with her finger tips.

IT WAS curious. The clatter of the city was all around us—insistent and raucous to me after years without it—the whine of brakes, the impatient snarl of horns and the triphammer beat of streetcars galloping across intersecting tracks. Her face looked sallow in the light of a blue neon sign hissing softly above us.

"I'm sorry," I said. "There must be a mistake."

She shook her head. "Oh, no, Philip. There's no mistake." Her voice was no more than a whisper. "Please come now." She stepped back toward the cab, motioning toward it, waiting.

I remembered her now. It was a picture, not a girl. This was Catherine Tremaine, Philip Tremaine's sister. I had her picture in my wallet. Tremaine had talked a lot about himself at various times, but I couldn't remember his having mentioned San Francisco as his home town. And out of all the cities in the United States! Something like an alarm signal started buzzing in my brain. This was no coincidence. I shook my head.

"You're mistaken." I turned to walk away, ignoring the plea in her eyes. That's when I saw Plumpy again.

He was standing on the corner looking at me. He wore the same suit, but the trousers were baggier than ever and so were his eyes. He hadn't been sleeping.

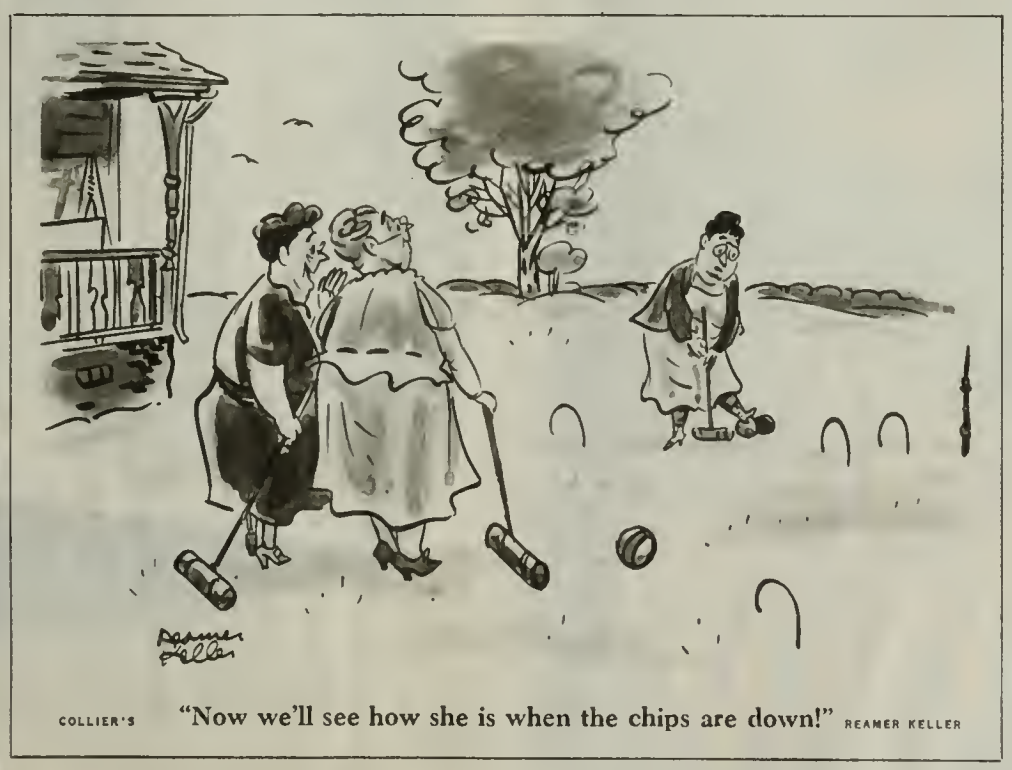
I didn't feel like talking to him right then. Not ever. He was on foot. To my left a cab was waiting with the door open and the back seat empty. It would be an error to say I applied any thought to the matter. The cab was simply a means of quick escape, a means of keeping Catherine Tremaine and Plumpy separated until I could lose them both. I turned back to the girl.

"All right, Catherine, let's go." I followed her into the cab and slammed the door.

"Humboldt Terrace," she said. "Nine thousand."

The taxi driver swung into the stream of traffic. Plumpy stood on the sidewalk behind us, watching the cab drive away.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "Now we'll see how she is when the chips are down!" REAMER KELLER

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REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY SUNDAY, JUNE 20

HANDBALL IS FOOTWORK

Continued from page 6

Dry Lake in Mojave Desert a sailplane paradise. The smog really commutes between Los Angeles and Dry Lake. Day sea breezes push the fog and smoke into the desert, then night offshore winds pull it back to town. On the daytime run to Dry Lake, the desert sun bounces off the smog and radiates enough heat to keep the gliders flying high.

HOW TO WIN A MARATHON

Americans have never worked up much enthusiasm for marathon running, probably because the sport involves trotting 26 miles 385 yards, roughly the distance from Marathon to Athens which Pheidippides raced in full armor to tell the home folks that the Persians weren't coming.

Only one native-born American ever won the Olympic marathon. That was Johnny Hayes, who staggered in at London in 1908. Tommy Hicks became an American citizen shortly before his Olympic triumph at St. Louis in 1904. If there is one race Olympic officials would like to forget, it is the 1904 marathon.

An enterprising fellow named Fred Lorz finished 10 minutes in front of Hicks, but Fred was disqualified. Seems he rode part way in an automobile. Two Kaffirs, a side-show entry from the St. Louis Fair, stayed in contention until the 12th mile, when a stray dog chased them off the course.

Hicks wanted to quit at the 15-mile mark, but his handlers bribed him with two canteens of brandy and occasional sulphate of strychnine shots. Tommy began to feel better. At the finish, he could have passed anything except a saliva test. He may not have been the best marathoner in the race, but he certainly was the happiest.

ONE EYE FERRIER

Jim Ferrier is a one-eyed golfer. Jim cocks his head until only his left eye focuses on the ball. "It eliminates the possibility of muffing the shot by looking up," Jim explains. "If I do look slightly, the right eye takes over. have to move my head a half turn—most six inches—to lift both eyes off ball."

On the greens, Jim is slow and fus which accounts for another peculiari He always asks for the caddy with biggest and flattest feet. "Around cup," Ed says, "your caddy's feet ca be too flat. Fellow named Sam do in Miami is the world's best. He size-13 feet—flat as pancakes—and we tennis shoes. Never have to worry abo Sam walking in front of the hole a spoiling your line. Every step Sam tal improves the golf course."

Australian-born Ferrier is less sp tacular in medal competition than Sou Africa's Bobby Locke, but Americ pros fear Jim more than Bobby in mat play. Jim's a great scrambler and putt He has to be. His left knee—weaken by an Australian football injury buckles inopportunely and sprays his shots all over the course.

While Jim was scrambling to t P.G.A. title last summer, a disgruntl and eliminated pro barked at a Weste Union messenger: "Ferrier? You'll fi him behind some trees—pitching dead the cup."

A typical Ferrier drive lodged near t top of a 40-foot tree in the 1944 S Francisco Open. Jim shinnied up a knocked the ball down—pool-table sty Fortunately, the trick knee holds firm occasion. Jim and Locke were even, g ing up to the 179-yard 13th hole at Ho lake during a practice round before t 1946 British Open. Locke's tee shot down nine inches short of the cup. Fe rier's ball dribbled past Locke's and for a hole in one!

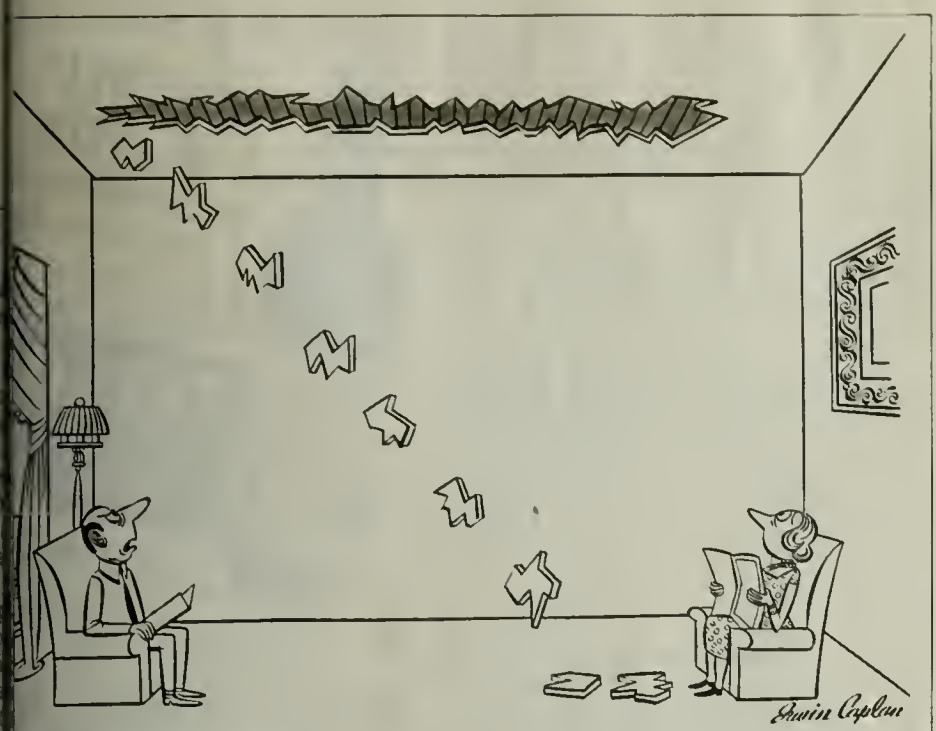
Ferrier won, one up, and Locke pa off. "Before you hit that bloody ac Bobby complained, "I had your mon put away—in my shoe."

Ferrier, who knows Locke's reputati for thrift, made a slight correction. "N in your shoe, Bobby. In your sock right down in the toe."

THE END

"I was listening to the Sudsy Mystery program—and you or Mr. Hooper had better know how it ended"

COLLIER'S J. S. MACDONALD



"There goes Kollack in his 'Shuffle Off to Buffalo' routine again"

LIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

TWO-PARTY GAL

Continued from page 23

for Margaret. For this event she ed practically the entire Boston nte contingent of that season. But ngton gossips say that none has ualed the affair of February, 1945, he Roosevelt-Truman ticket had e national election. Mrs. Mesta ut several hundred handsomely ed invitations, addressed to im- t Democrats, Republicans and s, and requesting them to repair to grave Club, the capital's swanki- ering hole, to meet the Vice-Pres- nd Mrs. Harry S. Truman. They n droves, and were well rewarded; ho were not invited are still biting ils in chagrin.

e were three high lights at this n. One was when Mrs. Mesta took Truman gently by the hand, led oss the room, and introduced her . Jim Farley, whose husband is a rat if there ever was one. Every- was simply bowled over by the ion that these two ladies had net before. They had missed each t the Democratic convention in ecause Mrs. Farley was not there. e fact is Mrs. Farley attended the lican convention that year.

Why the Senator Wept

s at this party that Rosa Ponselle, time friend of Mrs. Mesta's, sang aria. The crowded rooms were and the guests enthralled by the singer. Senator Theodore F. of Rhode Island wept. Later a asked him why he had been so by the song. It was, the senator ed, nostalgia. The haunting notes Maria had recalled the dear days irst Roosevelt inaugural, when he vernor of Rhode Island, and Mrs. had entertained in *his* honor.

Mesta's party for Mr. Truman e was Vice-President was proba- largest function, in point of num- hat she ever gave, but she has times entertained as many as 90 al dinners, and more at buffet For the formal affairs tables are n various downstairs rooms of her and she herself presides in the room, where about 30 persons seated.

year when the Association of Broadcasters held their annual tion in Washington, Mrs. Mesta ned the 300 delegates, and a few selected friends including Mrs. Truman, at a big informal dinner. She set five buffets, each serving the typical foods of a different nation of the Big Five—England, France, Russia, China and the United States—and each presided over by servants wearing the national costumes of their country.

However large or small her parties are, the guests always include both Democrats and Republicans, who mingle on terms of perfect equality and feast sumptuously on such delicacies as *filet mignon*, guinea hen, boned squab and terrapin soup—the real stuff, not any old mock turtle jazzed up with a little sherry.

As a matter of public interest, it may be noted here that most Washington hostesses are now boning their squabs, in order that their guests, who are generally of mixed or indeterminate social backgrounds, may eat gracefully.

Liquor is usually served at a Mesta function, also—mighty fine liquor. Once at a "tea" which she gave for Washington newspaperwomen the journalistic lassies and their boy friends got away with 30 cases of champagne and whisky, which is approximately 300 quarts. Mrs. Roberta Vinson, wife of the Chief Justice, who "poured," managed to dispense ten quarts of tea. None of the liquor was drunk by Mrs. Mesta; she neither drinks nor smokes. Her favorite beverage at the cocktail hour is tomato juice.

The entertainment at a Mesta affair ranges from the most expensive professional talent to such gifted amateurs as President Truman, pianist, and General Eisenhower, who can sing Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes. At least, the general sang it once, at a party given in his honor soon after he became Chief of Staff, when "everybody," as Mrs. Mesta says, "was performing and doing stunts."

Patrick J. Hurley once obliged with his personal war whoop, an extraordinary vocal feat based on the guttural chidings of an annoyed Indian and the strangled yelps of an enraged mule skinner. It is a fairly authentic production, too; Mr. Hurley used to be a mule skinner. Mrs. Mesta is not on record as having commented on Pat Hurley's war whooping, or on General Eisenhower's voice, which is a dogged but somewhat tremulous baritone. But she thinks that President Truman plays the piano "beautifully, just beautifully—for a man who never gets any practice."

What with music, entertainment, ter-

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rapin, squab (boned), and fine liquors, not to mention wear and tear on rugs and furnishings, a typical function will set Mrs. Mesta back from $10 to $50 per guest. The party for Vice-President Truman cost $5,000. Entertainment on such a scale costs a lot of money. Fortunately, Mrs. Mesta has a lot of money, although nobody knows how much except herself, her lawyers, her bankers and the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

She is said to have inherited several millions from her father, the late W. B. Skirvin, a Southwestern oil and hotel tycoon, and additional millions from her husband, a wealthy manufacturer for whom the town of Mesta, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, was named. And being about as clever in business as she is in planning parties, Mrs. Mesta is said to have not only held on to her two inheritances but added virtually another fortune to them.

She has an excellent reputation in Washington, and elsewhere as well, as a money raiser for any cause in which she is interested. She displayed this ability to the full when she was appointed co-chairman of the Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner, reportedly at the suggestion of the President. In former years this post has usually been given to the wife of a member of the Cabinet, and the lady has nearly always turned out to be more of an ornament than a financial asset.

But Mrs. Mesta rolled up her sleeves and plunged in. The dinner netted the Democrats some $50,000 more than it had ever done before, and Mrs. Mesta is credited with being responsible for most of the excess. With a snicker, she says that about $25,000 came from Republicans, although she won't tell how she persuaded them to invest. Actually, however, it is not unusual for businessmen to contribute to both parties.

Big Oil and Hotel Interests

Mrs. Mesta's family was living in Texas when the time came for her to be born, and the weather down there was unbearably hot. So her mother came to New York, and Mrs. Mesta is therefore a native of the metropolis. Her birth occurred about the time her father was bringing in the second big gusher in the Beaumont oil field. She spent her girlhood in Galveston and other Texas cities, and in Oklahoma City, wherever the oil and hotel business took her father. After she married George Mesta she lived briefly in Pennsylvania and traveled widely in Europe. All the time she was entertaining with great gusto, and learning more and more about the complicated business of party giving.

During the first World War, Mrs. Mesta's husband was called to Washington as a dollar-a-year man, and she established herself in an elaborate suite at the Hotel Willard. After a careful survey of the situation, she leaped into the social whirlpool with considerable vigor. At that time, she doesn't seem to have made any terrific splash, although she did make a few important friends, among them Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. As her contribution to war work she took charge of The Washington Stage Door Canteen, a post which she also held for a time in World War II.

Throughout this period, and especially during the administration of President Harding, Washington society was dominated by Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, who was not only an intimate friend of the Hardings but enjoyed additional prestige because of her ownership of the Hope Diamond.

Too Dangerous a Competitor

This celebrated gem was always good for a bit of publicity. So, for that matter, were Mrs. McLean's social activities. Competing openly with her was an excellent way for a Washington hostess to get her social ears pinned back, and there is no record that Mrs. Mesta was ever foolish enough to attempt it.

She did, however, continue to give parties and to make influential friends, and her chances of eventually playing on society's first team were improved by her presentation at the Court of St. James's. In Washington she was a friend of the Coolidges and greatly admires Mrs. Coolidge; even now she sometimes remarks that it was "such a pity" that Mrs. Coolidge left Washington when her husband retired from the White House. On the whole, Mrs. Mesta's social career through the 1920s and the early 1930s was a record of steady progress, culminating in the invasion of Newport and the opening of Mid-Cliffe in 1929.

During the late 1930s Mrs. Mesta lived in New York, occupying a 26-room house in East Seventy-fourth Street, some of the furnishings of which had once embellished Buckingham Palace.

Mrs. Mesta's current ambition is to own a radio station; she says that if she had one she would staff it entirely with women, make political speeches herself, and fill the air with plugs for Harry S. Truman and equal rights for women.

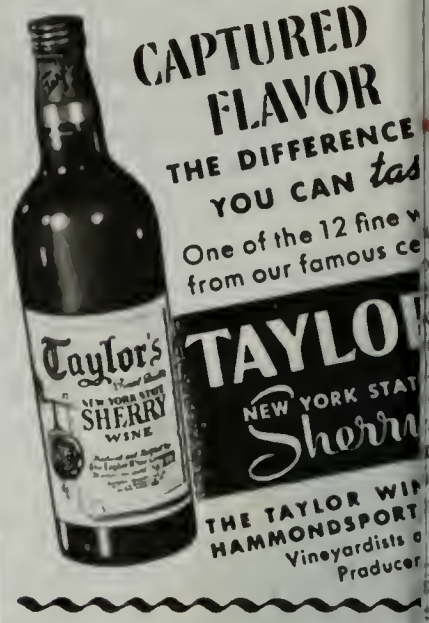
"My idea is," she says, "that if I can do anything in the world to keep my friends in the White House, I'll do it."

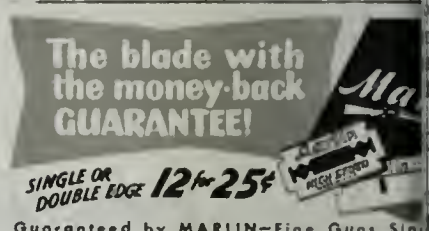
She expects to keep up the fight for Mr. Truman, but some of her friends say that if the worst comes to the worst she'll settle for Speaker Joseph W. Martin.

"Joe would make a wonderful President," she says.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Nice direction" HANK KETCHAM





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WASHINGTON

★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

RELY before in Presidential pol- ehind the scenes, there is a direct lation between the two major- onventions that take place in the ur weeks. What happens at the meet will determine the Demo- utcome.

tely, President Truman is resting ision to run again on whom the icans nominate. If it's Vanden- Stassen, the President may with- If it's any of the other numerous aspirants, the President will make ng fight for his nomination on two s: (1) that despite the widespread tion within Democratic ranks, he ce his nomination if he wants to; t he has a good chance to win any other Republican.

ENBERG and Stassen are the what happens at the Republican tion. That doesn't necessarily hat either will be nominated; nor preclude the possibility of a Van- -Stassen slate. That's a strong ility on a number of counts—per- friendship, general similarity of andenberg's age and health and 's youth and vigor.

whatever the outcome of the con- , the big Michigander and the big otan will be decisive factors.

E event of a Republican conven- adlock, Speaker Joe Martin will e first trial run as a dark horse. s a lot of undercover "second strength in the leading camps. congressmen have been doing avy but quiet plugging for him. number of state leaders, like lvania's Joe Pew and Kansas' Alf , are fond of Martin.

ever mentioned in official state- but one of the biggest items in od relief to Europe is horse meat. ar over 100,000,000 pounds were road.

r reason is difference in cost. meat costs less than half of other Also, Europeans lack U.S. preju- ainst horse meat. In fact, some prefer it on the ground that it's and tastier. Biggest horse-meat ers are Belgium and Sweden. onth recently, the former im- 3,000,000 pounds and the latter 0. Other big horse-meat con- are Germany, France, Holland tugal.

e-meat slaughtering is a relatively S. industry. It got a big start in -32 depression when over 100,000 ere butchered yearly in federally d slaughterhouses. Last year, horses were processed for food s. Horses now used for this pur- fer markedly from earlier days. nost of the animals were old, t nags. Now, there are very hem, and young, wild horses are nost entirely. Largest slaughter- are in Los Angeles, San Fran- etroit; Columbus, Ohio; Duluth, ota.

strong Republican Vice-Presi- possibilities to watch are New Senator Irving Ives, California's William F. Knowland, Massa- Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, vernor Alfred E. Driscoll of New

enberg likes both Knowland and Ives is Stassen's first choice as a mate. Driscoll is on good terms with all the leaders. Although a newcomer in the national arena, he has made a lot of hay in recent months.

OVERHEARD in the Senate cloakroom: "Well, I guess it is true that Wallace is not for the common man."

"How come?"

"He walked out on Truman!"

ONE of the significant Intelligence reports from behind the Iron Curtain is that the Russian Communist party will hold another of its momentous congresses this year. It will be the 19th, but the first since 1939. In the past, these congresses have been used to proclaim major Soviet foreign and domestic policies. According to the inside word, no date has yet been set, but it's expected to be after the U.S. Presidential election.

THE controversial question of cartels is in for another official airing. Nebraska's Senator Kenneth Wherry isn't advertising it, but his Small Business Committee is quietly investigating U.S. policy on cartels. Slated to be quizzed on their viewpoint and operations are Undersecretary of the Army William H. Draper, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State Willard L. Thorp, and top U.S. occupation officials in Germany and Japan.

WAR potential: U.S. steel production is over 95,000,000 tons a year as compared to 16,000,000 tons in Russia.

MAINE may make political history in its June 21st Republican senatorial primary. There is a chance a woman may carry off the prize. She is Representative Margaret Chase Smith, who has made an outstanding record. Pitted against Mrs. Smith are Governor H. A. Hildreth and ex-Governor Sumner Sewall. It's nip and tuck among the trio, with Hildreth being backed by Senator Owen Brewster, who isn't keen about having either the militant Sewall or the bustling Mrs. Smith as a colleague.

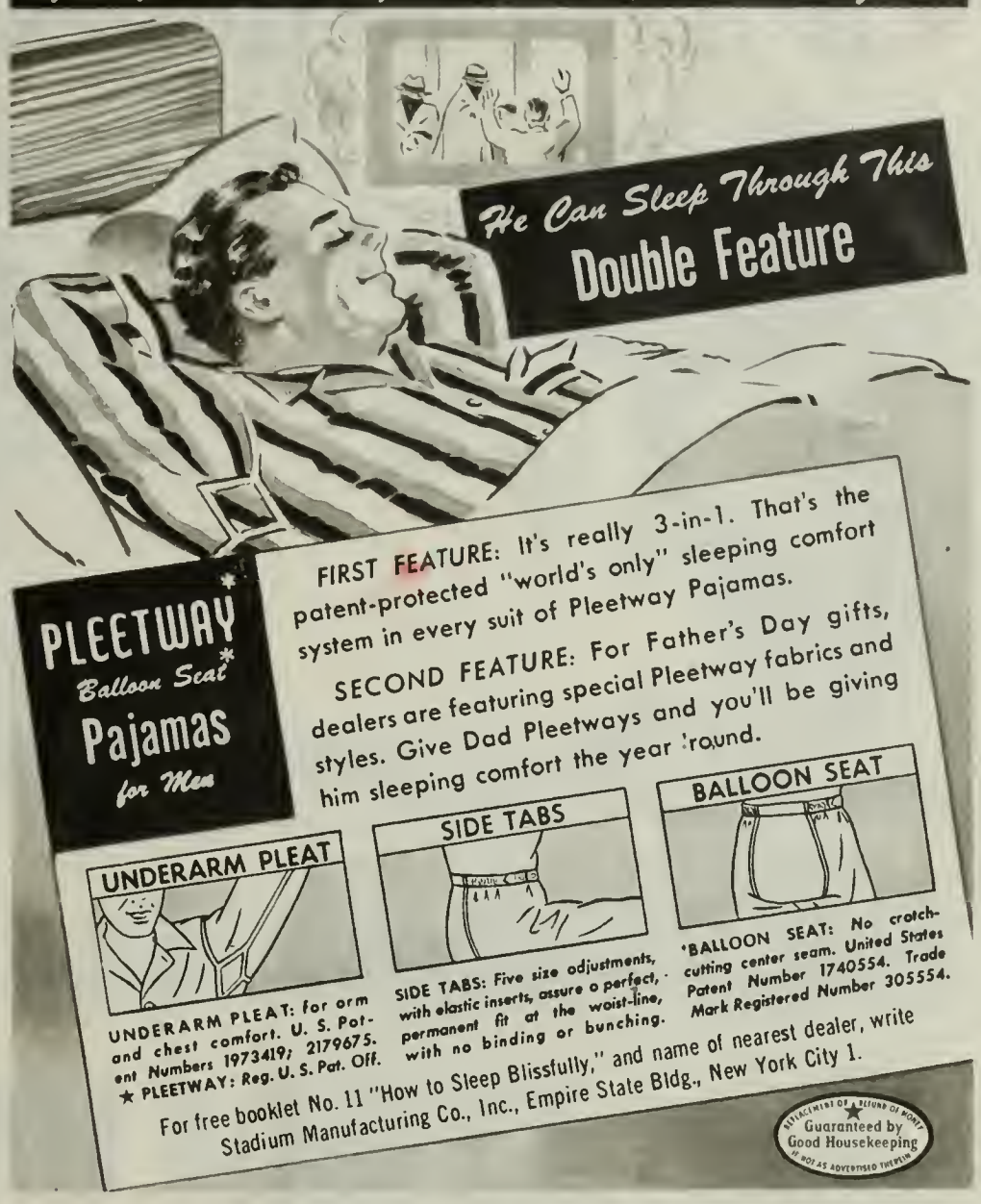
THERE is no foundation to that recurring rumor that Henry Wallace will pull out if the Democrats ditch President Truman and nominate General Eisenhower or Supreme Court Justice Douglas. There never was anything to it but a distorted version of favorable remarks Wallace made about Eisenhower and Douglas at a private gathering in February. Wallace is in the race to the bitter end. And as he sees it, it won't be too bitter for two reasons: He doesn't expect to win, and he is sure Truman will be defeated.

VICE-PRESIDENT LI TSUNG-JEN is the man to watch in the new Nationalist government in China. Able and ambitious, the fifty-seven-year-old Kwangsi general is a veteran campaigner both in the field and in politics. Also, he has powerful Kuomintang backing and is unawed by Chiang Kai-shek. Li demonstrated this by winning the vice-presidency despite bitter Chiang opposition. In the next, and not-distant, upheaval in China, it's not at all unlikely that Chiang will exit and Li take over.

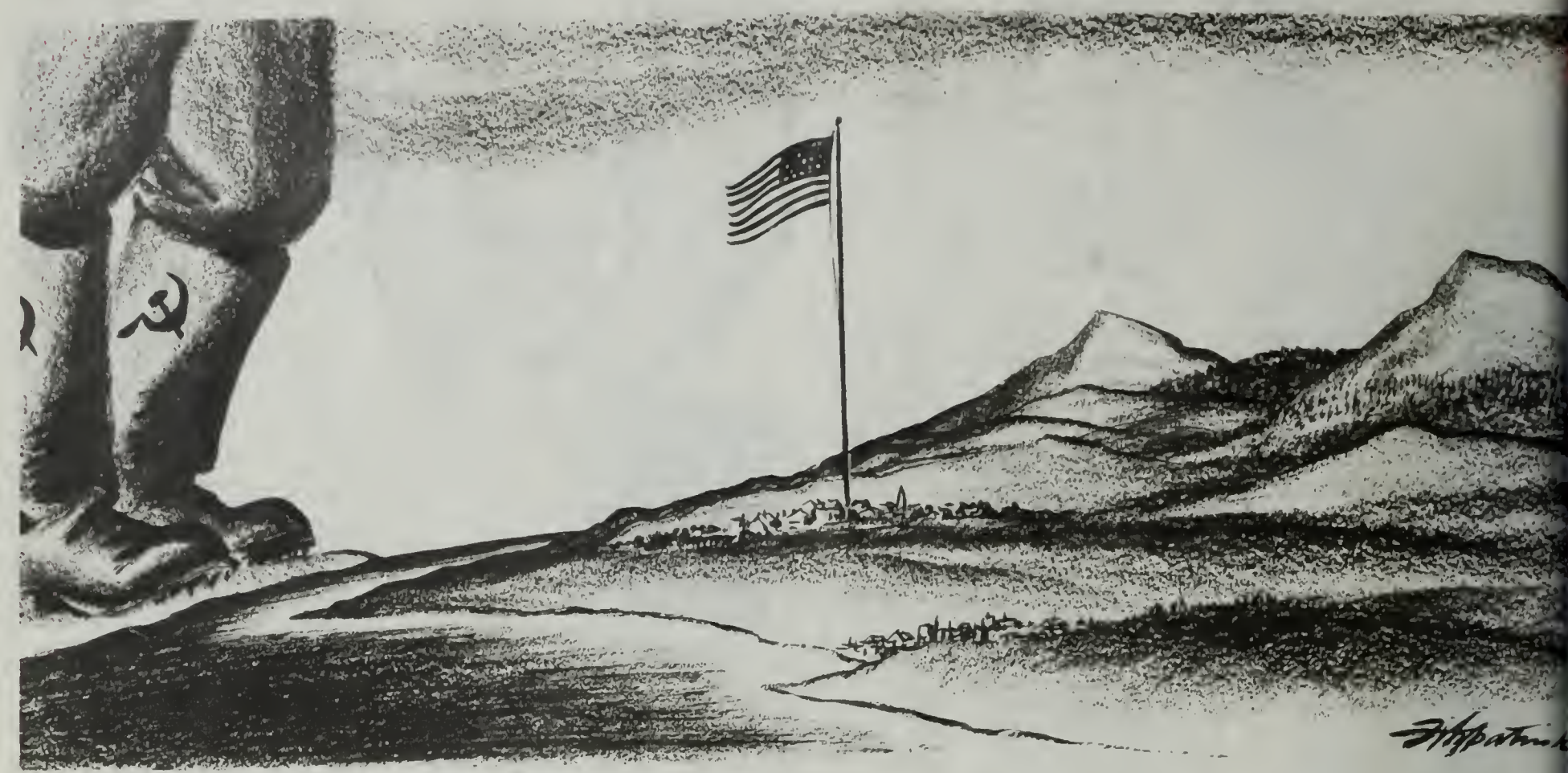
JOHN L. LEWIS' egotism apparently has no bounds. Discussing the failure of the C.I.O. United Steel Workers to get a pay raise, Lewis, who rules his miners with an autocratic fist, rumbled pontifically, "The trouble with that union is, it's run from the top down."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

For Father's Day Remember Father's Nights



Collier's believes...



...WE SHOULD BUTTRESS ALASKA

AT THIS writing, Lieutenant General Nathan F. Twining's Alaskan Command is in a bad way and much worried. There are about 20,000 men in the AC, but almost no combat troops. The Navy has no fighting ships in the zone. Planes are so scarce that the AC won't reveal the exact number.

Russia, on the other hand, is reported to be building a big military base in the Komandorskie Islands, some 225 miles west of Attu. Attu is the outmost of the Aleutian chain of islands that step Asiaward from Alaska. You may remember that the Japs occupied Attu and near-by Kiska for many months following the Battle of Midway—to the great worry of U.S. and Canadian military men and civilians.

We bought Alaska from Russia in 1867. But the modern Reds have often muttered that this was a deal with a corrupt czarist regime and is not binding on the Bolsheviks of today.

All of which words write their own music, we think—the music being that we ought to strengthen our Alaska defenses to a point where we'd at least have a fighting chance to hold the giant peninsula in case of attack.

General Twining believes that in the wild Alaska terrain one battalion (about 1,000 men) of seasoned combat troops and three or four tanks could perform a successful holding operation. With two regimental combat teams (9,000 men), General Twining thinks Alaska would be impregnable.

Such a build-up of the Alaska Command admittedly would be a hard and expensive job. But isn't it worth just about any price to safeguard the West Coast against bombings from enemy-held Alaska positions? We think it is; and we move, urgently, that this great northwest bastion of North America be adequately buttressed without delay.

. . . HOFFMAN CAN DO A JOB: President Truman's appointment of Paul G. Hoffman to run the European Recovery Program (Marshall Plan) was a good day's work, we believe. Mr. Hoffman has an enviable business and civic record; also the kind of ideas which must guide the ERP if it is to help revive Western Europe and halt Communism without bankrupting us.

We'd just like to recall to all and sundry that Hoffman took this job on a promise of a free hand in running the ERP show. Official Washington is full of ambitious bureaucrats who love power, and one of the favorite pastimes in that great city consists in trying to snitch other people's authority and prerogatives for yourself. That Mr. Hoffman will have plenty of such trouble seems a safe bet.

Our earnest hope is that he will fight all muscler-inners from now till he winds up the job; that he will consent to no diminution of his powers; and that he will yell bloody murder to the press and to influential politicians whenever he feels threatened. That's the only way to conserve your own hide in official Washington, and to deliver the results you're supposed to deliver.

We hope that Mr. Hoffman knew that fact of Washington life before he became ERP chief, or that he is thoroughly aware of it now.

. . . WALLACE SHOULD BE HEARD: The occasional interferences with Henry A. Wallace's right to say his say in public don't look good from any point of view known to us. We mean interruptions or picketing of Wallace meetings by assorted patriots, and such indirect harassments as hotels refusing to put the third-party candidate for President up for the night.

These goings on, however much you may sympathize with the motives of those who stage them, are not in the American spirit of fair play. That would be bad enough in itself; but they also give Wallace and his backers a chance to yell that they are being persecuted, with some truth in the yells.

Don't misunderstand us. We think Wallace is peddling the Communist party line in his campaign speeches to this writing, and we think that anybod who votes for him next November 2d will be vo ing, knowingly or unknowingly, to sell the Unite States down the river to Joe Stalin.

Nevertheless, so long as we are not in a shoo ing war with Soviet Russia, Wallace should be a lowed as much freedom of speech as any oth American.

There is no U.S. law which denies a man the rig to hang himself, so to speak, with his tongue.

. . . YOU NEEDN'T ASK FOR IT: Lady Nancy Ast was the principal speaker at a big luncheon r cently thrown in Washington by the Women's N tional Farm and Garden Association. Getting on her aristocratic feet, Lady A. launched forth her customary tirade about how Americans are t much interested in "women, clothes, liquor a brassière ads in newspapers," when they should thinking of a world "faced with famine"—as if weren't feeding a large part of said world.

Some 25 of the ladies at the luncheon got enou of it after a spell, and walked out on the Brit noblewoman. One walker-outer said that she w "tired of hearing that woman criticizing Americ women."

That goes for us, too; we've been tired of La Astor these 10 years or more. However, it seems us that these American women asked for what th got. Whoever invited her to that luncheon kn perfectly well that she would insult her hostess somehow, to say nothing of insulting the Americ people in general. That's Lady Astor's stock trade, her line of goods.

Well, then, why ask her to speak at Americ functions of any kind? Why stick the neck o Why not just give her the silent treatment—and t same for the rest of the multitude of aliens w keep coming over here and telling us how to hand our affairs? Their advice as a rule is worse, if p sible, than their manners.

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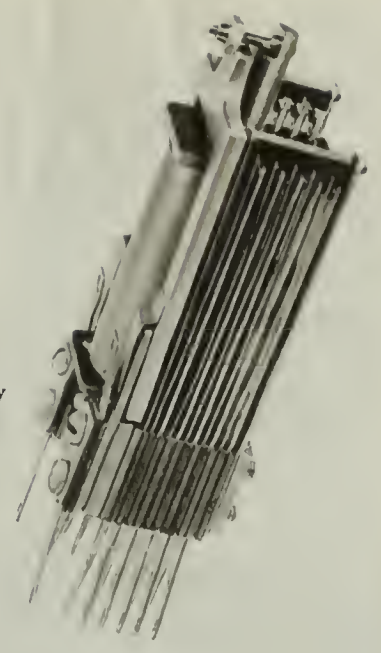

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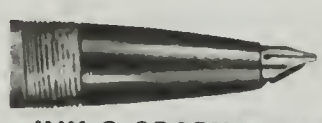

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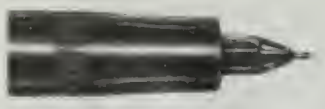

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

DARK HORSE RACE

DEAR EDITOR: "Doping" out this Presidential race is so similar to handicapping a race for two-yr.-olds, which is a handicapper's headache, that I just couldn't help but let you have the consensus around Bay Meadows. To date here's how it should "dope."

Weather cloudy; track slow.

4 Yrs. *Purse $75,000 per y*

P P Entries	*Prob. Odds*	*Comment*
1 Truman	5-2	Will miss his ol jockey
2 Eisenhower	5-2	Drops in class, doubtful starter
3 Stassen	5-2	Workouts show ready
4 Dewey	4-1	Gave warning la out
5 Taft	6-1	Likes muddy goin
6 MacArthur	10-1	Been away too lon
7 Wallace	20-1	Fence jumper
8 Martin	20-1	No line on this or
9 Vandenberg	20-1	Class if gets in

TOM JORDAN, San Luis Obispo, Ca

"E" FOR EFFICACY

DEAR SIR: While sitting here thinking o our good old America, I chanced to get on of your magazines that came aboard toda on a transport that just pulled in fro home. Of all of your many fine article and fiction I like most of all The Week Mail. It sort of gives us fellows who ar keeping the peace a large amount of pric to see what has been gained by our dutie abroad.

Keep up the good work, for in its sma way, to us it spells what we fight for, "De mocracy."

It's that little item the world needs s badly, even at home. So I send you m personal "E" for efficacy.

D. E. ROBINSON, U.S.S. Atlant Moored in the Wang Po River, Chin

FACE TO FACE WITH THE FACTS

DEAR EDITOR: This is a picture which I snapped at random of Danny Wright, 1025 Jackson St., San Francisco. Note top-knot and resemblance of the two babie

JIM KURTZHAL, San Francisco, Ca

FICTION DEPT. JR.

DEAR SIRS: My name is Laura L. Bentle and I live in Olinda, Calif I am 11 yea

(Continued on page 68)

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NORTH & SOUTH
UNITED STATES OPEN
WESTERN OPEN
CANADIAN AMATEUR
NATIONAL COLLEGIATE AMATEUR
BRITISH WOMEN'S
CANADIAN WOMEN'S
ENGLISH WOMEN'S CLOSED
UNITED STATES WOMEN'S
WOMEN'S INVITATIONAL
WOMEN'S NATIONAL OPEN
WOMEN'S WESTERN AMATEUR
WOMEN'S WESTERN OPEN

In addition, all players in the Ryder Cup Matches and the Walker Cup Matches used clubs with True Temper Shafts, as did the winners of more than 50 sectional and state tournaments not mentioned here because of space limitations.

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COLLIER'S SPORTS

BLIND-SWIMMING SUE

BY BILL FAY

SUE ZIMMERMAN views soaring sanitary standards in American pools with grave misgivings. Everywhere Sue swims, she encounters newly painted ceilings and sparkling tile side walls. That's all very nice for people who swim on their stomachs, but Sue swims on her back with such ease and celerity that year after year she has annexed the national championships at 100 and 200 meters.

"I never feel at home in a pool until I find a crack in the wall or a spot on the ceiling," Sue says. "Backstrokers can't see the finish. They come in blind. Spots and cracks are landmarks —tell you whether or not to take that extra stroke near the finish and sometimes it's the stroke you didn't take that wins."

Example: Sue battled champion Gloria Callen evenly down to the finishing stroke of the national 100 meters in 1942. Then, Sue recalls: "Gloria reached and I grabbed (started another stroke). Gloria coasted in and won by two inches. I banged into the end of the pool at full speed and got a dandy headache."

Sue's parents haven't decided whether she grew up in Lake Grove or Lake Oswego. Lake Grove is a town near Portland, Oregon. Lake Oswego is a lake near Lake Grove. The Zimmermans banned competitive swimming until Sue completed the first year of high school. She finished at 3:30 P.M., June 1, 1940, and reported to Coach Jack Cody at the Multnomah Athletic Club in Portland at 7:15.

Since then Cody has concentrated on teaching Sue to swim in the straight line, which is the shortest distance to the Olympic backstroke championship. "Just maintaining a balanced stroke isn't enough," Sue says. "You've got to stay in the middle of your lane by watching the ropes out of the corner of one eye while you watch for your landmark with the other eye."

Flagpoles and women's hats make the best outdoor landmarks. Sue will be looking for both at London, where she hopes to finish first, but not head first. There's a nice distinction among backstrokers.

CURE FOR COALTOWN

Coaltown owes his racing life to a flannel blanket. When the brown colt collapsed after a Chicago workout last summer, Calumet trainer Jimmy Jones realized a cure would have to be found for the promising two-year-old's chronic throat ailment.

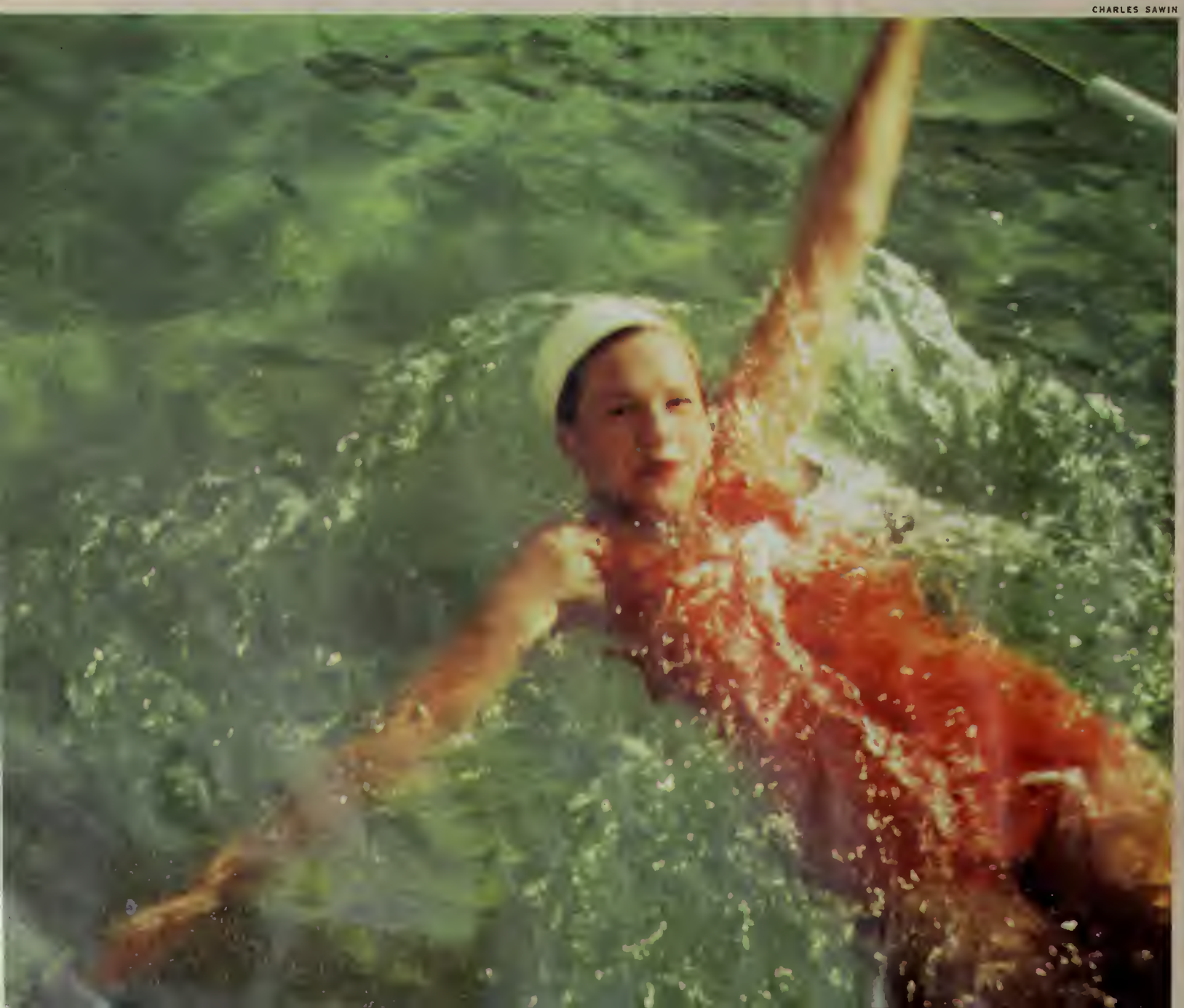
First, Jimmy wrapped a blanket around Coaltown's neck. Trainers have a technical name for blanket wrappers—throttle hoods. The hoods sweat off fatty tissue. Next, Jimmy started to paint Coaltown's throat with iodine. Three months of throttle-hood and iodine treatment reduced Coaltown's throat glands, and he was able to work hard without choking up. Finally, Jones changed the colt's running style.

Before the collapse, Coaltown ran with neck held in close to his throatlatch and jockeys rode him with a short hold on the reins. Jones ordered the exercise boys to use a long hold on the reins, and this encouraged Coaltown to run with his head extended.

Jones continues the iodine treatments, even though Coaltown shows no signs of the old throat ailment. The blanket stays on, too. You can always find Coaltown when you visit the Calumet shed row. Just look for a horse with a scrap of yellow flannel wrapped around his neck.

Sue Zimmerman comes in blind, for backstrokers can't see the finish. Sue picks a landmark in the ceiling to guide her

CHARLES SAWIN



DUGOUT DICTAPHONE

Them Senators play ball like the
all under civil service. . . . And I
you can't fake a spitter by wip
sweat off your forehead . . . you g
use slippery elm for a spitter and y
fingers got to be so slick you can't
the ball come off . . . sweatballs do
break more'n a inch . . . real spitt
jerk halfway across the plate. . . .

Ought to get time and a half
batting against Detroit pitcher
Newhouser and Houtteman and H
chinson—best in the league. . . . T
four-eyed Trout ain't bad either—
Dizzy says nobody hits a man w
wear glasses. . . . Not that blonde
the one at the cigar counter. . . .
Williams could hit to left against
shift he'd hit to left . . . nobody'd
dumb enough to pass up a five-h
dred batting average . . . not even W
liams. . . . So Trout arrives in spr
training when Cochrane's manag
the Tigers, and the first time Mic
sees Dizzy, Dizzy's riding around
outfield on a beat-up motorcycle. .

There's only one job tougher t
outfieldin' for the Brownie pitch
and that's caddyin' at a drivin' ran
. . . Finally Dizzy roars past Mic
and yells how'm I doin' and Mic
yells back fine . . . keep right on g
and pitch the opener at Toledo .
and Old Dizzy doesn't get anot
chance in the big leagues for f
years. . . . Another reason N
houser's better is he's quit that c
baby stuff—when somebody bo
one he just pitches harder instead
feeling sorry for himself. . . .

Maybe York is pretty bad but I s
say Zeke Bonura was the worst-fie
ing first baseman this league ever s
. . . You think the prices are high
here . . . lissen . . . down at Milw
kee last year they give us four bu
a day for eatin' . . . I have doughn
for breakfast and a hamburger
lunch and at supper I ask for the b
three-dollar dinner in the house a
the waiter asks how do I want it .
on rye or whole wheat. . . . But t
Zeke never lost his pepper. . . . I
member the time he kicked three i
row . . . didn't bother Zeke . . .
just banged that big glove and yel
come on, gang, let's settle down
here. . . . Okay, you ask her. . . .
ask the redhead from the coffee sh

RIDE 'EM, VARSITY

When John Wilkinson and brot
Bill left Colorado A&M to help w
the spring chores on their dad's ran
the gloom around the old Aggie co
was what you might have found
Notre Dame last November if Z
mont Czarobski, the scholarly Hib
nian tackle, had departed for Chic
to cube steaks in Papa Czarobs
butcher shop on the eve of the A
game.

The Wilkinsons were top han
Give them enough rope and the
hang first-place points on the sco
board. Without them, Colorad
cowboys tumbled to sixth place in

(Continued on page 78)

ZENITH ALONE

gives you these glorious

Twin Triumphs in Tone

Exclusive Cobra Tone Arm

Brings out glorious new beauty of tone—beauty you've never heard from records before. Invented by Zenith, perfected by Zenith, and found in no other radio at *any* price. Reproduces records on a Radionic Wave. Over 700 AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records. Eliminates *all* annoying noise and scratch. Keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays! And Zenith's Silent-Speed Record Changer gently, quietly changes 10 and 12 inch records *intermixed.*

Exclusive Zenith-Armstrong FM

Gives you glorious new fidelity . . . sharp non-fade tuning, not possible with imitation FM. Only Zenith combines *genuine* Armstrong FM with Zenith's exclusive "power-line" FM antenna. Result: static-free FM *without an aerial* . . . on *both* FM bands, to protect you against any future changes in FM wavelengths. Just plug in—and play! Plus Radiorgan Tone Control and other "exclusives" assuring Zenith perfection in *every* kind of radio reception.

COPR. 1948, ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

Zenith "Classic" console combination, shown closed above; open at right. Twin triumphs in tone. Cobra Tone Arm and Zenith-Armstrong FM on both bands. Standard Broadcast. International Short Wave. Intermix Record Changer. Radiorgan Tone Control. Oversize Concert Grand Speaker. **$395***

**West Coast prices slightly higher. All prices subject to change without further notice.*

ZENITH RADIO

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY
ALSO MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST HEARING AIDS

COMPARE—and you'll see that Zenith gives more quality per dollar in every way. Enjoy a demonstration at your Zenith dealer's today. Choose from the many beautiful Zenith radios, radio-phonographs, and portables from $26.95 to $675.*

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **SUN AND WIND** sure do wreck a man's hair! Look at that mop! It's all dried out ... dull-looking ... and full of loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp, all right! Buddy, you'd better get wise and try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

NO MORE DULL-LOOKING hair, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day help. See the difference... hair looks well-groomed, and stays that way all day long ... checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER

A trick of magic whose secret was never disclosed nor discovered was The Expanding Cube, perfected in the 1890s by Buatier de Kolta, celebrated French conjurer. On a bare table in the center of the stage, he would place a solid eight-inch cube and then make it grow slowly into a three-foot cube, or to 91 times its original size.

No musician ever played the jew's-harp with a technique comparable to that of the German virtuoso, Charles Eulenstein (1802-1890). Despite the fact that this instrument has to be held between the teeth and its tone modulated by movements of the mouth, Eulenstein often played, at one time, as many as 16 jew's-harps in different keys, fastened to a stand on a level with his mouth.

A standard Bible has never yet been adopted by the Christian world. The ten different Bibles still in use are the Syrian, Samaritan, Protestant, Abyssinian, Roman Catholic, Latter-day Saints, Egyptian or Coptic, Armenian or Gregorian, Episcopal and Lutheran, and the Orthodox Greek Catholic.

Studies of birth records show that human fertility is highest when the outdoor temperature is around 65 degrees F. and that the conception rate declines proportionately with temperature increases and decreases. Hot weather in particular affects fertility so drastically that a severe heat wave may cause temporary sterility.

A relic of the witchcraft hysteria that swept through 16th-century Europe still stands today in the public square of Oudewater, a village in The Netherlands. It is a scale which was erected by the unsuperstitious town officials to save the lives of women accused of being witches. The suspected sorceress would be marched to the scale, weighed and then exonerated—by the announcement that she was too heavy to ride through the air on a broomstick.

An odd characteristic of ch is that the color of their eggsh directly related to the color of ear lobes. For example, in the B and other Asiatic breeds, the lob red and the eggs are dark b while in the Leghorn and other terranean breeds, the lobes are and the eggs are white. As th mouth Rock and other Am breeds were developed throug crossing of Asiatic and M ranean varieties, their lobes from light to dark red and thei from light to dark brown.—*By line Hamilton, Fort Worth,*

Having the dresses of brides resemble the one worn by the b a custom that originated centuri when it was widely believed th spirits were likely to harm a who was extremely happy. Ther the bride's attendants were dres look like her so she could not b tinguished by these spirits o wedding day.

As bloodhounds have traile wrong man at times and hav shown they are not infallible, l hound evidence is not admissi the criminal courts of some stat the other states, it must be sup by additional evidence and s mented by documents provin the dogs in question are reliable

Recently issued by a Paris The International Traveler's is the first publication of its Having 380 pages, it is printed i French and English and contai timetables of the main railroa services and steamship lines countries, thus enabling person ning tours through various p the world to schedule their c tions before leaving home.

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contributio be accompanied by their source of tion. Address Keep Up With the Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted items may be reproduced without pe

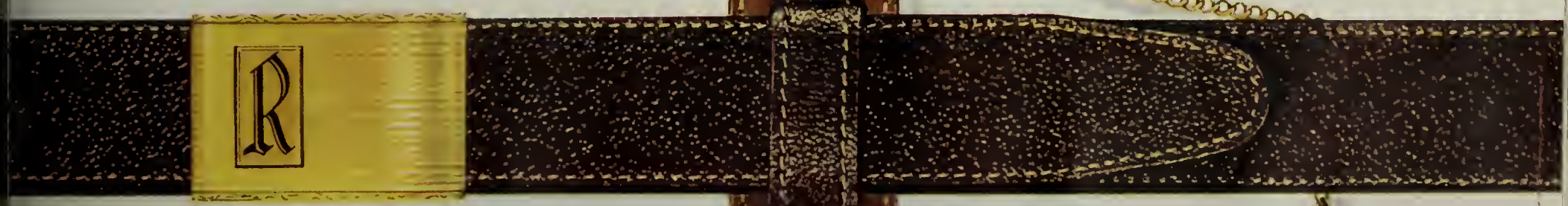
Forget-me-not on FATHER'S DAY

Of all the 366 days in '48, this one is especially Dad's . . . and you can make it a day he'll never forget, if you remember him with one or more of these handsome gifts by Hickok.

Nugget Knot Tie Bar & Cuff Links, set $5.00

Ribbon Initial Extension Tie Bar, $2.50

Key chain, $2.50 up



Goatskin Belt & Initial Buckle, set $7.50

Ribbon Initial Morocco Wallet, $5.00

Ribbon Initial Tie Bar with Crocodile grip, $1.50

Cowhide Belt with Ribbon Initial Buckle, set $3.50

Designed by

HICKOK

Quality Style Leadership

"Train's gone, Mister—your clock must be slow!
Why don't you get yourself a General Electric Clock?"

Tardy Tom (need we say?) is one more victim of the vagaries of old-fashioned "hand-wind" clocks.

And we ask you now: isn't it *past* time to "keep time" with *always reliable* General Electric Clocks?

For you, we suggest the G-E HERALDER with luminous hands and hour dots. It has the Select-A-Larm feature too! This feature allows you to select the *one exact volume* of "wake-up" which suits you best... from "Whisper" to "Shout" or any point in between! This alarm clock *also* has all these important G-E advantages:

1. **Self-starting** . . . no winding.
2. **Quiet** . . . no disturbing ticktock.
3. **Dependable** . . . wakes you on time, every time.
4. **Accurate** . . . electrically checked by your power company to correspond with official Naval Observatory time.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

The HERALDER is only one of a complete line of General Electric alarm, kitchen, and occasional clocks —"The Clocks Most People Want Most."

P.S. Remember this: General Electric Alarm Clocks are available at prices as low as $4.50! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Why wind a clock today—get a General Electric and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE WEEK'S WORK

Kaufman and son—cartographers at work

JOE KAUFMAN, our expert cartographer responsible for the Designs for Touring maps —this time it's They Cut Down the Old Pine Tree (p. 70)—is a Bridgeport, Connecticutter (1911). Joe grew up in the rough part of south Philadelphia, where the heroes were the prize fighters in the street. At fourteen, he joined the Western Union as telegram caddie, stood at attention for shined puttee inspection and, after being honorably discharged, he became office boy, shoe-store stock clerk, sold Collier's and attended night art school for free. He's been artisticking since he was eighteen.

When he was twenty he invaded New York and married, and being (even now) youngish and shortish, had to bring his ma along before he was granted a license.

Joe's concentrated largely on humorous ad illustration, and recently ran off with the Art Directors' Club Gold Medal for the funniest ad of '47. His multimidgeted maps include one to be used as a mural in a 220-passenger plane now under construction.

"My maps practically cover the entire earth," says Joe. "I myself have been only as far west and south as New Orleans, as far north as the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, and as far east as Cape Cod. Have whipped up a terrific desire to see some of the places I've drawn. When my two sons are out of school, and my wife's not working on her children's books, and my bank balance is suitable, we will be off."

THIS week we welcome back George S. Brooks (Hannigan, p. 74), who, since his last story in Collier's, has become mayor of the bustling village of Groton, New York, an almost unheard-of thing. For Mayor Brooks is a Democrat and only twice since the Civil War has a Demmie broken the solid Republican ranks.

Mayor Brooks has been dabbling in politics for some time. In 1943 he helped put over a Democratic town supervisor of Groton, and next day after election was fined $50 for sounding an air-raid alarm. He claimed he was testing the system; his opponents said he was celebrating the victory. "By a strange coincidence the Deputy Director of Civilian Protection, who caused my arrest, happened to be the defeated candidate for supervisor," the mayor admits.

Mayor Brooks was born in an 1895 blizzard in the whistle-stop to Pearl Creek, New York. "Tha fortunate for me," he says. "I been delayed until after the D cratic convention of '96, I'd have christened William Jennings B Brooks—a tag that wouldn't looked well on speak-easy cards ing prohibition."

After attending the U. of Ro ter, and World War I, Mayor B became a police-news rustler fo late Rochester Herald, then swi to editing the old McClure's. H some Broadway (flop) shows, s time in Hollywood, finally es back to New York State.

Hannigan, or the Incident o Blacksmith's Housekeeper, d from a story about the neighbor Mayor Brooks' father liked to te

ARTHUR MAYSE, who pre Marabou for Mama (p. 18) Manitoban, born in 1912, and s a Baptist missioner to the Cree ans of the Red River below No House. He grew up on the Britis lumbia coast (locale of his s worked his way through three of university, did summer-punki logging camps, then drifted into papering for ten years.

Though he has written much o Canadian hills, Mayse prefers mountains on the sky line. "Tha one can admire them without i ring the joys of mountain clim stone bruises, chills, sunburn, mo toes, exhaustion and hunger, wi which a peak 'goes' too easily."

Yet Mayse says he's never able to keep the mountains at Newspaper bosses had a way of ing him the fall guy when a story to be brought down from the places. "On one occasion a sw chair adventurer sent me through miles of North Pacific spruce ju and up thirty miles of badly crev glacier with a pair of carrier pig to fly a story home. It was a t trip. I got back. The pigeons did

This week's cover: "Suzy." Suz Zimmerman, modest American b stroke champion, owns 41 s A.A.U. medals and holds three tional records for varying dista Swimming is her first love, she b being a loser, has great power f lipstick leaguer, and when her co Jack (Wrinklebrow) Cody, whistl You Knew Susie, she blushes yells, "Pipe down. . . . Cody!" . . .

TED SHA

MONARCH

World's Largest Family of Nationally Distributed Finer Foods

REID MURDOCH, a division of Consolidated Grocers Corporation, Chicago, Illinois

Now here, as you can plainly see
Our friends are busy as can be
For Luke the Lion and Lucy small
Wave greetings warm for one and all
Who from each country in the land
Bring finer foods for Monarch Brand.

The finest fruits of tree and vine
The finest grains from fruitful plain
The finest coffee, tea and spice
The finest figs and dates and rice
Are gathered into Monarchland
And packed and labeled Monarch Brand.

Now in your friendly nearby store
There are five hundred foods and more
Whose quality is simply grand
And each one labeled Monarch brand
Just give this brand an earnest test
And you are sure to vote it "Best".

Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg
Stars of sports, radio, television

Tex *and* Jinx *say*

Men's and Women's styles with case **$1.95 to $**

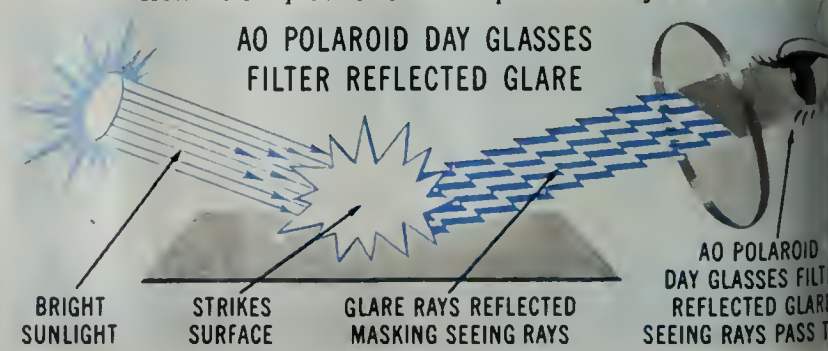
"We were amazed to see how

POLAROID* *Day Glasses wiped out reflected glar*

What is *reflected* glare? Look at any sunny surface—snow, pavement, water. Note how the rays of the sun reflect back into your eyes, causing blinding discomfort. Then look directly at the same spot through AO Polaroid Day Glasses. You will be amazed to see the difference. Reflected glare is eliminated... unsuspected details revealed. Yet colors are shown in their true value. The diagram below explains the "why" of this scientific miracle—but you will want to see for yourself. Try AO Polaroid Day Glasses today!

American Optical
COMPANY

How the Unique Polaroid Principle Blocks Reflected Glare



*●Polaroid

IF IT'S MARKED ... IT'S SMARTLY STYLED, OPTICALLY CORRE

Mary lay along the edge of the pool studying the sparkling water. Then looking at him she said, "Tell me, Elwood. How old are you?"

ALONG CAME MARY

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

—About the troubles of a lad named Elwood. Put them all together, they spell Mother—Elwood's mother, that is

E most difficult thing for wood to realize was that all ose apparently meaningless, elements—Palm Beach, Ha- wide spaces between Emily's Marquis de Verblin and his e—led in a straight line to om Bayonne.

ke fate, like destiny. Rather g expert chess, it was a pat- omplex for the untrained eye

On an afternoon in September, Mrs. Carruthers Gibb Remington-Hart picked up the phone in her Fifth Avenue residence and called Reeves at Southampton.

"Reeves," she said austerely, "you will have Gulfwind ready to go to sea on October fourth."

Reeves was captain of Mrs. Remington-Hart's yacht. He said, "Yes, ma'am."

"We shall proceed directly to Palm Beach. Then Havana. Then Kingston. I shall want to be in New York again on December twentieth. Is that clear?"

The captain was a man of few words. "Yes, ma'am."

"There will be nine in the party. You will please inform the steward—the Potters, the Dunningtons, the Haights, Miss Emily Kerr, and myself." Mrs. Remington-Hart paused, ticked off the names on her fingers. "Also," she said, "my son Elwood."

The redheaded young man on the divan—looking, at the moment, particularly harassed and a good deal younger than his twenty-two years—was his mother's son Elwood.

From where he sat, Elwood could hear Reeves' voice scratching on the phone. Reeves was always icily calm. He never seemed alarmed by Mrs. Remington-Hart, which was astonishing. Though, of course, Reeves didn't

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

really know her. He had never opposed her, and therefore had never seen her faint. She had never, sensing the beginning of rebellion, collapsed before him, staggering like a great wounded whale. Reeves stayed on the bridge, took his orders and said, "Yes, ma'am." That was what he said now. "Yes, ma'am."

And, with a crisp economy of movement, Mrs. Remington-Hart hung up.

Elwood spoke. "But I don't want to go to Palm Beach."

NOW this was typical of the kind of rebellion Mrs. Remington-Hart so thoroughly disapproved. Slowly, ponderously, she turned, aiming the amplitude of her bosom at her son. She gave him one of those long, searching looks that so unnerved him. "Why not?" she snapped.

"Because," Elwood said, gripping his courage, "I want to go to the Yale-Harvard football game."

"You are a Princeton man!"

She didn't need to tell him that. "I know I am a Princeton man, Mother. I assure you that I remember perfectly. But Buzzy Knowles and Bink Sheedy are going to the Yale-Harvard game and they've asked me to go, too."

"Sheedy?" Mrs. Remington-Hart said. "Do I know anyone named Sheedy?"

"He's from the West. Wyoming."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Remington-Hart was actually one of those women who say, "Ah." The syllable, expelled from the chest with full lungs, said what most people would require forty words to say. Among other things, it said that Elwood would forthwith drop Bink Sheedy, forget the Yale-Harvard game, and prepare to be aboard Gulfwind at the Yacht Club pier October fourth for the trip to Palm Beach, Havana, et cetera.

So Elwood sighed. He returned to his book on *Equus caballus*—the care and breeding of horses. He did not, naturally, argue with his mother.

But she was not quite through with him. Sweeping across the drawing room, she pulled the bell cord for Jenks. "Jenks," she said, "a mineral water." She looked at Elwood. "Something?" she asked. It was five o'clock—Martini time, as Bink Sheedy said. However, it was understood Elwood would take mineral water. Someday, perhaps, he would ask for a Martini, very dry, and see what happened. But not today. Today he ordered mineral water. He hated mineral water.

Mrs. Remington-Hart sat facing him. She shaped her lips for a pronouncement. "Emily Kerr will sail with us."

Elwood's right hand described a fast arc and connected. On the button. The Marquis went down

"I heard you mention her." A picture of Emily flashed into Elwood's mind. Emily had a face as long as—but without the character of—a horse's. She had very wide spaces between her teeth. She was six feet tall and coy. Her family was the old Kerr family, you know, the original Kerrs. Her legs did not change shape between the ankles and the knees. Pillars. She revolted Elwood. "That will be nice," he said.

"I hoped you'd think so."

Mrs. Remington-Hart leaned toward him. Outside, night was falling over Central Park. Lights were coming on, twinkling. Elwood could hear the horns of taxis on Fifth Avenue, a sonata. His mother leaned very close to him, breathing maternally. "Emily is a sweet girl," she said, "and sound. So very sound. Someday my boy will have to marry—"

Her breath was warm and intimate. She smiled slowly, with just a little sorrow peeping through the smile. "Someday," she repeated, "my boy will have to marry—"

This was a cue. "Yes, Mother," Elwood said.

"And the right girl"—there was a sweet, solemn pause between each word—"may be, I say may be little Emily. What do you think of that?"

Elwood felt a thrust of spirit. "I don't know why you call her *little*," he said. "She isn't little. She's six feet. More, with heels. I'm five feet ten."

Mrs. Remington-Hart stiffened. "That's flippant," she said. "I use *little* in the sense of spiritual delicacy. I am not considering her physical development."

It was, Elwood thought, a good idea not to consider Emily's physical development. But he apologized for being flippant. Thoughtfully, Mrs. Remington-Hart said, "We will both cogitate about this, Elwood." For a horrible instant a perfume like orange blossom seemed to permeate the room, inescapable, suffocating. Mrs. Remington-Hart smiled like a conspirator and went upstairs to dress.

DAYLIGHT faded fast. Soon it was dark. The butler came in and turned on the lamps. Elwood let his mind wander in melancholy reflection. He wondered what Buzzy Knowles and Bink Sheedy were doing. Lounging in a bar somewhere, he supposed. They were going to dinner at 21 with those blond girls from the musical. Bink had telephoned at noon and said the girls had a friend, also blond, but of course it had been out of the question. His mother disliked dining alone. She liked to read the paper to Elwood at dinner. Then they talked about interesting international news—who was in Nassau and in Florida, who at the St. Regis.

Anyway, tonight was opera night.

"Damn," Elwood said. "Jenks," he demanded abruptly, rebelliously, "is there a drop of gin in the house?"

"Yes, sir," Jenks said, and waited.

But Elwood faltered. A Martini would constitute open mutiny—and there were, you must understand, the horses to think of. The horses and the recriminations and the fainting spells. "Ignore it, Jenks," Elwood murmured. "Just—uh—bring me another mineral water, will you?"

He slumped in his chair; and, not quite by chance, he found himself remembering the day when, in his seventh year, he had been given his first horse. Long, long ago; but a warm, green place in his memory—

Glory, he'd named her, and she had been in every way glorious. She was small, matching his own smallness; her head was finely boned, her short legs slender, her eyes large and soft. And at the stables of their summer house in Goshen, his father had put an arm around Elwood's shoulder and said, "Something you might make a note of, son. The more time you spend with horses, the less you'll have to spend with people."

Thinking back, he supposed his father had meant the kind of people his mother had a talent for accumulating. People like Emily and the Potters and the Dunningtons. People like the Marquis de Verblin—

Elwood shuddered. By a conscious effort he ejected the Marquis de Verblin from his mind. He remembered Glory; and he remembered Wings, and Old Tom, and Dan Boone, and the other horses he'd grown up with through the summers at Goshen. Wonderful summers, those; Mother'd usually been in Europe, and he and his father had had the rambling old country house to themselves. Nobody about but Gyp the trainer and the horseboys—and the horses.

(Continued on page 30)

THE TWO MR. VANDENBERGS

BY BILL DAVIDSON

n associates refer to Senator Arthur Vandenberg, they are care- o designate The Old Vandenberg or The New Vandenberg. difference may be a vital factor at the G.O.P. convention

TODAY, when Senator Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg of Michigan arises in the Senate to hold forth on a major issue, the ven- e old Capitol lights up like a pinball machine. s scurry through the cloakrooms with the news, ors pour back from extracurricular activities, are flashed to the press, and a line forms out- he Senate gallery.

ndenberg then usually cuts loose with a terse, atic speech. After that his colleagues are likely arm about him with enthusiasm.

t it was not always thus.

February 15, 1935, for instance, Vandenberg ed his six-foot-two-inch, 220-pound bulk erect delivered a few words to the Senate on Presi- Roosevelt's Work Relief Bill, the big issue of day. He spoke to cmpty galleries and to a half- y Chamber. His speech consumed two hours nvolved lamentations on behalf of State rights, ivil service system, and the women and chil- of America—all of whom he considered to be

ter some 15,000 words of this, Senator (now me Court Justice) Hugo Black got to his feet olitely said, "I am frank to confess that I am le to ascertain whether the senator is for the r against the bill."

is was just the beginning. Senator Homer of Washington said, "The remarks of the or from Michigan are like the diaphanous skirt touches everything and covers nothing." Sena- Joseph T. Robinson compared Vandenberg the candidate running for public office who, asked how he stood on the tariff, said he was vor of raising them if they were too low and cing them if they were too high.

nce Vandenberg currently is regarded as one e top men of the Senate and one of the world's r-known statesmen, this treatment (which is able for all to see in the Congressional Record) sound like a mob kicking mothers on Mother's But as one senator put it, "We have known Mr. Vandenbergs."

n January 10, 1945, Vandenberg, who had been of the nation's bitterest isolationists, rose to his in the Senate and made a historic speech in h he declared that isolationism was dead and the One World religion was the true religion. record indicates that from that point on, Van- erg's entire personality changed along with his ook, so that his associates have taken to refer- to the pre-January 10, 1945, Vandenberg and post-January 10, 1945, Vandenberg as if they two completely different persons. They speak he Old Vandenberg and The New Vandenberg.

1945, President Roosevelt caused a minor sen- n by appointing The New Vandenberg to be of America's delegates to the United Nations nizing conference at San Francisco. A day or ter, Vandenberg went to see the President and "I appreciate the honor, Mr. President, but don't have to appoint me. I'll take you off the by going out and breaking a leg, or something. n you can appoint someone you really want to there."

t this point, according to an ear-witness, Roose- said, "Senator, I don't care about any of the rs going. You're the one man who *must* be e."

hen Roosevelt went to the Yalta Conference, ook 50 copies of Vandenberg's January 10th ch with him, and *(Continued on page 80)*

TOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

Atop a wagon of hay, Pat Seidenglanz and Jerry Cheek, two Dallas girls, are on their way to a square dance in Grapevine, Texas. Pat, in her little-girl shoes of black satin, wears yellow piqué with a flounce on the skirt and an off-shoulder line. Jerry, right, chooses an old-fashioned calico print with eyelet trim

CALICO SWING

The singsong chant of the square-dance caller is he
again from Dallas to New York's swanky Stork Club. A
with revival of the old formula for fun, our own exp
picks up the chant to bring you a few tips on what to w
to this summer's frolics. Anyway, it won't be blue je

BY BARBARA BANKS

GIRLS' FASHIONS BY NEIMAN-MARCUS,
DALLAS, TEXAS

At Wiley's Dude Ranch, Dallas' younger set square-dance to the c
ing of owner, Dude Rancher Paul Wiley. It's "big foot up, little f
down, and swing that lady with the right hand round." Styles of c
ing and square-dancing vary in different sections of the country.
the Southwest callers have a line of patter for the quick, grac
tempo of dancing. Hale and hearty New Englanders square-dance w
vigor and stamping to the chants of their callers. New York night sp
are equipped with singing callers and their own variety of squa

Swing-'er-high-and-swing-'er-low
Keep-on-swingin'-that-cal-i-co.
Hold-that-girl-and-make-her-whirl
Let-her-skirts—spin-and-twirl.
North-and-south—east-and-west
Gals-and-boys-like^to-square-dance-best.
All-join-hands-and-away-we-go
The-la-dies-want-to-dress-just-so
Do-cey-doe-do^you-know-what^it-means
A-lass-can't-wear-her-jitter-bug-jeans
And^it's-pass-a-long-on-the^same-old-track
Daughter-give-Pa-his-shirt-tails-back

Swing-your-honey-with^an-ex-tra-bounce
The-gals-are-wear-ing-skirts-with^a-flounce.
First-couple-join-hands-and-waltz-out-side
Gents-love-a^skirt-that's-eight-yards-wide.
Chain-right-back-you're-doin'-fine
In^a-fril-ly-blouse-with^an-off-shoulder-line.
Swing-on^the-corner-like-swingin'-on^a-gate
Men-like-petti-coat-ruffles-on^their-date.
We'll-pro-men-ade-that-out-side-ring
Pan-ta-loons-are-quite-the-thing.
Make-that-big-foot-jar-the-ground
And-pro-men-ade-your-hon-ey-round.

Break-with^the-left-and-pull-her-through
The-gents-are-fash-ion-con-scious-too.
And-now-let's-do-the-do-cey-doe
A-fan-cy-shirt-will-look-just-so.
Now-I'll-swing-your-girl-you-swing-mine
A-bold-plaid-shirt-will-do-just-fine.
Now-swing-your-own-and-promenade-all
The-girls-are-pretty-and-the^lads-are-tall.
And-when-you've-swung-here's-what-you-do
Pro-men-ade-you're-al-most-through
Wink-at^your-hon-ey-by-your-side
She-wears-a-skirt-that's-eight-yards-wide!

Rosemary Gowen in a red dress with an elasticized top fearlessly approaches a fake cow used to dispense liquid refreshments for party guests at the Wiley Dude Ranch

Wiley's young guests refueling at the barbecue pit. Good food is a popular item at any square-dance party, and this one was no exception. The three petticoats showing under a blue skirt belong to Norma Truitt, center. The white ruffles on the black skirt of Ouida Murrell, to her right, create the same effect. The more there is to whirl when they twirl, the better they like it

Ranch horses provide amusement for some of the party. It's no wonder square-dancing continues to increase in popularity. Even the gents have a chance to express themselves in colorful attire. The girls have taken a back seat in order to give their partners a chance to show off their fancy shirts to best advantage. The majority of males wear blue jeans and bright tops

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

MARABOU FOR MAMA

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

Mama didn't ask for a pink negligee every day—and it wasn't every day that John Hoda used a red bathing cap for bait

THE foghorn off Kalitan Point yawned like a tired old man, and John Hoda turned on his back and lay blinking at the ceiling, listening dully to the spaced *ho . . . hum* that rolled in from the North Pacific. For some reason which he couldn't at the moment fathom he was not in his and Margaret's bed but on the front-room settee, under the Indian blanket they'd won last company picnic. Also, he was dressed except for work boots and stagged shirt, and the house was very quiet.

Too quiet for Saturday morning. John Hoda still couldn't remember much about last night, but as he groped his fingers through chaff-colored hair, words came back in a deerfly swarm.

"I should have known better," she'd told him, crying-mad. "Elsa always said I was crazy to marry an up-coaster, least of all a big, dumb, drunken Finn!"

He lowered his feet to the carpet, and when the room had stopped spinning like a birled log, gave his head a clearing shake and padded out to the kitchen. Margaret wasn't there, or Bernadine or Peter—she must have taken the kids off to Elsa's place down the highway. Then he saw the coffeepot on the back of the range with a wisp of steam at its spout, and knew that someone, anyway, was home. He opened the oven door a crack, glimpsed a pan of ham and eggs, and turned shuddering away. It was just coffee he needed.

John Hoda poured himself one cup black and sluiced it down a throat that felt as if it were lined with mud-shark skin, then slopped out another and fixed it with sugar and cream. His tobacco pouch was gone from his left hip pocket, but the bulge in his shirt turned out to be cigarettes. Tailor-mades, which he smoked only in the last stages of partying, when his fingers were too clumsy to manipulate fine cut and papers.

He fumbled a cigarette from the crushed pack, straightened it and lighted it. With the coffee cup held in both hands, he went out by the back door to the beach. Strong coffee and the morning breeze began to knock the shackles from his brain, and his sense of trouble—trouble behind and more to follow—deepened from suspicion to certainty. . . .

South below Kalitan Point, fog lay low to the water. Straight out, sea and sky merged in lighter haze that obscured the British Columbia mainland mountains. The tide flats were empty except for gulls and a fishing heron, and one small moving spot of red. Bernadine. She was tugging his boat inches at a time over the sapling rollers of the runway, a tiny, determined figure, alone under the mother-of-pearl sky.

John Hoda set his empty cup on a log. "Bernie," he called, and when she didn't answer or even turn, "Hey—Bernadine!"

She straightened then, and waited while he trudged down from the drift line, across the shingle and the crackly dried seaweed and the tawny sand of the flats. Standing beside the white lapstreak boat she looked smaller than ever, defiant and somehow forlorn. John Hoda passed a dead gull, then a second. The heron was squatting oddly with neck poked straight out before it. Another time he'd have noticed and wondered why, but now, splashing into a tide pool and not even feeling the bite of cold water through his socks, his thoughts were all for Bernie. At least, he'd remembered to buy her the red bathing cap she wanted before he got to partying.

He said, "What you up to, sweetheart? You know you can't get the boat in by yourself."

"I'm doing all right," Bernie said coldly. She didn't look at him, just stood with her nine-year-old dignity stiffening her thin shoulders, breeze ballooning the legs of her brown corduroy overalls, bathing cap buckled under her chin.

JOHN HODA regarded her helplessly, and she was so much like her mother standing there that his heart contracted.

"Bernie, honey," he said, "it was one of those things. I run into this dude I hadn't seen for donkey's years, Toivo Eliasen, him and a couple of other boys down from Blind River Logging. They ask me to have a beer with them, so I got to buy them a beer back, don't I? Then—well, you know how it goes."

He waited, and when Bernie still stared south as if something were going on down by Kalitan Point that she didn't want to miss, he asked cautiously, "Where's your Mom?"

She said in the same flat little voice, "Mama's gone to Aunt Elsa's. She took Peter with her."

"How come you stayed?"

"Somebody had to get your breakfast," Bernie said. "Anyway, it's Saturday, and you said you'd take me fishing." She swung to face him, and he saw her blue eyes fill with tears. "You promised."

The tears spilled over and her dignity crumpled, and she was in John Hoda's arms with her cheek pressed hard against his bristly chin. He hugged her close and spoke in a comforting rumble, the red bathing cap brushing his nose. "Easy now, honey. You don't have to take on. Sure, we'll go fishing. We'll catch us some bluebacks and when we come home Mom will be there and I'll straighten things out. You wait and see."

"She won't be home." It burst out between hiccupy sobs. "It was bad enough before you hit Uncle Arthur on the nose. But after that, and when you'd spent her pop-valve money, she—she—"

John Hoda patted the quivering shoulder. "She what, sweetheart?"

"She said she'd had enough." The rest of it came in a wail: "Mama's taking us back to Vancouver!"

"She can't do that." John Hoda kept on patting her shoulder, but it was an automatic motion now. "It was just mad talk, Bernie. She wouldn't do anything like that." He said, fighting against something close to panic, "I don't remember slugging your Uncle Arthur. And I got her pop-valve money right here in my wallet."

John Hoda slid his free hand to his right haunch. The pocket was flat and empty, and the chill that had fingered the back of his neck galloped on down his spine.

He said, "I recall we ended up playing crown and anchor in the Dutchman's back room. I guess I lost her there, kid."

For all his two-hundred-pound bulk and deceptive clumsiness, John H could move faster than consci thought in a physical emergency. I in a jam of this sort his mind flo dered like a blackfish stranded i shallow. There was money in bank at Surge Pass, but he coul touch that because it was for furniture, and however mad Marga might be, she'd be madder still if raided it. He could get an adva on next month's pay easy enough, that wouldn't do either—her old n had been a borrower and Marga was dead set against borrowi What he needed, what he had to ha was a stake with no strings to money he could drop into Margar hand and say, "Okay, lady, see h quick can you blow it."

The foghorn yawned again, and side him Bernie said, "You di bring Peter his air rifle either. you remembered my bathing c Thanks, Daddy."

"Sure," John Hoda told her, with morose honesty, "I bought t before I run into Toivo Eliasen." was no use—he couldn't think him into the clear. He said, "Suppose skin up to the woodshed and fetch

John Hoda was panting hard when he clipped the gaff hook home behind the fish's gills. Bernie was panting too, but he kept her at the oars

ip boots. I promised we'd go fish-g, so we're going." Heavily, half to imself, he added, "Looks like maybe 'll be the last time, too."

The little inboard engine popped eadily; the ripples purred under the ow. Beneath the hull, sand gave lace to eel grass astream in the north-ard-setting tide, and presently eel rass yielded to rock and the green-lack of depth. Bernie sat in the quare stern, arms around her knees, ohn Hoda on the mid-thwart with ne hand on the throttle.

HE HAD rebuilt the lapstreak him-self, putting his spare time for ll one winter into the job of con-erting her from a beat-up rowboat to shipshape inboard that a fisherman ould be proud to own. Here on the ater, with the hot June sun burning etween his shoulders and the two-orsepower engine beating its sleepy hythm, he felt a lot better. It was dd how his wits always sharpened hen he had a boat under him. Down t the booming grounds they ribbed im about his way with boats and almon, said he was a kind of human eal. He'd been seven years now with Kalitan Timber Company, first in the woods, then here at the beach; this was his life and his friends were here —going back to the city would be next worst thing to dying.

Hand on the throttle, steering with a knee against the side bar he'd rigged to the tiller lines, he thought of things he could say to make Margaret change her mind. He could point out to her, maybe, how much more it would cost them to live in Vancouver, and how much better a place the up-coast was for kids. That might help, but it wouldn't be enough. Margaret was a mighty determined woman, and from all Bernie'd said and he could remember he must have raised plain old Judas last night.

From her place in the stern Bernie said reflectively, "I'm glad you hit Uncle Arthur. He's a great bit sissy."

"Fine way to talk about your uncle," John Hoda said. But the re-proof lacked conviction, and a slow grin rose in him to twitch his mouth. She had a lot of her mother in her, Bernie, but she was his kid too. "Still, I'm not sorry about that neither." He nudged the steering bar with his knee, straightening their course for Kali-tan Point. "I figure he's had a bang on the snout coming. Wasn't for him and your Aunt Elsa, Mom might for-get about the city. Those two keep her stirred up and restless, kind of."

Bernie nodded. She said, "They stopped by on their way from the movies just before some pole-camp men brought you home in a truck. You wanted to go on to Otter Cove with them and when Uncle Arthur tried to pull you out of the truck you hit him." She smiled sunnily. "He rolled right across the road. When they left, his nose was still bleeding and Aunt Elsa was holding a bunch of keys down his back."

John Hoda could see the kelp beds now, shining brown against the pale water out from Kalitan Point. Tide must be close to low slack. When it turned, they should get fish.

"How about this, Bernie?" he asked. "We catch a boxful of bluebacks, then highball in and stop the fish buyer on his way down-island. Say he pays us eight—ten dollars. Then your mom will have her pop-valve money, I'll say I'm sorry about last night, and everything'll be hunky-dory."

"It isn't enough," Bernie said. "Mama needs thirty-two dollars and fifty cents."

John Hoda whistled softly, and the lift went out of his spirits. "What she want costs that much?"

"A negligee," Bernie said. "A pink one trimmed with marabou."

"Come again, sweetheart."

Bernie said, "It's a sort of silk coat ladies wear over their underwear when they're loafing around the house."

"You know how much loafing your mom does!" John Hoda said. "What's this marabou stuff?"

"Stork feathers," Bernie said.

"A loafing coat with stork feath-ers," John Hoda muttered. "This time she's got it bad." He gave his daugh-ter a gloomy stare. "Well, kid, you better hope for one of those miracles they teach you about in the Sunday school. We won't make that kind of money fishing bluebacks."

THE purring under the bow changed to a hard *slap-slap;* little pointed waves danced all around them as the lapstreak poked her nose into the Kalitan Point tide rip. John Hoda twisted the throttle half a turn and pointed them for a channel that cork-screwed seaward between the slick brown bulbs and floating stems of kelp. He could see no sign of fish out there—no skittering shoals of herring or boils of feeding salmon—but he had learned not to place overmuch faith in signs. Tide was right, and on a breezy day like this, the herring would work well under the surface. Anyhow, he didn't have to depend on fresh-raked herring for bait. In a coffee can under the stern seat, pickled in formaldehyde, were a dozen her-ring he'd raked yesterday morning and stowed away to start him on his next fishing.

Far out, beyond the last ragged line of kelp, a blueback leaped shining into the sunlight. "Okay, Bernie," John Hoda said. "Come take her while I get the lines over."

Bernie squirmed past him to the midthwart. She'd pushed the bath-ing cap back so that it dangled by its strap from her neck. Her bright hair, not brassy or ash colored but sun-shine yellow, flew back in the breeze. She was excited—he could always tell, because when she was real hot on something she had a trick of nipping her upper lip between her teeth. The kid was getting more like her mother every day. Margaret had that same trick too.

"There was a hat she liked," Bernie said. "It costs twelve dollars in Petti-grew's Millinery. If we could buy her that it might do."

"Pettigrew's, huh?" John Hoda said. "That's where your swimming cap come from. It was the last they had. Girl told me there'd been a heck of a run on them."

He smiled at Bernie while his thick, blunt fingers straightened a kink from the piano-wire leader that connected keel-shaped pilot and nickel-plated herring dodger. Letting the rig dan-gle from his knees, he bent to paw under the stern seat for his can of herrings. He brought it out, then sat staring into it stupidly. It should contain a dozen four-inch bait fish, each with a hook threaded through it and a short steel leader sticking out

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

HOMEMADE BOOM IN DIXIE

BY LESTER VELIE

Arkansas and Mississippi have natural resources that should have made their people rich long ago. Yet living standards have been at the eastern-European level. Now the invasion of industry and mechanized farming has transformed the complexion of things to come for the 47th and 48th states

A contrast between old and new. C. T. Spakes harrows his 12 acres of cotton near Dermott, Arkansas, with horses. His neighbor, J. P. Duncan, helps with a t

WILLIAM T. WYNN, Mississippi planter, watched a sharecropper drive a $3,000 tractor with the same abandon he once used in handling a $50 mule. Toting up his last month's repair bills, Billy Wynn brooded on the ignorant workers, product of Mississippi's poor schools.

"This is costing me money," he cried.

A Negro tenant, innocent of schooling beyond the fourth grade, can do little harm to a mule. But he can snafu a tractor by not knowing enough to stop when in trouble. A Negro tenant, schooling zero, mends no windows in his cabin, and shuns making the simplest repairs. High-priced mechanics must do them.

So Billy Wynn raised $100,000, took over 12 abandoned prisoner-of-war camp buildings near his home town of Greenville and built a vocational school for Negro G.I.s. With tractors and mechanical cotton pickers multiplying on the face of the creamy delta earth, it had suddenly become important that Mississippi folk, Negro and white, know how to cope with a book of instructions, read an invoice and understand the insides of a gas engine. You may say that one vocational school can't solve such a widespread problem. It can't. But others were discovering the high cost of ignorance too.

Hamilton Moses, the graying but sprightly president of the Arkansas Power & Light Company, went up to New York to try to get cheaper interest rates on his company's bonds.

"Your company has a fine record," the Wall Street bankers told him, "but you're located in Arkansas—and that's bad. Your state has the lowest per capita income except Mississippi, and the highest per capita debt. You pay your schoolteachers less than you do your chauffeurs. That's why it costs you more to borrow."

Ham Moses' hurt feelings didn't improve any when he returned home and found that a manufacturer had changed his mind about locating in Helena, Arkansas, because, he said, the town lacked schools, playgrounds and churches for factory workers. That did it. Ham Moses formed the Arkansas Economic Council and lit out along his state's rickety roads to raise the alarm.

These scattered incidents are part of the ferment bubbling today in Mississippi and Arkansas. Several weeks ago Mississippi's legislature set aside twice as much money for schools as the state spent five years ago. It passed a workmen's compensation act and took Mississippi off the unenviable spot of being the last state to hold out against a social law the others began adopting back in 1910. Three World War II veterans, new to the legislature and all under twenty-six, coauthored and sparked the measure.

Mississippi is clambering out of the nation's cellar spot. So is her neighbor, Arkansas, the 47th state in most of the statistics. Together, these two parts of deepest Dixie are making a heroic quick change. You can actually see it. Motor down the flat bosom of the Mississippi delta country and you note the sprinkling of tractors in fields once farmed only with mules. Power is moving in. Fly over the same country before cotton-planting time and you look down on squares of green that checkerboard patches of brown. The green is for alfalfa ar oats.

Cattle and dairying, signs of high living standards, are moving in. Wa through the streets of Jackson, Mi sissippi's capital, and you look upo a boom town. Amidst the new-hom hospital and factory construction, 19-story state office building is goir up, testimony to the state's expandir services to its people. Visit Jones Mi or Hurricane Creek, Arkansas, an you'll see $80,000,000 worth of plan pour forth twice as much alumina (th intermediate material from whic aluminum is made) as all Americ produced before the war. In 194 there were no alumina plants i Arkansas, only gaping water-fille holes from which bauxite had bee gouged.

Change is in the air. Equipme dealers in Mississippi and Arkans are two years behind planters' orde for tractors and mechanical cotto pickers. The private power compani in the area are spending $100,000,0 to double their output by 1950 an have launched a development pr gram to do under private leadersh

t the government did in the Tennessee Valley. Mississippi is building hospitals, the first program authorized under the new Hill-Burton eral aid bill. The CIO's "Operation Dixie" has made relatively more gress in Mississippi and Arkansas n in the other Southern states. In ssett, Arkansas, a lumber center of 00, union men hold every municipal and city council post except one. This spring the magnolia trees omed as gloriously as ever around Mississippi planters' homes. The ters of tenants' two-room cabins, ntless and comfortless, presented r usual aspect of dreary rural n. The white overseers and riding ses were busy as always with their ril job of starting the planting. Yet erneath it all, the old plantation obviously rocking with revo- on.

very tractor displaces about 10 ilies, and many tenants will have leave the land. Since 1940 some ,000 persons have gone from Mis- ippi farms. Part of the ferment in South stems from a race by en- tened Southerners to build fac- es for these displaced persons. pest Dixie's destiny lies in a suc- sful shift from field to factory, for density of population on the soil kept the region poor.

Roll down the highway from mphis to Vicksburg and you l be taken with two wonders: the ty-foot-high levees which rise like tlements mile after mile on the ssissippi River, and the table-flat ck earth—topsoil 1,000 feet or re deep—that still largely supports easant agriculture under living con- ons at the eastern-European level. twelve feet of topsoil in Nebraska, a and Wisconsin there are white nesteads, fat cribs and barns— erican prosperity. In Mississippi 60-acre piece of land has to support times as many families as in Iowa, nks to the fact that cotton farming been the last to be mechanized.

Now the change-over to power is ring along under a full head of am, In the Mississippi delta coun- , planters estimated the area would y 10,000 tractors and 2,000 cotton kers as soon as dealers could sup- them. At Memphis the Inter- tional Harvester Company this year gan producing five-ton $8,000 me- anical cotton pickers on an as- bly-line basis.

A New Order of Planters

But there is more to deepest Dixie's al revolution than the beneficent asion of mechanized equipment. ssissippi and Arkansas have started process at home the materials they ve always exported in the raw state. new breed of planter, who com- es crop-growing savvy with the de- lopment fervor of a Henry Kaiser, s sprung up from the native soil to d the way.

Cross the Mississippi from Mem- is, for instance, and go thirty miles st to Wilson, Arkansas. There Jim ain, a grass-roots entrepreneur with génius for making men and money rk, directs the world's biggest cot- n plantation plus a fantastic busi- ss barony that, amoebalike, keeps erlastingly splitting off into new terprises.

Crain manages 53,000 acres owned Lee Wilson & Company, a family terprise organized as a Massa- usetts trust so that Crain, as trustee, uld have the unchallenged run of it. rain's land lies in Mississippi County, Arkansas, which grows more cotton per acre than any other county in America. The farm's growing plan is simple, if grand. It has 30,000 acres in cotton, 12,000 in alfalfa, and 11,000 acres in soybeans.

Four years ago the land was farmed with 2,200 mules. Today 300 remain.

"Yesterday, we got in 50 tractors," Crain said casually.

This boosted the tractor total to 450. Next year there'll be more tractors because by then every mule will be gone. Some 2,700 families provide the sharecroppers, wage laborers and cash tenants who farm the land.

Boss Sells His Car to a Tenant

Tenants now farm an average of twenty acres, and the average is rising. One Negro tenant already farms 160 acres and has achieved such prosperity that he recently bought Crain's secondhand Lincoln for $2,000.

With his tenants and $1,600,000 of power equipment Crain last year harvested $10,830,000 of crops. But that was only the beginning.

"If we put our own money into Arkansas, it can be the best country in the world," he says.

Crain has built six giant gins, five cottonseed-oil plants, and six dehydrating plants to convert alfalfa into meal for livestock and feed for chickens. He set up his own dairy company to market the milk and cream from his herd of 180 Jerseys. He went into the lumber business, both retail and wholesale, to supply his own and the county's needs.

"This is my Deere equipment agency," Crain says offhand in a tour about the town of Wilson, "and there's my Ford and Lincoln agency." The "farm" Crain operates owns the restaurant in which he takes you to lunch, the general merchandise store where you stop for a soft drink, and the filling station where he tanks up on gas. In fact the farm owns every one of the 1,000 homes in town, every business building, every factory; and only three families in it, those of the postmaster, the railroad and utility agents, are not on the farm's pay roll.

The $160,000 gymnasium and swimming pool rising near the high school? Crain is building it with his own construction company and donating it to the school district. The high school itself? Crain supplements its $90,000 yearly school district funds with a $38,000 donation from Lee Wilson & Company.

When he last toted up his enterprises Crain found he was running 76 businesses. But his biggest and most significant stroke of business is still to be made.

"For the last three weeks," he told me, "we've been talking seriously of breaking up our farm land into 80-acre and 160-acre farms and selling them to tenants who can handle them. We'd rather be in the manufacturing and selling business."

When this happens the whole face of Crain's plantation will change. For the owners of 80-acre and 160-acre farms will replace the sharecroppers' mean shacks with tidy farmsteads. As owners, the farmers will stay put long enough to educate their children beyond the present sixth-grade average for whites and fourth-grade average for Negroes at Wilson, Arkansas.

Other leaders are awakening to the fact that there is a lot of good processing money that should stay right in the states that produced the raw materials. Arkansas and Mississippi have resources that should have made them rich long ago. Arkansas produces 95 per cent of the aluminum ore mined in North America. Only Texas and Mississippi produce more cotton, and not more than a handful of states produce more strawberries, spinach, rice and peaches.

Arkansas has lumber, natural gas and oil, and even a diamond mine. It has ample electric power. Army engineers are building a half-billion dollars' worth of dams in its front yard to provide more. Mississippi is just as richly endowed. Yet from all these riches have come the lowest living standards in America.

Punitive railroad freight rates, which made it more costly to ship finished goods from the South than from the East, long stifled manufacturing in the South. Under the pressure of men like Ellis Arnall, former governor of Georgia, the rates are now being equalized.

Lower freight rates help. But Southerners have had to go North to harangue manufacturers on the virtues of moving South. The men who run the private utility companies in Mississippi and Arkansas have done the main job in contacting industry because they have learned how much talking it takes.

Sound Economic Gospel

Hamilton Moses, who tried to get lower interest rates for his power company's bonds in New York, is a good example. Ham likes to inlay his folksy utterances with Bible texts and will charge even the most factual piece of intelligence (such as the story of a generator he's just installed) with the emotional fervor of an evangelist. When he was rebuffed by the New York bankers he turned on his fervor and changed their minds about his bonds. But the slurs against his state rankled, and with his Arkansas Economic Council he preached a new kind of businessman's gospel:

"Prepare the way for community salvation by improving your schools (Arkansas spent $52.40 per pupil in 1944 as against a national average of $117) and hospitals (the state boasted only three-fourths hospital bed per 1,000 persons) and libraries and churches. That way you'll stop losing your best young people (25 per cent of Arkansas service men and women decided against returning to their home state after the war). Factories will then come in and bring with them a more abundant life."

Ham Moses stumped into 165 towns, preaching community good works and organizing town clinics at which the local folk diagnosed their town's shortcomings. At Helena, Arkansas, the town that was weighed and found wanting by a manufacturer earlier, townfolk got up a $4,500,000 kitty, formed a housing corporation that built 90 homes, then voted a new high school and a new municipal auditorium. As their reward a Chrysler Corporation subsidiary, Pekin Wood Products, moved in, and a new hotel is on the way.

The war brought in a half-billion dollars' worth of alumina, ordnance and glider plants. Ham Moses' Economic Council persuaded enough manufacturers to convert these after the war to give Arkansas the nucleus of an aluminum fabricating industry (now producing aluminum speedboats, Venetian blinds, washing machines) and of a chemical and woodworking industry. At last count some 1,500 new factories had set up shop in Arkansas since 1945. The per capita income, $252 in 1939, has leaped to $800. Walter Harris, director of the Arkansas state C.I.O. and no apple polisher, credits much of this to Ham Moses.

The Arkansas Power & Light Company happens to be part of a commonly owned family of utilities which include the Mississippi Power & Light, Louisiana Power and New Orleans Public Service companies. Together the four form a common grid or pool of power serving the three states. While Arkansas Power & Light was helping bring industry to Arkansas, the Mississippi company, under Rex Brown, was doing a similar missionary job and helping the Magnolia State boost its deflated per capita income more than two and one-half times.

In April the four utilities joined hands to do on a regional basis what each had done individually. Sparked by young executives like Streuby Drumm of New Orleans Public Service, the electric companies dubbed their region the Mid-South, flew in a planeload of Yankee journalists, fed

(Continued on page 78)

Hodding Carter, liberal Mississippi editor, and wife, Betty. She recently wrote a series of articles on Negro school facilities

A. B. McCoard, Hamilton Moses, of Arkansas Power & Light, Wallace Harrell, and A. H. Forman, Jr., discuss power plans

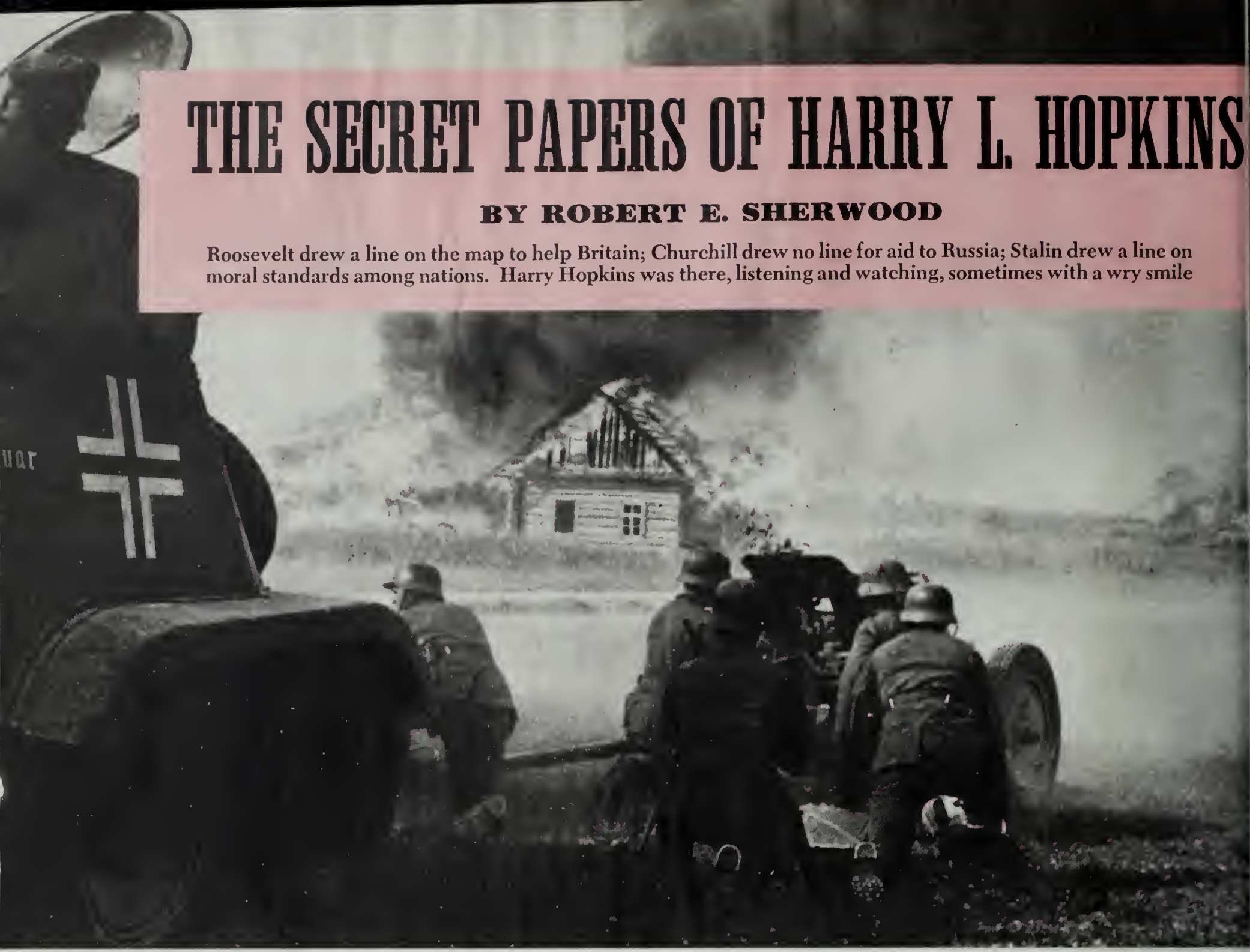
Jim Crain, right, operator of the world's largest cotton plantation talks things over with Sid Honey, who drives a tractor

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Roosevelt drew a line on the map to help Britain; Churchill drew no line for aid to Russia; Stalin drew a line on moral standards among nations. Harry Hopkins was there, listening and watching, sometimes with a wry smile



EUROPEAN

When the Nazis invaded Russia, Stalin's need for guns was critical. Here German artillery pours shellfire almost unopposed into a burning Russian village

PART IV. STALIN SPOKE OF MORALS

ON HIS first visit to Winston Churchill in the winter of 1941, Harry Hopkins had discussed a meeting of the Prime Minister and the President to take place in April. However, the German invasions of Yugoslavia and Greece produced a whole new series of crises and the meeting had to be postponed.

Nevertheless, through the personality of Hopkins and the enormous instrument of Lend-Lease, Roosevelt and Churchill were steadily coming closer to each other in co-operation and so were the United States and Britain. They were forming what might be called a "common-law alliance," unofficial but increasingly powerful.

Hopkins, still living and working in the White House, was now completely engrossed in every phase of the war in Europe, Africa, China. He was a "relief administrator" on an international scale. His health was miserable and his temper was short.

One former WPA associate of whom Hopkins was particularly fond sent him a letter which he wished to have transmitted to the President. Hopkins returned the letter to him with this curt note:

I think you ought to keep your shirt on about the WPA. . . .

I would not send the attached letter to the President.

He would never read it anyway because it is far too long. . . .

In a moment of extreme irritability at this time, Hopkins said to me, "I'm getting sick and tired of having to listen to complaints from those goddam New Dealers!" I could hardly believe my ears.

Hopkins' activities in Lend-Lease cut across many lines of authority in Washington, including the State Department's, which did not add anything to his popularity with Cordell Hull.

On April 14, 1941, Hopkins met with Sumner Welles and Thor Thors, representative of the Icelandic government, to open the secret negotiations which ended with an invitation from Iceland's prime minister and the sending of the First Marine Brigade "to supplement and eventually to replace the British forces (then in Iceland) . . . which were needed elsewhere." Admiral Stark wrote to Hopkins, "I know the President has thought this all out, nevertheless he has been so interested in the details and there is so much potential dynamite in this order that I feel it should have his okay before I sign it." Stark enclosed with this letter his orders for the transportation of the troops and for their organization in Iceland. He said, "I realize that this is practically an act of war."

The Atlantic Fleet was ordered to conduct a patrol in the western Atlantic and to report the movements of German ships which might be observed or detected in those waters —but no shooting. Roosevelt and Hopkins drafted a cable to Churchill on this:

To Former Naval Person

The following steps are those we propose to take at once in relation to the security of the Western Hemisphere. Which steps will, however, favorably affect your shipping. I want to tell you about the proposal in advance. This government proposes to extend the security zone and patrol area. . . . We propose to utilize aircraft and naval vessels working from Greenland, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, the U.S., Bermuda and West Indies with possible later extension to Brazil if this can be arranged. We will want in great secrecy notification of movement of convoys so our patrol units can seek out the ship of the aggressor nation operating west of the new line of the security zone. Where advisable we propose to refuel our ships at sea. We suggest your long shipping hauls move a much as possible west of new line up to latitude of the northwestern approaches. We propose to declare Red Sea area no longer a combat zone as soon as you clear it out. We propose send all types of goods in unarmed American flagships to Egypt or any other nonbelligerent port via Red Sea or Persian Gulf. We think we can work out sending wheat and other transferable goods in American ships to Greenland and Iceland especially through next six months. We hope to make available large amount of our shipping now utilized for other purposes for direct haul to England. We will make use of Danish ships very soon and Italian ships in about two months, we hope.

In all these developments, Hopkins was continually urging bold action and Roosevelt was taking the more moderate, temperate, cautious course. The tension was heightened by a number of public utterances by high officers of the government, notably Stimson and Knox, which seemed to place the United States on the very brink of war. Roosevelt had read these speeches before they were delivered. It was assumed that he approved the position taken—as indeed he did. But that did not mean that

Here is presented the fourth installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died, there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt.

Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

was willing or ready to go so far self.

During those days in mid-May, osevelt spent a great deal of time bed and rarely went to his office. said that this was one of the most sistent colds he had ever had. One , after a long talk with him in his room, I came out and said to ssy LeHand, "The President seems ine shape to me. What is really the tter with him?"

Missy smiled and said, "What he's fering from most of all is a case sheer exasperation." Indeed, he ned at the time to be exasperated h practically everyone—the isolahists, on one side, who were dending in effect that he resign; and, the other side, the extreme intertionists, who were demanding that immediately send expeditionary ces to England, the Azores, Dakar, Dutch East Indies, Singapore, the utian Islands and other points of rest.

Very few people were allowed to the President during those days. ere were a lot of very nervous men high places in Washington wonring what the reason was for this inessibility and, when the President uld finally emerge from it, which y he would jump.

The Day Hitler Struck East

During the week of June 16th, Hops had many conferences but on urday he took a happy day off and nt to the races. That night, June t, a short-wave listening post ked up a report that Hitler had inded the Soviet Union. Hopkins' t thought when he heard this news s: The President's policy of supt for Britain has really paid off! ler has turned to the left. But if pkins had a moment of relief it s no more than a moment: for he s compelled instantly to face the v and gigantic problems of aid for ssia.

On Friday evening, July 11th, Hopis had a long talk with Roosevelt the study, and the President drew a e on a small map of the Atlantic ean, which he had torn from issue of the National Geographic agazine. Roosevelt scribbled a ca: "Secret—For Winant: Hopkins es to England very soon for a short it please tell Former Naval Person F.D.R."

Hopkins flew to England and when saw Churchill, the war in Russia s in its fourth week. It had already ssed the minimum set by the British thorities and it was evident that it uld pass the minimum set in Washgton.

There was beginning to be the faint glimmering of hope that perhaps e Russians might hold out until winr set in, and Churchill was never one overlook a glimmer. His principal ncern was that so many German fantry divisions were now getting mbat experience—or learning to be "battleworthy," in the term he loved to use—which would make them all the harder to handle later on.

Hopkins gathered that Stalin had not been tremendously impressed by Britain's offer of aid but had been concerned, from the very beginning, with the political aspects of the enforced alliance. *Even with its very life in peril the Soviet government appeared to be more anxious to discuss future frontiers and spheres of influence than to negotiate for military supplies.* The British government was reluctant to negotiate any purely political treaty at that time.

However, a few days before Hopkins arrived in London, the two powers had signed an "agreement for joint action."

A Historic Line on the Map

Hopkins showed Churchill the map from the National Geographic Magazine which Roosevelt had marked. The penciled line followed longitude 26° north from the South Atlantic, missing the Cape Verde Islands but cutting through the Azores. About two hundred miles southwest of Iceland it turned sharp right (eastward) and then curved around Iceland, at a radius of roughly two hundred miles, which was to be the area of U.S. air and sea patrol. The sea lanes west of this line would be—subject to further discussion—the area for the policing of which the U.S. Navy would assume responsibility, thereby freeing British escort ships for service elsewhere, particularly the Murmansk route.

In Hopkins' notes of his final talks with the President were three brief items:

Economic or territorial deals—NO.

Harriman not policy.

No talk about war.

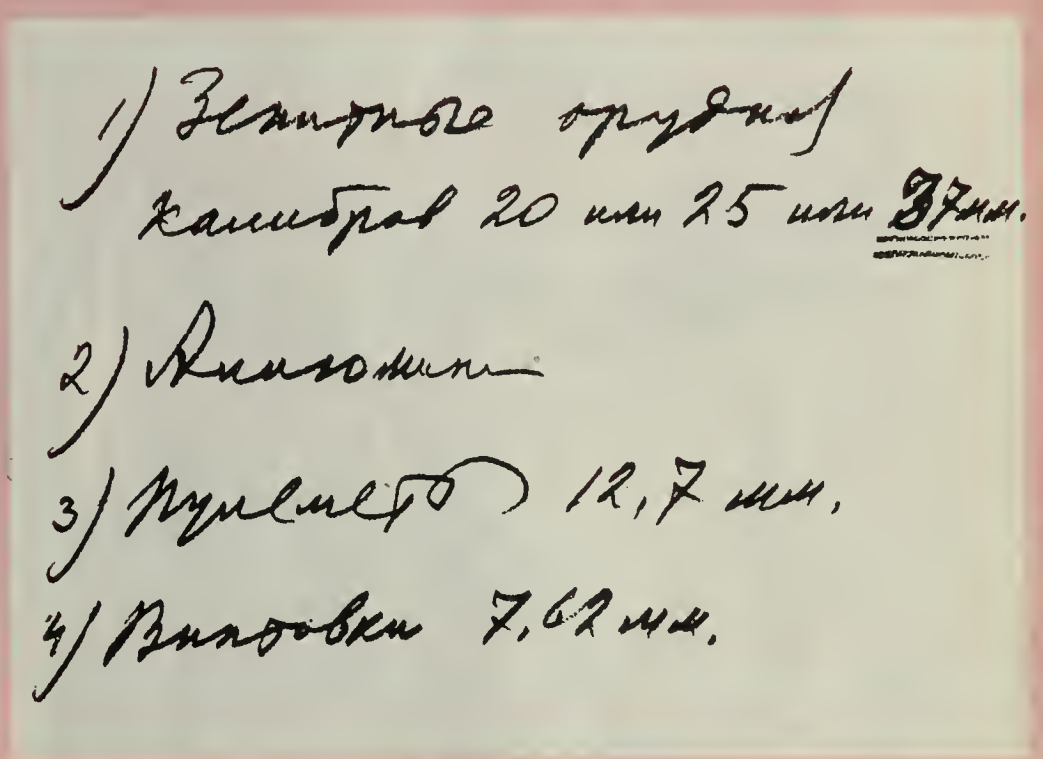
The first of these speaks for itself; the last was an indication of Roosevelt's determination that, at his forthcoming meeting with Churchill, no questions were to be asked as to when the United States would enter the war. The reference to Averell Harriman was the result of the awkward situation between him and Winant. Hopkins was instructed to inform Churchill that Harriman, as expediter of Lend-Lease, was an instrument, not a maker of policy—that Winant was still ambassador and, therefore, the President's personal representative to the king. (It is doubtful that this explanation had any appreciable effect on the situation.)

Most of Hopkins' conversations with Churchill on the forthcoming Atlantic Conference and the proposed American naval activities between the U.S. and Iceland were conducted in private and Hopkins kept no record of them. He did keep a full account of an interesting meeting at 10 Downing Street in which he participated with the Prime Minister, Harriman, the British Chiefs of Staff and the

(Continued on page 64)

ERNEST PALINKAS

(Above) Line drawn by F.D.R. on a National Geographic map to indicate the area of proposed U.S. air and sea patrol. Line extended from the South Atlantic to a point beyond Iceland and all sea lanes west of it were to be patrolled by us


1) Зенитное орудие
калибров 20 или 25 или 37 мм.
2) Алюминий
3) Пулемет 12,7 мм.
4) Винтовки 7,62 мм.

ERNEST PALINKAS

(Above) In this rare sample of Stalin's handwriting, a memorandum he handed Hopkins at their meeting in Moscow (below) is listed, in order of importance, the military equipment he wanted from the United States namely, (1) antiaircraft weapons, calibers 20, 25, and 37 millimeters. (2) Aluminum (which he said he wanted for airplanes). (3) 12.7-millimeter machine guns. (4) 7.62-millimeter rifles

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ALONG CAME MARY

Continued from page 14

After Father had died, Mother had said, as if thinking aloud, "I'll sell the stables. Get rid of those silly horses." That day Elwood had really dared to protest. He'd boldly raised his voice. And Mother, rather surprisingly, had agreed, "All right. I won't sell the stables. At least, not yet."

Only later, a couple of years later, when he was in Princeton, had Elwood awakened to a realization that the stables were another whip in his mother's hands. One more whip. When Elwood dared to deviate from the course she set for him, the procedure was—for years had been—this: First she paled and staggered and approached that awful condition of collapse (her heart, her blood pressure!), and if these seemed less than instantly effective, she moaned aloud, "Those stables! Ten doddering old horses costing a fortune to keep! I will—I *will* indeed—sell them tomorrow!"

So, as has been indicated, Elwood made concessions. And as everybody knows, when one concession has been made the next comes more easily. Elwood took to shrugging, to acquiescing, and Elwood was not happy.

He was especially not happy with Colonel Potter, who wore diamonds profusely and disapproved strongly of Great Britain, France, Scandinavia, Russia and all of Asia and South America. Mrs. Potter wasn't much more bearable. She did inspirational dancing, and her face looked like an aerial map of an arid country. They were on board early the day Gulfwind sailed, and so were the Dunningtons. (Sherman Dunnington, that was, of Dunnington, Dana, Burnside & Nolde, not his son Stinko Dunnington who'd been at Princeton with Elwood and was later cut off without a dime.)

EMILY KERR tripped down the pier at eleven, with her two maids. Mrs. Remington-Hart greeted her effusively. "So terribly wonderful to see you, my dear. You remember Elwood?"

Emily, from her greater height, looked down at Elwood. Oh, that nose! "Hello, Elwood," she said.

"Hello, Emily," Elwood said.

"I'm so *excited*," Emily said.

She looked about as excited as an Irishman with another potato. Mrs. Remington-Hart gave her arm an intimate little squeeze. "Wonderful that you're going to be with us," she said. "It should be grand fun. The Marquis de Verblin is in Palm Beach, you know, and the Webley-Koobs and Mrs. Wrisley, Sr., are in Havana—"

Emily sucked in her breath as though she could hardly believe their luck; the air hissed through the spaces between her teeth. Mrs. Remington-Hart, turning her head, signaled a steward with two crisp claps of her hands.

"Say to the captain that we're ready to—ah—cast off!"

All the way south the sea was blue, the breezes were soft, and Gulfwind—137 feet long with six double staterooms, five baths, and crew accommodations for nine—sped like an arrow. They made Palm Beach in three days. The Marquis de Verblin came aboard from his speedboat. He kissed Mrs. Remington-Hart's hand. He kissed Emily's hand. He was very gay. He invited everybody to his château for dinner.

"I don't want to go to dinner with the Marquis," Elwood said. "I'd rather stay aboard. I'm tired."

"Nonsense." said Mrs. Remington-Hart, closing the conversation. At nine o'clock they went ashore to the Marquis' château. There were twenty-seven dinner guests in addition to the party from Gulfwind. The lion of the evening was a Hungarian psychoanalyst who looked as if he had taken a swim in his clothes. He talked loudly and would not permit interruption. Elwood, nauseated, drifted out on the terrace under the moon; here he toyed with and rejected the notion of sending a servant for a Martini, after which he ambled down the lawn toward the sea.

Then somebody said, "Hello, there."

It was a girl's voice. *Damn*, Elwood thought. *Women*. But he looked.

The moonlight fell on her face and he knew he had never seen this girl before. In fact, it occurred to him with a most extraordinary springing up of heart that he had never seen anybody remotely like her before. She was small, about five feet two, with very wide eyes and a clear skin and curling blond hair. Her teeth were white and even. She was not merely pretty; a radiance—more than moon radiance—seemed to imbue her, a special warmth. He thought she was beautiful.

She spoke again. "I suppose you're from the yacht?"

"Yes. And you—you're staying at the château?"

She had a soft voice, low and rather husky, confident and assured. "I work here. I'm secretary to the Marquis de Verblin."

"Oh," Elwood said. It was remarkable the way the breath jammed in his throat. "That must be unpleasant," he said. He couldn't conjure up anything scintillating to add. He simply stood there in the moonlight. After a long minute the girl nodded and turned and went away. A thought galvanized him—he hadn't learned her name! He took a step after her and called out, "Hey! You haven't told me your name."

She was already lost in shadows. But she heard him. "Mary," she said.

And then she was gone.

Mary, he said to himself, testing the syllables. Strange that he'd never before known how much music there was in the name Mary. A lovely name, a poem. After a while the moon v under a cloud. It was very dark t and, suddenly, cold. . . .

There came hourly cables from Webley-Koobs in Havana, protes that Mrs. Remington-Hart must hi along to Cuba; so many delightful ties; a celebrated violinist was stop with them and a famous novelist promised to come to tea.

SO ON the fourth day they left for vana. Elwood was unnaturally pressed. He stayed all day in his ca He found himself thinking about the Mary; he hadn't seen her again, nei on the yacht nor at the château. doubt she'd been busy typing the insp tional letters that the Marquis dict daily to his bankers. But mainly El kept to his cabin because he couldn't the chatter of Emily, the idiocy of C nel Potter. He slept badly.

He was up before dawn next da watch Havana rise out of the sea. It windless and quiet, the air was as as velvet, the lights along the Male gleamed like a string of pearls—and a fleeting moment he experienced a sation of peace that carried him bac time to the old country house, his fa and himself together on the stable fe in the sweet early sun, watching the b work the prancing horses. . . .

But only for a moment. The new —the present—intruded. Gulfwind c to anchor in the Almendares River speedboat rushed downstream bumped alongside. It was the Mar de Verblin.

Everybody thought it was so *amu* and so typical. The Marquis had fl over in his plane. A *wonderful* surp Mrs. Remington-Hart cried. The M quis kissed her hand. Half an hour l he noticed Elwood and said, "How re you, Elwood?"

Elwood didn't like him. He was

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLD

"Did you hear somebody go, 'Tch, tch,' when I reached for th' cigars, Clancy?"

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FOR MEN AND BOYS

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feet four inches tall and his eyes were close together. He never let a day go by without referring to his hemophilia. Elwood said, "I'm fine," but he said it to the air. The Marquis hadn't waited for an answer. He was leaning on the rail telling Emily what the Duc de Guia had said to him about the peasant classes.

Mrs. Remington-Hart had reserved a floor at the Della Quercia, so they all drove to the hotel. And it was there, under a potted palm in the lobby, that Elwood saw the girl for a second time. Mary. She had a small leather brief case tucked under one arm; she looked cooler than a rose with dew on it. Elwood fell back while the others swept into the elevators. Then he crossed the lobby and came up behind the girl.

"Mary what?" he said.

This was, of course, abrupt. It was not Elwood's nature to be rash. He wondered if this might be the beginning of a madness possessing him. The girl swung around. "Hi," she said. Her face was exactly as he had remembered it—heart-shaped and radiant. He said, "The other night. At Palm Beach. You didn't tell me your last name."

"Clancy," she said.

"Oh," Elwood said, perhaps a little vaguely. He had never known anybody actually named Clancy. "To be sure," he said. "Clancy."

"I know," the girl said quickly. "The name has a strange ring, hasn't it? Unlike the Philadelphia Kerrs, the Detroit Haights, the Southampton Dunningtons, we Clancys are somewhat obscure—"

"Well—" Elwood said.

"No. Let me finish. Family is so important, don't you think? I'd like you to know that we're the old Bayonne, New Jersey, branch of the original County Kerry Clancys. Policemen, mostly; though my father's a fireman—and a good one. Odd thing about us is, we're average people. We may even be the last of the average people. We never join yacht clubs and we haven't a single box at the opera."

She smiled at him. The smile was beautiful but it made him uneasy. There seemed to be something behind it that he didn't quite catch. More, that is, than the obvious sarcasm. Did it mean she disliked him? That she was bitter about something? He couldn't tell. He said, "Now wait a minute—"

"Piffle," she said brightly, and hurried toward an elevator. There was no way to stop her. In a condition of mind as black as a pit, he watched her go. And presently, having lighted a cigarette and thrown it away, he went upstairs, too, bracing his nerves, to face his mother.

MRS. REMINGTON-HART had indicated, by the infallible sign of the furrowed brow, that she was irked. In fact, boiling. He knew why, but he had to go through with it.

"You are being deliberately rude to Emily," she challenged.

"I'm sorry you think so. But I—"

She lifted her hand and silenced him. "You have scarcely spoken a word to her on the yacht. Inexcusable. At Palm Beach you did not dance with her once. This is also inexcusable."

"Gosh," he said. "If you want to call what she does *dancing*—"

Then Mrs. Remington-Hart was really furious. He regretted his words instantly, of course, but it was too late. "Listen to me," she said in the rasping tone she used in extremities of temper, just before the convulsions, the fainting, the collapse. "Since we left New York I have been observing Emily closely. She has charm. She is sound. Her family—well, we *know* her family. I have made up my mind."

Elwood suppressed a shudder. This was it. "You have made up your mind about what, Mother?"

"I have decided to permit you to marry Emily."

Then Elwood stopped suppre and shuddered frankly and op "Darn it, Mother—" But the words Protest was, in the face of impen spasms, hopeless. "When?" he asked

"I will consider the date and let know."

"Thanks," he said. Mrs. Reming Hart flared. She said sternly, "In vie your really intolerable behavior, you remain at the hotel this afternoon. are taking tea at the Webley-Koobs'. Marquis de Verblin will sing for us. you will remain at the hotel. Is that derstood?"

It was understood.

The party went at four, and good dance. Still, Elwood felt awful. He nothing to do. The hotel room seem close in about him like a prison. Ther idea of a swim struck him, and he pu trunks and a robe and went down to pool. The sun was hot and good an dived in and floated on his back. W he was looking around for a waite bring him a mineral water, he saw M

SHE wore a pink bathing suit, pieces. She looked lovely. She c across the lawn and sat on the p edge, and Elwood dared to swim hoping his approach seemed ca "Hello," he said. "Hello! You didn to the Webley-Koobs'?"

"In the second place," Mary Cl said, "I wasn't invited. In the first p I wouldn't be found dead at the We Koobs'."

Her hair took on golden tints in sun. Elwood could not help noticing her legs did change shape between ankles and the knees, quite wonderf She sat studying the sparkling water, then said abruptly, "Tell me, Elw How old are you?"

One doesn't expect that kind of q tion. But he perceived no reason to ceal his age. "Twenty-two," he said.

"You have good shoulders."

"Have I?" he said, surprised pleased. This was much better, this gratifying. Mary regarded him co appraisingly. "Yes," she said. "Do mind telling me what you did during war?"

"Army," Elwood said. "Second tenant."

"Oh. Wasn't it—rugged?"

"The Army? Oh, no. General garth is my mother's cousin. I was o staff."

"General Hillgarth was in Washin through the whole war."

"Yes," said Elwood.

"You didn't—care about g abroad?"

That was a funny question. mother," Elwood explained caref "had arranged everything. She woul have allowed it."

The girl's face was, then, sudd quite expressionless. There had bee faint smile, but the smile fled and eyes were stony. She stood up. "I v der," she said, "exactly what's the ma with you."

He was afraid he hadn't heard her rectly. "I beg your—"

"You're twenty-two years old. feet ten or eleven, maybe a hundred sixty-five pounds. You have good sh ders. You're not, you know, bad-look You have nice eyes and your nose is tinguished. But there's a catch. You seem to be stupid—but that must false impression."

Elwood's gaze was fixed in astor ment. He wasn't believing his ears.

"Wishy-washy," Mary Clancy said level tone, unsmiling. "Watered n And if you beg my pardon once mo think I shall strike you!"

There was no shrillness in her voice this must be hysteria. Or the sun— much tropical sun. Elwood said, m ing to be soothing, "Now please. J moment—"

"Oh, shut up!" she cried, and

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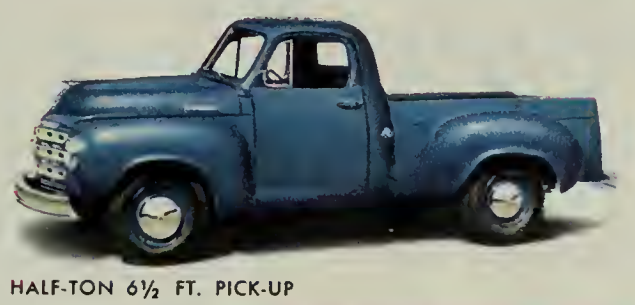

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swiftly along the side of the pool toward the gardens, where she disappeared among the palms and was lost. . . .

He didn't see her next morning. He mooned around the hotel, but she wasn't anywhere in sight.

It seemed to him suddenly that maybe the core of the matter was that he'd never before wanted anything very much. At least, not enough to undergo a bitter scene. He remembered that he'd wanted to play baseball with the kids in the park when he was ten years old—but he couldn't have wanted it badly. Because when his mother had stepped defiantly in and forbade it, he'd surrendered. *Come, come, Elwood. Mother knows best.* He'd wanted to learn to sail when Buzzy Knowles got his first sailing dinghy—but Mother had argued it down and he hadn't protested too loudly. He'd wanted to box at Princeton—ruled out. And he'd wanted to learn to fly an airplane, like the Masefield twins, *Oh, no, Elwood*—

He had a victory, but only one victory. He'd kept the stables, and the horses his father and he had loved. But a victory achieved by what sacrifices? By taking orders and saying, "Yes, ma'am," and not minding too much.

He despaired of explaining the past to anybody. But today was different. Today it was abundantly clear that there was something he wanted very much. *Somebody.* He had known it the afternoon before, when Mary had run away along the pool's edge. He'd known it in the night, before he slept and while he slept and when, in the early hours, he had awakened in aching emptiness and stood on the balcony to watch the stars.

"HELLO," said the Marquis de Verblin. Elwood came out of his reverie with a jerk. For an hour he'd been sitting on the café terrace, staring distractedly into a glass of the Della Quercia's best mineral water. Now he leaped as though the Marquis' voice had been a needle inserted in a muscle. He swung his eyes upward to focus on the Marquis' refined and ratlike profile. "Solitary drinking," said the Marquis chidingly. "Mineral water, no doubt?"

A most repulsive snigger rent the air. Elwood widened his field of vision. There stood Colonel Potter, that bejeweled mountain of flesh. And beside him, Emily. And beside Emily—Mary!

"Buster," the Marquis was declaring at large, "adores mineral water. Fairly guzzles it. Is this not true, Buster?"

"Please don't call me Buster," Elwood said.

The Marquis ignored him. Colonel Potter sniggered again, most offensively. Emily dropped into a chair and glared around for a waiter. Mary's face was faintly red, but she gave Elwood no glance at all. "Sit with us," the Marquis said to Mary in a tone that made it an order. "We will all join Buster at his table."

Mary appeared to hesitate. The Marquis laid his big, beautifully manicured hands on her shoulders and directed her toward a chair. But he halted in midstride. "Wait," he said.

The hotel orchestra, at the far end of the café terrace, had in that instant united its several trumpets in a blaring, bouncing version of A Media Luz Tango. Cuban tempo. The Marquis, swaying, switched his feet back and forth in what he fondly assumed was spirited rhythm. He made with his fingers like castanets. "Hotcha," he said. "Let's dance!"

"Thank you," Mary said. "I'd rather not."

"Come!"

"Please. I'd rather not."

"Come on!"

He caught her around the waist but she twisted away from him. Then—not quite playfully—he reached again and took hold of her more firmly. She gasped. Something snapped in Elwood's head, a curtain lifted. Fog cleared away. Decision moved in. Instantly everything was clear. And a black mood burst upon Elwood, a strange, savage impulse—

Smoothly he rose out of his chair. "Oh, Marquis—" he said. *This* was something he really wanted to do. Better than baseball, sailing, flying ten thousand airplanes! His voice cracked like a whip, imperatively, and as the Marquis, in surprise, turned toward him, Elwood struck with his left hand. A restrained punch, really; a mere tap in the stomach, designed to bring the Marquis' chin, such as it was, forward. Then Elwood's right hand, starting below and behind his right hip, described a fast arc and connected. On the button, clean. The Marquis went down.

Waiters came running. They gathered the Marquis from beneath a tangle of chairs. He was uttering a shrill noise in his throat. A front tooth was missing, there was blood on the end of his nose. Elwood, in the grip of a wild exultation, snarled: "Colonel Potter! I will respect your white hairs. Get him to hell out of here!"

"Ruffian!" the colonel cried between a yelp and a bellow. He fled, dragging the Marquis. Emily simply vanished. That left Elwood and Mary. Her lovely mouth was hanging slightly open. "Three months on the Princeton boxing team," Elwood said, dusting his hands, "before my mother learned about it and stopped it."

The girl moved as if to go. "Sit down!" Elwood said. Rather, he barked it. She sat. Elwood liked this tone of authority. He employed it again. "I have several things to do. They may take half an hour. But I'll be back—and I want to find you here! Do you understand?"

The clear blue eyes were very wide. She nodded.

He started, quick time, toward the lobby, but a thought intercepted him and he ducked into the bar. "A Martini, very dry," he said to the barman. It came, and it was good. It had bite. He tried a second. Even better. He went to the lobby and got into a phone booth.

Mrs. Remington-Hart threw open the door when he buzzed. Her face was twisted by wrath. She was full of storm. "Elwood!" she cried. "Are you bereft of your senses? You have assaulted the Marquis—"

"Quiet!" he shouted. Amazingly, she shut up. "I have a few plain truths to tell you," he said, loud. "First, I dislike your Marquis and if I see him again I shall most certainly knock him spinning. Second, I abhor your little Emily, and I not above striking a woman if the wo is Emily. Third, I'm leaving tonight the United States."

"You are not!"

"Wrong! I am."

"I'll cut you off without a penny—

"That," Elwood said, "will be da Where I am going, money would burden."

"Where"—her voice was suddenly firm—"*do* you think you're going?"

"Wyoming," Elwood said. "I've been talking with old Sheedy in York. Asked him two favors. Firs job on his ranch in Wyoming. Somet to do with horses. He said okay, I drive his chuck wagon."

"Chuck—! What other favor?"

"Best man at my wedding. If the will have me."

"What girl?"

"The name is Mary Clancy."

THEN Mrs. Remington-Hart sh like a tree in a high wind. "Cla There is no such name as Clancy!"

"The trouble is," said Elwood, s denly gentle, "you never read the ph book. Goodby, Mother. Write m Wyoming."

He descended, then, in the gilded vator and on the café terrace found M in the same chair, waiting. She see a little stunned, for her lips were slightly parted and the expression of w derment was on her face. Elwood s "Mary, do you like ranch life?"

"I don't know," she said. "What's proposition?"

"Ninety per cent honorable," said wood.

Maybe a certain number of the pe at other tables were moderately surpri by his subsequent behavior. He didn't to excuse it. He lifted Mary out of chair. He raised her chin and looked i her eyes and read no protest there. So kissed her. Having gone so far, he di again, even more warmly. "Darling," said, "I can see it all in my mind. W snow on the Western mountains. wild green valleys. Cattle grazing in fenced pastures. And you beside me the seat of the chuck wagon—"

"What's a chuck wagon?" Mary ask

"I'm not exactly sure. But we'll out, won't we?"

"Kiss me once more, stranger," M said, "and I think I'll know my min Elwood did, and waited. "Pardner," whispered.

THE END

"Aren't you the girl who had such pretty knees here last year?"

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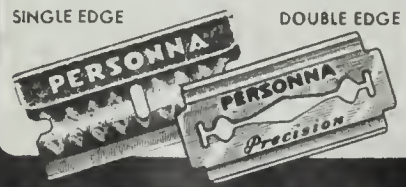

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in fact, he passed them quickly if they owned and liked dogs. When the trial started the jury box held six men and six women.

The prosecuting attorney was caustic in his opening address, painting Dave as a worthless, drunken bum. Al Lewis spoke of him as "my friend, whom I have hunted with and whom I know to be an honorable man."

One witness testified that Dave had hit the man with a heavy beer stein from which he had been drinking. Other witnesses swore the man was hit one lick with a bare fist. Attorney Lewis scoffed at the idea of Dave ever drinking beer and the bartender said he had never known him to order beer.

It was in the summing up that Al Lewis showed his skill as a trial lawyer. He walked back and forth before the jury, talking to each individual. He told of Dave's efforts to bring up his son so that he would grow to an honorable manhood. He told of the instances of fatherly care which he had witnessed and of the boy's good standing among his friends and in school. He said no man had ever seen Dave drunk. He might take an occasional drink of liquor, yes. "But let the man who hasn't be the only one to point a finger!" he thundered.

Then he told how Dave loved his dogs and the good care he took of them and how he cared for the dogs left with him for training or to be boarded. "Of course he would hit a man who would kick his dog, and so would I!" shouted Al Lewis.

THE instructions to the jury by the court were brief. The judge pointed out that in the heat of excitement an honest witness could be confused. One witness had testified that a beer stein had been used as a weapon, but others testified that the man had been hit by a bare fist only and had fractured his skull when he fell. He emphasized that it was the jury's duty to consider all evidence carefully and weigh its worth.

The jury deliberated for an hour and ten minutes before it brought in a verdict of not guilty. Dave went back to his river shanty, and Al Lewis went with him. That evening Judge Jackson came by with a dog he wanted Dave to steady. The next day Bud Crandle dropped by and sat on a log, watching Dave work on a boat that was leaking. Dave had little to say and Bud said less. When the boy got up to go home he said, "I'll be glad when Jerry gets back. Mr. Lewis says he'll get him out of that place if he has to tear it apart. He told my dad that. He had a paper he wanted Dad to sign, but my mother and Dad think Jerry would be better off where he is."

Dave made no comment and Bud went on home. Later, in talking to his friends, Dave swore he would get even with Herman Crandle and his meddlesome wife. They warned him that he would be foolish to do or say anything against a man who had as much influence as Crandle. But Dave was very bitter. Both Judge Jackson and Al Lewis assured him that they would do everything they could to bring Jerry back, but Dave wasn't much comforted.

In a small way Bud tried to take Jerry's place. At every opportunity he stopped by to see Dave and they became fast friends.

"I've often wondered why you keep old Lige?" Bud asked one day, referring to the bloodhound. "You hunt birds with pointers and setters, and a bloodhound is no use to you."

"He'll hunt birds," Dave answered. "Once in a while a fellow just has to have a couple of pheasants for a friend and the pointing dogs can't always find them. That's where Lige comes in. He'll follow anything I start him after. Once he starts on a trail all you have to do is stay with him." . . .

Shortly after this conversation took place the town of Hartsville was thrown into an uproar by the kidnaping of Herman Crandle's four-year-old son—Bud's baby brother. Mr. Crandle was at his office in town and Mrs. Crandle was attending a meeting when the baby was taken. The child was playing in the yard with his nursemaid when a car drove in from the highway. Two men jumped out and hustled both the maid and the child into the car and drove away.

AN HOUR or so later the maid returned to the house, hysterical and almost incoherent. Instead of following the highway, the kidnapers had turned off onto the dirt road into the swamp. One of the men had tied the maid hand and foot and taped her mouth. Two miles up the road they had thrown her in the brush and gone on. She had been able to work her hands free and had staggered and run back to give the alarm.

A police car followed up the old river road, and at the second bend beyond where the maid had been thrown out the wreck of the kidnaping car was found. Apparently the driver had tried to make the turn while traveling too fast. The car, out of control, left the road on the near side, cut off a six-inch maple tree, plowed on through the brush and stopped, wedged between two big cottonwoods.

The shattered windshield was bloodspattered and it was felt that one or both of the men and probably the baby had been badly injured. The only comfort the Crandles could get was from the nursemaid's statement that the baby was on the floor of the back compartment of the car, where he would be least likely to be hurt.

So many cars had driven up to the scene of the wreck and on through, t it was impossible to tell whether anot car had followed and taken the kidnap and the baby from the wreck. The she who was in charge felt sure that this the case, until a farm boy pointed tracks leading off from the other side the road. The officers took this trail lost it within twenty yards.

"Get Mr. Dave and his bloodhoun Bud told his father.

A police car raced away with si wailing.

Dave listened while the officer orde him to bring the dog and hurry. Then said: "To hell with Crandle. I'm not terested."

"We'll take the hound, then."

"You nor no one else will lay a ha on him without my permission, and wouldn't work for you if I let you ta him."

The policeman knew that Dave was dead earnest and he also knew that wi out Dave the dog would be of no he There was nothing to do but report t Dave refused to aid in the search for t baby.

"The dirty skunk," said Cran "There must be some way to make t man help us. Sheriff, can't you deput him and make him bring the dog?"

"Let me talk to him, Dad," B pleaded. "He'll do anything for me."

Again the police car raced back Dave's shack along the river, this ti carrying Bud.

"He's my little brother, Mr. Dav Bud pleaded. "Jerry would want you help. You said old Lige could follo any trail. Please, Mr. Dave, for me."

Dave stood up and gazed out acr the river. He took a plug of tobac from his pocket and bit off a genero chew. All the time Bud was pleadi The officer started to urge him and Da turned on him.

"You shut up. I don't like you a your kind. If I go it will be on accou of this boy and not anything I owe Cra dle or the law."

Dave reached up and unhooked leash from a wire tied high around t bole of a tree. Once he had the leash his hand he started on a trot for the ke nels. "We'll have to hurry, Bud. T quicker we get started, the better."

A POSSE had been formed to follo the dog when Dave and old Lige a rived. Dave spoke to no one and appa ently paid no attention to those wh insisted on explaining everything to hi First he took the dog over to the car a put him in the back compartment an then up in the front seat. Then he too him across the road where the footprin had been discovered. Turning to t sheriff, who constantly made it evide that he was in charge, Dave said:

"Keep all these people back. Kee them quiet. You can go along with m if you want to."

Dave patted Lige and showed him t footprints. The dog sniffed of them an Dave led him ahead. Lige would snuff and blow with nose close to the groun until he was well past the place whe the trail had been lost and where t others had been walking around, then h started straining at the leash with hea well off the ground.

"He's got a regular vacuum cleane hasn't he?" the sheriff said.

Dave made no reply.

"Don't he bark when he trails?" aske the sheriff.

"Some bloodhounds do. Good one don't. Lige is a good one."

"Aren't you going to turn him loose?

"Do you think I want him killed? Yo don't seem to know a hell of a lot abou hounds and criminals."

That ended the conversation unti Dave remarked: "One of these men ha been making pretty heavy going of it. H must be hurt bad. Now he's leaning o the other man and they've got the ki

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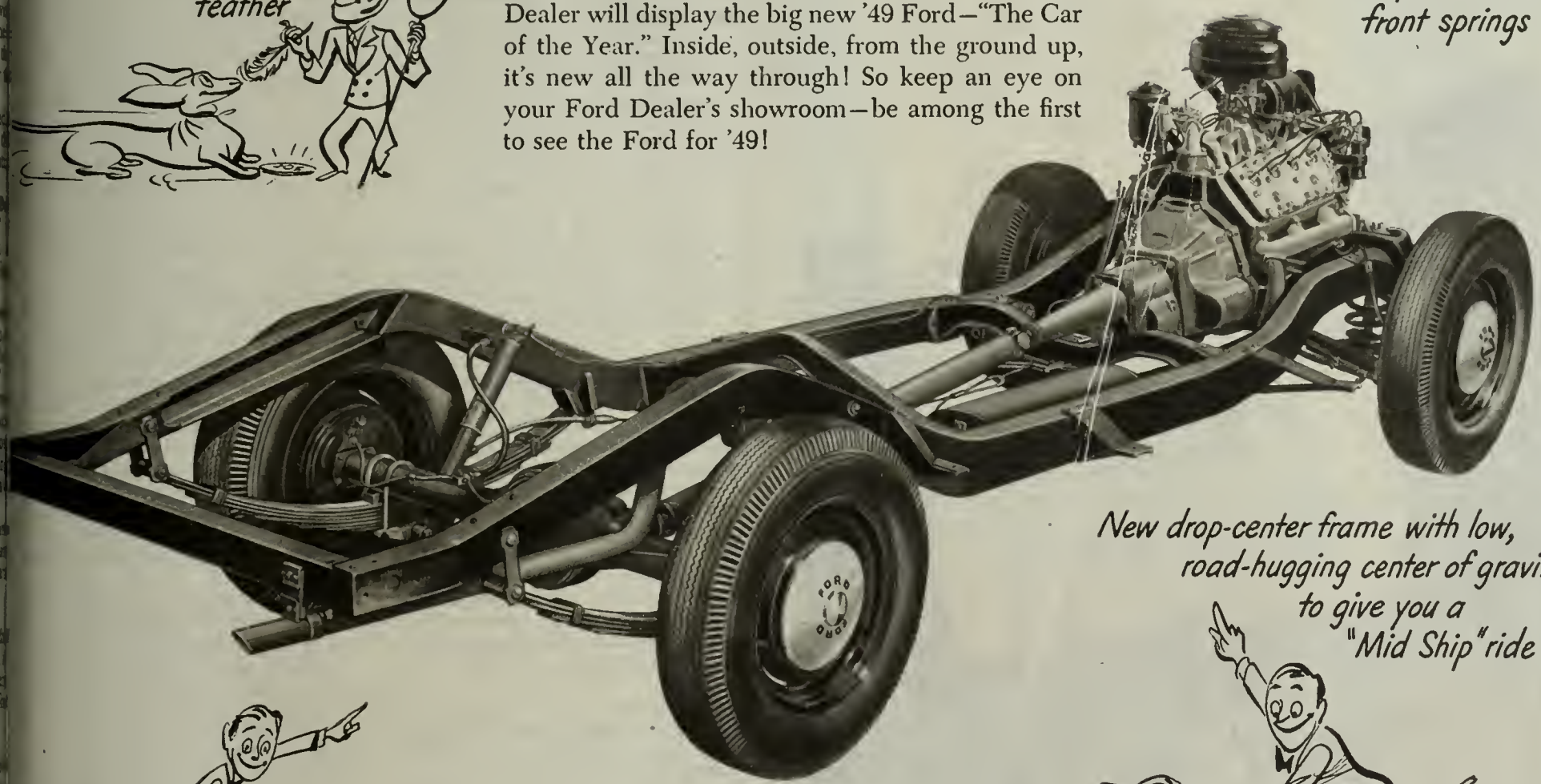

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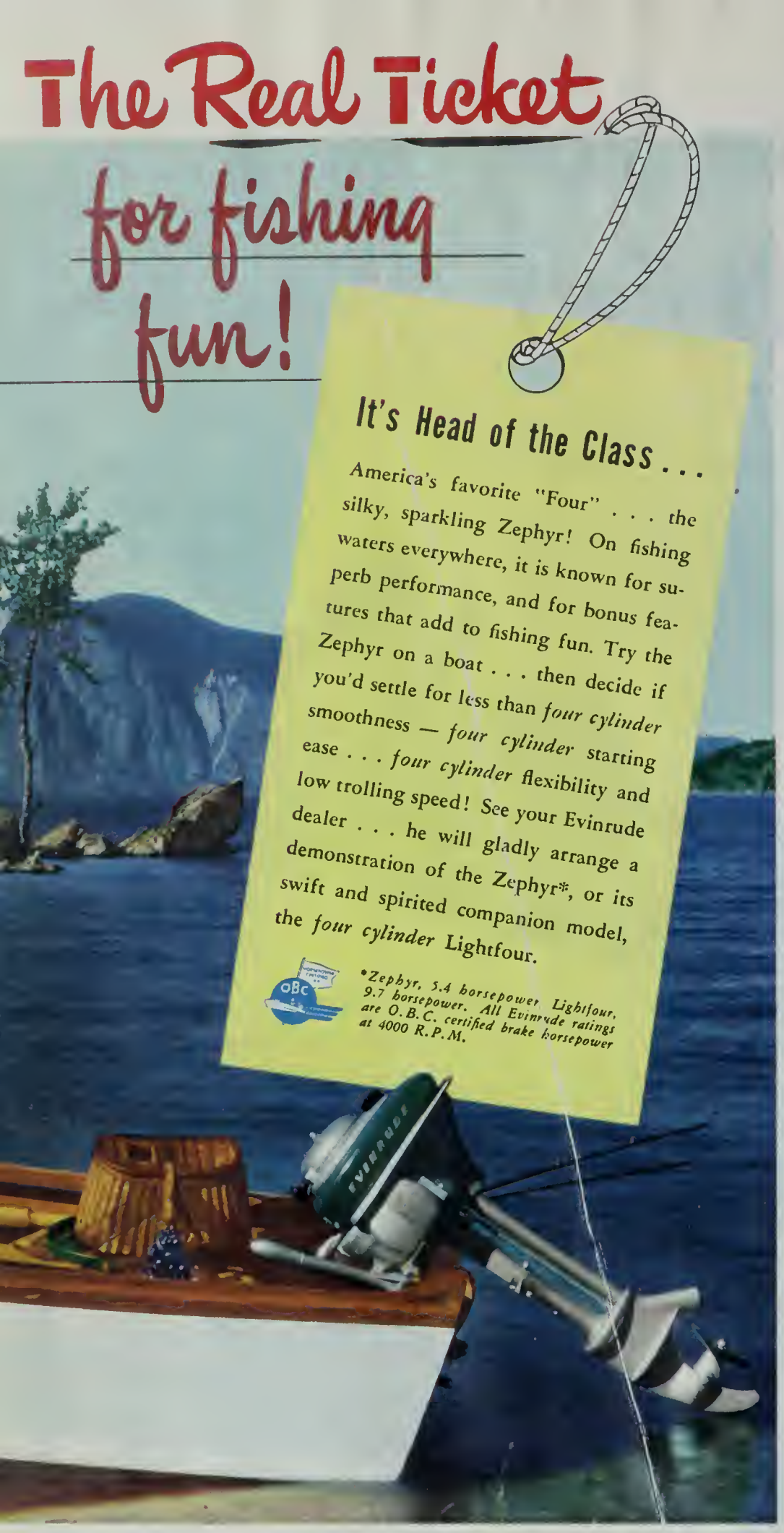

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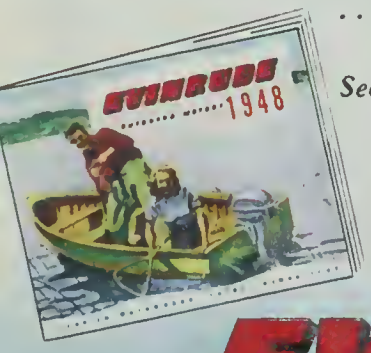

EVINRUDE

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walking. That didn't work. They've picked up the baby again."

"How do you know all that?" asked the sheriff.

"Anyone ought to read that out of this trail. These fellows have sure been brought up in the city. You really don't need a dog to follow this path, sheriff. Anyone who could track an elephant in the mud should be able to follow it."

The sheriff looked hard at the ground ahead. He could see an occasional broken twig or could see where the weeds had been disturbed, but he concluded that Dave must be taking him for a sucker.

"See those long threads?" Dave said, pointing. "Our party stopped here for some little time and tore up something, probably a shirt. Don't see any blood and I've been watching. The fellow ain't bleeding now. He's either got a bad leg or he's suffering a lot of pain."

Old Lige kept straight on across the swamp, tugging at the leash and seldom putting his nose to the ground. Now he seemed to be tugging harder, and Dave kept looking ahead, but the density of the undergrowth kept him from seeing any great distance. Just as they came to a small clearing, Lige began to whine and to lunge against the strap. Dave pulled him back and warned the sheriff to look out. Across the little opening was a large deadfall which had grown up in honeysuckle until it formed a solid wall.

"I'm taking the dog back," said Dave. "Now it's up to you. Your men are behind that deadfall from the way Lige acts."

THE posse and hangers-on had been following some thirty yards to the rear. Now they rushed up. Some were deputy sheriffs, others city police, while most were just men who had grabbed a gun, anxious to help. Bob Derringer, a tall city policeman armed with a carbine, rushed out into the open.

"Come out of there with your hands up," he shouted. "We've got you."

A sharp spiteful crack from a small-bore rifle or pistol came from the barricade and Derringer fell as though he'd been poleaxed, a small blue spot in his forehead.

Brave men were not ashamed to run. The sheriff was fast, for when he felt he was safe and stopped, he was able to halt the others as they came up.

"Men," he said, "we now have a murder charge. Those men must be taken dead or alive. We'll go back there and if necessary we'll riddle that brush pile—if they refuse to come out."

"You can't do that," said several men at once. "The baby!"

"All right," said the sheriff, "I call for volunteers to go in and get 'em."

No one said a word.

"Come on, men," urged the sheriff. "I will be one of six men to surround 'em and take 'em alive if we can, or pick 'em off if we have to."

Still no one volunteered and the sheriff announced that he would deputize six men and order them in. He urged and threatened but no one wanted to follow Bob Derringer's example and meet the same fate. Then Dave spoke up:

"I'll go—but I'll go alone. I'd be more afraid of most of you fellows with a gun in your hands than I would be of the men we're after. I want no one else to show. I don't want a gun. Shall I try it?"

Dave walked over from the crowd and tied Lige to a tree. Then he gave a last warning that he expected all the men to remain where they were until he returned. Looking Crandle in the eye, he said, "I thought you'd do this job, but as long as I'm doing it, you can help. These sheriffs and near sheriffs and policemen would rather catch the men out there than get your son. I'm after your baby. I'm counting on you to see that no one leaves this group and tries to slip around to the far side."

With that Dave started alone
little clearing where the body c
Derringer lay. When he reached th
of the clearing he raised both hand
above his head and stepped out
open. Then he started shouting
enough to be heard by all those w
behind and by anyone for a hu
yards in front.

"I am unarmed. It wouldn't c
any good to shoot me. I'm not into
in catching either one of you. I com
only one purpose—to get a little b
give him back to his parents. M
was kidnaped. I know how they
suffer. My boy was kidnaped leg
so I have no use for the law or thos
enforce it. But I don't want to se
child taken from its parents."

AS DAVE talked he moved fo
slowly. "You men are almost
river. There's a fisherman keeps a
boat about a hundred yards below
You can swim the river holding o
log, if you can't get the boat. Onc
get across you can make it to th
A highway parallels the river o
other side. You can catch a ride, c
can grab a freight. Heavy train
slow around the river bluffs.

"Take my advice, leave the bab
get going while you can. Don't ta
baby with you, or you'll never ma
I can beat you to the boat and i
double-cross me, then I'm after you
given you a chance. Take it. I'm
helping the cops. I don't like cops
I want is that baby boy. If you do
cross me then I'll have a personal r
to get you. As far as I know I'm the
person around here who can get y
don't want you—if you leave the b

Slowly Dave edged around th
dead tree. Cautiously he peeked fa
and farther. The men were gone.
well up against the face of the tre
the little boy, bound hand and foo
gagged, his mouth stuffed full of
torn from the shirt of one of the
napers.

It took Dave only a moment to c
rags that tied the baby's hands and
and to remove the hastily made gag.
talked to it and told it every
was all right now and he held it
to his heart. The baby snuggled a
him but could not control the so
fright that racked its body.

Dave didn't call that he had the
He didn't hurry. Instead he walked
as slowly as he had crossed the ope
When he came in sight of the wa
crowd, the men started to surge for
but Dave held up his hand and
stopped. Advancing toward He
Crandle he said:

"You and your tongue-wagging
kidnaped my only son. Every night
then I have prayed God not to let m
you. Every day of my life I have s
to get even. Here is your son."

Dave laid the baby carefully in
arms of its father. Then he turned
went over where old Lige was tied
got him. Without another word he st
back.

"Wait, Dave," called the sheriff.
want the dog. Now that we've go
baby safe it's our duty to get those m

"That's your job, sheriff," Dave
swered. "And if you're worth your
you'll get them. Lige and me are g
home."

ABOUT ten o'clock next morning J
Jackson drove up to Dave's s
along the river. "Hey, you old m
burglar," he called. "Come on out h

The judge seemed to be in high
humor as Dave came up to the car.
been busier than a bird dog in a
patch," he said, "making out papers
getting them sworn to. Now I've g
ride upstate about a hundred miles.
Herman Crandle thought you might
to go along. Jerry's coming home."

THE END

MARABOU FOR MAMA

Continued from page 19

mouth. But the can was empty, nothing to prove there ever had bait in it except a glint of scales ne nostril-puckering stink of formhyde.

n Hoda said softly, "Now what the

—" The way Bernie breathed it, ne word held all tragedy. "Oh! ill I catch *him!*"

u know something about this?" Hoda asked.

was Peter. I know it was him, the snip. He was mad because you bring his air rifle, Daddy, and he your flashlight and went sneaking to the boat while Mama and Aunt ere still working on Uncle Arthur's

he tossed 'em out," John Hoda "That accounts for the dead gulls w and the rum-dumb way that old was acting. I tell you, that boy's to get his pants warmed."

n't bother," Bernie said grimly. ke care of Peter."

engine popped on and the tide led under the lapstreak's stem. a while Bernie said, "I guess we as well go home now."

," John Hoda said. "Not yet. e we'll spot us some herring."

climbed past her into the bow, over jutted the slender cedar herring with its filed wire teeth bristling for feet down one side. While Bernie d the boat to a crawl, he scouted the y water of the rip. Nothing g, no cormorants, no salmon, no g. As if to taunt him, half a dozen ises rolled astern, sleek backs slid- and out as they cruised in formalong the rip.

R half an hour John Hoda hunted rring up and down the channels g the kelp. Once he flashed a school nering deep under with the shadow s of salmon convoying it, but it ar below reach of his rake. Disdly, he clambered back from the His jaw was set and his eyes were ted, and his voice was stubborn.

'e'll stay out," he said. "I'll rig up thing.

n Hoda had little confidence in bought lures. In the gear locker only his spare lines and herring But he kept on hunting, and finally, ed and forgotten in a wad of engine waste, he found a large trolling fly of red and white goat's hair, left with him by a tourist dude last summer.

"Best we can do," he told Bernie. "Straighten us out, sweetheart, while I get this thing over."

He did not bother to mount his twelve-foot spring poles in the brackets bolted to either gunwale, but trailed the heavy green hand line astern. The thrum of the flat, burnished dodger, darting from side to side down below, geared itself to the pulse in his wrist. Long ago, John Hoda had learned that a man who doesn't expect fish isn't likely to catch them. So he made himself believe a blueback would strike, holding his mind to it while Bernie kept the lapstreak chunking slowly along the outer edge of the kelp.

Far down past Kalitan, she brought the boat around in a long arc. The herring dodger throbbed faster and the pull against John Hoda's wrist at once became heavier. Tide had turned now—the flood was under way.

Right off the tip of the point where the tide ran hardest, a blueback banged the fly. John Hoda hauled him in as fast as he could strip line. Bernie scooped with the four-foot-deep landing net and swung the fish inboard, an immature coho salmon of four pounds, gleaming in white and silver and metal-blue, the fly deep-hooked in its jaw corner.

Working swiftly, John Hoda whacked the salmon on the head with his fish club, freed the fly and unsnapped it from the spring swivel. He clipped on a herring hook, and with his jackknife slashed an elongated triangle of white skin and red flesh from the blueback's throat.

"Now we got a real bait," he told Bernie. "Now watch us put the boots to 'em!"

He jerked the hook through the base of the salmon-throat triangle and tossed his rig overside. The bait paid astern with a shine and a fetching wiggle-waggle; it looked for all the world like a herring that a salmon had struck at and grazed, a crippled fish swimming for its life.

John Hoda cut another bait, then lowered his spring poles and snap-swiveled a line to each of the heavy cord leads. He said to Bernie, cupping a match while he lighted a tailor-made from the mauled pack, "Now we're logging."

Before he had time for a second deep

"Okay, Johnston, think! You went out after wood. Then what?"

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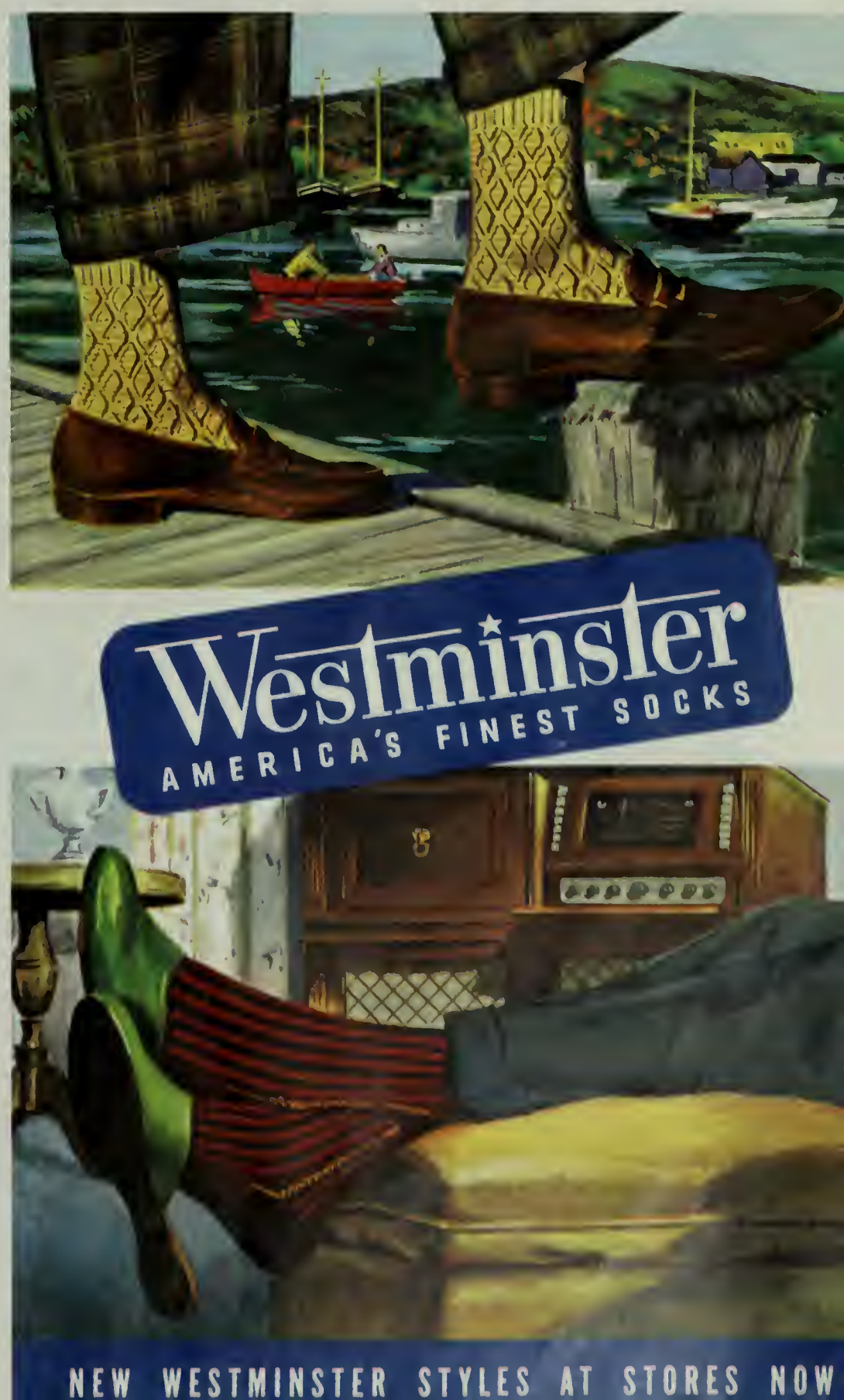

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the bell on the tip of the portside ngled and Bernie gave a high ex- squeal:

h on!"

t blueback shook the hook, leap- close to the boat they heard its tes rattle. The next, striking while rt line was still in, nipped the star- bait by its tail and tore it free. Hoda cut two more triangles, all it he could get from their one small n. No more strikes till they were ay down the kelp bed, in sight of mpany booming grounds and the camp and their own house. Then ells jangled with only a split second n. Both hooks came in empty, d of bait.

mn' fish are skittish," John Hoda ed. "Hitting short. They get like sometimes—Well, take us round kid. Maybe we can pick up an- on that fly."

vas a lot like poker, fishing. You a couple of pots and thought your vas starting. Then the cards went and left you worse off than before. t from Kalitan the fog had lifted. he butts of the Coast Range hills ed blue and clear. The breeze had ned to a full wind now, and the lap- rode with an uneasy pitch-and- bedeviled by the currents and the m pyramidal chop of the overfall, tide streams met and clashed. ought to be heading in, but John sat and brooded, watching the tip e port spring pole jiggle its graph st the sky.

e fat stump rancher, he said to him- thinking dourly of his brother-in- *I ought to've clipped him again for Those two make trouble, they've us trouble ever since Margaret d 'em up here. She's too soft- ed, that's what.*

rgaret's city blues that dropped on very so often didn't date from their ng, of course. No one in fairness load all the blame for that on ur and Elsa. But Arthur was all the moaning about the fine city job left at Northwest Engineering to come up and work in the company black- smith shop, and Elsa clackety-clacked endlessly about department stores and bargain days in Vancouver and about this or that city boy friend Margaret chased around with before she got mar- ried, and how well each was doing in his line. Then Margaret would get a blue fit, and sometimes she'd be all day, a couple of days, even, snapping out of it.

THAT was how they'd come to work out the business of pop-valve money. Once when Margaret was extra blue, he'd said, "You're staky, sugar, like a logger gets when he's in camp too long. I got twenty bucks here. Overtime money. You go in to Surge Pass and buy your- self something real fancy before you pop a valve. Don't you come home till you're broke."

Well, she'd cried a little and hugged him up, and gone in with Elsa. And what with clothes for the kids and a new windbreaker for him and a batch of pre- serving jars, she hadn't spent anything on herself more than the price of lunch and a hair-do. But it had eased her feelings, and pop-valve money got to be kind of a custom after that.

This last spell had been worst of all, because Arthur and Elsa were talking about pulling up stakes as if they meant it.

John Hoda said to Bernie, "You think your Aunt Elsa was just running a bluff again? You think they'll really light out for Vancouver?"

"They've started to pack," Bernie said. "They have to." She was balancing to the lunge and sway of the boat, sitting crossways on the thwart and watching the spring pole like a little cat at a mouse- hole. "The super gave Uncle Arthur his time yesterday."

"Canned, eh?" John Hoda said. "I been wondering how long it would be."

Any other day that piece of news would have been welcome as an extra pay check. Today, though, it left him cold. He could see the house plain now, white cedar siding and red roof, with a wind-twisted fir tree behind. You'd never guess to look at the place it used to be a company bunkhouse. He'd made it over for Margaret when they first came up here, added an ell when Peter was born and reroofed it just last year. He was proud of it and he loved it, just as he loved his job and his boat and the free generous life of the upcoast.

He thought of the city again, and the whipping wind turned cold against his back. Even though he'd met Margaret in Vancouver, he could never live happily in that or any other city. Too many people too busy making money. No fishing, no deer hunting in fall, no Saturday-night tripping down the bay to the Mackenzies or the Karmaks or the Andersons with a case of beer for the grownups and pop for the young ones. No dropping off to sleep with the shuf- fling lap of a high tide outside the win- dows, or waking to a blue and white day with the mountains lifting raggedy white heads across the sound.

Lord Almighty, John Hoda thought, *I'll sure miss her!*

The lapstreak lurched, and Bernie called wild and high as a sea gull crying. It was not a strike in any ordinary sense of the word—it was a solid jolt that bent the stout spring pole and slewed the twelve-foot boat halfway round. The port line twanged, the rubber shock ab- sorber stretched to its limit, then the strain eased and the pole whipped straight.

Bernie spoke almost in a whisper, "Daddy—what was that?"

"Spring salmon," John Hoda told her tersely. "Could be anywhere up to fifty- sixty pounds. He bust us."

"What can we do now?" Bernie asked with the thickness of tears in her voice. "We haven't any other bait."

"No," John Hoda told her, inspecting a hook yanked straight by that savage wallop. "I guess you're right."

He flipped the wrecked fly overboard, and sat with his big hands interlocked, popping his knuckles as an aid to thought.

Presently he said, "I know a trick, honey. It just might work. Pass me back my tool kit."

Bill Karmak had told him about this stunt. With his knife he cut a strip from the white oilcloth that wrapped his engine tools. He shaped the strip into another triangle, but broader and longer than the baits he had cut for blueback, a lure worth the attention of a big old spring salmon.

While he was still busy with it, the engine sputtered, gasped, and conked out.

BERNIE scrambled for the oars. The lapstreak took a couple of bucketsful over the side before she had the rowlocks in their holes and the oars outboard. Kneeling, John Hoda unscrewed the caps from the fuel can and empty gas tank, and poured the tank three-quarters full. With a warm engine there'd be no trouble starting her. But he spun the wheel again and again, getting never a cough or kick, doing nothing more than work up a sweat.

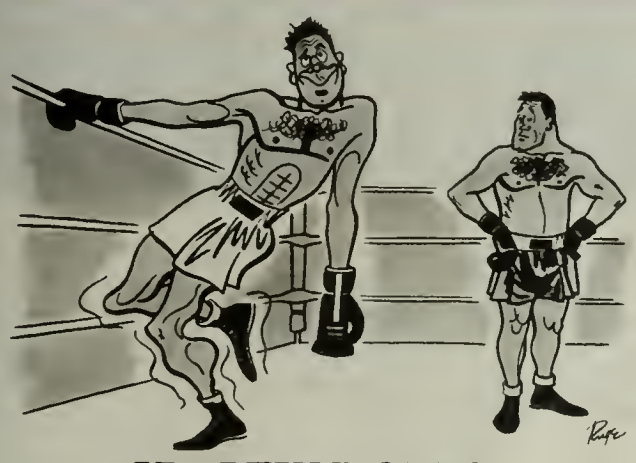
He hunkered back on his haunches at last, scowling down at the engine. "She's never acted up like this before," he told Bernie. "If I hadn't filled that can my- self at the company pump I'd swear she was full of sea water."

"Smell it," Bernie said, rowing steadily with the oar handles under her chin, holding the lapstreak's nose into the wind.

John Hoda reached for the can, bent his head and sniffed. The odor of formaldehyde wrinkled his nose.

"I won't just slap Peter," Bernie said. "I'll smack him with the biggest stick I can find. He's a—a little *perikelte!*"

"None of that talk," John Hoda growled, although he was disposed to agree with her. *Perikelte* was the rough- est of the three devils of Finland, and



SPORTING ODDS

JOHN RUGE

Louisiana State University, in the early thirties, had a 6'5" heavyweight boxer named C. D. "Big Boy" Blaylock, who had an extremely long reach. In one meet he was fighting a stocky op- ponent from Mississippi State. During the second round of the three-round bout, Blaylock wound up with a roundhouse right that was labeled knockout if it landed. To avoid the blow, the Mississippi State heavy stepped in close, and his head hit Blay- lock's right arm in the elbow joint. This acted as a lever and added power to the fist, which completely circled the Mississippi State heavy's head, ending up on Blaylock's own jaw. Blaylock stopped, stunned from his own blow, walked to the side of the ring, grasped the rope and started groggily walking around the ring, holding to the rope. He almost circled the ring, then he turned the rope loose and collapsed. He had knocked himself out.

—G. A. Simes, Baton Rouge, La.

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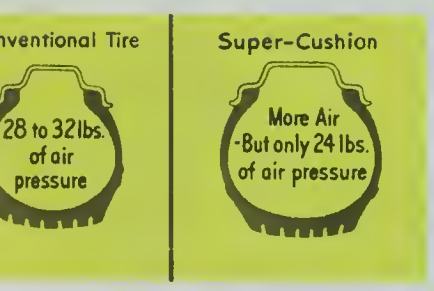

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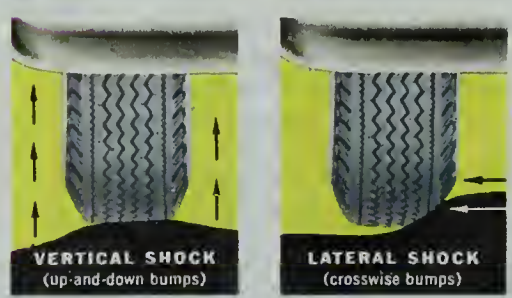

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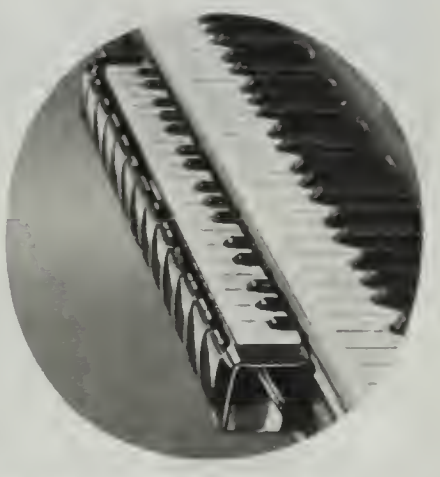

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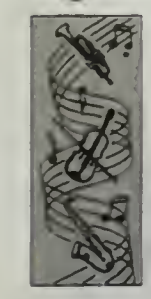

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you never laid the word on a man unless you were ready to back it with your fists. Uneasily, he wondered if he'd used it when he blew down Bernie's Uncle Arthur last night. . . .

He motioned Bernie to the stern and lurched past her to the rowing thwart. There, dipping and pulling strongly, he traded frowns with his daughter. By her lips and chin he knew she wasn't ready to toss her cards in yet, any more than he was. Silently, she dropped the oilcloth strip overside and let the wet wiry line peel through her fingers.

THEY trolled north with the tide, past the beach camp and the house—on almost to the farther point of the bay. No strikes. John Hoda brought the lapstreak around, taking his time about it but shipping more slop than he liked. He knew for a certainty that the spring salmon they'd hooked was no random stray. Where there was one, there'd be others—fierce, heavy fish slashing into the close-schooled herring like wolves, hazing them along the tideway. If they could hit into springs they'd make Margaret's pop-valve money easy in an hour.

He said, "You like that swimming cap a lot, eh, kid?"

Bernie gave her head a vigorous nod. "I had to have one. They're opening the new salt-water pool at Surge Pass tomorrow and all the kids at school have been getting them, the girls, I mean."

"Suppose I was to ask you for it?"

Her forehead puckered, and her eyes were puzzled. She thought for a long moment, then said, "What for? You don't need any bathing cap, Daddy."

"It's like this," John Hoda told her. "We got just one thing left to try, sweetheart. Olaf Anderson put me onto it last winter. Maybe it's an ace or maybe it's only a two spot."

"You need my bathing cap for it." It was a flat statement more than a question.

"Kind of."

"All right."

"You're a good kid," John Hoda told her. "If this works, I'll buy you one of them rubber caps for every day in the week."

The boat rode easier now, inside the Kalitan lee. John Hoda pulled steadily southeast along the point. "Take my knife off the seat there," he directed Bernie. "Cut a piece about four inches across out of your swimming cap—Y that's the way. Now make a fringe round so it looks like one of them koo girl's grass skirts—Okay, poke a through the middle and unsnap the h Fit the rubber over the eye of the h so it covers the top part of that oilc fakealoo."

Bernie dangled the finished proc Suddenly she chuckled. "It does ok like a grass skirt," she said.

"Good enough," John Hoda sid "Let's get it working. Way the weath making up, we haven't too much ti

Pulling strongly, out of the lee a and fighting wind and tide, he told daughter, "Before I met your mo used to play blackjack and draw p and seven-toed Pete or any game I c lose my pay on. I got so I set a lo store on luck. Figured when you'd l having a bad run the only way you m bust her was to push in the rest of pile."

He glanced over his shoulder at crested water ahead. "That's what doing now, honey. Shooting the wo

The line was slipping out thro Bernie's wet brown fingers—fifty fe sixty—and, watching, his mind dr back without regret to those fic footed days. All you owned in the w you carried in your suitcase and p sack. You made a stake and blew town, then out to the camps again glad to be going. Never in the city than a couple of weeks, unless s thing went haywire and they sent down feet first.

That was how it had happened the he met Margaret. His broken ankle slow mending, and long after he skookum enough to sign out, the do kept him in Vancouver. There was little restaurant down on Broadway she and her sister Elsa ran, and M garet made hot cakes that would done credit to any camp cook on coast. He'd asked her to marry right across the counter one brea time. She stood there, pretty as a ture and no bigger than a minute, gi him the considering frown that B had inherited. Then she said, "Ye want to, John. Only you'll have to booming and put down roots, beca won't leave the city."

From her crouch on the stern Bernie said, "I just saw herring, Da Something chased them through a wa

"But she's not supposed to be able to sing, Albert. She's a song stylist"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Does the international situation warrant stocking up on nylons?"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

Three years in Vancouver, mechanic in ıe shop or another. Happy enough one ıy, but every year more restless, chew-g off another piece of his heart. Then e night they had the big fight over ›thing at all, and he went on the town. hen he trailed back, broke and miser-le, Margaret gave him her steady, long ok and told him, "I'll try it, John. You on't be happy till I do. You can sign upcoast in the morning." . . .

The port pole creaked and bowed, uled into a bow by the bucking line. hn Hoda shouted over the clamor of e southeast wind, "See can you handle n, baby!" But before Bernie'd estled in ten feet of line, he knew this h was too big and tough for any nine-ar-old.

She knew it too, for she'd let the line and was already creeping forward. He ıited till her hands were on the oars, en ducked past her to the stern. No ıeback, no young salmon to be flipped o the cockpit, but a plunging demon, fish to burn a man's hands raw as it ›ped out line, a brute with the weight a bull calf and the power of a man's n in its foot-wide speckled tail.

John Hoda was panting hard when he pped the gaff hook home behind its ls and slid it over the stern. He clubbed freed the hook and shot the chawed d bloodied lure overside. Bernie was nting too, but he kept her at the oars ile he hacked another lure out of oil-th and bathing-cap rubber and ran it t on the starboard pole. A spring hit ile he was still feeding line, and before was done battling it, the port bell cut ›se with a wild clatter. He saved both ı, the last an easy forty-pounder, then lered to Bernie, "How you doing?"

'Just—fine." It came stubbornly from ween set teeth.

'Hang on then," he shouted. "We're honey. We've hit our run!"

Seven more hefty springs crashed at oilcloth strips with their red-rubber a skirts, and John Hoda killed six of m. Then, with his cuffed-down hip ›ts sequined with scales and with blood m his line-burned hands dripping into cle-deep water, he slithered over the shining fish carcasses to scoop Bernie clily off the rowing thwart and dump on their catch. They were far out t Kalitan Point's rocky tip. She'd n holding the lapstreak right in the h of a wind that was blowing up for a equinoctial gale, keeping them there re by guts than strength while he piled the pop-valve stake.

A wave crest lashed across the lapstreak as he quartered her away from the wind, and he finished the turn with his heart in his throat. Then they were pointed for shore with a following sea frothing balked and angry behind them, in a boat loaded to danger line with fish.

John Hoda's grin was half a snarl. Crouched on the bottom, Bernie pushed wet hair out of her eyes and smiled back with cold-stiffened lips.

"We got her made," John Hoda told her. "Right here's your mom's stork-feather loafing coat, honey."

THE fish buyer counted three tens, a five and four ones into John Hoda's hand. Then with a shake of his head and a glance to seaward, he climbed back into his pickup truck. They had beached the boat inside the point because of the surf that laced the beach white all down the curve of the bay, and it was a mile's hike home.

John Hoda swung Bernie to his shoulders and they went down the highway that way, her hands in his and her bony knees pressing the sides of his neck.

The house was still empty when they slipped in. They went on through, and John Hoda saw his wife on the front porch, facing the water. Now he was scared, now he'd find out if she really meant it about the city. He growled at Bernie, "Here, you give it to her," but Margaret whipped around and stared at them without color in her face, and next second she was crying against his stagged shirt.

"I thought you were drowned, both of you. John Hoda, you great big crazy Finn!"

He said awkwardly with her arms still tight around him, "Take it easy, lady. Our luck was riding. Right after supper you just head for Surge Pass on the bus and blow yourself to that rig with the fancy feathers."

Shakily, Margaret said, "We'll all go in, John. We'll see a movie and have a milk shake and get Peter his air rifle. About that negligee, I've been thinking. I want a big pressure cooker before hunting season so I can put up steaks in gravy like Nellie Karmak does. That's if you don't mind."

"You're the doctor, sugar," John Hoda told her, grinning down at her bent head. Then, sternly to his daughter: "Bernadine, just you drop that stick. Tell Peter he can come out from under the porch. Nobody's mad at no one now!"

THE END

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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 25

dust. A clock stood against the wall, a tall grandfather clock with an open case that made a sounding box for the slow strokes of the pendulum. The time was seven ten. I hadn't heard the clock strike the hour, so it meant I'd been in the house less than ten minutes.

Everything I saw had an ancient weariness about it—not true antiquity which somehow manages to preserve its integrity and life, but the weariness of a past which is recent in years but completely remote in relation to the world about it.

CATHERINE stood by the fireplace looking at me. She breathed slowly, deeply, not with calmness but with a deliberate effort of will as though to achieve repose by imitating its characteristics. Her glance followed mine around the room.

"Rather gruesome, isn't it?" she said. "We just opened the house today."

"A little light would help."

"There's a chandelier in the dining room. Ten bulbs. I'm going to leave you now and put the food on the table."

"I'm not hungry."

"You should eat." She pushed open another set of French doors into the dining room and left me alone. To escape would have been easy. All I had to do was walk away, but there were still practical problems to it. I was almost convinced by now that they really took me for Philip Tremaine. The mother was ill; the sister could have forgotten. If I disappeared suddenly, they'd start looking for me and get others to help them. I'd need a start. It would be best to wait until after dinner, wait until bedtime. That way no one would know I was gone until morning, and by then I could be miles away.

I was beginning to realize what a ridiculous situation I'd gotten into by not telling Catherine that I wasn't her brother. By letting the error stand, I'd become a definite impostor. She'd hardly understand when she learned.

I sat down on the sofa. The clock ticked on. Then she came back and led me into the dining room. There was the walnut again, eight carved chairs of it around a big table.

"Please sit down," she said.

Mrs. Tremaine entered the room as she spoke. "We can all sit down," she s
I helped her into her chair. She'd n
aged to transform her appearance f
that of a sick person to that of a ra
robust dowager. Silver combs glea
in her hair, and a strand of pearls la
her high bosom.

Catherine served the plates, a s
steak, vegetables and potatoes. We
ate a few bites in silence. On the
behind Catherine's chair was what n
have been a painting draped in a shee

"I see you haven't completely
packed yet," I said. She turned to
what I was looking at.

"The picture? That's Father. I
dead, you know."

I didn't say anything. I cut off a s
of steak and chewed it slowly. It
a bit tough. A wave of color mou
to Catherine's face, then drained a
leaving it paler than ever. She'd sai
Now she could worry about it. I glan
at Mrs. Tremaine. She was lookin
Catherine with an expression which
positively venomous. She'd caught
implications of Catherine's staten
too. I had another bite of steak
tried a forkful of lukewarm string be
Catherine had stopped eating.
hands came up and rubbed her temp

"Well?" she said at last.

"Yes?" I said.

"What is it?"

"I haven't said anything."

"You're . . . thinking."

"No, you're thinking. You're thi
ing about what you just said, about y
father."

"What about Father?"

"That he's dead, you know."

"Of course he's dead."

"But as his son I'd know that, woul
I?" The wave of color swept back
her face. She was trembling all over.

"Of course you know it."

"What kind of foolish conversatio
this?" Mrs. Tremaine cried. Her v
was strained, harsh. "Catherine,
forgot the coffee."

"I'll get it," said Catherine, rising.

"Sit still," commanded her mot
"I'll get it." Mrs. Tremaine was alre
up and moving toward the kitch
Catherine slipped weakly back into
chair.

"So now we can talk," I said. "L

COLLIER'S "Yes, indeed, graduation—another milestone. And you might care to know she did that last mile in four hundred sixteen dollars and twenty cents, including the dance" DON TOBIN

t pretend any more. How did you ow I was on that bus?"

"Mother," she said.

"How did your mother know?"

"By wire . . . I—I can't tell you." She e suddenly and started for the kitchen. the doorway she stopped and backed . Mrs. Tremaine came through carry- a tray holding three cups of coffee. e tray trembled in her hands.

"Sit down, Catherine. I can manage s." Her voice shook as much as her nds but she managed to get the coffee tributed. Then we were all sitting und the table again. I looked at the of them and thought about what therine had said. A wire. Suppose it e true? Only one person that I could k of could have known what bus I'd on. That person was Plumpy. If he t the wire, he must know where I was t now. I sipped at my coffee and ught the situation over. The Tre- ines and Plumpy were working to- er then. For what purpose, I wouldn't w. Philip Tremaine was carrying his enge a little far. But it was sinister. ybe I'd made a mistake catching herine up when she told me her fa- was dead. I should have pretended dn't heard. She was looking at me agonized eyes. Beads of perspiration e on her forehead. I slowly sipped coffee. It wasn't very good.

"Philip needs more coffee," said herine.

"He doesn't. His cup is over half full!"

"I'll heat it up for him." She came nd the table to my side and picked up coffee cup. It was a lame excuse to out of the room. Her hand shook so the coffee slopped out of the cup. n the cup overturned completely, ing coffee over the white tablecloth my trousers.

"Catherine, you fool!" cried Mrs. Tre- ne. "See what you've done!"

"Please," I said. "I'm sure I'm not in the least." I got to my feet brush- at myself with a napkin. "But if ll both excuse me a moment I'll run airs and change trousers."

"Please do," breathed Catherine.

ENT back through the living room rough the hallway and up the stairs. e was still no sense in anything that happened, but I wasn't going to stick nd to put sense into it. I was going he stairs and I wasn't coming down could find a window to jump out of. could wait below for a long time. eer prickles were playing in my by the time I reached the top. ething I couldn't see was trying to around me. The carpeted hallway ed me to the door to my room. I v it open and switched on a light. rossed the room and pushed one of vindows open. They all looked out e hillside with a drop of about fif- feet underneath. Far enough to a leg. The prickles in my scalp worse, and queer chills were begin- to run up and down my spine. The of blood was heavy in my throat. e hall door opened softly under my . There wasn't a sound from down- . Toward the rear the hallway d in a door with a glass panel which a narrow sun porch. I stepped out looked over the balustrade. The of the house was built into the hill- so the ground was only seven or feet down, an easy drop. Higher the hill I could see the gleam of ights where cars rolled along an- street. There was a big electric ard with a girl holding a beer bottle eering down at me. From the other f the sun porch I could see a section e city below.

The cold night air made my shivers o shakes, and the shakes continued I got back in my room. My tongue arched, and the scalp prickles were er my body now like dry barbs. ision was blurring. It was hitting me hard. I paused in the center of the room, breathing with difficulty. I knew what it was now, but knowing didn't help any. This was a hell of a time to come down with an attack of malaria. The bout I'd had coming up from Mexico had been so light I'd decided the bug had about given me up, but that was only the preliminary to the real thing. This was a heavy relapse. But there was nothing I could do. My pill bottle was empty.

I reeled over to my suitcase and picked it up. Its weight made me wobble, so I dropped it. The room was beginning to swim before my eyes, and I couldn't focus on anything. If only I could get to the sun porch and over the balustrade, I could lie in the bushes until the sweat started. Then things should clear up enough so that I'd be able to go on.

I finally got my hand on the knob, and the door swung open, but it wasn't my hand which opened it. It was a beefy hand on the other side. I wanted to slam the door shut but all I could do was stand and shake.

TWO men stood in the hallway. The closer one was a bulky fellow who topped me by at least four inches and must have doubled me in weight. The man behind him was no shorter, but he was younger and leaner. They looked at me about half a second and then stepped into the room. The big one wasted no time in dragging a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. The lean one kept his eyes fixed on me like a pointing dog, his right hand hanging inside the lapel of his coat.

"Easy now," growled the big one as he approached. "No fast moves and no one gets hurt. You're under arrest." He spoke in a slow flat voice. He pushed back his coat to show the badge of the San Francisco police and kept it on display until he was within range. Then his hand reached out and caught me by the wrist with a grip like the coil of a python. I didn't move except for shaking. The steel bracelet slid around my wrist and crunched shut. Its mate went around the wrist of the big man who held it. After that the lean one brought his hand from beneath his coat and tapped my pockets.

"No gun," he said.

"Okay," grunted the other. "Let's go."

He pulled me forward, and I followed on legs that were beginning to jerk spasmodically as I walked. The involuntary muscle twitchings ran up to my shoulders and down my arms so that I jerked at the handcuffs and flung out aimlessly into the air.

I felt myself struggling but there was no method in it, and the two men paid no attention. Each had one of my arms, and between them they had the strength of a team of Percherons.

From the stairway the hall beneath looked like a bottomless pit with strange monsters swimming in it. I heard a high rapid voice cry out, "But you can't take my son! You can't! He's just come home!"

"We know he just got home, lady," said one of the monsters at the foot of the stairs. "You take it easy and start hiring a lawyer. He'll get a fair trial."

"Don't talk, son," the high voice commanded. "I'll get help to you!"

I couldn't have answered had I wanted to and the men at my sides gave me no time. They hustled me out the front door and paused briefly under the gabled entrance. Explosions of light blinded me as a dozen flash bulbs went off from all angles around us. The man on the end of the handcuffs reached over and shoved my hat to the back of my head.

"Try again, boys," he called. The boys needed no urging. There was another round of bulb popping, and then we went forward down the brick walk, down the steps to the street and into an automobile.

I couldn't see where we were going. For a few short minutes I was aware of a bright haze far below which may have

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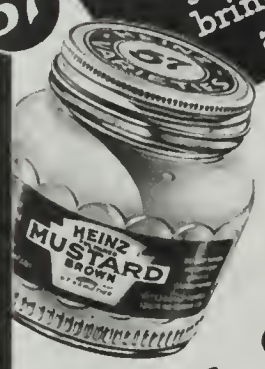

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been the business district, but it began to expand and wave like a cloud of flame. Then darkness began settling over everything, hot dry darkness with nothing in it but the pounding of my blood. I knew I was struggling because I could feel the muscular strain on my arms, but I didn't know what held them. Maybe I was screaming; my lungs felt like it. Then even that awareness left me. I seemed to evaporate into a black heat.

AFTER a lapse of time which could have been measured in minutes or days for all I knew of it, consciousness returned. It found existence first in physical pain—an aching head, a nausea, a prickling skin which felt as though a thousand ants were stinging my carcass. I tried moving my arms and legs but they wouldn't respond. They were like lead.

I lay panting with my eyes closed, while I spun around and around in a vast emptiness. Then the emptiness became full of sprites and gnomes. We all went around together in a long descending spiral like a lazy whirlpool. For no reason at all a bright yellow snake came out of the bottom of the whirlpool and went straight upward along the axis of the spiral, going faster and faster until near the top its head burst like a rocket, and showers of turquoise and vermilion flames began sifting down through the darkness. Then I heard voices.

"Been in Mexico, I understand," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "I think that explains it."

"I understand he put up quite a battle."

"He was out for hours. That stuff makes you run a terrific fever."

"Gets the nerves, too. You gave him morphine?"

"About three o'clock this morning after he began to quiet down. You know, he's a regular malaria victim. It came out in the blood test."

"Yes?"

"Been using atabrine. But probably he'd have pulled through anyhow; but it gives me an idea. Once in a thousand times there might be a connection."

"Well, he's still alive, malaria or not. Save 'em so they can die right. That's my motto." A hand picked up my wrist, the fingers pressing against the artery. "Pulse about normal. He'll be around before long. Just the morphine bothering him now." The wrist fell back to my side and the voices drifted away.

I opened my eyes and saw Catherine Tremaine sitting in a chair across the room looking at me. I tried to speak, but even while I tried, the figure melted away. In its place was a chair of steel tubing with something dark hanging over its back. The outlines were fuzzy. I blinked a few times and things became clearer. The dark cloth on the chair looked like my trousers. On the arm was my shirt. There was no girl anywhere.

Insects seemed to be crawling across my forehead; I tried to brush them away. They weren't insects after all. It was nothing but sweat, streams of it, running down the sides of my face and body and making the bed damp and cold except where I was lying. That was fine. It meant the fever stage had passed and that I'd soon be myself again. Or nearly myself. I'd never had the fever hit me so hard before. I began to piece together what had happened. I must be in jail—in the infirmary. The fever had come on so suddenly they must have put me in the infirmary instead of a regular cell. They couldn't have questioned me yet.

A male nurse came in and got a dab of blood from my ear. After that they left me alone for a couple of hours while I went over the situation thoroughly. It looked pretty bleak. I'd re-entered the country under a false name and tried to palm myself off as a brother and son on two unsuspecting females. Or so the prosecution would look at it. But somehow things didn't fit. Why the newspaper photographers—and no federal men?

I pushed myself up on an elbow and looked around. The room was small and bare with white walls and a linoleum floor. The bed and chair were regular hospital equipment. There was an enameled steel table by the bed, with a pitcher of water and a glass on it. There was an ash tray with a couple of cigarette butts in it, and on the bottom shelf of the table was a newspaper. I pulled the paper out. The front page was a shock.

It was a morning paper, with half the front page devoted to my picture. There I was with my hat shoved back and the big guy standing beside me under the gabled entrance of the Tremaine home. It was a good picture for a newspaper. It even looked like me. The big guy was beaming proudly. But the thing which hit me between the eyes was the headline. In block capitals six inches high it said:

PHILIP TREMAINE TAKEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

and under it in smaller letters but still big enough to read across the room:

TEN-YEAR FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE IN EARL CLARK MURDER CASE CAPTURED BY POLICE AT FESTIVE HOMECOMING

I came to a sitting position and started reading the story. It was a sordid affair. For ten years Philip Tremaine had been wanted in connection with the murder of Earl Clark, a San Francisco attorney who'd been shot in his Montgomery Street office. The alleged cause of the murder was a quarrel which occurred when Tremaine, just back from Europe, made himself obnoxious to Clark's wife at the bar of a private club. Tremaine was drunk and insistent, so Clark finally knocked Tremaine down.

It was the type of thing that happens in hundreds of bars every night of the year, the type of incident which is either forgotten or covered by an apology the next day. But in this case the quarrel made the gossip columns of the newspapers because both Tremaine and Clark belonged to that layer of society which gives gossip writers their copy. Tremaine was due to inherit a fortune, and Clark—among other things—was attorney for an organization of shipowners which I remembered from my days on the water front. Tremaine was unable to take the public ribbing which dev oped from the quarrel, so he march into Clark's office and shot him.

Five girls, secretaries and stenog phers, saw him enter. All of them hea the shot, and two of them got to Clar inner office in time to see Tremaine dr a gun into his pocket and slide out t private exit into the hallway. They nev caught him. Clark, dead of a bul wound, lay across his desk. The bul was recovered but not the gun, whi Tremaine took with him. The murd appeared to be one of spite and reven committed in a fit of childish rage.

The inside pages carried other ang to the story. There were pictures Catherine and her mother, apparen taken right after mine was, whi showed them registering grief in the l ing room of the Tremaine house.

I closed the paper and let it slide the floor. The thing began to get cle The police thought I really was Phi Tremaine. Why wouldn't they? I w found in the Tremaine house; I'd cross the border under Tremaine's name; t wallet and papers I had on me all in cated I was Philip Tremaine; a a mother and sister were claiming me a son and brother. I'd done a beautiful j of putting myself in Tremaine's sho

BUT the cold fact was that I co prove I wasn't Tremaine. I co do it quickly and incontrovertibly giving my real name and inviting t F.B.I. in to bear me out. I didn't kn whether or not Tremaine had left a fingerprints around, but the F.B.I. c tainly had mine. And they had my p ture. The picture—I reached over t side of the bed and picked up the ne paper again. Surely someone wo know the picture on the front page was of Tremaine. Or would they?

I tried remembering all I knew ab Philip Tremaine under his alias of P Temple. He was thirty-four or the about. He must have been about twen four when he shot Clark. Before then, the paper said, he'd spent several ye in Europe, and prior to that time h spent four years at Dartmouth. H been in San Francisco very little fr the age of eighteen on, a period of si teen years. He must have known peop but sixteen years is a long time, a nothing dims the memory of a face much as a new photograph. The new

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

Once a week a foreign-born citizen in Buffalo sent a complaining letter to his nephew in a subjugated country in Europe. Buried in its phrases was a transposagram which contained the weekly directive for the main theme of the broadcasts of an underground radio station which told the truth about America. Spies and radio experts searched frantically for the secret station and for the source of its directives, but they couldn't find either. Here is one of the transposagrams:

●

OUR GOOD COIN REAPS TURMOIL

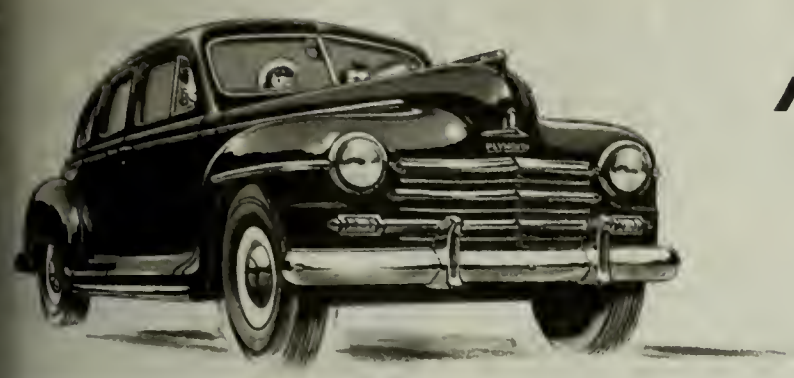
M	O	R	E	■						C				

		■	O	U	R	■			A	

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 60)

YOUR CAR RIDES ON AIR – WHY NOT YOU ?



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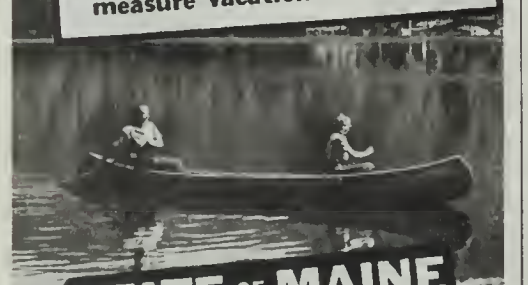

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papers had my picture on the front page, and the newspapers said it was a picture of Philip Tremaine. The people who had known Tremaine might look at it and remark on how much his appearance had changed, but after they'd looked at it a few times, they'd start remembering Tremaine as the guy who looked like the picture and not as he really looked. They wouldn't argue with a mother. Well, it still wouldn't get by the F.B.I. once I gave myself up.

That was rather messy, too. I'd have a passport violation and an illegal entry charge against me, which could add up to six years. In addition, I was guilty of impersonating another person, and I'd have a hard time explaining that the impersonation was innocent. I began to see just how right the assistant consul in Mexico City had been when he advised me to turn myself in for questioning.

THE last cobwebs of fever and morphine were leaving my mind; I was beginning to see things straight. It occurred to me with absolute conviction that neither Catherine nor her mother was going to disown me. This was a frame-up. The discovery was like a crack on the skull, but it was a blow which woke me up instead of otherwise. I'd lulled myself by visions of peace, by the belief that I could shed the past fifteen years like an old coat and sit on a hammock in a quiet valley somewhere contemplating a serene future. I'd wanted the smell of sage and pine trees because they recalled a time of embryonic innocence, and I'd thought that pattern of life could be put together again. The memory had called me back, and now life was putting the bite on me.

I remembered too late so well. Phil Temple sitting beside me on Taylor's terrace telling me about himself, and me listening with a bored ear. I remembered the casual way he'd tossed out the photographs of his mother and sister. To see if I recognized them. I didn't. Then following with the tourist permit to see if the name on it meant anything to me—testing me out. Of course it meant nothing. When this Earl Clark was bumped off, I was dodging bullets somewhere north of Barcelona and hadn't seen an American newspaper in months. I was perfect for the part. He even knew I was going to San Francisco; Paquita had told him that. Then he left his wallet with Paquita on the chance that I'd take it. How I laughed! How he must have laughed! He played it without a flaw, because he had nothing to lose if things went wrong. He could always wait for the next sucker to try again. It was all up to me. And his mother and sister could always say they'd been sincerely mistaken about my identity.

I shoved the bedclothes aside and stood up. Tremaine was going to have to think again. He shouldn't hunt bear with rat-traps. If somebody wanted to play rough, he'd picked on the right guy. Mike Finney had played rough in some pretty big leagues.

I reeled across the room to the chair and climbed into my pants, pulling off the nightgown they had on me and throwing it under the bed. I found my shoes under the chair and squirmed into my shirt. My coat wasn't around, and I didn't bother with underwear and socks. The pockets of my pants had been emptied; money, wallet, everything was gone.

I crawled back into bed, pulling the covers up to my chin. The effort of movement had been good for me—or maybe it was just anger. Anyhow my body was functioning again, morphine or not. I lay on my back with nothing but the top blanket covering my arms. For fifteen minutes I didn't move, and then a man in a white coat came in to look at me. He was a pleasant-faced man in gold-rimmed glasses.

He leaned over me with a thermometer in his hand, his face about two feet above mine. My right arm came out from under the covers and caught him in the center of his white waistcoat, and my left hand lifted the blanket and flipped it around his head, jerking him down on the bed beside me. He tried to yell, but there wasn't any wind left in his insides to yell with. I was over him now and twisted his head sideways, lifting the blanket enough to uncover the soft spot behind his left ear. I drew back and clipped him. He lay limp as a barley sack.

I stripped him out of his jacket, picked up his glasses from the floor and then rolled him onto his stomach in bed and pulled the covers up to his hairline. Then I got into the jacket myself and put on the glasses. It wasn't much of a disguise, but I didn't plan on letting anyone look twice at me.

The door of my room looked out on a ward where a few fellows lay in cots along the wall. The attendant sat at his desk not fifteen feet away, and beyond him was a heavy door of glass and steel bars locking me off from freedom. I went back to the bed and groped under the covers to see if the doctor had any keys on him. He didn't. There were none in the white jacket either. I stepped back to the doorway and waited, watching the room over the top of the glasses because everything blurred when I tried to look through them. I couldn't see any keys on the attendant's desk, but after a few seconds I heard steps coming along the outside corridor. They came closer, and then I saw a guard bringing in another sick man. He was about ten feet on the other side of the glass and steel door, walking straight toward it.

I stepped from my room and walked briskly forward without looking at the attendant. I don't know whether he glanced up or not, but if he did, all he saw was the back of my head and the rear view of a white jacket. I got to the door while the guard was still turning the lock and then stepped back politely to let him and the prisoner enter. I nodded at him as he held the door open to let me out before locking it again.

The hall outside was deserted but the elevator was at the end of it where the guard had left it. It operated by itself once I closed the door and pressed the button. It slid rapidly to the ground floor, too rapidly for me to plan what to do next. There was nothing to plan anyhow because I didn't know the layout of the place. All I could do was keep going forward as fast as possible and hope to find a way to the outside.

THE elevator came to a stop; the door rolled back. Outside, the corridor gave me a choice of two directions. To the left was a block of cells, so I knew I didn't want to go that way. I turned right. There was a steel door just beyond the elevator, but it must have been an emergency door for use in case of trouble, because it was open. I passed through it and started down the hall. It ran between two rows of offices with most of the doors closed. The door at the far end of the hall was open, and through it came the sound of voices. I moved into the room; a policeman sat at the desk and three others lounged in chairs along the edge of the room. One of them was the doorkeeper. He had a big key suspended from a chain which he swung idly to and fro while he talked. Outside the door was an alleyway leading to the street with nothing across it to bar the way. The man at the desk glanced up.

"What's the trouble, Doc?"

"I've got to make a phone call," I said. "All the upstairs phones are being used by guys arguing with their wives."

"Sure," he said, shoving the phone across to me. "Punch five for an outside line."

I punched five, picked up the phone and dialed, holding the receiver close to

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y ear so no one could hear whether I s answered or not. As a matter of ct I did get someone, a high feminine ce with a heavy Italian accent which ot repeating, "Please, I can't under- d you," all the time I was talking.

'Hello, dear," I said. "I'm sorry to p you waiting so long. I'm terribly ry but I just couldn't get to a phone oner. No, I can't make it for lunch. n going to have to stay on until late this ernoon. I'm sorry about that, too. , I've got some money." The cops re all grinning now, enjoying my ubles. "No, I'd rather you didn't come re. Just stay right where you are and bring it down to you. Right now, I d. I'll be there in five minutes." The lian voice was still begging me to be re explicit. I clapped the receiver k in its cradle.

'Seems like other people have trouble th their wives, too," cracked one of cops. I gave him a sickly grin. nong men, wife trouble is a universal int of sympathy.

'Yeah, she's been waiting in a drug- re phone booth the last twenty min- s while I tried to call her back. Can I out this way?" I walked across to the or.

'You can after I open it for you," said one with the key. He poked the big into the lock and turned it. "Better ready to duck before you walk into t drugstore."

'I'm already ducking," I said. I ped out and trotted along the alley- y between the two wings of the build- until I came to the sidewalk where urned right and scampered a little ter. I was loose in San Francisco in ad daylight. My picture was in all the ers, and before many minutes passed, doctor whose jacket I was wearing going to regain consciousness and t yelling for help. At the next inter- ion I hit Kearny Street and crossed to tsmouth Square. I walked diagonally oss the park toward Grant Avenue Chinatown.

was at the other side of the square n the sirens and whistles signalizing a break let loose. They were less than blocks away, piercingly loud and aming with rage. Within a matter econds I heard the higher sirens of ce cars.

didn't run. Anyone running would invite pursuit by every traffic cop patrolman he met. I kept walking, king for a stairway that might lead to a second-story roof or loft. The first one I spotted, I pushed through and started up. It was a long carpeted flight of stairs with no turns in it until I got to the top. Then I came up against a door with a padlock on it and a patch of neat lettering saying it was the entrance to the Peking Club. I plastered my ear close against the wooden panel and listened. I could hear the sound of steam in the pipes, but nothing which sounded like people on the other side of the door.

A CLOSED transom overhead had a glass pane. I grabbed the ledge just beneath it and chinned myself so I could look inside. It was an ordinary night club except for the Chinese trimmings. There was a bar, a small dance floor, a raised platform which would hold four or five musicians, and a bunch of tables. Everything was neat and orderly, awaiting opening time.

I braced my legs against the side of the door and worked at the transom with one hand. It gave enough that I was able to squeeze my hand through and get my fingers on the bar which operated it on the other side. It gave another half inch and I got my whole arm through, opening it as wide as it would go. The squeeze was narrow, but I wriggled through head-first and got to the floor on the other side with only a few scrapes and slivers. Then I closed the transom again.

On the left of the bar was a door which looked as if it might lead to the kitchen. It was locked by a night latch, but the latch was on my side so all I had to do was turn it. I opened it slowly and carefully because there was just a chance that the cook or some of the vegetable boys might be on duty already. It was the kitchen all right, and it was empty. I set the night latch so it wouldn't lock behind me and went on in.

The place was all in order for the coming night's work. I took in the pots, the range, the refrigerator, and also located the back door. Daylight came through its window, which meant that it was reached by a stairway from the alley. A chart on the post by the stove showed the times when members of the kitchen crew were to report for duty. The head cook was due at noon. The clock on the wall said I had about an hour before he should arrive.

I walked over to the back door to look out. I had no intention of leaving the place just yet, but I wanted to know the lay of the land in case I had to leave in a

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hurry. I looked through the window—into the eyes of a policeman who stood on the wooden platform just outside the door. He'd apparently just reached the top of the stairs while making a routine check of the alley. His eyes bugged out and he let loose with an instinctive scream of surprise. Then he grabbed at the door. It was locked, but by the way it shook when he heaved on it, I knew the bolt wouldn't last long. I turned and ran, ducking low and diving for the entrance to the dining room as a bullet crashed through the glass. As far as the cop knew, I was an escaped murderer who had beat up one of the jail personnel, and the orders were probably to shoot on sight if I didn't voluntarily surrender.

HE DIDN'T have time to aim again before I was through the door and had it slammed behind me. I reached up and pulled the catch on the night latch. Another shot sounded behind me. I ran for the front exit and jerked the transom down. There was no time to try going through it or to attempt breaking the padlock which I knew was on the other side. All I could do was give the appearance of escape by way of the transom and hope for the best.

I ran back across the dance floor to the raised platform where the piano rested. The platform sat flush against the wall and stuck out in a semicircle toward the dance floor. I got my fingers into the crack at the back and pulled. It squeaked slowly forward a foot or so. The side next to the wall wasn't boarded up. It was enough room for my purpose. I squeezed in and under, rose to my hands and knees so that my back was against the platform floor and heaved and pushed with every ounce of strength until the thing was flush against the wall again. Then I lay flat on my stomach. I was beginning to shiver again.

The cop was shaking the door from the kitchen now. His whistle was sounding off like a runaway fire engine. He shook the door just long enough to make sure it was locked and then started blasting away with his gun again. His third shot knocked the tongue off the night latch.

"Come out of there!" he shouted. "Come out with your hands up or I'll blast your head off!" His voice quavered with apprehension. I lay quiet in the dark under the platform and waited.

"Come out!" he shouted again. "You haven't a chance!" Then I heard more steps banging up the stairway from the alley. All the doors were open between me and them so I could hear plainly. Another voice sounded:

"What's up, Steve?"

"It's Tremaine," answered the first cop. "He's in here somewhere. Take it easy. He may have a gun."

"He didn't have one when he left the jail—the doc didn't have one on him. How do you know he's here?"

"Because I saw the rat not a foot away through the back window. I may of got him with my first shot, but he ran like a rabbit."

"You're seeing things."

"The hell I am!"

"Hold on now. Have you tried the front door over there?"

Their footsteps moved across the dance floor.

"Locked on the outside," said the second cop. "He didn't go through there."

"Somebody went through the transom. Look at that white thread hanging from the sliver up there."

"By God, you're right. Shall I blast this door too?"

"You didn't stop on the others."

There was another series of shots.

"Shoot into the hinge from this side and maybe you can knock it out," advised the second cop. There were two more shots and the door gave. I held my breath, fearing they'd meet someone on the other side who'd be able to report that he hadn't met me as he came up the stairs. But the stairway was appare empty because the cop named Steve denly exclaimed.

"This is the way he went all ri Here's a brass button from the d jacket!" I moved my fingers along front of the jacket I was wearing found a button missing. It must h come off when I squeezed through transom.

"Then I guess it was Tremaine saw."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"And this is the way he went. He have come in through the back door a pass key." The two of them thund down the stairway toward the street.

I stayed where I was. Someone certain to return before long. Within minutes the two cops were back wi third who must have been a sergean a captain because he made them take step by step through the whole epis The first two tried convincing him their theory of my entrance through back door and out the transom was right one. He listened for a while then coldly pointed out that I had t in the dining room first in order to o the door into the kitchen. That siler the other two.

"What he probably did," said the geant, "was come in through the tran and start out the back way where saw him. Then he hid in this room so where while you two thimble-wits out the front way leaving all the doo the place open and unguarded. It cinch he hasn't stayed around waitin you to come back. Take a look in t other rooms just to make sure."

The footsteps plodded across the within a few feet of where I lay. T went into both washrooms and tried locked door of the office.

"Who runs the joint?" asked the geant.

"Johnny Lo," said the first cop.

"Get hold of him and stick aro until he comes so you can explain the place got messed up. And don't t it too hard that the guy got away. flushed him anyhow, and now that on the run, we'll nab him."

The sergeant and the second cop The one named Steve found a teleph and talked to the manager of the pl

Lo must have lived close by, beca he arrived within ten minutes. Du that time the cop sat in a chair about feet from the orchestra platform. was a soft-spoken man with just a t of Chinese accent. The cop told hi compute damages and send in a Lo laughed and said he wouldn't t of doing such a thing, that it was all g publicity. He mixed the cop a drink told him to run along.

I LAY under the platform all af noon. People came in and out b couldn't see them. I heard the locksn come and work on the doors, then away again. The floor got harder harder and I had the shakes all c again. I was glad there was nothing der the platform which would ra When the shakes were over, I lay sweated. The perspiration didn't long; my body was getting pretty My lips were like wrinkled sandpa and my tongue was like a bell clap waggling around in my mouth. Fo while I must have dozed or passed again, because suddenly there were of people in the place. The piano, trumpets and a set of drums started p ing right over my head, with the pi player's heel beating a tattoo and dust sifting through the cracks un nearly suffocated.

The music finally stopped and the sicians left the platform. The voices laughter died down and I heard the locks being snapped on the do Johnny Lo and what seemed to be so personal friends had a few drinks at bar and left. There was absolute sile

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pt for an occasional automobile horn on Grant Avenue. I let the silence a good thirty minutes before I ed. I was a lot weaker than when rawled into the place, partly due to t and partly because I hadn't eaten hing since Catherine Tremaine had ne the skimpy steak a day and a half re. I was crusted with dust and dying a drink of water. Luckily, moving platform out was easier than moving ick. I got my back against the wall, feet against one of the platform es and shoved. It rolled enough for o poke my head out.

night light burned in the ceiling but place was empty. I crawled out and gered to my feet. The first thing I was take off the jacket, which was k by now, and chuck it under the form. Then I headed for the bar, re I got a tumbler and had about glasses of water. Then I went into kitchen; I didn't turn on any lights. groped my way to the refrigerator got it open. My hands found a big t of something that turned out to be , damned good pork. I cut off some slices and slapped them between e hunks of French bread I found in pantry. After eating that, I dipped ily into a bowl of chow mein and hed off with a dish of egg rolls. I ed the icebox and went back to the for another glass of water and a shot hisky. Then I went to the coat room. here were two topcoats that someone forgotten to check out, and a choice hree hats. One coat was much too ll for me but the other was about t. It was a tan sport model which bably belonged to someone about ty-five. The only hat which fitted't match the coat, but that seemed a ll matter. The coat had a handker- f in the pocket, but no money, not a streetcar token. I carried the ing to the washroom where I ned up my face and hands and ran fingers through my hair trying to ghten it. It wouldn't straighten but hat hid it all right. And the over- hid the fact that all I was wearing eath it was shirt and pants. I walked ss the dance floor for the last time, tried the front door.

hnny Lo had improved things with new lock. This one had no padlock he outside. It was a night latch on nside, so all I had to do was turn the le and walk out. I left the door tly ajar in case I had to beat a re- at the last minute, but it was un- ssary. When I stepped through the nd-floor door onto the sidewalk, I met by the blessed San Francisco wet and cold, blowing low along the street. I pulled my head deep into my coat collar and pulled my hat low over my eyes. I turned left.

I was out of jail and abroad in San Francisco, but escaping into San Francisco is just a process of enlarging the size of your cell. It doesn't mean freedom. The exits from the peninsula are few to start with, and they dwindle fast when you have no money. You can't even walk across the Golden Gate Bridge for free, and you can't walk across the Bay Bridge at all. Southward the peninsula widens out, but it's forty miles before you get clear of the southern arm of the bay and can head for the mainland. I was in no position to walk forty miles in a stolen overcoat with my picture splattered over all the newspapers. I had to have money. And there was one place where those who had it dare not refuse me.

I hit Market Street and turned right. There were still enough people on the sidewalk so that I didn't feel conspicuous by my solitude. I kept my collar up, my hat down, and walked along briskly.

At Seventeenth Street I turned right again and kept looking for landmarks. There weren't any that I remembered, but as I got higher into the hills with the city spread out below me, I could judge my approximate position by what I could see. It would have been fairly simple to find Humboldt Terrace, except that I didn't dare approach the house from the front. I took every turn which would carry me higher into the hills until I finally hit a paved boulevard that swept in a long curve around the side of the hill.

AFTER a mile of it, I saw the big beer sign glowing at me out of the mist. The girl with the beer bottle was still leering. I left the street and started working my way down the side of the hill. The house should be right in front of me somewhere. There weren't many houses in this part of town.

I made it out finally, identifying it by the low sun porch in back. I crawled on until the brush came to a stop at the edge of the unkempt lawn. The house wasn't more than twenty paces away, and the sun-porch floor was no more than eight feet from the ground, an easy jump providing no one was watching. There was a garage with a rear driveway on the kitchen side of the house.

I curled up in my overcoat and waited about fifteen minutes. During that time a cop came by twice. He was patrolling the rear of the house, but he kept wandering around to the side where he talked with another officer, who was patrolling the front. I gave the cop time to make another stroll across the back lawn and rejoin his companion. Then I got up and

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sprinted across the grass to the back wall. The balcony had a wooden balustrade on it, but about three inches of floor made a ledge outside the railing all the way around. I jumped and caught the ledge, hanging there just an instant to make certain the impact wasn't going to make the boards squeak. They held firm. I lifted myself straight up until I could get one elbow propped on the flooring, and then I caught the top of the balustrade with my free hand. It squeaked, but only once before I was over it and flat on my belly on the other side.

The mumble of voices at the side of the house stopped and then one of the cops muttered, "What was that?"

"What was what?" asked the other. They were silent a moment.

"Thought I heard something."

"Maybe inside the house. The girl's still got her light on."

"I'll take a look anyway."

THE rear patrolman came by again. He turned on a flash, swept the rear of the house with it, then ran the light across the sun porch. Its beam lit up the wall above my head and then went away again. I heard him go into the garage.

I squirmed over to the door and rolled to my back. The door hadn't been locked since the last time I used it. I turned the knob without getting up. Inside, the hallway was dark, so I pushed it on open, crawled through into the darkness, stood up and closed the door. All was dead silent, so I started down the hall.

The first door on my right was the one to my former bedroom. Farther along was the door to Mrs. Tremaine's room. The others I didn't know about, but I could hear music coming from somewhere. There was a sliver of light under the door at the end of the hall. I moved toward it. At Mrs. Tremaine's room I paused and listened but heard nothing inside. I pushed the door open enough to see that the room was dark, then went in. The faint light from the window was enough to tell me the bed was empty. I went back to the hallway and felt my way along until I was against the door with the light beyond it. The music was on the other side. It sounded like a radio turned very low, giving out dance music from some all-night record program. I took a firm grip on the doorknob and twisted it slowly as far as it would go, then leaned my head against the wall and pulled the door open until I had a crack wide enough to peer through.

The room was an upstairs parlor, or maybe it would be called a sitting room. The blinds were down and were surrounded by frilly lace curtains. The chairs I could see were all plump feminine things done in flowered chintz. The radio was over to my left, and in a chair directly in front of it sat Catherine Tremaine, turned three-quarters away from the door. She was wearing a light blue dressing robe that came up high around her throat like a Russian collar. Under it was a nightgown of lighter blue. Her hair had been combed out for the night and hung around her shoulders. Under the folds of blue a crossed leg swung slowly back and forth with a slippered toe flickering in and out of view. She had a magazine in her lap but she wasn't reading it. None of her movements were normal to a person in the company of others. I widened the crack another sixteenth of an inch to increase the scope of my vision. About three strides from the radio was a low oval table with an embroidered scarf running lengthwise along it. On the scarf was a pistol. She was closer to it than I was. In a race she'd probably win. And even if she didn't win, she'd probably scream at my sudden entrance. That would be instinctive no matter who I was.

I closed the door as softly as I'd opened it and stood in the dark hallway a moment. Then I rapped on the door. The raps weren't hard but in the silent house they seemed to shake the walls. For a few seconds no sound came from within the room. Then her voice, nervous but by no means frightened:

"Who is it?"

This wasn't what I wanted. I rapped again and listened. I heard the rustle of silk and the soft tread of her feet approaching. I flattened myself against the wall. The doorknob turned, and the door was given a hard shove from within so that it swung back quickly. She stood just inside the room out of my sight but I could see the muzzle of the revolver threatening the empty hallway. It wasn't wavering any. Neither did my hand waver as it shot out from beside the doorway and seized her wrist. I jerked her into the hallway beside me so that I could clap my other hand over her mouth.

"Easy," I said. "It's only your brother." I held her head down against my breast and pulled the hand holding the gun away from her side, working my fingers down until they closed over hers. Then I squeezed slowly until the gun dropped to the carpet. She sagged against me so limply that for a moment I thought she'd fainted. I uncovered her mouth and held her by the shoulders to steady her. She staggered forward a step, then turned toward me. Her hands flew to her mouth and she gasped. The dark sullen eyes suddenly became luminous—almost soft. Then they closed. The hands dropped to her sides and she stood leaning against the doorway.

"What do you want?" she murmured.

"In there." I touched her arm and motioned to the sitting room. She moved into it like an automaton. I picked up the revolver and followed.

"You may as well sit down," I said. She sat down. Her face was suffused with a curious glow, almost a blush, which made her quite unlike the pale, tense person I remembered. She sat on the edge of her chair, and if she saw anything, it had to be the wall in front of her. Under different circumstances and in a different place, I might have thought she was praying. Perhaps she was, but I could detect no evidence of fear.

IN CATHERINE'S acceptance of my presence I somehow saw myself as I really was—nothing but a man who, by virtue of extreme recklessness and good fortune, had managed to escape from jail. The illusion of being ruthless and determined departed—because the girl who should have been pale and weeping at the sight of me wasn't even looking at me. I felt suddenly tired.

I pulled a chair close to hers and sat down facing her.

"Then you really escaped?" she said. She said it to the wall.

"As you see."

"I've been sitting here for hours." The faint glow was still on her face and the mouth had a peaceful repose to it, a smile that wasn't a smile. "I've had the radio on, listening."

"What have you heard?"

"Just that you'd escaped. Nothing more. It's all I wanted to hear. But I've listened . . . afraid that you might be taken again."

I started to reply bitterly, but stopped. That wasn't why I had come. I dropped the revolver into my overcoat pocket.

"I haven't escaped yet," I reminded her. "I'm at liberty, but it may be temporary."

"But why did you come here? The police—" She turned to face me.

"—Are right outside. If you scream they'll come in. Don't scream. Don't talk any louder than you are right now. We aren't playing brother and sister any longer."

"No, you aren't my brother," she said.

"I was never your brother. You never thought I was. Your mother never thought I was her son. Where is she?"

"She's gone back to Palo Alto."

"Her heart is better, I trust?"

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'I don't think I'll ever see her again."
'That's up to you. Now listen. Do you ow who I am?"
She looked at me curiously, then shook head. "No."
'If you don't know, what made you nk I'd stand trial as your brother her than give my own name?"
'But I never thought that at all."
'What, then?"
'I don't know," she said.
'You'd better tell me."
She shook her head desperately. "Oh, I can't."
'I've met your brother," I said.
'I don't want to hear."
'I don't like him."
'Please. What is it you want?"
'I want to know if you know who I ?"
'No. I told you that. I don't want to ow."
As long as she denied it, there was no y I could prove she wasn't telling the th. Since I had no intention of telling who I was, I got up.
"Then there are only two things I want. e first is money. I left what little I had the jail."
"Yes," she said quietly. "You had a lfold. You had my picture in it. Where l you get my picture?"
"I stole it, but it had nothing to do with ing the picture. I stole the billfold, too, ng with what papers it contained. I ep reminding myself of the error."
"Why did you do it?"
"I'm not interested in justifying my pidity. I stole it for reasons which med sufficient at the time. Now I need ney. You can call this stealing, too, t I'm not going to get out of town thout it. It will pay you to help me. If n taken, I'll prove I'm not Philip Tre- ine and I'll point out that two women ed to line me up with a murder arge."
She shook her head. "Mother would t say that you were an impostor and e really thought you were her son."
"The money."
"There's very little. My purse is on the nge." She pointed to it. I moved over d picked it up. It was a brown suède ther purse, badly worn. It was soft d smelled of perfume. I pulled the per and dug my hand inside after the in purse. When I pulled it out, two apshots were stuck in the clasp. Both them were of me. In one I was stand- g near the beach at Calisto with a scat- ing of palms beside me and in the ckground the thatched roofs of the village. It was completely unposed. I was smoking a cigarette and watching the waves. In the other picture I was sitting on the terrace of Jim Taylor's hotel drinking a beer. It was like something out of another world, another life. I carried the pictures to my chair.

"Where did you get these?"

"They came by mail. A week ago."

"That's how you were able to recognize me at the station?"

"Yes."

"Where were they mailed from?"

"Somewhere in Mexico, I think. They were addressed to Mother."

"Accompanied by a letter?"

"I think so. I didn't see it. She gave me the pictures."

"Who sent them?"

SHE paused several seconds. "It must have been my brother." It was pleasant to hear her say something which I knew had to be the truth.

"Have you got any pictures of your brother handy?"

"There aren't any. After he—well, after he went away, Mother burned all the pictures to keep them out of the newspapers. There are none at all. I doubt if I'd recognize him if we met. You could have been my brother. I—I tried to pretend you were."

"A pretty thorough job of pretending. He wanted someone to die for him."

Her face paled a little. "I know that now. But you didn't die. You're free. And now you have to escape completely." She came to her feet and snatched the coin purse from my hands. "You must go quickly!" She had a roll of bills in her hand shoving them at me. "It isn't much. About fifty dollars, but it will help. It's all I have. Take it."

I took it and put it in my pocket along with the two pictures. "One more thing," I said. "If you have them, I want them. Otherwise I'll do the best I can. I need clothes." She looked me over.

"Yes, you need them badly. You'd never get out of the city dressed that way. There's an old trunk of Philip's in the attic. I'll show you." She started for the door, then paused, an expression of sudden apprehension crossing her face.

"Why didn't you tell them at the jail who you were?"

"They never asked me," I said.

"But you could have told them there was a mistake."

"Look, I didn't steal your brother's papers for the fun of it."

"You mean," she said, "that you could

COLLIER'S "Remember, folks, just the second, fifth, twenty-fourth and fifteenth letters of the alphabet. B-e-x-o, Bexo!" NED HILTON

"I'm an oil hog, Listless Lee,
A greedy, sluggish car, that's me.
I chug and stall—the air is blue
With oily smoke (and cuss words, too!).
For wasted gas—my owner pays,
But PC Rings will mend my ways—
They slay me!"

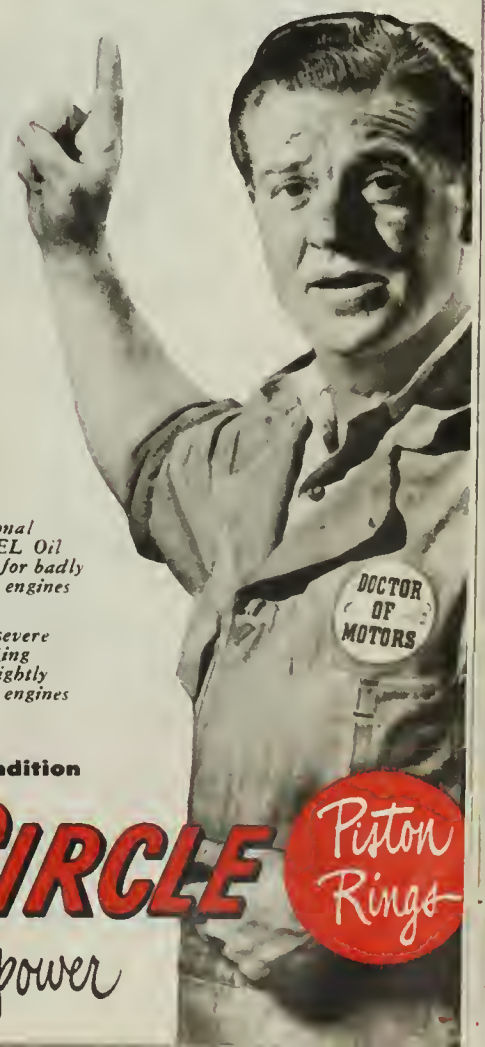
Doctors of Motors Everywhere Acclaim
Perfect Circle Piston Rings

Yes, your Doctor of Motors, your expert mechanic, knows that Perfect Circle makes a set of piston rings for every engine condition. With *steel* oil rings for the worst or badly worn oil pumpers . . . with less severe oil rings for slightly worn or rebuilt engines.

Further, he knows that no other piston rings are made with the same care and precision, engineered as thoroughly or tested as completely as Perfect Circles. That's why leading car manufacturers use and recommend them, too.

Sectional STEEL Oil Ring for badly worn engines

Less severe Oil Ring for slightly worn engines



A Set CUSTOM MADE for every engine condition

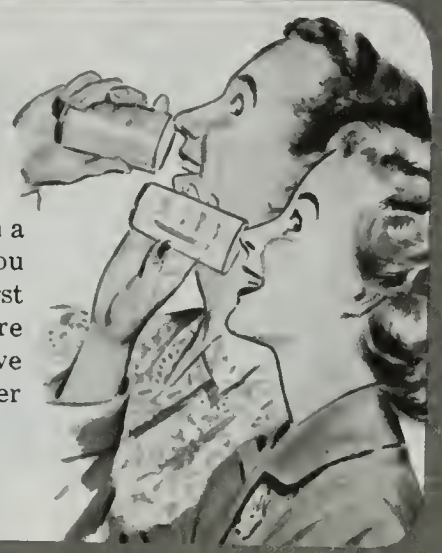
PERFECT CIRCLE Piston Rings

stop oil pumping - restore power

We've solved the laxative problem for good!

No more harsh laxatives for us! We'd known for a long time that such laxatives irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. Yet we seemed to need *something*—and we didn't know of anything better. *Now we do!*

Lemon in water first thing daily



Yes, just the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—that's all! If you take it each morning the very first thing when you get up, you're pretty sure to find your laxative worries are over. Lemon in water is all that most folks need.

—it's healthful!

Lemon in water is *good* for you. Instead of being upsetting and irritating, it helps your system *regulate itself*. It's not too sharp or sour, either—just tangy enough to be refreshing. Clears your mouth and wakes you up. You'll like it!

TRY THIS HEALTHFUL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR

Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize, aid digestion. And lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, is all that most people need for prompt, *normal* elimination. Try it! Give it time to establish regularity for you.

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON IN A GLASS OF WATER FIRST THING ON ARISING

LEMON in WATER first thing on arising

CALIFORNIA **Sunkist** LEMONS

not tell them who you were?" Her eyes got wider.

"Let's get the clothes."

"You told me you'd killed someone."

I laughed at her. "There are several hundred thousand men in this country who have probably killed someone."

"Oh," she said, relieved, "you mean the war?"

"What did you think? No, I'm not a murderer. I'm not a thief by profession or a blackmailer or an embezzler. I'm not even an escaped convict."

"Then why do you run?"

"Does it matter?" I said. "When the hounds are after you, it doesn't matter whether they chase you for exercise or because they're hungry. They have the same teeth in either case. Let's get the clothes."

"But if you aren't—"

"The clothes," I said. "A few days ago it would have been easy to tell the police who I am. It gets harder every minute. Let's go."

SHE preceded me down the hallway, her robe flowing behind her. She stopped at a door opposite the one to my former room and opened it. A plain wooden stairway led upward.

"I'll go first," she said. "If the police see me, it won't matter because they know I'm here. I'll close the shutters." She ascended into the darkness while I waited below, wondering. A few minutes later a light came on from above and I saw her face peering down over the stair rail. "All right," she whispered. I ran up the steps to her side. "There." She pointed to a trunk under the garret window. "I'll wait downstairs."

"No," I said. "Wait here. Face away from me."

I pulled the trunk away from the window and flipped up the lid. The tray was full of shirts, socks, underwear and toilet articles. In the main section underneath were suits, sweaters, topcoats and spare trousers. It looked like a collection of everything Philip Tremaine had left behind him. The whole works was permeated with the odor of moth balls.

I took the money, pictures and gun from my pockets and put them carefully on the tray, then stripped and dressed from the contents of the trunk. Most of the suits were pretty flashy, but I finally found a conservatively cut gray one which shouldn't be conspicuous. I was glad that men's styles changed so little. The shirts were a bit tight in the collar. I found a plain wallet, a pocket comb, handkerchiefs and a safety razor, which I dropped into my coat pocket.

Catherine's back seemed stiffly alert. Her curious mood of what might be described as remote exaltation was gone.

"Where did your brother get his income?" I asked.

"Mother sent it. Mother always sent him money when she could afford it." And she added, "She always managed to afford it."

"Why shouldn't she afford it?"

"All she has is an annuity that Father left her."

"You got the rest of it?"

Her laugh was short and bitter. "Why do you think there was anything else?"

"I've read the newspaper and I've got eyes. This house—"

"This house has been closed ever since Father died. Under the will we can't sell it, and we can't afford to live in it. It just sits here. The money's tied up."

"And what about you?"

"I was fifteen when Father died. I had a mother to take care of me. Why should I need anything else?" Again the bitterness was there.

"Who was to gain by putting me in jail, and how?"

"No one," she said. "You're not in jail now."

"But I was in jail."

"I thought it would clear the Tremaine name. I was wrong. Please don't make me talk about it. How do you plan getting away from the house?"

"The way I came, if possible."

We were talking just above a whisp It reminded me of the way we'd talk in the taxi right after we first met at station. There was an intimacy about a feeling that in spite of the myst which shrouded her actions and in sp of the curiosity with which she must regarding me, we knew each other. was afraid of the feeling. It was the ty of thing which could make my hand s

"What was the crime you committe she asked.

"Did I say there was a crime? It's no ing I'd hang for. I'm not proud of crimes, but I'm not ashamed of th either. Except for the last ones."

"The last ones?"

"Quite recently I assaulted a police s geon and broke jail. Now I've forced trance into a private home, and if y care to make the accusation, I've robb you of fifty dollars, which is grand l ceny. Those are all crimes and I do like any of them. Neither will the poli

"I'm not going to accuse you of r bery."

"You don't know what you're go to do. When the time comes, you'll what you have to do to save yourse

"Oh, no," she whispered. "Not no

"You mean that since the plan y had regarding me has gone wrong, you

Answer to Transposagram on page 50

OUR GOOD COIN REAPS TURMO

MORE PRODUCTION IS OUR GO

given it up? You feel that way ri now. You're in danger, and while you in danger, you'll say anything to get of it. You'll even believe it while say it. I had plans, too. Beautiful o Right now I'd give them up forever could be standing right where I st when your brother snapped that pho graph of me."

"What plans?" Her question was most inaudible. Why should I be in ested in answering?

OUTSIDE the house the police w patrolling; throughout the other police were on the watch. If I when they cried halt, they'd shoot. I was going to run. That's what I sho have been worrying about.

"Sure," I said to the girl; "I'll tell y I'll tell you so you can see how littl means. There are places where the sn falls. A month from now it will s falling. Sometimes it falls for days days and when it stops, the earth is g tening white for as far as you can The branches of the evergreens weighted down with it. There's no sound, not a sign of a breeze, not a t or a blade of grass stirring. There's another human anywhere. You're alone in a white silent world. Do know what that is? It's the beginnin things. It's something you remem There are no marks on the snow, no pa cut through. Everything is wiped out was there before, and you start all c again with new paths. Does that m sense? I was going back there."

She didn't say anything for sev seconds. I buttoned my tight collar jerked a necktie into place. I was go to look silly in my fine clothes wit three-day beard bristling out of my f

"Then why did you come here?" It was another whispered question.

"If I remember right, you brought the first time. I didn't come."

"But I mean why did you come to Francisco at all?"

"Because it's on the way. I lived a long time ago and it was the nat place to come. It's a fine city an wanted a job. Or if you want a m

, it's the place where the paths come rom under the snow."

ly brother knew you would come Why did you ever become involved him?"

told you it was my error. I still to know what he and you and your er thought would be gained by put- me in jail. Maybe you thought I'd r stand trial in his name than men- my own. If so, you're wrong."

lease don't talk about it," she said. f I don't it's because I haven't the " I put my money into my new wal- nd the gun in my pocket. The pic- I tore into small pieces and dropped the trunk. I put my discarded cloth- n top of the pieces, replaced the tray closed the lid. Catherine still stood her back toward me. I saw a piece sh cord tied around an ancient cedar that had sprung its hinges. I un- the knot and pulled it free, then d it over my arm.

ll right," I said. "I'm going to have you up."

e turned and looked at me. The in her eyes might have been caused ars. I didn't like it. It was going to my task more difficult.

ou need a shave," she said. "Aside that you look all right."

's my problem. Let's go. We'll go together."

ou mean you don't trust me."

o you think I should?"

o," she said. "You have no reason I took her arm and led her to the s. It was a mistake to touch her. er the silken robe the arm was round firm.

eople respected my father," she said. e he died, people have been able to ve anything about the Tremaines." could believe almost anything my- I pulled an overhead cord and put he light. We started down the nar- stairs together. She stumbled once I caught her beneath the arms. She d away from me.

"Why did you come with me at the bus station?" she asked. "Why did you do it?"

"I think you know."

"I don't know," she said. "I was told you'd come and that's all. And now all I know is that there's nothing after this —ever."

"What do you mean?"

"For me. It has nothing to do with you. You must escape. It's too late for me to escape."

"It's never too late," I said, and wondered why I said it when I didn't even know what she was talking about. We reached the bottom of the stairs.

"I'll take you back where I found you," I said.

THE line of light still showed under the door ahead. This was the hardest part. I had the clothes and the money. The two police outside shouldn't be too hard to avoid. It was only a matter of minutes now, and the proximity of escape made me nervous. I wanted to drop her arm and go right then, but I had to play it safe. One mistake would be too many. In spite of her statements, I had to tie her up. I had to leave her powerless to put anyone after me for a couple of hours. We came to the door and stopped.

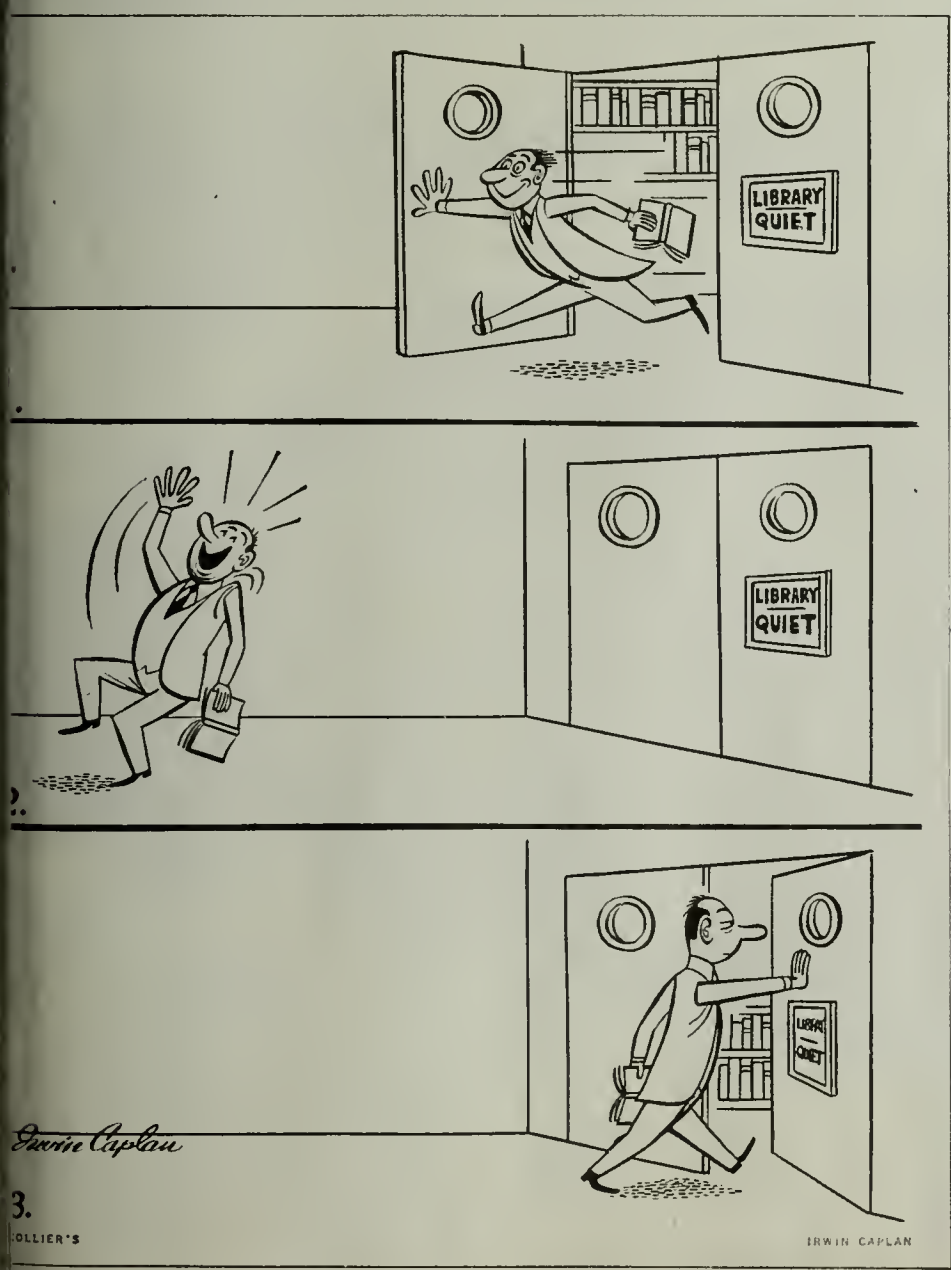
"Go on in." She pulled the door open and stepped into the parlor with me behind her. Then she stopped suddenly and her hand came back in a warning gesture. The warning—if that's what it was —didn't do any good because it came too late. Across the room beside the table stood a tall, hard-looking man who was looking at me with fascinated disapproval. Catherine stepped toward him quickly.

"Mr. Wickersham," she said. "This is my brother."

Her brother!

"Yes," drawled the tall man. "So I see."

(To be continued next week)



How to make a hit with your best girl's father

Remember... you may think of your girl like this , but her dad still thinks of her like this

...and he probably thinks of *you* like this . So your job is to convince him you're a solid-type citizen like this .

Promise to bring her home at a *definite* time —and *do* it! But if something goes wrong, be sure to phone *no matter how late.* Let him know your driving is careful, *not* like this . And that in case of flat tires you have a flashlight handy ...might as well tell him the flashlight's powered with "EVEREADY" BATTERIES —because they outlast all other brands*.....And take it easy!

*IN GENERAL-PURPOSE 4-OHM INTERMITTENT TESTS

THIS "EVEREADY" BATTERY OUTLASTS ALL OTHER BRANDS!

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COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT

"Mind if I keep this?" Brokaw said. "I had to light out of that store so fast I didn't even have time to lay my hands on tobacco"

THE MAKINGS

BY NORMAN A. FOX

THEY had a fire going behind the bluff overlooking Hibbs' place when Fremont came quartering up. He saw the shapes of men and rifles black against it, and there was something else that interested him, too, something intangible in the starlight. There had to be a name for it. Coming down from his horse, he kept his head below the level of the bluff; this was instinct, but it gave him the word he sought: Fear.

He stood, a tall, saddle-gaunted man grown gray at the temples. He said, "They told me in town."

Fitch Littlefield stirred among the assembled dozen. "So that's where you were! We combed the Rocking Chair fine for you."

It was there again, in Littlefield's voice, the fear.

Fremont touched his thumb to the circle of pasteboard dangling from his shirt pocket. "I run out of tobacco, Sheriff. It was closer to the crossroads than to the bunkhouse."

Barney Sands moved up. To his dim bulk Fremont gave a nod that held as much deference as a cow-country employer demanded. "You've got him cornered, Barney?"

"He's holding down Hibbs' shack. Alone."

Fremont looked around. "Ain't there enough of you?"

"More dead men won't bring the Dutchman back to life," Littlefield said. "What kind of a man is Brokaw? Will he crumble if we rush him?"

"Barney could have told you," Fremont said. "We both went to work for Barney the same day."

"I never really knew him," Barney Sands said. "Maybe he was just hungry and edgy and the store looked soft to him, and the Dutchman made the wrong move. Maybe he's turned into a .45-caliber badman. He had the makings."

"To hell he did," somebody said and giggled. "I knew Curly when he rode this range. All his money went to poker and girls. Never met him but what the first thing he did was borrow my tobacco and papers."

Littlefield said, "What are we up against, Fremont?"

FREMONT shook his head. Funny that when you hadn't seen a man for so long you'd forgot his face, you could still remember his smile. Funny it was always the little things that stuck. He said, "Curly and me lit out of Texas ten-twelve years ago. We trailed north. We had a lot of fun together. We went to work for Barney, but Brokaw didn't stick. He was fiddle-footed."

"But you knew him," Littlefield persisted. "You got him out of a few scrapes in those days. Will he crumble?"

"I don't think so. Let me go talk to him."

Sands said, "I don't want to lose a good man."

Fremont's voice turned cold. "He should have a chance to speak his piece."

Sands shrugged. "You always was a damn' fool as far as he was concerned."

"We had a lot of fun together," Fremont said.

Littlefield scowled. "If there's trouble, crack a cap."

Fremont said, "He'll listen to me, Sheriff. Isn't that what you were thinking when you combed Rocking Chair fine?" He gave his gun belt a hitch and crawled to the crest of the bluff and cupped his hands to his mouth. He called, "Curly! It's me, Steve Fremont. I'm coming down there, Curly."

Below him lay the shack, tar paper silvered by starshine, this bleak homestead breaking an immensity of space. Fremont walked down the slant without haste, keeping his hands hanging straight down. He came to the fence, and his shirt was sticking under the arms, and he wondered then what counted with men, the things they did together at twenty, or what they had become at thirty. He thought: Why did he have to come back to this range? The yard was hard packed and gray with the emptying of much dishwater. The shack's door opened slightly, and Curly Brokaw said, "I don't like this, Fremont!"

Fremont said, "Let me in, Curly," making it friendly.

The one room was cluttered and odoriferous, and starlight came through the window. Brokaw said, when the door was closed, "There's a slew of them out there, eh?" and all the fear wasn't on the other side of the bluff.

Fremont said, "Too many for you, Curly. Will you walk back with me?"

The years had leaned down Brokaw, but they were still of a build. The floor creaked with the uneasy movement of Brokaw's body. He said, "You here as a friend, Steve?"

Fremont said, "The Dutchman wasn't much to me. But he had no harm in him. There don't need to be any more dead men."

"I didn't mean to shoot him." Brokaw's voice trembled. "I only wanted to fill a tow sack full of grub. Why dic crowd me?" He paused, and Frem could feel the fear rising till it swi in the darkness. "They'll hang Steve!"

"They let me come because they kr we was friends," Fremont said. "I'm ing to make it easy for you."

Brokaw drew in a hard breath. should have known you came to l me. All you've got to do is stay h partner. I'll walk out. They'll hold t fire, not being sure."

Fremont shook his head.

Brokaw smiled, and Fremont saw smile in the starlight; it was the old sn even with the fear in it. "You woul want to be the one who leads me to rope," Brokaw said. "Not after the ti we had together. On a stack of Bibl never meant that store man harm. I want is the chance to get through door."

"To hit another store on ano range?"

"I'll get me a new name and a job. help me!"

There was the echo of Barney Sa voice in this room saying, "You alw was a damn' fool as far as he was c cerned."

"I've been ten years on this ran Fremont said slowly. "I won't hav friend."

"Ten years of being somebody's fa ful dog. Ten years of growing on p ple. I can guess how you've stacked Steve. They'll forgive you a heap. Th do the same if they'd been as clos you and me."

There was an inevitability here was too great for Fremont, and he w dered if this was what had brought here, really. He said wearily, "I n was able to hold out against you. I'll you your start. But you're a fool un you keep that gun cased. A shot fetch them running."

Brokaw let out a long-drawn s "Another hour and I'd have busted d and took my chance. It's been p hell, Steve. Not even a smoke. H you got the makings?"

Fremont took out the new tob sack and tossed it to a table. Bro reached for it and made a cigarette, s ping beyond the window to light it. face, stark in the matchlight, had gr more gaunt, but the old recklessness there. He said, "Thanks. Mind if I this? You can get more. I had to l out of that store so fast I didn't e have time to lay my hands on tobac And he pocketed the sack and tur toward the door.

THERE was no thought in Frem only a stirring in his stomach. said, "I've changed my mind, Curly. not letting you go."

A hard sucking at the cigarette vealed Brokaw. His face was an mal's. He said, "I was afraid of that

Fremont tried for his gun then, Brokaw was faster. He'd always b faster. Sound filled the shack, and was in it, and pain, and Fremont wer the floor, numbed and voiceless, his r arm of no use to him. He went d with the sound of the door slamming heard the beat of boots across the and the shouts and the rifle fire and thud of a tall man falling.

He lay there waiting for them to c to him, and he was remembe the man who had made a joke abou makings. Funny how it was always little things that stuck. Yet it was t Brokaw had never had the price o bacco. Some men worked for their n ings, and some men leaned on the who worked, and in a little thing that you could see the pattern of a m living. And the way Curly's pattern sooner or later there'd be another man on another range. So———. Fremont was still remembering Cu smile, and he was very sick. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

You knew

the moment you saw it—this was your car. New, *all-new*, every inch and pound of it. A big, brawny frame under a sweeping, curved-arch silhouette. Longer, wider, lower—with a road-hugging look that beckoned you to get in and *go!* When you saw it, you said "This is it! This all-new 1949 Mercury is for me!"

Someday your car ad to come along...

You heard

the proud soft-spoken engine murmuring gently. You'd heard that sound before in cars far beyond your budget's reach. But here it was in an engine designed and built *exclusively* for Mercury . . . and in a choice of superb body styles, including Mercury's all-new *Six*-passenger Coupe and *Six*-passenger Convertible.

You held

the wheel easily because Mercury didn't "wind-wander" or "over-steer." Its sure-footed balance and down-to-earth roadability let you hold all roads securely. Its new, bigger super-balloon tires let you skim over the bumps without a tremor.

You sat

in a wide, "comfort zone" seat that shaped itself to *you*—above all-new spring suspension that gave you a lullaby ride over highways or byways. You filled the car with a controlled flow of fresh, filtered air from the leakproof "Fingertip Weather Control." This was the comfort you wanted in *your* car. This was *Mercury*.

You touched

the brake pedal—just a slight touch—and Mercury's new *super*-brakes brought you gliding to a swift, sure stop. It was then you knew for sure that Mercury had made an all-new car—from top to tires—for you! *Your* car had finally come along. It was Mercury!

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The All-New 1949 Mercury

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The honey treatment inside keeps on curing your smoke

The effect of Yello-Bole's honey treatment is continuous. The real bee's honey inside the bowl blends with your tobacco. With every smoke the "cake" is mellowed by the honey treatment. Yello-Bole is mild and good from the start, without "breaking in". Mature, seasoned briar. Ask for Yello-Bole at your dealer's and look for the famous Honey Seal. Be sure you get the pipe with the Seal in the bowl.

FOR FATHER'S DAY

Here's a gift you can be sure he'll like!

YELLO-BOLE Imperial HONEY SEAL

Honey Seal which protects the honey in bowl of pipe. Look for it.

STANDARD $1 this mark on stem
IMPERIAL $1.50 this mark on stem
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KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
630 Fifth Ave., New York
Pipe-Makers Since 1851

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 23

three ranking American officers in London, Admiral Ghormley, General James E. Chaney and General Raymond E. Lee.

In the background of this meeting was serious disagreement, albeit at long range, between the American and British Chiefs of Staff as to the defensibility of Britain itself and the wisdom of continuing to attempt to hold the Middle East.

It was questionable, the Americans felt, whether the British should be diverting substantial numbers of men and quantities of supplies to the Middle East when all of them might be needed for the desperate defense of the United Kingdom.

After the Prime Minister had opened the meeting Hopkins immediately got down to the root of the matter. He stated the American attitude bluntly, saying:

Insofar as I am concerned, I am absolutely convinced that if it is decided to continue the campaign in the Middle East, the United States has got to send supplies there. . . . Our Chiefs of Staff —the men who make the big decisions on all matters relating to defense—believe that the British Empire is making too many sacrifices in trying to maintain an indefensible position in the Middle East. . . . Now the President has a somewhat different attitude. He shares the belief that British chances in the Middle East are not too good. But he realizes that the British have got to fight the enemy wherever they find him. He is, therefore, more inclined to support continuing the campaign in the Middle East.

I know perfectly well that all of you here in Britain are determined to go on fighting to hold the Middle East at all costs and that it's difficult for you to understand the American attitude. But —you have got to remember that we in the United States just simply do not understand your problems in the Middle East. . . .

Hopkins added:

So far as I know we have no plans to provide naval escorts for our ships going to the Middle East. They will have to take their own chances of getting through.

Japan's Motives Analyzed

Churchill then said that he felt conditions were improving in the Battle of the Atlantic and would improve still further in view of the increased activities of the U.S. Navy as they had been outlined to him by Hopkins. He was convinced that the Japanese would not enter the war until they were certain that the British Empire was beaten. He was convinced that the Japanese did not want to fight the United States and the British Empire together. (This conviction, shared by Roosevelt, was of enormous importance in the formulation of policy prior to Pearl Harbor.)

Churchill said that, in the event of a Japanese attack on British possessions in the Far East, Singapore of course would hold out, but the Japanese navy would constitute a very grave threat to the whole traffic along the Eastern trade routes and might well offer serious threats to Australia and New Zealand. Needless to say, the situation would be entirely different if the United States were to enter the war in the Pacific after Japan had attacked Britain.

Hopkins realized all too clearly that, in one vitally important respect, the discussions at the Atlantic Conference would be held in a vacuum without some real knowledge of the situation and the prospects on the Russian front. Since all deliberation on all phases of the war at that time, including American production and Lend-Lease, depended on the question of how long Russia could hold out, Hopkins decided that he should make a quick trip to Moscow and try to get an answer to that question from Stalin himself.

He asked Churchill whether it would be possible to fly to Moscow and return within a week. Churchill informed him that the R.A.F. Coastal Command had recently opened up a new air route for PBY (Catalina) flying boats from Invergordon in Scotland around the North Cape of Norway to Archangel; a few flights had already been made on this extremely difficult route. Churchill was not enthusiastic about the idea of Hopkins taking so long and hazardous a trip.

Seeking F.D.R.'s Approval

However, Hopkins was excited at the thought of it and on Friday evening, July 25th, he and Winant drafted the following cable to Roosevelt:

For the President only: I am wondering whether you would think it important and useful for me to go to Moscow? Air transportation good and can reach there in twenty-four hours. I have a feeling that everything possible should be done to make certain the Russians maintain a permanent front even though they be defeated in this immediate battle.

If Stalin could in any way be influenced at a critical time I think it would be worth doing by direct communication from you through a personal envoy. I think the stakes are so great that it should be done. Stalin would then know in an unmistakable way that we mean business on a long-term supply job. . . . Everybody here in good spirits but realize that the Russian business gives them only a temporary breather. Everyone here asks about you and are delighted to know that you are in good health. HARRY

It was late Saturday evening when he received Roosevelt's reply:

Welles and I highly approve Moscow trip and assume you would go in a few days. I will send you tonight a message for Stalin.

All well here. Tell Former Naval Person (Churchill) our concurrent action in regard to Japan is, I think, bearing fruit. I hear their government much upset and no conclusive future policy has been determined on. Tell him also in great confidence that I have suggested to Nomura that Indo-China be neutralized by Britain, Dutch, Chinese, Japan and ourselves placing Indo-China somewhat in status of Switzerland. Japan to get rice and fertilizer but all on condition that Japan withdraw armed forces from Indo-China in toto. I have had no answer yet. When it comes it will probably be unfavorable but we have at least made one more effort to avoid Japanese expansion to South Pacific.

The first, short paragraph in that cable provided Presidential authorization for one of the most extraordinarily important and valuable missions of the whole war. Within twenty-four hours of its arrival, Hopkins was on his way.

Before Hopkins left Chequers, where he was spending the week end, Churchill told him in minutest detail of the efforts that Britain was making and planned to make to bring aid to Russia. He talked with his usual vigor and eloquence of the importance of Russia in the battle against Hitler.

Hopkins asked if he could repeat any of this to Stalin.

"Tell him, tell him," Churchill said. "Tell him that Britain has but one ambition today, but one desire—to crush ler. Tell him that he can depend upo . . . Goodby—God bless you, Harry

Hopkins then drove with Harri and his daughter, Kathleen, to Lon where he was to take the train for In gordon, Scotland. He had no time t back to his hotel. (Hopkins did not his hotel bill until six weeks later.) the train was pulling out, Winant ra and, through the car window, har Hopkins his passport, containing sky's handwritten visa—which prove be a total waste of time and effort s no one in Russia ever looked at the p port.

The only authority that Hopkins ried with him on this strange, suc journey, aside from the passport, w cable which had arrived that day f Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary State:

The President asks that you Stalin in the President's name message:

"Mr. Hopkins is going to Moscow my request to discuss with you per ally, and with such other officials as may designate, a question of vital portance—how to make available r expeditiously and effectively the as ance that the United States of Ame is able to render your country in magnificent resistance which it is mal against the treacherous aggressior Hitlerite Germany . . .

"Mr. Hopkins will communicate y views to me directly, including v you consider the most pressing dividual problems involving Amer assistance. I ask you to treat him the identical confidence you would if you were talking directly to me.

"In conclusion may I express great admiration which we in the Un States feel for the superb bravery of Russian people in their fight for the dependence of Russia and in the fense of their liberty." . . .

It may be recalled as Hopkins tool on this long (twenty and a half ho and dangerous flight that once he refused to get into an airplane with Tugwell for a brief sight-seeing f over Boulder Dam, saying, "No— damit—I'm *scared!*" But then he h home and family and powerful pers ambition to live for, whereas now he sidered himself expendable.

A New "High" in Handshaking

At the airport in Moscow, Hop was met by the American ambassa Laurence A. Steinhardt, and a large ception committee. He wrote, "In sia I shook hands as I have never sha hands before."

The next day at 6:30 P.M., Steinh took him to the Kremlin to meet St Hopkins' report to the President of meeting follows:

I told Mr. Stalin that I came as sonal representative of the Presid The President considered Hitler enemy of mankind and that he there wished to aid the Soviet Union i fight against Germany.

I told him that my mission was n diplomatic one in the sense that I not propose any formal understan of any kind or character . . .

Describing Hitler and Germany, Stalin spoke of the necessity of t being a minimum moral standard tween all nations and without su minimum moral standard nations c not coexist. He stated that the pre leaders of Germany knew no such n mum moral standard and that, there they represented an antisocial forc the present world. The Germans a people, he said, who without a sec

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thought would sign a treaty today, break it tomorrow and sign a second one the following day. Nations must fulfill their treaty obligations, he said, or international society could not exist.

When he completed his general summary of the Soviet Union's attitude toward Germany he said, "Therefore, our views coincide."

I told Mr. Stalin that the question of aid to the Soviet Union was divided into two parts. First, what would Russia most require that the United States could deliver immediately and, second, what would be Russia's requirements on the basis of a long war?

Stalin listed in the first category the immediate need of, first, antiaircraft guns of medium caliber of from 20 to 37 mm., together with ammunition. . . .

Second, he asked for large-size machine guns for the defense of his cities.

Third, he said he heard there were many rifles available in the United States and he believed their caliber corresponded to the caliber used in his army. He stated that he needed one million or more such rifles. I asked Mr. Stalin if he needed ammunition for these rifles and he replied that if the caliber was the same as the one used by the Red Army, "We have plenty."

In the second category, namely, the supplies needed for a long-range war, he mentioned, first, high-octane aviation gasoline, second, aluminum for the construction of airplanes and third, the other items already mentioned in the list presented to our government in Washington.

At this point in the conversation Mr. Stalin suddenly made the remark, "Give us antiaircraft guns and the aluminum and we can fight for three or four years . . ."

Mr. Stalin stated that he would be glad if we would send any technicians that we could to the Soviet Union to help train his own airmen in the use of these planes. He stated that his own airmen would show us everything about the Russian equipment, which he stated we would find very interesting. . . .

I told Mr. Stalin that my stay in Moscow must be brief . . . Mr. Stalin replied, "You are our guest; you have but to command." He told me he would be at my disposal every day from six to seven. It was then agreed that I confer with representatives of the Red Army at ten o'clock that night.

Later that evening Hopkins engaged in technical discussion with General Yakoklev, an artilleryman, of the Red Army, General McNarney and Major Yeaton. Most of the discussion was of the items previously mentioned by Stalin.

Puzzled by Red Army General

Hopkins asked Yakoklev if he couldn't think of other items that the Army might need and Yakoklev—doubtless with the utmost reluctance—said that he could think of nothing else, that the most important items had been covered. In the minutes of this meeting appears the following revealing passage:

Mr. Hopkins stated that he was surprised that General Yakoklev did not mention tanks and antitank guns. General Yakoklev replied, I think we have enough. Mr. Hopkins remarked that many tanks were necessary when fighting this particular enemy. General Yakoklev agreed. When asked the weight of Russia's heaviest tank, General Yakoklev replied, it is a good tank. . . . He went on further to say, I am not empowered to say whether we do or do not need tanks or antitank guns.

The United States and Britain eventually sent to the Soviet Union many tanks and antitank guns, but General Yakoklev was "not empowered" at that perilous moment to say whether they needed any.

On Hopkins' second day in Moscow, July 31, 1941, he and Ambassador Steinhardt called upon Foreign Commissar Molotov in the Kremlin.

The main topic was the situation in the Far East and the growing menace of Japan.

In his report to the President on this conversation Hopkins did not record what he himself said in introducing the subject, since this would have no news value for Roosevelt. However, Steinhardt summarized it in a cable to the State Department, the first part of which follows:

Hopkins . . . made it clear that in the event of continued Japanese aggression the temper of the American public and the disposition of the President are to make no threat which would not be followed by action if necessary.

He stressed the fact that the long-standing amicable relations between the United States and Russia, which the American public has come to accept as assuring stability in the North Pacific, would be jeopardized by a Japanese venture in Siberia and said that the United States could not look with complacency on the occupation of any part of that area by Japan.

In this connection he stated that he had reason to believe that the Japanese government is awaiting the outcome of the great battle now in progress on the Soviet western frontier and that it might take action against the Soviet Union should the outcome of this battle be unfavorable to the Soviet Union. Molotov stated that he understood and appreciated the President's point of view.

Molotov's Suspicions of Japan

At this point Steinhardt's message joins up with Hopkins' report:

Mr. Molotov stated that while the Soviet-Japanese relations presumably had been fixed by, first, the conversations with Matsuoka and, secondly, the neutrality pact signed between the two countries nevertheless, the attitude of the new Japanese government toward the Soviet Union is uncertain and, since the Soviet government is by no means clear as to the policy which the Japanese government intends to pursue, it is watching the situation with the utmost care.

He stated that the one thing he thought would keep Japan from making an aggressive move would be for the President to find some appropriate means of giving Japan what Mr. Molotov described as a "warning."

While Mr. Molotov did not use the exact words, it was perfectly clear that the implication of his statement was that the warning would include a statement that the United States would come to the assistance of the Soviet Union in the event of its being attacked by Japan.

Mr. Molotov did not express any immediate concern that Japan was going to attack Russia, and on Russia's part Mr. Molotov stated repeatedly that Russia did not wish any difficulties with Japan.

It is interesting to note that Molotov expressed much the same point of view that Churchill had expressed previously and expressed again at the Atlantic Conference: that the United States should adopt a tough attitude toward Japan as a means of preventing further extension of the war in Asia.

When Hopkins returned to the Kremlin at 6:30 that evening for a three-hour meeting with Stalin he was unaccompanied by Steinhardt or anyone else. The interpreter was Maxim Litvinov, who had been the Soviet foreign commissar in the days of Geneva and "collective security" and then had disappeared into the vast silences after the Nazi-Soviet pact in August, 1939. Now, Hopkins said later, he seemed like a cutaway coat which had been laid in moth balls when Russia re-

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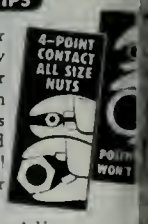

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d into isolation from the West but had now been brought out, dusted d aired as a symbol of completely ed conditions.

Hopkins divided his report of this long ng with Stalin into three parts. The ollows:

PART I

old Mr. Stalin that the President nxious to have his, Stalin's, appre- n and analysis of the war between any and Russia. Mr. Stalin out- the situation as follows: He stated n his opinion the German army .75 divisions on Russia's western at the outbreak of the war, and ince the outbreak of the war, this een increased to 232 divisions; he es that Germany can mobilize 300 ons.

stated that Russia had 180 divi- at the outbreak of the war but of these were well back of the line mbat, and could not be quickly ized so that when the Germans it was impossible to offer ade- resistance. . . . At the present time lieves that Russia has a few more ons than Germany, and places the er of Russian divisions at 240 in ont, with 20 in reserve. . . .

is anxious to have as many of his ons as possible in contact with the y because then the troops learn that ans can be killed and are not men. This gives his divisions the kind of confidence that a pilot gets his first combat in the air. Stalin hat "nothing in warfare can take lace of actual combat," and he to have as many seasoned troops sible for the great campaign which ome next spring. He stated that erman troops seemed to be tired, he officers and men that they had red had indicated they are "sick ar." . . .

believes that the Germans under- ated the strength of the Russian , and have not now enough troops e whole front to carry on a success- fensive war and at the same time l their extended lines of communi- s. . . .

. Stalin stated that in his opinion fears that he has too many men on ussian front, which may account eir preparing some defensive posi- so that some of their divisions t be returned to the German west- areas of actual or potential oper- . . . . Stalin stated that the war has dy shown that infantry divisions include a larger number of mecha- l units. While Russia had a large er of tank and motorized divisions ne of them were a match for the an Panzer division, but were far ger than other German divisions. e the great pressure on the Ger- infantry divisions, which caused the sion of German armored equip- all along the line.

alin believes that Germany had 30,- anks at the outbreak of the Russian Russia herself had 24,000 tanks 60 tank divisions with about 350 00 tanks in each division. They always had about 50 tanks in each try division. . . .

alin says that even though the war een going on only six weeks, his s are meeting brand-new divisions e front, and some of the original ions seem to have been withdrawn. believes that the morale of his own s is extremely high and realizes this is partly due to the fact that are fighting for their homes and amiliar territory. He said that any has already found that ving mechanized forces through ia was very different from moving over the boulevards of Belgium France . . ."

e believes that his largest tanks are r than the other German tanks, and they have repeatedly shown their superiority in the war to date. . . . He stated their present production of tanks was 1,000 per month. He stated they would be short of steel for tank manufacture and urged that orders for this steel be placed at once. He later said it would be much better if his tanks could be manufactured in the United States. He also wished to purchase as many of our tanks as possible to be ready for the spring campaign.

Stalin said the all-important thing was the production of tanks during the winter—the tank losses on both sides were very great but that Germany could produce more tanks per month this winter than Russia. Hence the aid of the United States in supplying steel and tanks is essential. He would like to send a tank expert to the United States. He stated that he would give the United States his tank designs. . . .

I asked Mr. Stalin about the location of his munitions plants. He did not reply to this in detail but indicated that about 75 per cent of the sum total of his munitions plants, the percentage varying depending on the type of plant, were in the general areas of which Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev were the centers.

I gained the impression from him that if the German army could move some 150 miles east of each of these centers, they would destroy almost 75 per cent of Russia's industrial capacity.

Stalin said they had dispersed a good many of their larger factories and were moving many machine tools eastward to escape the bombing attacks.

Stalin repeatedly stated that he did not underrate the German army. He stated that their organization was of the very best and that he believed that they had large reserves of food, men, supplies and fuel. He thinks that we may be underestimating Germany's oil supplies, and he bases this on the fact that under the two-year agreement they had with Germany the Germans asked for less fuel than the agreement provided for during the year 1940-41. He thought one weakness the British had was underrating their enemy; he did not propose to do this. . . . He thinks that one of the great advantages the Russian army has at the moment is that the Germans "are tired" and have no stomach for an offensive. . . .

He expressed an urgent desire that the British send large planes as soon as possible to bomb the Rumanian oil fields, and made a point of urging that pilots and crews be sent with the planes. . . . Mr. Stalin expressed repeatedly his confidence that the Russian lines would hold within 100 kilometers of their present position.

No information given above was confirmed by any other source.

Contempt for Fascist Troops

It was during this conversation that Stalin wrote down in pencil on a small pad the four basic Russian requirements and handed the sheet to Hopkins. There was another passage, not recorded in the above report, which Hopkins noted later:

I asked Mr. Stalin whether he had seen any of the Italian divisions on his front, or Franco's volunteers, which had been announced in the papers.

Stalin laughed at this and said there was nothing his men would like better than to see either the Italians or the Spaniards on their front.

He said that the Soviet army discounted all divisions other than the Germans. Neither the Finns, Rumanians, Italians nor Spaniards count, and he was quite sure that neither the Italians nor the Franco troops would ever appear on his front. He stated that he thought Hitler had even more contempt for them than he had.

(Next Week: Pressure for War)

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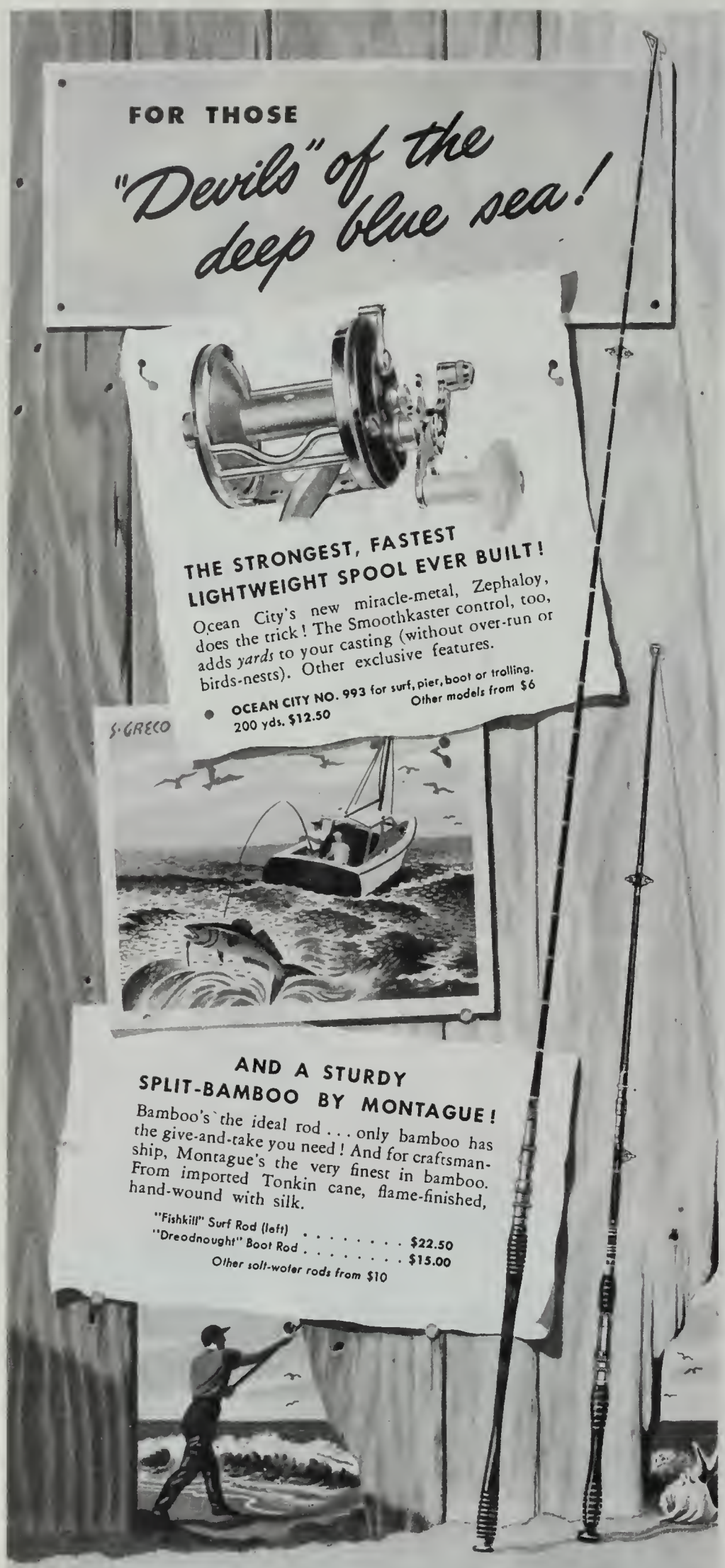

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

old. The story I'm writing is not so very good but It is true it is about my Great, Great Uncle and Grandpa.

ROVING INDIANS

My Grandpa and Uncle were out in a cabin in the woods living there when one of them went out and came back saying to get out of there some Indians had learned where there cabin was and were going to come and scalp them so they went out but! the Indians were coming so fast Grandpa and Uncle run oh! boy they seen that they seen them boy oh boy did my a hollow log in they went the Indians hot on their trail but where had the white men gone Oh over there was a log they thought they would rest boy was they tired Well where have them devils gone said one They must have been spirits said the other we will never catch spirits boy My Uncle had to sneeze what could he do he held his nose or something but he finally got free of the sneeze finally the Indians left said they were going home (Never find Spirits)

LAURA L. BENTLEY, Olinda, Cal.

THE MRS. WALKER BRAT

SIR: My request is small—your May 1st edition contained a story of The Walker Brat, by Ted Shane. Give that brat, Nancy Walker, my proposal of marriage, and wipe the smile off your face before you do.

CPL. EARL D. RADINZEL,
Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Tex.

ONE OUT!

EDITOR COLLIER'S: So You Want to Be President!, by Merriman Smith (Apr. 24th), tells of a waitress who obtained an invitation to the President's reception, and was gently escorted to the door.

Since when is a waitress not a citizen? Andy Jackson would probably have made her guest of honor.

PAUL H. COCHRAN, Meadville, Pa.

FAT MAN BLUES

GENTLEMEN: Mr. Russell Maloney's article The Fat of the Land (Apr. 10th) was rather interesting, but too comprehensive.

About ten years ago I was working for the gas company, swinging a pick and shoveling dirt while the thermometer hung between 90 and 100. I weighed around 190 pounds. Because of my tendency toward obesity, I used to eat one sandwich and drink my coffee (one teaspoon sugar per cup) and watch a short, wiry chap devour three Dagwoods, a couple of bananas, a half a pie. Well, I got to know Lyle. He thought nothing of eating chops for breakfast, and, in addition, he drank a case of beer a week, yet always remained uniformly skinny.

I don't like to be a wet blanket, but there are millions of people who will become fat on a diet that would almost starve another person.

R. L. BODE, Long Beach, Cal.

YOUDONO IDAHO

GENTLEMEN: Frank Gervasi's Low Man on the Wallace Poll (May 8th) on Glen Taylor of Idaho was enlightening and refreshingly fair. However, Gervasi doesn't know Idaho, and he certainly doesn't know horses. In Idaho to have been a sheepherder is no disgrace. Sheep and cattle and potatoes keep the state going in spite of its politicians, and keep it going very nicely.

When Gervasi puts Glen on a horse all in a row with "a couple of brothers and sisters behind him," and sends him off to school that way, I stand amazed and spellbound at the thought. I was once a teacher in an outlying Idaho district and got used to seeing two or three kids come riding in on one horse—but five! I don't think that it can be done.

PHYLLIS M. SHARP, Pocatello, Ida.

If they all have whips?

PUT A HEAD ON IT!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: What's W
With Veterans' Schools? (May 1st) s
the author made "a careful survey of
from coast to coast," and that "most
tenders learn their gracious art by ex
menting on their customers."

It is apparent that Mr. Maisel n
visited a school such as the Mary
School of Mixology. The teaching
consists of men who have had college
cations. Sanitation is taught by a
ticing physician and bacteriologist. L
Regulations and Law Enforcement
taught by a member of the Maryland
of long standing.

Other subjects are Merchandising,
pensing, the study of Malt and Br
Beverages and Wine Study.

Where else can a man with eight w
or 200 hours' training go out and
from $50 to $65 per week or better, t
ing bar? If bartending isn't a life
profession, what is?

J. L. SILVER, Maryland Sc
of Mixology, Baltimore,

. . . Albert Q. Maisel is a clutterbrai
flabbergasted nincompute, who wan
around gathering the gripes and diss
factions of the squacking element of
nation. J. GABATHULER, Davenport

. . . As long as Maisel insists on
through my pockets and telling me ho
spend my money, I demand the right t
through his pockets and tell him ho
spend his money.

DALE C. BELLWOOD, Vet., U.S. N
Redondo Beach,

ORREGOWON, I WANNA GO B
TO OREGON!

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoyed Jim
shall's Out Where the West Ends (
24th). As to odd names, the author
lected Jump Off Joe, in Josephine Co
As a child it greatly intrigued me.
legend says that some Joe was drivi
school bus, an accident occurred, Joe
aged to get the children safely out, bu
mained on his seat to quiet the horses.
children yelled at him, repeatedly, "J
off, Joe!" Henceforth the vicinity
known as Jump Off Joe.

UNSIGNED, Spokane, W

*Marshall regretfully also failed to me
Boring, Cornucopia, Scappoose, Wo
Zigzag, and what we consider the wo
most perfect name for a town: S
Home, Oregon. We are also thinkin
naming a serial heroine after an Or
town and county: Nyssa Malheur! V
a beautiful name!*

BLIMEY, BUB!

GAD SIR: Why no pads on the lion (
lier's Sporting Odds, Apr. 3d)? Pl
sir, batsmen and wicket keepers onl
include the lion and make a thor
mockery of our national game.

May I say how much I enjoy the
toons in your magazine? Please cong
late Foster Humfreville on his "Alf
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and we hope England is jolly well appe
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THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Back in the brawling days of the timber boom, nobody in northern Michigan worried about shortages. But as soon as the grab bag was empty, sober planners went to work. Now this tourist wonderland of cool breezes and sparkling waters is gradually returning to nature

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—VIII

IT DOES beat all, says Broncho Bill Breauceau of Alpena, what the clean, pollen-free, fresh air of north Michigan will do for your appetite. Last fall, Bill tells you, he came back from a day's hunt with a 300-pound buck slung over his shoulders and a bear under each arm. It was suppertime when he got home, and when he smelled the pheasant his wife had roasted, he just dropped the bears on the floor and pitched in.

He hadn't any more than finished the first dozen birds and reached for another full platter when his wife really lit into him: "Bill, what kind of manners is that, anyways, settin' down to table without takin' off the deer?" Bill swears he was so hungry he hadn't even noticed it.

For the region's bracing effect on man or beast, you don't have to take Broncho Bill's word alone. A glance at the fish and game survey will tell you more about the place than tall tales or a ton of chamber of commerce literature. Last year 1,046,839 hunters and 1,060,313 anglers bagged 109,375 deer, 904,367 cock ring-necked pheasant, and more Mackinaw, brook and rainbow trout than all the ones which got away.

Directly or indirectly, most of the people up here make their living in the tourist trade—a business asset second only to the state's automobile industry.

Unlike California and Florida, nobody tries very hard to sell you on the country. Their quiet pride is pretty well reflected in the reaction of football fans this year when Michigan went to the Rose Bowl and beat Southern California 49–0. In the first Rose Bowl game in 1902, Michigan beat Stanford by exactly the same score—49–0. Back home the fans cracked: "We haven't improved a bit."

At first blush, you might get the impression this was raw, new territory where things were just beginning to open up. You soon find out it's very old country. The region's history goes back 314 years to the spring of 1634, when a young French explorer named Jean Nicolet set out from Quebec in a birchbark canoe manned by six Huron braves, paddled through the Strait of Mackinac to the Wisconsin shore, where he was sure he'd find Peking, China—and had to apologize some months later in Quebec that all he'd discovered was another great lake.

The history of most of what's happening here now begins with the disastrous "cut-over times," no further back than that first Rose Bowl tournament. Driving along the forest highways, it's hard to realize that only 40 years ago you'd have seen a wasteland as completely gutted and burnt out as any country in Europe today.

In the big industrial surge after the Civil War, we needed minerals to feed our new factories, and timber to build cities around them. Michigan had both in enormous quantities—on the Upper Peninsula, rich iron deposits and mountains of pure copper; and covering half the state a virgin stand of hardwood and white pine.

It was "come and get it, there's more where this came from." With labor imported from Europe, enterprising operators stripped the mines, cut over the best of the forests, and left the rest to burn—at the rate of up to 2,000,000 acres a year.

There was money in this madness: in lumber alone, three times the pay dirt of California's gold mines. But it couldn't last forever.

At the turn of the century, the great Michigan grab bag was torn and almost empty. Whole communities pulled up stakes and left to try for a living in the city slums their forests had built. Those who stayed behind ripped out the charred stumps to make farms, and wasted a generation trying to make the land do something which most of it could not do—raise crops.

But there was still life in the land, still hope in the people who stayed with it. For years writers like Harold Titus and James Oliver Curwood; businessmen and sportsmen like William H. Loutit, P. S. Lovejoy and Harry Whitely had been hammering in the simple common sense of reforestation.

Restoring the Forests

The battle was won in 1926, when Fred W. Green became governor. A nonpartisan seven-man commission holding six-year terms on a staggered basis has been running the show ever since. The state and federal governments joined forces to help the land do what it could do best, replant its hardwoods and pine, replenish its streams and lakes, and revive its wild life. Now America is gradually getting back one of her lost natural wonders, the Great Michigan Forest.

A lot of the punch and personality you'll find here today comes from the boozing, brawling days of the timber boom. Nobody realized then that they were creating an American legend—least of all ex-lumberjack Bill Coon, who ran the first moving-picture show up in Saint Ignace. Bill used to sit on an open platform in back of the darkened room, cranking his carbon arc projector and explaining the plot as it unreeled.

Since Bill always interpreted the movie in terms of local personalities, usually present in the audience, nobody paid much attention to the titles. If a couple of noisy jacks came in from the next-door saloon and interrupted his commentary, Bill climbed down, put them to sleep by knocking their heads together, then started up again where he'd left off.

Drunk or sober, though, the jacks were men of chivalry, and when the movie villain started getting the upper hand they were apt to uproot chairs and charge the screen. To save wear and tear on property and emotions, Bill used to reassure his customers in advance: "All right, boys, just hang on to your seats now and remember this here is just a picture show."

One evening as a thriller was approaching its climax, Bill got word his help was needed down the street. "Intermission," yelled Coon, and made for the State Street saloon, where a giant logger named Wild Bill Soucie had overturned the bar, kicked out the lights and started heaving bottles through the plate-glass window. Coon made a flying tackle for the trouble-maker, locked his neck in an elbow vise and dragged him out to Chet Wing's taxi—which served as hearse, fire engine and Black Maria.

On the way to the jail, Coon still held him by the neck, relaxing his grip whenever Soucie turned blue, tightening it again when he started to swear. Almost sober by the time they reached the jail, Soucie made the sheriff a sporting proposition: Lock him up with Coon and let them fight it out fair and square with no holds barred.

After a full half hour of slugging, biting, kicking and eye gouging, Coon left Soucie bleeding peacefully in the cell and returned to his waiting audience. "All right, boys," he said, starting up the picture where the hero starts slugging it out with the villain, "just remember this here is only a movin' picture with no coincidence to real life."

You don't have to be very old to remember Al, King of the Swedes. Chester Wing, for instance, is in his late fifties, designer of the U.S. Army and Navy's air-propelled "aero sleigh," which he originally designed to hunt prairie wolves on the frozen straits. The first time Chet saw "The King" was when the blond giant drove up to the Wing garage in an early-model open Reo, his shoulders towering above the windshield. Al wanted to borrow a vise. "She vent to kick," he said, holding out a crank that was twisted in knots, ". . . and I hold on."

The garage on State Street was located between two saloons, and Al used to drop in often after that. Flats were common in those days, but they didn't bother Al. Once Wing discovered him kneeling down in the road, the front axle resting on his left knee, while he changed the right front tire.

A gallant man, drunk or sober, Al insisted on strict decorum and any male passer-by who failed to lift his hat to a lady was lifted off the duckboard sidewalk and tossed as far as Al could throw him into the mud of State Street. At the sight of The King, fellow jacks removed their caps with a jerk that often upset their balance.

The Jack Wasn't That Tough

But in a fighting mood, a jack would challenge anything that moved, including an automobile. Wing remembers driving Al down State Street when the way was blocked by a jack who spread out his legs, stuck out his chest and defied them to pass. "Run over him," commanded the King of the Swedes. So Wing ran over the man "as lightly as possible," running the front tire over his boots and hitting his shins with the hubcaps. When Al got out at a near-by saloon, he looked back and saw the jack still in the middle of the street, waving his fists and swearing. "You tink he still mad?" asked Al. Wing thought most likely he was. So Al went back and beat him up for being mad because a car had run over him.

The size of most of the logging towns was measured by the number of saloons and brothels, with the ratio running about 2 to 1. Thus the Soo in the 1880s was a 50-saloon town, Saint Ignace 38, Bay City 156, Saginaw 182. Girls for the brothels flocked in from the great industrial cities like Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo. A large majority got married, a few to become leading members of the communities. "They made good citizens, too," says Al Weaver, grand old man of north Michigan journalism. "They were lots more broad-minded than most."

July 4th was the big holiday of the year and in Cheboygan, at least, the girls were always given the patriotic privilege of financing the whole celebration. With elaborate fireworks this ran into money. "How much do you need, boys?" the mayor would ask the program committee. The girls were then rounded up en masse and fined the required amount. "They were good sports about it," says Weaver. "And, of course, they got most of it back."

Saloons and brothels operated on the principle that the customer was never right. The sooner a jack passed out, the better he paid off when he was carried out back to the "snake room" and rolled.

Folklorist Richard M. Dorson, who

(Continued on page 76)

OUTES: U.S. Highway 31, along eastern shore of Lake lichigan; from Traverse City to Mackinaw City, about 110 iles. U.S. Highway 23, along western shore of Lake Huron; om Harrisville to Mackinaw City, about 130 miles. U.S. ighway 2, from Saint Ignace to Sault Saint Marie, about 52 iles. Ferry service across Strait of Mackinac and to Mackinac Island; no cars may be operated on the island.

CCOMMODATIONS: Tourist cabins and motels are plentiul on main routes. State parks have excellent camping and ailer facilities, also Wilderness Areas for roughing it. Good hotels in most towns and cities. The Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island provides rooms at $13 to $20 a day, American plan. Other hotels on the island and rooms in private homes start at $2.50 European.

FOOD: Fresh vegetables, fruit and berries in season; lake fish and game. Cooking and hospitality largely Midwestern.

CLIMATE: Northern Michigan has year-round attractions, but it is at its best in the summer months. Weather is comfortably cool: mean July temperature about 65 degrees.

WHAT TO WEAR: Woolen sport jacket and slacks, heavy brogue shoes, lightweight hat. A poplin or leather jacket, wool shirt and fishing and hunting clothes should be included.

WHAT TO DO: Excellent swimming, with miles of sandy beaches, also many inland lakes. All outdoor sports including golf and hunting. Sight-seeing throughout the region.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write to the Information Office, Michigan Tourist Council, State Capitol Building, Lansing 1, Michigan.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

ON THIS THEY ALL AGREE

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"I am not keeping company," she said. Tim grinned. "It'll be easier to keep your mind on your work"

HANNIGAN

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

Woman's work is never done—
especially when she goes away

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

THE village carpenter came down the ladder with a pail of roof cement and a putty knife in one hand and a smear of asphalt on his chin. "I found your leak, I hope, I hope."

"Is it fixed?"

"Well, I did you a Hannigan."

The expression was not new. The boy at the gas station had put a Hannigan patch on our spare tire. The plumber described his furnace repairs by the same term. The town board, someone said, had voted to build a Hannigan bridge across Stony Creek. And while the workmanship was all right, it was nothing special. Some of it had been slipshod. And it was irritating to hear how proudly the villagers said they had done a Hannigan.

"Just what is a Hannigan?"

"I keep forgetting you're new here."

There was no point in resenting the carpenter's remark. After only seventeen years in Pine Plains, we are reconciled to our status as aliens.

"Tim Hannigan was a fellow who could do anything and do it better than the next man." . . .

The carpenter's grandfather had seen Hannigan's arrival in the village.

It was a bitter-cold, late-November day. The valley road was hub-deep in freezing mud that clung to the spokes until it seemed as if all vehicles had solid wheels. When the stage from Wellsport creaked to a halt in front of the tavern, all four horses were steaming from their pull across the flats.

The stage itself was a light, three-seated lumber wagon fitted up with a tarred canvas top, side curtains and a projecting boot behind, where freight was carried.

The sole passenger swung off and, after a glance around, walked into the tavern office which was also the bar.

This stranger was a tall, broad-shouldered man in his late twenties, with straight black hair and heavy eyebrows above black eyes. He was wearing a well-preserved blue Army overcoat which was unbuttoned, as if he were contemptuous of the raw wind. He wore no mittens on his strong, callused hands.

He was not, the carpenter's grandfather decided, the type of man one would wake up to ask the time of day.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a firmly courteous voice, "is the proprietor here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tobias Drake. "I'm him."

"I'm looking for room and board."

"I kin accommodate you."

"Good." He glanced around the room. "Would a couple of you gentlemen be kind enough to give me a hand with my chest?"

THREE nodded and followed him out to the stage. They were Hiram Staats, Alonzo Tyler and Phineas Mead. They were veterans themselves and volunteered because of the Army overcoat he wore. He led them to a huge pine chest which was roped on the stage boot. "You," he said, "take that end and I'll handle this."

"No! No!" Staats spoke up quickly. He fancied himself as a willing lifter.

"Do as I tell you," said the stranger. "Now."

The first time they lifted, the three men on the near end of the chest did not budge it, while the man in the blue greatcoat lifted his end free. They took hold again. This time they managed to clear the wagon and staggered to the tavern porch. The owner of the chest had no apparent difficulty.

"What's in there?" Staats wheezed. "Anvils?"

"Yeah. A couple of anvils and my hammers."

"You must be the new blacksmith."

"I expect I be. My name's Hannigan. Tim Hannigan. Let's step inside and have something."

Mead, Tyler and Staats swore that there wasn't another man in the state who could have carried one end of that tool chest without help. Hannigan hadn't been in the village for five minutes before his reputation was made.

He bought the corner shop from Dave Hughett's widow for four hundred dollars, cash down, and, inside of a month, he had more work than he could do.

His forge became a sort of clinic where horsemen brought their problem cases. He cold-fitted shoes to wild-eyed kicking mares, that, in the tactful phrase of horse dealers, were "a trifle light behind." He shod driving horses that interfered, designing shoes to correct their faults.

All the stallions in the district were his regular customers, since he feared nothing that walked on four legs. Tim had no trouble with the ugly beasts. He talked them into docile behavior.

It was more fun than a circus to hear Tim Hannigan gossip with Arch Logan's White Dan, a man-killing stallion with a reputation so evil that he was accepted in no other blacksmith shop.

Tim would begin by standing at the animal's head and offering a carrot or an apple or some other delicacy. Then, the carpenter's grandfather explained, he would begin his talk, for all the world like a barber flattering a rural Don Juan. "I hear you're doing all right for yourself. The talk gets around, you know." His hand would slide gently down the stallion's near foreleg. "Lift up. Yes, sir. Lift up, if you please. I hear you've been cutting up with Bill Kemp's Susie mare. Hold it. Just like that. And I don't blame you a bit. No, sir. Susie's neater than a Quaker bonnet. Yes, sir, she certainly is. A pretty mane. There's a nice curl to it. A natural wave. You can pick them, sir. You certainly can."

There must have been a magical formula to his talk, for he and the vicious stallion always parted friends. White Dan would look back and whinny to the blacksmith as he was led away.

For more than forty years, *(Continued on page 83)*

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CUTS DOWN NICOTINE!

THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE

Continued from page 70

teaches history at Michigan State College, recently spent 6 months collecting firsthand material for a forthcoming—and very forthright—book on the folkways of the Upper Peninsula. One of the old jacks he met boasted he'd learned to keep his fist tightly locked around his roll, even when carried out stiff. Then he showed Dorson his right hand with the index finger missing. "They had to cut it off with a pocketknife to get at the roll," he explained proudly. "And I didn't miss either one of 'em till next morning."

For all his amazing stamina, the lumberjack is supposed to have drunk no milk, eaten no butter, eggs or green vegetables, swallowed no vitamin pills. There wasn't much variety in his beef, potato, bean and bread diet, but he made up for it by "eating big," a habit that stayed with most jacks the rest of their lives. Just a few years ago, an ex-jack named Rupe Eastman departed this life at eighty-three after consuming three pounds of salted peanuts and a quart of whisky while waiting for a snowbound bus near Gulliver on the Upper Peninsula.

Unlike New England and the South, you won't find a distinct regional speech, though it's probably developing in the interchange of expressions among the various ethnic groups. As Chandelle Paquin of Saint Ignace puts it, this is one of those things that "always happen when you lease suspec' the mos'." The French Canadians are responsible for the interrogative "eh" at the end of a sentence: "Let's do that, eh?" Pronouns are often used in the same way: "Who's he going to vote for, him?" Entering Sault Saint Marie, you'll see a big sign put up by the chamber of commerce, reading: "Welcome, You!" Along the streets you may still hear an occasional "Bo-jou" for *"Bon jour."*

Words from Many Sources

Poles, Finns, Lithuanians, Welsh, Dutch and Swedes still preserve the flavor of their mother tongues; and as for the Irish, you can still hear Gaelic spoken familiarly on Beaver Island. On the Upper Peninsula the Cornish miners, known locally as Cousin Jacks and Cousin Jennies, introduced such familiar Americanisms as "leery," which originally meant "empty," "scram" to designate the reworking of an old mine, and "lode" for a rich vein of ore. They also contributed the pasty (pronounced pass-tee), a spicy meat and vegetable pie that is taking the place of hot dogs on the roadside stands.

When somebody says, "I'm all dreened out," he means he's exhausted. The choppin's refers to cut-over timberland. Coyotes is always pronounced cai-yute.

The accent is Middle West. But the outlook is increasingly north woods. Up on Drummond Island, old-timer Warren Bailey put it this way. After suffering a stroke which paralyzed his right hand, he told a friend who came to cheer him up: "What's the use of living when you can't hold a rod, a gun or a glass?"

Even in the towns, residents can walk out after supper on a summer night and cast for brown trout on drake and May fly hatches. In the fall they like to run their setters on alder swales and poplar thickets; come deer season they've long since picked the 10-point buck they're gunning for. In most of their garages there's a canoe racked up on the wall, and their houses are littered with guns, decoys, tackle and flies they prefer to tie themselves.

Ernest Hemingway wrote some of the best accounts of north Michigan hunting and fishing in his early short stories. Over around Boyne City and Horton Bay they remember him not as a famous literary figure but as a boy in hardpan shoes and Bear brand stockings who used to spend the summer months with his family at Wesley Dilworth's Hotel on the lake. "I knew that boy had talent, though," says Volley Fox of Boyne City, "from the day I watched him land a seven-pound brook trout from a one-man canoe."

North Michigan children sometimes have unusual pets. Over in Oscoda on the Lake Huron shore, James MacGillivray, the naturalist and founder of the Michigan Forest Scouts, once took his children, James, five, Jean, six, and Margaret, seven, on a hike through the woods and brought back two bald eaglets which they named Molly and Pete.

Red Ribbons for Pet Eagles

The eaglets grew up in the MacGillivray home to huge black birds with six-foot wingspreads and had the run of the whole town. To make them safe from hunters, the children tied bright red ribbons around their necks. Molly never liked her finery and always managed to untie the knot or bite it off. But Pete was proud of his and acquired a great fondness for any brightly colored fabric. In the wintertime he used to pluck red flannels off family clotheslines. In warm weather he cruised over the dunes and regularly brought home one-piece bathing suits.

Pete was finally shot by a hunter, and hundreds of the townfolk attended his burial on the dunes. Molly, disconsolate, stayed away for weeks at a time, finally reappeared for the last time in the MacGillivray back yard with a handsome young male eagle. But every Fourth of July for years afterward, they'll tell you in Oscoda, Molly came back to soar around the American flag above the school.

Last winter when the S.S. William C. Warren, carrying 88,000 bushels of wheat, foundered in the shallows off Presque Isle, it was front-page news everywhere. But Pat and Emmett Richards, young veterans who run the Alpena News, turned up with a startling sequel: "The wreck," in Pat Richards' sprightly prose, "touched off a mass binge among the hitherto sober duck population." Thousands of black duck and mallard, feasting on the mounds of fermented wheat, beat their wings in a vain attempt to fly, wobbled unsteadily on the beach, and in some cases flopped down on the sands to sleep it off.

One amateur naturalist who hurried to the scene decided the ducks had merely overeaten. Over a bottle brought along to mitigate the effects of the cold lake wind, he argued the point at length with several members of the salvage crew who stuck to the binge theory. "I'd just about brought 'em around," he reported later, "when damned if those ducks didn't start in on Sweet Adeline."

Most of the bragging you'll hear about hunting and fishing in this region takes the form of the tall story, brought to perfection by such masters as Broncho Bill Breauceau of Alpena.

Consider Alice, the bird dog Bill trained for a wealthy Chicago sportsman. The first time Bill tried her out on a real hunt, Alice froze to a point in a thicket a few yards ahead, and Bill shot the lone bird that flew up. But Alice kept right on pointing and sure enough the birds kept right on popping up one at a time with space enough in between for Bill to reload his double-barrel shotgun.

Curiosity finally got the better of him, and with the birds still coming up at regular intervals he moved up to Alice to find out what was going on. "Well, you know," says Bill, "I found that dog hold-

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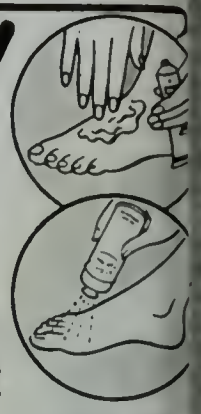

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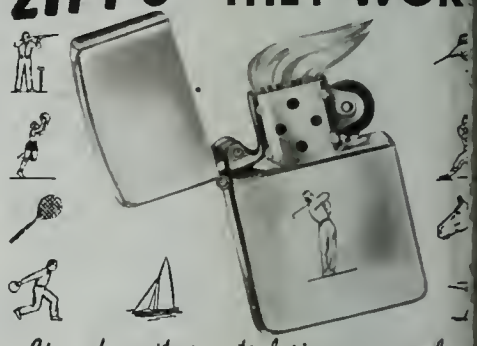

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; her paw over an old rabbit hole where birds had gone to hide, and she was tin' 'em out one at a time."

In this country all roads lead to the es and streams. The Ojibway Indians d a word for it: Michigan, meaning water. The shores of four of the e Great Lakes—all except Ontario—mprise three fourths of the state's undary, and if you count some 880 and shore lines it adds up to 3,121 miles dune, beach and rocky bluff. In addi-n there are 11,037 inland lakes cover-728,322 acres and 36,550 miles of eams and rivers.

On the Upper Peninsula two main hways—2 and 28—carry you through e densely wooded Hiawatha country tween Lake Superior and Lake Michi-n. The highways which crisscross the wer Peninsula all feed into the scenic ore road which keeps you within snap-ooting distance of Lake Michigan and ke Huron along most of the loop. Up the whole length of the Lake Mich-n shore, you're in the fruit belt which oduces more cherries than any other gion in the country. Along the way u'll pass a long succession of inland es and harbors around which the sort colonies cluster.

STATE OF THE REUNION

Most old grads, be it noted,
Have hairlines which, indeed,
We once might well have voted
Most Likely to Recede.

—Richard Armour

Out on the little resort colony of aver Island you'll hear the story of e rise and fall of James Jesse Strang, e red-bearded little lawyer from west-n New York, who proclaimed himself ing of All the Earth, and ruled for six ars as absolute monarch over the is-nd. At St. James, the capital he named r himself, the Mormon usurper donned red robe borrowed from a retired akespearean actor, and pledged his nverts, who flocked in by the hundreds om the mainland, to obey his every ord as divinely revealed law.

As a disciple of Joseph Smith back in auvoo, Illinois, Strang, stanch husband d father, had opposed polygamy. But king can change his mind. Cautious first, he persuaded a pretty eighteen-ar-old schoolteacher, Elvira Field, to t her hair, dress as a boy and live with m as his nephew, Charles J. Douglass.

As his secretary, Charlie accompanied e King everywhere, even to Washing-n, where Strang tried unsuccessfully to lk Congress into giving him sovereignty ver all of Lake Michigan's islands. But s secretary's anatomical peculiarities caped no one, and the King soon pro-aimed plural marriage for all, setting e example by taking four more wives. t the same time he banned long skirts r all women and commanded them to ear knee-length knickers.

The more Strang's colony grew and rospered, the more bitterly it was sented on the mainland and the sur-unding islands. Naval warfare, car-ed out in rowboats and fishing smacks, roke out between the Strangites and the entile (non-Mormon) fishermen. The ke sailors charged the Saints with oarding and pillaging lake steamers hich used the island as a refueling sta-on. Arrested and carried to Detroit n the federal gunboat Michigan, Strang ot only acquitted himself and 12 fol-wers of piracy charges, but returned gain control of county politics, move e courthouse from the mainland to St. ames, and get himself elected as a state epresentative—the only absolute mon-rch who ever served in a state legisla-ure.

Strang's fatal weakness turned out to be his power. Revolting against his iron rule, a handful of his followers arranged secretly for the return of the Michigan, shot their King in the back as he stepped on the pier to answer the captain's summons.

The actual assassins got a hero's welcome aboard the gunboat and were set free on Mackinac Island. King Strang was removed, mortally wounded, to Wisconsin; but before he died a few weeks later, armed mobs from the mainland burned his home and his tabernacle, destroyed the library and printing press, and pillaged the town. The 2,600 men, women and children King Strang left behind were stripped of all possessions, loaded into a lake steamer and dumped homeless and penniless in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Today, St. James is a quiet little resort village which you can reach by car ferry from Charlevoix. Like all Michigan islands, Beaver is still pretty much a law unto itself—a fact which strikes tourists when they see license plates dating back as far as 1929 on local cars.

Oldest and mellowest of the resort spots is tiny Mackinac Island in the middle of the straits. In colonial days, possession of the straits meant control of half the continent, and Mackinac was the pivot of three empires—the French, the British and the private empire of John Jacob Astor, who made one of the first great American fortunes in furs. When Astor moved out a hundred years ago, wealthy Southerners turned it into a fashionable resort; and after the Civil War, Chicago millionaires took over.

Today, out-of-state tourists are surprised to discover that 95 per cent of the island is a state park and that the privately owned 5 per cent is democratic, with a small and a capital D. A handful of Republican votes were cast here during the election last fall, but according to the year-rounders this was only a gesture of courtesy toward Republican Governor Kim Sigler, who occupies the summer mansion on the island.

Horse-Drawn Tours of Mackinac

No automobiles are permitted to sully the breeze that blows across the straits. The only exceptions are the ambulance, the fire engine and the DDT truck. The island's 50 horse-drawn hacks are driven mostly by college boys who are encouraged to use their imagination on sightseeing tours of the island.

The Association for Ex-Mackinac Carriage Drivers, formed last winter in Detroit, includes a surprising number of politicians, the best-known of whom is Mayor James Curley of Boston.

Since there is nothing in the state constitution to ban cars altogether, motor traffic is legally permitted on Tin Pot Alley and three blocks of Market Street. When M-G-M used the island as location for the picture This Time for Keeps, with Esther Williams and Jimmy Durante, the technical staff took it for granted nobody would question their use of trucks to haul heavy equipment. They were wrong. Publicity or no publicity, the island stuck to its guns. The trucks were permitted only on condition they be drawn by horses, and that's how the equipment was carried.

As a tourist in north Michigan, you won't hear much talk of "old Middle Western hospitality." But you'll get the genuine article, which consists in the main of getting what you pay for.

"If you like it up here now," they tell you, "wait till your grandchildren see it a hundred years from now." Not so long ago, in the words of the barroom ballad, "they cut down the old pine tree"—and very nearly made a coffin of pine for half the state. Since then they've learned to count progress in tree rings, and time is all on their side.

THE END

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The Road of Planned Progress

HOMEMADE BOOM IN DIXIE

Continued from page 21

them barbecue and sour-mash whisky and talked about developing their region.

The scheme started out as an advertising promotion, but under the prodding of visiting newspapermen and some college presidents, it soon snowballed into an ambitious blueprint involving the creation of a permanent regional council, or compact, in which educators, and health and agricultural experts would participate. The utility men set up a staff. Under a full-time administrator it will provide a sort of high command to co-ordinate the job of hoisting a whole region by its bootstraps.

A few brief years ago this hoisting job would have required some hefty straining to overcome the millstone of tradition and the feet-dragging by political Neanderthalers. Today, Mississippi and Arkansas are already well on their way.

Consider the Mississippi legislature. Sixty-five per cent of its members are new faces. Twenty-four House members are under thirty; another twenty-one are under forty. Recently adjourned here's what the legislature did:

Boosted common school funds 33 per cent.

Voted $5,000,000 to match local and federal funds for new hospitals.

Voted to build a $300,000 Negro junior college, the first publicly supported one in the state.

Voted $500,000 for scholarships to finance white and Negro medical students in outstate schools. (Mississippi has no medical school.)

Boosted state salaries to attract officials of higher quality.

The new blood in the legislative halls is matched in other posts of influence.

Inevitably, labor organization is cat ing up with Mississippi and Arkans and contributing to deepest Dixie's N Look.

In Mississippi the C.I.O. is led by Ro ert Starnes, a soft-spoken Mississip native whose father served in the legis ture. Starnes' greatest coup and openi wedge was his victory in a woodworki plant at Laurel. There, white comm laborers earned 60 cents an hour; N groes, doing the same work, 58 cen

Equal Pay for All Workers

On organizing the plant Starnes w a 13-cent hike for the white unioni and 15 cents for the Negro workers equalizing the wage at 73 cents. Th has since been boosted to 93 cents. T day every plant but one in Laurel is c ganized.

The question of Negro segregation unions is a vexing one. The C.I.O. tak colored workers. Negro and white m attend the same union meetings, but a seated separately. The C.I.O. has l many an important employee electi because white workers, particularly in t textile mills, feared colored forem would be put over them. But its me bership keeps rising, and at last cou the C.I.O. boasted 15,000 members o of a potential 80,000 in Mississippi. T A.F. of L. and the Railroad Broth hoods have about 25,000 members b tween them. In Arkansas, the C.I.O. h recruited 20,000 members out of a p tential 80,000.

And so from without, but even mo from within, forces are at work to he the 47th and the 48th states catch up the rest of the country.

THE END

BLIND-SWIMMING SUE

Continued from page 6

intercollegiate rodeo at Arizona (winner: Texas A&M). The fall hurt like the kick of a Brahman bull, because the Colorado Aggies, champs in 1946 and '47, were anticipating a third and retiring leg on the college cup.

Rodeo is a club activity on many Western campuses, but it will be a varsity sport before long. Thirty universities from Kansas to California support teams, including Wyoming, New Mexico Aggies, California Polytechnic, Kansas State and Brigham Young. When a crowd of 5,200 watched the Colorado Aggies' rodeo last month, there was some talk of awarding varsity letters to undergraduate cowpunchers. Such belated consideration probably would not impress two Arizona riders who earned their U's the hard way: A bucking horse booted them in the back of their chaps, scoring simultaneously with left and right shoes. The incident inspired a reader of the college paper to contribute the couplet:

We brand 'em
In tandem
Poet Lariat

▸ ONE-SPORT SCHOOL

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, is the nation's oldest engineering school. Athletes who can operate slide rules and pay full tuition rates may apply for admission. Only once—when Navy shipped in a carload of wartime basketball players—has Rensselaer enjoyed an undefeated sports season.

But all that was before Ned Harkness, a twenty-four-year-old Royal Air Force bombardier, came down from Canada in 1945 and turned the athletic program upside down. Handball players couldn't near the courts last winter. The footb coach had to call off spring training f the same reason: Everybody was playi lacrosse for Harkness.

The RPI varsity Harkness started a club has won 30 of 35 matches against t nation's top college teams. Harkn doesn't play himself (he was a Canadi pro before the war), but his coaching h made All-Americans out of kids w never saw a lacrosse stick prior to me ing Ned. Best example is Damon J dan, leading intercollegiate scorer for t last two seasons.

Jordan learned stick handling by f lowing Harkness' mimeographed instru tions: *Stand at the end of the handb court and throw the ball real hard a fast at the backboard and then run f ward and catch it on your stick.*

Enthusiastic students and Troy tow people raised $20,000 to send "T Hark's" team to London for pre-Oly pic matches against Cambridge a Oxford. (Lacrosse is not on the Olym program.) Knowing Harkness, the pla ers are looking forward to no vacatio Ned demands perfection, particula from star players. Once when he berat Jordan for slowness, Damon proteste "But, Coach, I made that opening g in the first 12 seconds."

Unimpressed, Harkness barked at h "What kept you so long?"

▸ Nobody seems to be interested in b tering the record which Andrew Cut established at the Louisville Expositi in 1878. Andrew chinned himself times with his little finger.

THE END

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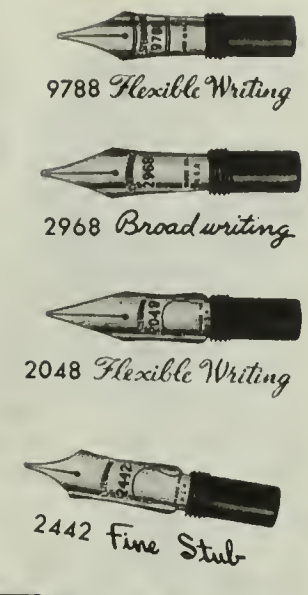

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INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DAYTON, OHIO

THE TWO MR. VANDENBERGS

Continued from page 15

presumably flashed them under the noses of Premier Stalin *et al.* When Secretary of State Byrnes returned from the first Paris Peace Council, he gave most of the credit for America's strong position to The New Vandenberg. At the end of the San Francisco Conference, Senator Tom Connally declared that Vandenberg was one of the key factors in its success.

John Wurz, editor of the Grand Rapids (Michigan) Herald, remembers when Vandenberg used to wear a cutaway coat, striped pants, a wing collar and a black string tie in Grand Rapids. He enjoyed delivering orations and was inclined to use grandiloquent words.

The New Vandenberg of today is a man of impressive dignity. Today he wears conservative suits and unobtrusive bow ties. The polysyllabic words have all but disappeared from his vocabulary. The brief speeches he makes to the Senate have the effect of a surgeon's knife. During the Senate discussions on the European Recovery Plan, for instance, Senator Joseph H. Ball and a small group of "revisionists" threw a monkey wrench into the works by coming up with an amendment to create a new vetoless organization to replace the United Nations. Vandenberg squelched this revolt with a few well-chosen words—mostly of one or two syllables.

The same thing happened during the long-drawn-out fight against the confirmation of David Lilienthal to be chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Until Vandenberg got up to speak on April 3, 1947, Lilienthal seemed to be a dead duck. Then, in thirty minutes, Vandenberg changed the minds of six senators.

Biography in Ringing Phrases

Perhaps the most graphic illustration of the difference between The Old Vandenberg and The New Vandenberg is a book which he wrote in 1921 entitled Alexander Hamilton, the Greatest American. In this book, he declaimed, "I nominate (for the Greatest American) the Master Builder of indissoluble union, the Founder of American Public Credit, the Architect of Policies and Institutions, the inspired Oracle of sound American Purpose and Necessity, the Intrepid Soldier, the Great Economist, the Most Brilliant Author, the most Fascinating Orator and the Most Formidable Legal Luminary of his time."

Today, The New Vandenberg puts it differently. "The Greatest American," he said quietly when he received the Collier's award for distinguished Congressional service in 1946, "is a type, not a person. He is the American who fears God, pays his taxes, takes part in public affairs, cares for his family, and dies decent."

It is a matter of great conjecture in Washington as to what caused this major change in Vandenberg—an evolution which certainly is more fundamental than a man just switching over from isolationism to internationalism. The most widely accepted theory is that for the first part of his life he was a man with powerful ambition, a man whose friends believed he might become President of the United States. Vandenberg sometimes seemed to act the way he believed Presidential aspirants are supposed to act.

Then, according to some observers, Vandenberg realized, toward the end of 1944, that since he had missed out on the Presidential nomination in three elections, the chance probably would never come again. He made specific preparations to retire from the Senate in 1946.

In the meantime, he began examining his old concepts in the light of a man without political obligations or ambitions. The Vandenberg thinking chang When he made his historic forei policy speech on January 10, 1945, knew he was throwing away the supp of Colonel Robert McCormick and p haps thousands of Chicago Tribu readers who had been the backbone his isolationist strength.

The curious thing is that the Vand berg who honestly doesn't want the Pr dency probably is closer to it today th the Vandenberg who was put forw as an active candidate for the nomi tion. In 1946, the year he wanted to ref from the Senate, he didn't even ca paign—and he won in an unpreceden landslide in which he carried every Mi igan county. Today more and more perts are leaning to the view that Republican convention will beco deadlocked, and that Vandenberg (o his protests) will then be drafted and stampede the convention.

If Vandenberg's career reaches O. Henry climax, it will be in keep with the rest of his life. He was born i neat, white, frame house in Grand R ids, Michigan, on March 22, 1884, offspring of a Dutch harness ma named Aaron Vandenberg and a Dau ter of the American Revolution nan Alpha Hendrick Vandenberg.

Until he was nine, young Art played happily about the legs of a wh wooden horse in front of his fathe shop on Market Avenue. Then came panic of 1893, and the horse and shop were gone. A short time later, bankrupt father was gone, too. The el Vandenberg died, cursing the Democr for his ruination.

After what Arthur went through the next ten years, it is small wonder t he has done a bit of Democrat-curs himself. As he told an interviewer 1939, "I had no youth. I went to w when I was nine, and I never got a cha to enjoy myself until I came to the S ate."

In school, according to friends Grand Rapids, young Arthur snubbed—or thought he was be snubbed—by some of his classmates, because his father had been a harn maker and (b) because he was poor. parently, Vandenberg fought b against this by trying to make himself much of a big shot as possible. The 1 Manteion, yearbook of his class at Gra Rapids Central High School, indica that he succeeded.

There are 6½ lines of activities un his photograph, compared with an av age of 2 or 3 lines for most of the ot students. In a mock U.S. governm set up by the school, Vandenberg s nificantly enough was elected U.S. se tor from Michigan. Vandenberg ea developed a reputation as an orator.

After he graduated with these disti tions, Vandenberg got a job as a bill clerk in a cracker factory. One d however, Theodore Roosevelt came town in his campaign for the Vice-Pr idency, and Arthur was so overwhelm by the Roughrider's oratory that he to two hours for lunch instead of twe minutes and was summarily fired. then went to see E. D. Conger, owner the Grand Rapids Herald, and asked a job as a cub reporter. Conger hi him, and Vandenberg became the st editor at $6 a week. A few weeks lat he became a city hall reporter at $8 week.

In the fall of 1901, Vandenberg tered the University of Michigan L School and tried to get through on $50 he had saved from his newspa job. The effect of enforced starvati and day-and-night work made a near valid out of the tall, frail boy after a ye and he went back to Grand Rapids a

old paper. He then covered city hall ive years. He is remembered by contemporaries as a youth with a prodigious mory, who could repeat verbatim the ches of the orators he idolized on board of aldermen.

1906, one of these orators, William en Smith, so enjoyed Vandenberg's reciation of his grandiloquence that nade him unofficial manager of his essful campaign for Congress. On ch 17, 1906, Smith bought the Grand ids Herald. The next day, with a nificent burst of oratory, he beved on the astounded 21-year-old city reporter the editorship, general manship and vice-presidency of the pa- Smith became a U.S. senator, but he ys remained a second father to Vanberg and never once interfered with running of the paper.

s editor and later publisher of the nd Rapids Herald, Vandenberg be- e an influential young man. But he t indulging in extracurricular activi- He wrote 108 short stories and sold w of them to minor magazines. He a poem called Heart's Gold to Col- s, and under the pseudonym A. V. drick, he wrote the lyrics of a song tled Bebe D. (dedicated to Grand ids-born movie star Bebe Daniels), ch ended with the line, "Bebe, Bebe, e, be mine!"

nder Vandenberg's editorship, the ald became the Republican Thun- r of western Michigan. Vandenberg te all of the editorials. He continu- bespoke the praises of William Alden th, Henry Cabot Lodge, Warren G. ding and Herbert Hoover.

andenberg's record in defense of civil rties always was impeccable. On July 4, 1921, he wrote a classic editorial which began, "In Belleau Woods they were all Americans, white and black, Jew, Protestant, Catholic." For another editorial on the death in action of Theodore Roosevelt's son, Quentin, he received an Editor and Publisher award.

In 1906, he married beautiful Elizabeth Watson and they had three children, Arthur, Jr., Barbara and Elizabeth. But Mrs. Vandenberg died suddenly in 1916, leaving him with the three half-grown youngsters. In 1918, Vandenberg married Hazel Whitaker, a brilliant welfare-worker-journalist whom he had known slightly during his year at the University of Michigan.

He Didn't Want to Be Governor

By 1928, Vandenberg was neck-deep in Republican politics. Whatever Senators Lodge and Borah said against internationalism and the League of Nations, Vandenberg repeated in his editorial columns. Twice, he was proposed for the Republican nomination for governor. But on each occasion, he refused to consider it. His objective was the United States Senate.

His patience was rewarded. In 1928, Michigan Senator Woodbridge N. Ferris died, just six months before the end of his term. Republican Governor Fred Green (according to sources close to him at the time) wanted the senatorship badly himself. He had only one possible rival, Vandenberg, who had supported him in the last election. The governor then came up with what he thought was master strategy. He appointed Vandenberg, in the expectation that the long-winded editor would talk himself out of the job before he came up for re-election.

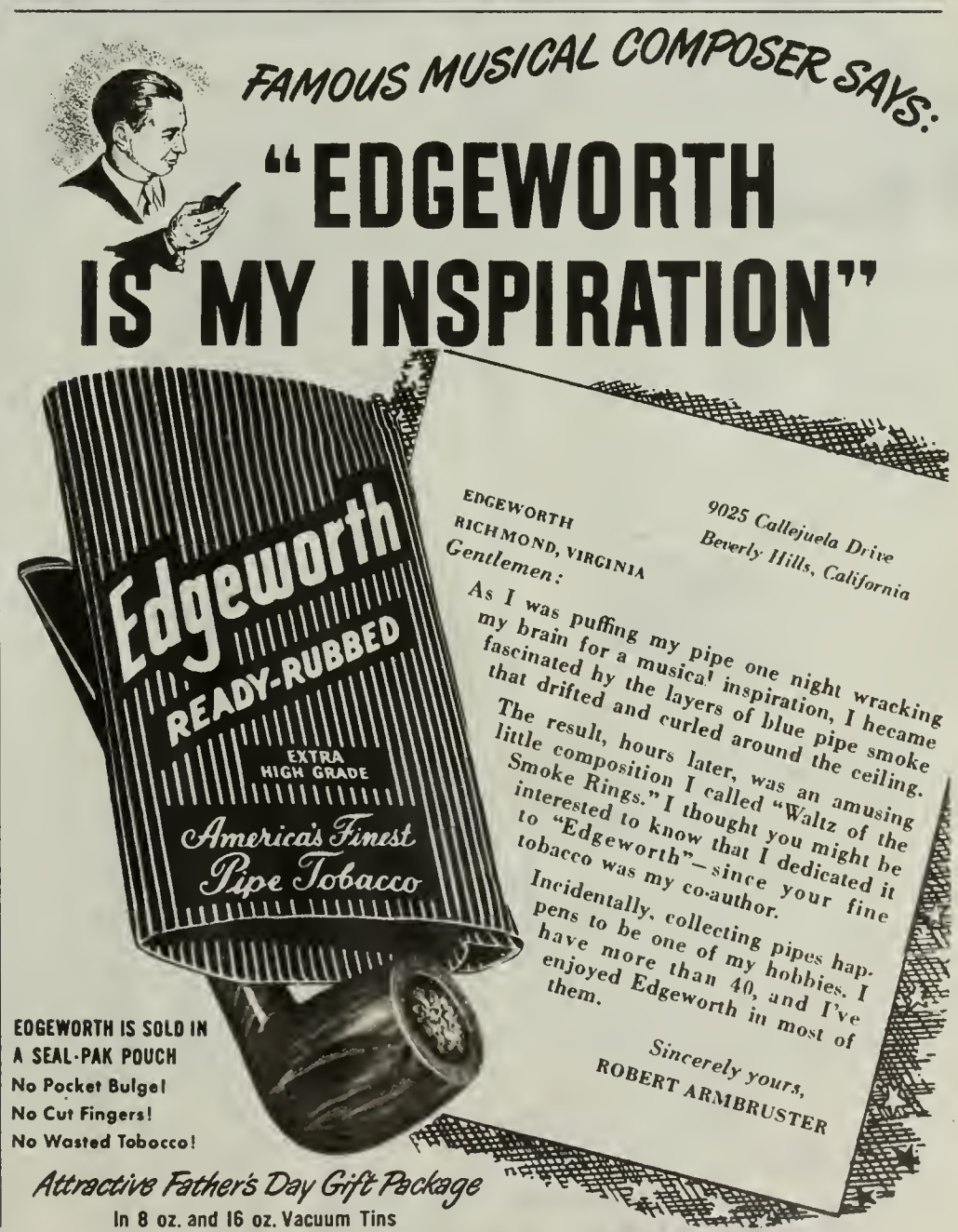
Vandenberg did not rise to the bait, however. In his brief six-month term, he tackled just one major issue—reapportionment—a sore spot in Michigan, because the state rated four extra congressmen on the basis of population rise. Reapportionment passed, and Vandenberg was in. He won easily in 1928, eked out a close victory in 1934, and had another close call in 1940. In 1946, after The New Vandenberg had emerged, he swept the state with an overwhelming 567,647-vote plurality.

After the Roosevelt earthquake hit the Republican party in 1932 and 1934, Vandenberg was one of a handful of Republicans left in the Senate, and thus an important leader of the opposition. His role, of necessity, nearly always was negative.

Vandenberg wore out his lungs battling against the Wagner Act, the N.R.A., the AAA, the TVA, Passamaquoddy, the Florida Ship Canal, and nearly every other New Deal proposal. He was not all black or all white, however. In Detroit in 1933, he waged a monumental but hopeless struggle to keep the local banks from closing. This losing fight so impressed him with the plight of the banks' depositors that he wrote an amendment to the 1933 Banking Act setting up the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which President Roosevelt opposed at the time. New Dealer Leo T. Crowley, later head of the corporation, credited Vandenberg with being "the father of the FDIC."

Vandenberg also voted for Social Security, the SEC and the child labor amendments. All this seemed merely to confuse his friends and enemies, and led to the 1934 campaign against him based on the slogan that he was the "Yes and No Man."

When the threat of war developed in Europe in the 1930s, Vandenberg, still following in the footsteps of Borah, became the loudest of Congressional voices against preparedness and aid to the democracies. Even after the European war erupted, he steadfastly opposed such measures as Selective Service and Lend-Lease. He summed up his philosophy



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during the Neutrality Act discussions on October 4, 1939, when he said, "It is in a humble spirit of gratitude that two great oceans still relatively insulate our shores against this curse of war." From this, he became known as The Insulationist.

Vandenberg had considerable backing for his views in those days, however, and few people realize how close he came to getting his party's top nominations. At the 1936 Republican convention in Cleveland, Vandenberg was a close rival for Landon all the way, and then in an all-night session, he actually was chosen to be the Vice-Presidential nominee. All that remained was a formal vote the following morning. But at 7 A.M. permanent chairman Bert Snell was roused out of bed by a telegram from Vandenberg which read, "I must ask that my name not be considered."

Apparently, for Vandenberg, it was the Number One spot or nothing.

Predictions Spoiled Candidacy

Before the 1940 election, Vandenberg was an odds-on choice for the Presidential nomination, when the war came along making him look foolish on many of his predictions. The Republican party then turned to internationalism.

After the 1940 election and the U.S. entry into the war, Vandenberg slipped into the background of the national scene. It was somewhere between Pearl Harbor and the end of 1944 that he changed. No one knows what went through his mind during those months, but all available evidence indicates that the final catalytic agent was Germany's robot-bomb offensive. The day after the first V-1 fell on London, he seemed to be in a daze when he said to a friend, "How can there be insulation or immunity when Man can devise weapons like that?"

A few months later—on January 10, 1945—he said the same things in the speech which Senator Warren Austin labeled "one of the most important addresses to the people of America, and a turning point in world affairs."

In this speech, Vandenberg declared, in simple language which the Senate had never heard him use, "No nation hereafter can immunize itself by its own exclusive action. . . . Our oceans have ceased to be moats which automatically protect our ramparts."

From this point on, The New Vandenberg, who thought he was nearing the end of his public service, found himself more on stage than ever before. At the San Francisco Conference, he worked with the zeal of a Salvation Army convert to help whip the United Nations Charter into shape.

After San Francisco, Vandenberg was one of our keymen at two U.N. General Assembly meetings, and at two meeting of the Council of Foreign Minister whose peace treaties with Italy and th satellite countries he whipped throug the Senate for confirmation (by this tim he had been elevated to the exalted pos tion of chairman of the Senate Foreig Relations Committee). In a celebrate speech on February 27, 1946, he firs called for a get-tougher policy with Rus sia, before Secretary of State Byrnes in dependently came up with the same ide He was, of course, the playmaker i getting the Truman Doctrine and ER through the Senate; and he is credite with making a great save at the Rio d Janeiro Conference last summer.

On that occasion, the Inter-America Defense Treaty had been completed when on the last day, Argentina teame up with Colombia on a proposal tha would have made the treaty just a harm less scrap of paper containing prett words. Vandenberg delivered such scathing speech that the Argentines wer grateful to accept a face-saving compro mise offered by Mexico that afternoon which left the original positions un changed. Recently, Colombian states man Dr. Eduardo Zuleta Angel indicate that Vandenberg is just about the onl North American hero in Latin Americ today.

All this does not mean that The New Vandenberg has been a stooge for th Truman Administration. He disagree violently with two Secretaries of State o our policy in China and Argentina, an he was not consulted about the Pales tine problem, our handling of which h considers to be a classic among foul-u jobs. He was not consulted, either, o Truman's recent requests for the dra and Universal Military Training. O that day, he refused to answer a sum mons to the White House and stole th show from the President by making celebrated off-the-record remark (late put on the record). "I am tired of bein called in on the crash landings of ou foreign policy," he said, "and never o the take-offs."

Although The New Vandenberg de liberately avoids taking an active part i domestic issues (by agreement with Sen ator Taft), the record indicates that h views have changed there, too. The Ol Vandenberg was the Senate's most vo ciferous foe of the Wagner Act and mo other labor legislation. In a speech to th Michigan State Republican conventio on February 8, 1947, The New Vanden berg said, "It is sheer public suicide fo labor and capital to be ever at each oth er's throats."

In this same little-publicized speech, h announced that he was against monop oly, for voluntary restraint in pricing an for a reduction in the public debt befor a reduction in taxes. These, he says (de

"These candy bars contain bran, whole powdered milk, soybean flour, dextrose, invert sugar, lecithin and resinous glaze. Is that good for bears?"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

pite a party-line vote for tax reduction), till are his views.

The Old Vandenberg was one of the ie-hard foes of TVA when it was first assed by the Senate. But on April 3, 947, in the middle of the Lilienthal con- rmation fight, The New Vandenberg aid, "TVA is one of the most successful ublic institutions of its sort on earth." Moreover, Vandenberg's closest assocites in the Senate today are the young Republican moderates—Irving M. Ives f New York, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., f Massachusetts and William F. Knowand of California. Another liberal Reublican, Harold Stassen, has indicated hat Vandenberg is the only Republican residential possibility with whom he ould take second place on the ticket.

Because of Mr. Stassen's kind remark, nd because of the general feeling that he Republican convention could swing Vandenberg on a switch to him by ny of the major candidates, the sixtyour-year-old Michigan senator lives a sh-bowl existence. One of the great ational questions has become, "What is he state of Vandenberg's health?" Acording to his old-time friend and peronal physician, Dr. A. B. Smith of Grand Rapids, his health is as good as was 20 years ago. "He is free," says he doctor, "from any indication of lness or organic disfunction."

Vandenberg, however, is no youngster, nd he has spent only 29 days at his Grand Rapids home since Pearl Harbor. He lives at Washington's Wardman Park Hotel with Mrs. Vandenberg, and often, after the terrific pace he has set in the Senate all day, he is asleep by 9 P.M. He used to run his affairs as a one-man operation, the way he used to manage his newspaper. Today, his capable son Arthur, Jr. (who is a dead ringer for his father), has taken over most of the routine chores in Vandenberg's office. Vandenberg used to walk the two miles from the hotel to the Capitol every morning. Today he drives his own car or rides in the Vice-President's car which he inherited when his colleagues elected him President of the Senate in 1946.

Among the other things he inherited with this job was the Vice-President's office hidden away in the Capitol, which contains such interesting items as a Theodore Roosevelt crystal chandelier, John Garner's whisky cabinets, the lavatory from which all the fixtures were removed by Henry Wallace to make room for books, and Harry Truman's Vice-Presidential flag.

These knickknacks symbolize the fact that The New Vandenberg—without trying—has come much further than The Old Vandenberg ever was able to get. Without trying, The New Vandenberg might get into another office for which The Old Vandenberg never found the key.

THE END

HANNIGAN

Continued from page 74

nose twist hung on a nail just inside he door of Tim's shop but it was never sed once. "Why hurt a horse?" the lacksmith would ask. "How'd you like if Doc Gillipin banged your crazyone before he took your temperature?"

In those days, Irish Catholics were ot too welcome in Pine Plains. But he community made Tim an exception the general rule. For a third of a cenury he was the perennial commander of he Major Amzi Steel Post, Grand Army f the Republic, and the invariable grand narshal of the parade on Fourth of July nd Decoration Day. He was also justice f the peace, foreman of the Alert Hose Company and, lastly, school trustee.

It was through his school-trustee job hat he quit boarding at the tavern.

The railroad was laid through the vilage in the early 1880s. As a result, there vas a building boom and it became necssary to enlarge the schoolhouse and mploy a second teacher. One day a oung lady in a green silk dress with matching hat stepped off the noon rain. She made an inquiry at the post ffice and walked over to Tim's shop.

She stood fifteen and one-half hands all. A sixteen-inch surcingle would have uckled around her waist. She had light hestnut hair. Her eyes were a snappy rown, and she was all business, from angs to bustle.

"I am Miss Mary Willis," she said, "a raduate of the Rollins Female Semiary. I wish to apply for the position of eacher in your school."

Tim had a great listening face. It howed interest without taking sides. "Where's your home, Miss?" he asked.

"Parkerville."

"You've a family living there?"

"Yes, sir. Of course."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

She seemed very much surprised. "Two sisters and four brothers."

"Older or younger?"

"I'm the oldest," she said, "if it makes ny difference to you."

"Yes, Miss. It makes considerable difference to me. If you were the youngest, ou might be spoiled. But if you're the oldest, you know how to handle children. No only child will ever be a teacher here, while I have any say about it."

"Then, Mr. Hannigan?"

"You're hired. School starts the second Monday in September, with two weeks' vacation during potato-digging time. Done anything about a place to board?"

"Why, no, sir."

"Try Mrs. Jed Walker's. She sets a good table and she isn't nosy. And," he added, "she has a nice front parlor with a coal stove and a sofa, in case you're keeping company."

"I am not, Mr. Hannigan."

"Good," said the blacksmith. "I mean you'll find it easier to keep your mind on your work. See you in September."

"But I haven't shown you my certificate."

Tim grinned. Things were working out. "Miss Willis, I'm a judge of character, so a certificate means nothing to me. But there are those who put a heap of confidence in them. Suppose you show the certificate to the postmaster. You can do it natural when you explain about your mail. I'll guarantee that, within half a day, everybody will know you have a certificate."

THEY were married as soon as school was out, the following May. The wedding, Tim said, was a tax on horseflesh because it moved around so much. On account of his religion, they were first united by the priest in the rectory at Wellsport. Then in the afternoon, to oblige Mary's parents, they were joined in matrimony by the Baptist preacher.

Something that the second clergyman said in his long prayer made the bride mad, so she insisted that they stand up again before a justice of the peace. "I can be as contrary as anybody else," she declared.

"We were hooped up like a new cider barrel," Tim remarked. "We were the most married couple who ever went to Niagara Falls. If that Mormon missionary ever comes to Pine Plains again, we'll have him in, to make it unanimous."

They lived in a pretty white house with a picket fence around it that stood where

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AMERICA'S OLDEST PENCIL MANUFACTURER

the Pioneer gas station is now. Tim bought it from the Sy Dallman heirs.

At first, there was a little resentment because Mary had left her church to marry Tim, especially on the part of some widow ladies who had had other plans for him. But after the cloudburst undermined the foundations of the Presbyterian church in 1887 and Tim figured out a way to shore up the south sill and finished driving piles to hold a retaining wall, the talk against them quieted down, particularly as Tim wouldn't take any pay for what he'd done.

The Methodists liked him because he re-ironed the preacher's cutter free of charge and refused any money for shoeing any clergyman's horse. People said he was broad-minded.

That's the way things were in 1893 when Mary's second sister was taken sick with the typhoid fever. She was married to a railroad man and lived in Pennsylvania.

When Mary got the telegram from her brother-in-law, asking if she could come to help out, she and Tim had not been separated for longer than one day in nine years. They were the best example of married contentment for miles around.

"I must go," Mary said, "on the afternoon train. But I don't know what will become of you."

"I'll make out all right," laughed Tim.

"I'll ask Mrs. Walker to come in and make your bed and wash your dishes."

"You'll do nothing of the sort."

"Why, Mr. Hannigan," she exclaimed. She'd always called him Mr. Hannigan, which tickled him. He used to tell how, one zero night, when he got into bed, she said, "Why, Mr. Hannigan, your feet are cold."

"I got along all right before I married you," Tim told her. "I calculate I can do the same again."

She scurried around, baked him six mince pies and a batch of fresh bread, packed her alligator satchel and caught the train, still worrying about Tim's comfort. The fourth day he received a letter, telling him how sick her sister was and saying that, even with the best of luck, she would have to stay a long, long time.

TIM took it all in stride. He fed his chickens and his pigs, milked his cow and pan-set the milk, skimmed the yesterday's milk and gave the cream to Mrs. Walker to make butter on shares. He got his own breakfast in the morning, ate his dinners at the tavern. Most generally he was invited out to supper Sunday.

He wrote Mary that he was doing fine. He did not tell her that his two coon dogs had taken to sleeping in the house with him. Mary had always made him keep them in the barn.

The dogs' names were Tom and Jerry. They were on the hound order, with an assortment of other bloods. Daytimes, they stayed at the shop. In the evenings they generally slept on the new walnut sofa which Mary bought for the front room with her egg-and-butter money. Tim never stretched out on it, because it wasn't comfortable. He preferred the old one with the saggy springs, but Tom and Jerry did not mind the new. They were not the breed of dogs that were careful about wiping their feet.

After Mary had been away a month or so, the neighbors began noticing little things. Jim Roffee, the undertaker, decided to speak to Tim. He led up to it, gradually. "What do you hear from your sister-in-law?"

"Had a letter from Mary last night. She says Agnes is on the mend but awful weak. Just sitting up for an hour tires her like a washday. She'll have to stay quite a spell."

"Some of the ladies were talking to my wife. They'd be glad to go over to your house and give it a good cleaning so that it will be up to snuff when Mary comes back."

Tim spat on a hot shoe that he was shaping. The spit sizzled, a sure sign that he wasn't pleased with something. "I'll take care of it."

"You're busy here, though."

"It's this way," said the blacksmith. "Mary is a very particular woman. Her house has to be just so. I'm the only person in the world who knows how she wants things. Don't you worry. I'll look after it."

Jim Roffee was going to say more. But then he remembered how Tim licked that chimney fire in the Odd Fellows Hall, when all the other firemen thought the place was a goner. If Tim said he would do a thing, it was as good as done.

"All right, Tim. If we can help, let us know."

A night or two later, when Mrs. Walker called at Tim's house with a five-pound crock of butter, she stepped into the parlor which Mary never used unless they had company. Mrs. Walker was thunderstruck at what she saw.

From the day of his marriage on, Tim Hannigan had scarcely touched a drink of anything stronger than beer, except possibly at firemen's conventions and G.A.R. encampments. But this night Mrs. Walker saw twenty empty pint whisky bottles if she saw one.

Two of Mary's best Haviland china sauce dishes, the ones with the gilt wreaths and gold bands and red rosebuds in the pattern, were on the floor to hold dog food. Tom and Jerry were sleeping on the new sofa and Tim was stretched out on the old one, which had been pulled out from the wall. Behind it was a pile of newspapers, the Union & Advertiser, which was the paper that came out from the city each afternoon on the train. It looked as if Tim had tossed each paper behind the sofa as soon as he finished with it.

"For the land's sake, Mr. Hannigan," said Mrs. Walker. "If Mary ever sees this room, you'll be in for it."

"She won't see it," said Tim, sitting up. There was liquor on his breath. "When I get the word that Mary is coming, I'll close the shop for a day and put this house in apple-pie order. She'll find it just the way she left it, except for the geraniums that died."

"That will take some doing, Mr. Hannigan."

"Mrs. Walker," he replied with a whisky confidence, "I've never yet set out to do anything that I didn't do. My wife is the finest little woman in the world and I'd rather cut off my right hand than disappoint her."

Like the undertaker, Mrs. Walker was impressed by his statement. She'd known Tim for twenty years. He told the truth.

"I'll do anything to help you, Mr. Hannigan."

"Thank you. I know you mean a right. But there isn't a thing. Not thing in the world."

"Mary," she said doubtfully, "is te rible neat."

"No neater than I am," he replie knocking out the ashes from his pipe ar spilling most of them on the carpet. can go in my shop in the dark and p my hand on anything I want from number-six nail to my sixteen-pour sledge."

"And I believe he could," said Mr Walker admiringly when she told it Mrs. Roffee afterward.

THERE came a lovely summer mor ing when the undertaker drove h gray mare, Cassandra, to the blac smith's shop. Cassandra was the one always drove on his white, child's hears That morning, she had a loose shoe c her off front foot. Roffee had just m the doctor, who told him that the Gran jean baby was real sick with cholera i fantum. The undertaker wanted h mare ready, just in case.

But Tim's shop was closed. So Roff drove on down the street to the house.

As he stopped beside the spotle picket fence, the front screen door fle open. The coon hounds, Tom and Jerr came out hastily, their tails between the legs.

The door slammed shut. It opene violently again. Tim Hannigan appeare dragging his wife's new black walnut so after him with one hand and carrying patent wire carpetbeater in the other. T sofa's rear casters stuck on the threshol

Roffee noticed that the blacksmith w sweating profusely. With one terri effort, he jerked the sofa free, cracking rear leg as he turned it sideways on t porch. He fell to beating the upholster without a glance at the road. A cloud dust and white dog hair arose.

"Say, Tim!" called the undertake "Aren't you going to open your shop t day?"

"Nope. Nor tomorrow, neither."

A great light dawned upon Jim Roffe "When is Mary coming home?"

The blacksmith looked over his shou der but his beating hand did not miss stroke. "Coming? Hell's bells! She here!" . . .

So that accounts for the expressic which had puzzled us when we came Pine Plains. A Hannigan is less than lick and a promise. It means no job all.

"It seems too bad," remarked the ca penter, "that Tim Hannigan is remen bered only because of his housekeepin which was his single failure. A first-cla mechanic deserves a better memorial."

THE END

"Herbert's day is ruined. They asked him to run in the fat man's race"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

AMERICA ON GUARD

Pennsylvania City Backs Its Young Men Who Guard Nation's Future

COMMUNITY SUPPORT HELPS BUILD A STRONG AMERICA . . . HELPS KEEP THE PEACE

HIS IS PART of a 90-mm. anti-aircraft gun. Guardsmen in training, earn extra pay while serving their country and themselves . . . as members of the *new* National Guard. Some vacancies exist for men 17 to 34 now!

America is working to *keep* the peace! Take Allentown, Pennsylvania, as an example. This city serves as headquarters for the 51st Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade of the *new* National Guard.

Like other National Guard units throughout the nation, the 51st gets its strength from the community where its members reside and work . . . members like this 17-year-old and this combat veteran (pictured with a modern 50-caliber multiple anti-aircraft gun).

Allentown residents are well aware that only a strong America can be a peaceful America. That's why the entire community backs its young men in the *new* National Guard. Through a local organization of leading business and professional men, Allentown offers the National Guard material assistance . . . encourages young men to join.

This pattern is being repeated in hundreds of our nation's towns and cities. Remember . . . for a peaceful tomorrow, support your *new* National Guard *today*.

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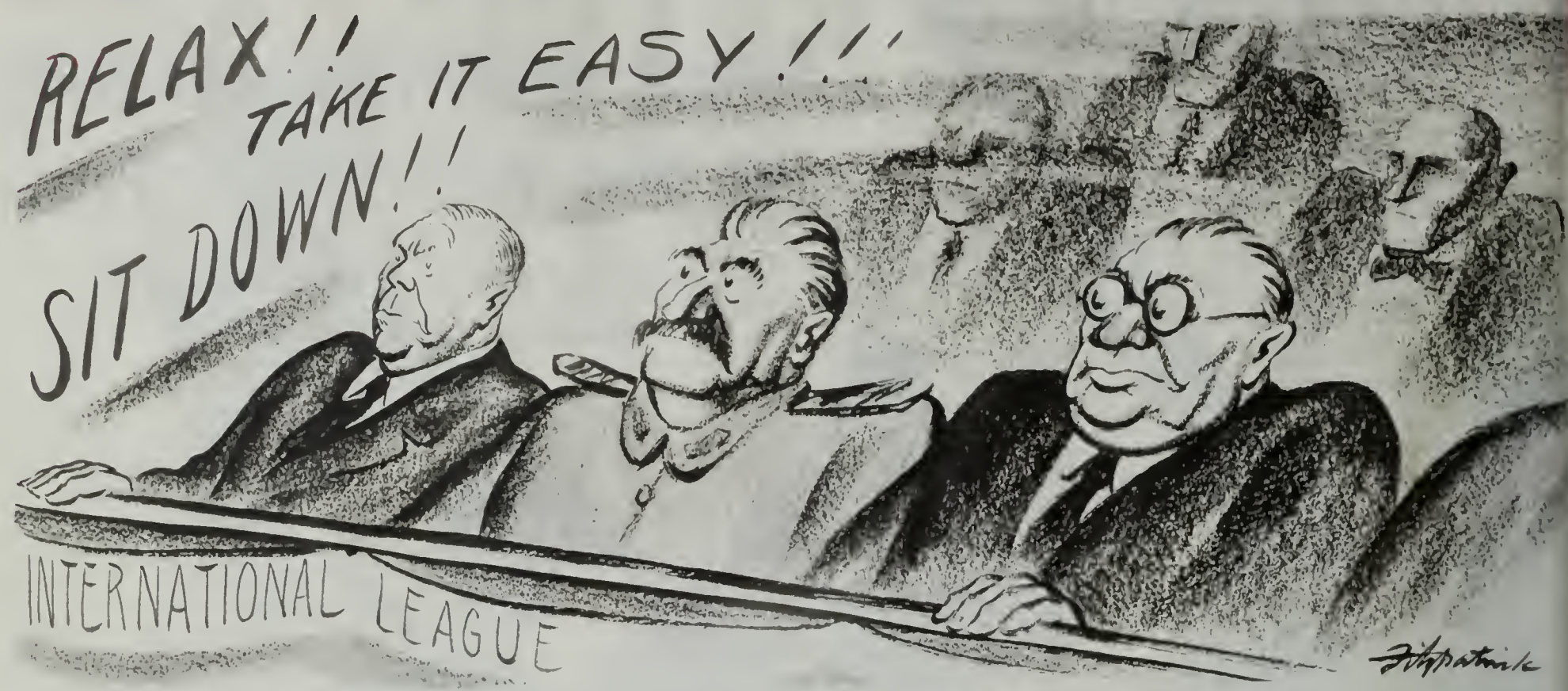

...THE RED CROSS SAID A MOUTHFUL

THE Brooklyn, N. Y., chapter of the American Red Cross came up the other day with a document which we wish could be pondered in the U.S. State Department, the British Foreign Office and the Kremlin.

As most of the civilized world is aware, the Brooklyn baseball fan is a unique character. Backing his beloved Dodger National League team (Dem Dear Bums), he can and often does rise to pitches of incredible fury, excitement, hysteria. Mayhem often results. Homicide hasn't occurred yet, but you never know.

Taking note of all this, the Brooklyn Red Cross chapter has got out a dead-pan instruction sheet entitled "Care and Protection of Dodger Fans . . . a First-Aid Manual for the 1948 Baseball Season." We quote some of the more poignant passages of this treatise:

> One thing Dodger fans should remember at all times is this rule: RELAX! TAKE IT EASY! DON'T GET EXCITED! SIT DOWN! . . .
>
> CONCUSSION: Dodger fans *have* been seen pounding each other on the head during an exciting moment. If brain concussion results, lay victim down with head level or slightly lowered. Keep him warm and call a doctor. Don't give him any stimulants. Not even soda pop! . . .
>
> BATTERY: Dodger fans *have* been known to engage in fisticuffs with Giant fans. When bloody nose results, have loser sit up with head thrown back. Loosen clothing around neck (he may have been grabbed by the cravat). Apply cold wet compresses to nose, and press bleeding nostril for 4-5 minutes. Black eyes are treated with ice or cold cloth applications. Steak is unnecessary [also too damn' expensive—Ed.].

We repeat that we'd much like to see copies of these "Relax! Take it easy!" exhortations circulated among the top echelons of our State Department, the British Foreign Office and the Kremlin. A world of good might just conceivably come of it.

●

. . . WE STILL PRODUCE HEROES: As a story in the never-say-die, don't-know-when-you're-licked American tradition, we offer the saga of Texas City, Texas.

This is the Gulf Coast town where, on April 16, 1947, a ship loaded with nitrates blew up and touched off explosions and fires which killed 462 persons and injured about 3,000, and destroyed $55,000,000 worth of property. It would have been a death blow to many a town.

A little more than a year later, the Texas City picture looks as follows: Population has jumped from 18,000 to 27,000. About 700 houses have been repaired, 500 new ones built, 900 others begun. All business establishments except one are repaired and going full blast. Large port improvements are in progress.

It is evident from this story that the United States is still producing heroes and heroines—people who can take disaster on the chin, then shake the blood out of their eyes and proceed to make that disaster work for them . . . People who simply do not admit to their minds the thought of ever letting any calamity get them down. There may be more inspiring and encouraging stories floating around just now than the story of Texas City's comeback; but if there are, we haven't heard them.

●

. . . THE KREMLIN ISN'T SUPERINTELLIGENT: A lot of people in this country believe—and the belief is of course carefully encouraged by the domestic Reds and their fellow travelers—that the 14 Kremlin Politburo members who run Russia are men of deadly intelligence, who can make stumble-bums out of virtually all the Western powers' top diplomats. We permit ourselves to doubt it.

Looking over the Kremlin's acts in the last couple of years, we get the feeling that the Politburo has its full quota of dumbness, clumsiness and blind spots.

The Kremlin wasn't smart about the recent Italian elections. The Western powers' pre-election proposal to give Trieste back to Italy caught Stalin & Company off balance, and they couldn't think of an effective comeback. They merely tripped over their own brogans by blackballing Italy for U.N. membership shortly before the Italians voted. A boner, Joe, a boner!

In Berlin, the Kremlin has been smart in small ways and foolish in big ones. Many of its pinpricks aimed at worrying Britain, France and the U.S.A. out of the German capital have been shrewdly calculated; but the whole campaign is unwise. It is unwise because the odds are 100 to 1 that there will be a first-class fight if serious bloodshed occurs in Berlin, and because Russia is now in no shape for a first-class fight.

The Czechoslovak coup was a mistake on the Kremlin's part, because it alarmed and inflamed Western public opinion against Russia as few other things could have done. Another fumble, Joe!

Of course, our own leaders and their aides are not 100 per cent geniuses. Our Central Intelligence Agency fell down badly in the matter of warning Secretary of State Marshall of what might happen at Bogotá.

But we obviously are not dealing with any supermen in the Kremlin. They make plenty of mistakes, and it is evident that they are often misled by their own spies. Why be overawed by a setup like that?

●

. . . IN SELF-HELP FOR PRESIDENTS: You probably remember Collier's recent article, So You Want to Be President!, by Merriman Smith, ace Washington correspondent. It was about the tough lives our Presidents lead, what with endless appointments, innumerable state dinners with those crippling multiple handshakes, the duty of signing 200 or more official papers a day, and so on.

We sympathize, as most people who read the Smith article doubtless did. But we'd like to throw out a suggestion.

Our notion is that any President who could nerve himself to put his foot down on all unnecessary demands on his time and energy would win far more applause than disapproval.

He could simply refuse to see publicity seekers and bringers of gifts whose main object is to get their pictures taken with the President. He could decline once and for all to shake the hands of 1,000 persons—or 100—at any White House or other official function. He could demand that Congress authorize him to rubber-stamp his name on public documents of minor importance, instead of signing each and every one with his own lily-white hand. And so on.

A few politicians and a multitude of assorted phonies would of course be enraged by a President who would thus publicly shuck off some of his man-killing labors. But we think the bulk of Americans would approve.

We can't believe that they want their Chief Executive to wear himself down with useless chores. It's only common sense to want him to stay in good physical shape and have time to attend to things that matter.

Such a White House Declaration of Independence can't come too soon to suit us.

Collier's

JUNE 26, 1948 TEN CENTS

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—The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

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Unemployment Insurance Racket

PAGE 13

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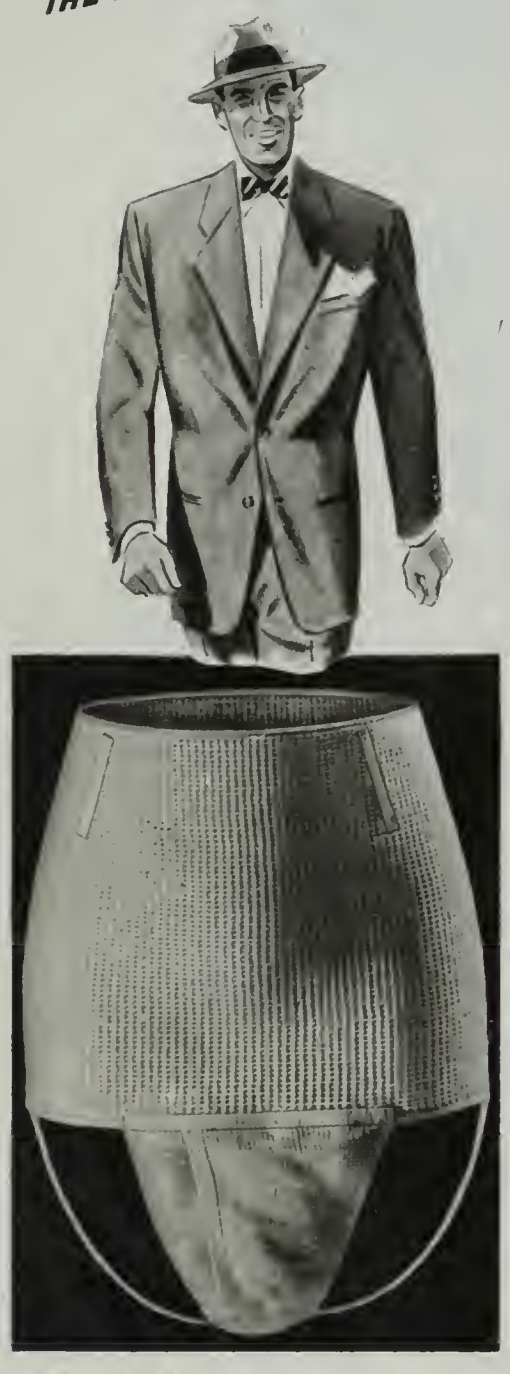

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

FEAR OF FEAR ITSELF

SIR: Your editorial on fear is very timely (Most Fears Are Phony, May 15th). In small towns and country places the most prevalent and the bitterest of all fears is the fear of antagonistic mental influence. Mental influences can, of course, hurt nobody, but the fear of them is driving thousands insane, making with others a mockery of religion, exalting devils to powerful thrones and subjecting the consciousness to the imaginary immaterial forces. I admit that the discovery of the cosmic radiance shows that the brain can receive telepathic impulses from other brains (a measure of cosmic consciousness), but these impulses can never be harmful. They are always beneficent and tend toward the unification of mankind.

A. D. CRANE, Kingsport, Tenn.

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE!

DEAR SIR: We, of the American Legion, are taking recognition of the dire need for conservation education on a large scale by our attempt to establish a National Conservation Committee of the American Legion.

We are gratefully acknowledging your effort in making Americans conservation conscious (Are We Short of Water?, May 15th).

HANS W. KRUGER
Baudette, Minn.

. . . I don't know about Lester Velie being Short of Water, but we're not. In these parts even the robins are equipped with pontoons and the children are taught to swim before they walk just in case somebody leaves a door open. The thought of anyone paying $40 for a two-hour wetting fills me with delirious dreams of what could be accomplished if California could get together with Washington. The South needs rain and, brother, we've got so much after it gets tired of coming down it starts going up again, so if our Southern neighbors would care to purchase a little of it for what they soak us to enjoy a bit of the sunshine, it sounds like a good deal for us. Just bring your old tubs (no offense meant to the female specie) and fill them up.

LOIS CHAMBERLAIN, Bremerton, Wash.

. . . I put in about 20 Years Draning Water out of the Earth and have Travled through about 1,000 Miles of Under Ground Workings. There for when I say that Water can be Stored in the Under Ground Resavors that Nature put ther for

(Continued on page 62)

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Sign of Good Eating

Show a man that familiar bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup when he's dining out—and he knows he's picked a place where *quality* counts and good home-tasting foods are the order of the day!

BRING on Heinz Tomato Ketchup at *home*—and double your husband's enjoyment of steaks, chops, stews and economy cuts! Add the magic touch of Heinz Tomato Ketchup to your gravies, omelets and other cooking, too. This full-flavored blend of luscious "Aristocrat" tomatoes and spice is found wherever good food is served! Ask for Heinz Tomato Ketchup at your grocer's! You'll find the whole family shares your husband's weakness for the world's largest-selling condiment!

Heinz TOMATO Ketchup

BADMINTON'S MR. BIG

BY BILL FAY

DAVE FREEMAN got into shape to win the national badminton championship by beating his wife with a frying pan. Dave didn't want to do it, but the Panama dampness had warped all the rackets except one. Dollie used it, and Dave swung the frying pan, and the score was 15-3, 15-6.

Maybe Dave could have won the nationals with the frying pan. Maybe not. Using rackets, he never has a bit of trouble. He hasn't lost a game—much less a match—since 1939. Meanwhile, he's captured 306 consecutive tournaments, including six straight nationals. It would probably be ten straight only for the fact that the war canceled competition after 1942 through 1946.

Freeman, an Army doctor stationed in Balboa, Canal Zone, had to enlist his wife's badminton services because Dollie was the only coercible opponent within 1,500 miles. Before the rackets warped, Dave stayed in shape by flailing rug-beater-style at a shuttlecock hanging from the basement ceiling.

Freeman flew home to Pasadena ten days before the nationals at Waco, Texas, and won the California state tournament on blistering feet. At Waco, even with his blistered feet, Dave beat Martin Mendez, 15-4, 15-5.

Badminton is a game of reflexes and Freeman has them. "Sometimes the bird travels so fast you can't see it," Dave admits. "I just stick out my racket—instinct, I guess." The same reflexes might have made him a tennis or a squash champion. He was ranked behind Jack Kramer and Welby van Horn in 1938, but the California association sent him to the national junior tennis championships, anyway. "He's such a great competitor," the officials decided, "he'll be a good influence on our team." While the California stars cracked under pressure, Freeman, who went along for the ride, raised his game 50 per cent and won the national title.

Dave didn't take up squash until he enrolled in Harvard Medical School in 1942. Eighteen months later, he won the New England championship.

"I seem to play better in competition," Dave says. "Maybe that's something I inherited from my father, who was a Presbyterian minister in Pasadena for 30 years. Dad always said that an audience stimulated a speaker. I get the same keyed-up feeling from a badminton gallery."

The separation papers of Army Captain David G. Freeman, M.C., should be processed soon. Dave plans to take up civilian practice in Pasadena, specializing in eye, ear, nose, throat and shuttlecocks. At twenty-seven, he's so far ahead of the badminton field that he could hold the national title for another 10 years. By that time, the young Freemans, Rees and David, Jr., may be causing trouble. Doctor Freeman says four-year-old Rees is lazy but has wonderful co-ordination. People have been saying the same thing about his dad for years.

Long-time national badminton champ Dave Freeman gets under a difficult shot and bangs it back to his opponent

ART ROGERS

THE TWO OLD MEN

When Bob Fitzsimmons startec training, February 2, 1897, for his heavyweight title fight with Jim Corbett, Fitz jogged 12 miles with Yaraum, a 185-pound great Dane.

Fitz loved to show off his pet, anc on one occasion threw Yaraum in a saloon wrestling match.

Jim Corbett, it developed, also hac a dog—a mongrel named Laddie. Ter days before the St. Patrick's Day battle, Fitz and Yaraum met Corbett anc Laddie on their morning jog.

Laddie, outweighed 172 pounds snarled at Yaraum. Fitz snarled a Corbett. Then cooler heads prevailed Not a blow was struck, or a bite taken but the training-camp journalist wrote two columns on the dogfigh that might have happened. That's considerably more space than many contemporary writers are devoting to Jo Louis' return heavyweight title engagement with challenger Joe Walcott.

After all, what is there to say abou Walcott and Louis? If Louis is hal the champion he used to be, he' knock out Walcott in three rounds Walcott never was much of a fighter He worked as a sparring partner i Louis' camp before Joe's first scra with Schmeling and his age is a mor closely guarded secret than Suga Ray Robinson's war record.

Louis has lost his enthusiasm fc fighting. Joe wanted to quit after th second Billy Conn bout, but couldn' Reason: He borrowed $100,000 fror Promoter Mike Jacobs during the wa and Uncle Mike always likes to b paid back—with interest. Louis r ceived less than 20 per cent of h fabulous ring earnings. The rest wer to taxes, Jacobs and numerous mar agers. And what Joe got, he spen Everybody has made money out c Louis, except Louis.

Getting back to the fight, Joe ougi to put Walcott away like a Pende gast ballot box. If he should lose h 25th title defense, it would prove on one thing: that the greed of promote and managers forced the greatest the heavyweight champions to kee on fighting well past his prime—unt he couldn't even beat an old sparrir partner.

CROSS-COUNTRY CREW

The Severn was a rough and winc river all spring—too rough for rov ing. Navy's crew trained on shelter Backbreak Creek two miles from t boathouse. That meant loading t shells onto carts, pushing them ove land to Backbreak Creek and hon again.

After two weeks of pushing, Coa Buck Walsh predicted: "We may n win Poughkeepsie, but we're develo ing one helluva cross-country team

Walsh's coaching colleagues have hunch that Buck really is developi one helluva varsity boat—a powe house eight that figures to retain Poughkeepsie title by plenty of op

(Continued on page 36)

Can you find your shoes n this picture?

If you could look at the shoes worn by the ple who are the true "owners" of American ness, chances are you'd find *your* shoes among ! And that holds true whether you're a factory ker or a schoolteacher—a farmer or a store- er—a clerk or a cowboy—a housewife or a ographer—or anything else! Here's why:

If you own a single share of stock in any ness enterprise, you are one of the 14 million ricans who are *direct* owners of American in- ry, and who receive part of the profits of stry in the form of dividends.

f you carry life insurance, you are an *indirect* r of business. Because the premiums you and illion other policyholders pay are reinvested surance companies in sound, profitable busi- s. That's why your insurance policy can give *come* as well as *safety*. The same holds true nost all pension plans.

4. Even if you have no stock, no insurance, no pension—but are one of the 60 million people who have savings accounts, you have a stake in business. That's because the bank can lend your money to well-managed businesses—at a profit—and so can pay you interest.

5. Add it all up and you see that just about every family in America today is a part "owner" of business. Which means that just about every family in America profits when industry profits.

***How much profit** does it take to do so much good for so many people? Here, indeed, is another miracle of the American "profit system."*

For, while most Americans think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair *profit for business to make*—Government figures show industry averages less than half that much!

And about half of what industry does make goes right back into business to pay for the development that brings more Americans more good things than are enjoyed by any other people on earth!

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Invest in the quality that pays dividends in economical longer wear

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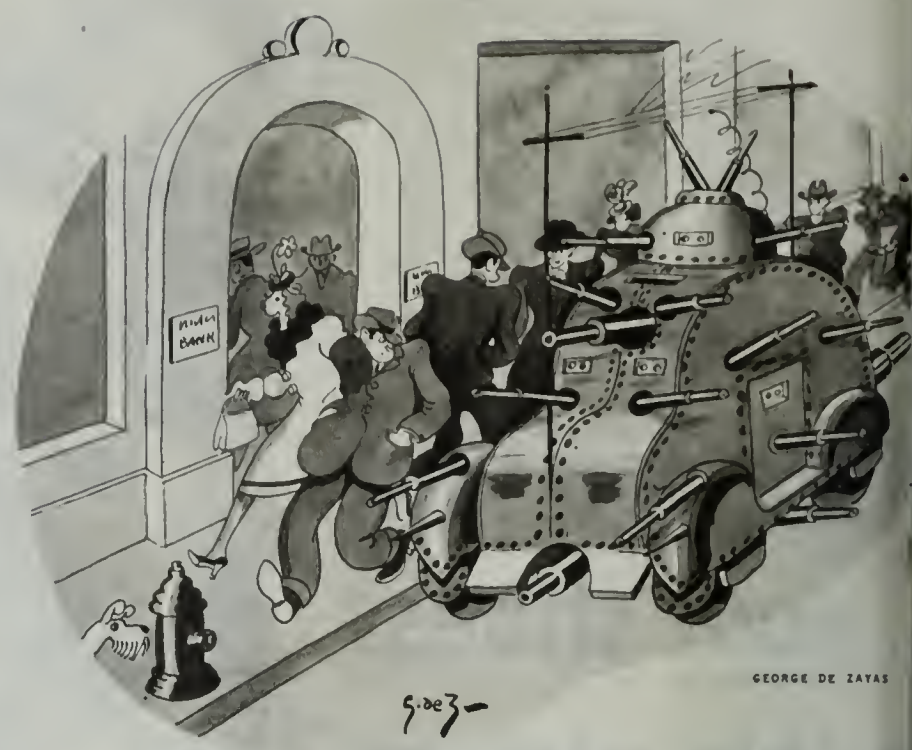


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

A modern money-moving service is using armored trucks that, besides being protected by a two-way radio and several kinds of guns, are constructed in such a way of reinforced steel that they are believed to be impregnable against attack by any weapons that might be used in a holdup, including bullets, grenades, mines and even demolition charges.

No living platypus, the egg-laying aquatic mammal, has ever been on exhibition outside of its native Australia except at New York's Bronx Zoo where one died seven weeks after its arrival in 1922 and three have flourished during the past 15 months. This four-pound, 23-inch animal is nocturnal and so delicate and nervous that it catches cold easily and can be made sick by crowds, noise and bright light. Therefore, the three in the Bronx are on display (in their outdoor tank) for only one hour a day and only from May through October.

Despite the attempts to ban the student duels in Germany, these medieval combats were continued until 1939, in the belief that they taught a youth courage and that the resultant facial scars marked him as a true gentleman. In such duels, eight of which were fought by most students, the combatants, with their eyes and bodies protected, slashed at each other's head and face with a sharp saber, exchanging more than 300 of these strokes within the allotted 15 minutes.

In England, men who have attended certain famous educational institutions proudly wear their Old School Tie throughout their lives because no symbolic pin, ring or similar article approaches this neckwear in commanding respect and wielding influence. Owing to the success of the idea, ties of distinctive design have been adopted by hundreds of British organizations such as clubs, banks, regiments, business houses and government departments.

Factors in the atmosphere at a titude of 20 miles are now bein corded on instruments carried u a new, lightweight balloon. A gas used is helium which exp greatly as the outside air pressur creases, only 2,700 cubic feet o put into the balloon because amount swells to 206,000 cubic or 76 times its original volume fully inflates the bag by the ti reaches its destined height.

The world's largest and costlie door swimming pool is in the St. George in Brooklyn. Constr in 1930, it is 40 by 120 feet, use water pumped from an undergr stream and attracts an average o 500 swimmers a week. The wall ceiling are covered with gold mi one of the luxurious features made the pool cost $1,264,000.

One of New York City's amazing swindlers was Georg Parker, who died in Sing prison hospital at the age of sev six in 1937. In his heyday, Pa specialty was selling famous tures to gullible out-of-town v whose confidence he won wi sincere and convincing manne cleverly forged deeds and other ments. Among his prized "hold which he sold at prices ranging $200 to $50,000, were Grant's the Brooklyn Bridge, the Stat Liberty and the Metropolitan seum of Art with its contents.

Since the first night games in m league baseball were played ir cinnati in 1935, they have const a steadily increasing number 1,232 games scheduled ann While their total had reached o in 1940, it jumped to 203 in 194 will be 358 in 1948.

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contributio be accompanied by their source of i tion. Address Keep Up With the Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted items may be reproduced without pe

Can you tell the difference between a Muskellunge, a Pike and a Pickerel? Look for these distinguishing features:

(A) **Muskellunge.** Upper half of gill cover, and usually one half of cheek, is scaled.

(B) **Pike.** Upper half of gill cover, and usually the whole cheek, is scaled.

Pickerel (*not illustrated*). Whole gill cover, and usually the whole cheek, is scaled.

When you go fishing

"THE TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify these fighters

**Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*

You can distinguish between Large-Mouth Black Bass and Small-Mouth Bass if you look for their special characteristics:

(A) The **Large-Mouth Black Bass** has jaw which extends back of his eye. Also the dorsal (top) fin is deeply notched.

(B) The **Small-Mouth Black Bass** has a jaw which does not extend back of the eye. Moreover, his dorsal fin is not so deeply notched.

Trout are marked by a group of distinguishing characteristics. For example:

(A) **Rainbow** (Steelhead). Many strong teeth in zig-zag rows on roof of mouth. Tail fin usually spotted.

(B) **Lake Trout.** Teeth on roof of mouth on an elevated crest. Has teeth on base of tongue. Red or pale spots on body. Forked tail.

(C) **Brown Trout.** Brownish, rather large scales. Red spots on sides surrounded by light rings.

(D) **Brook Trout.** No teeth on base of tongue. Red or pink spots on sides. Lower fins with light-colored edges. Tail square or only slightly forked.

When you buy gasoline

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. To show you that their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" fluid, gasoline companies display "Ethyl" trade-marks on their pumps. "Ethyl" antiknock compound is made by *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*

Working Out with Lloyd Mangrum

"Stylist" Mangrum, '46 U.S. Open Champ, is a short-game artist. Always practices putting before the tee-off. Lloyd's workouts under scorching sun are rough on his hair... so he plays it smart with **Vitalis.**

"I beat the bogey of blistering sun and drenching showers with the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout,'" says Lloyd Mangrum. Don't let sun, wind and water weather-beat **your** hair. Protect its good looks as so many top (and up-and-coming) men do. Get **Vitalis.**

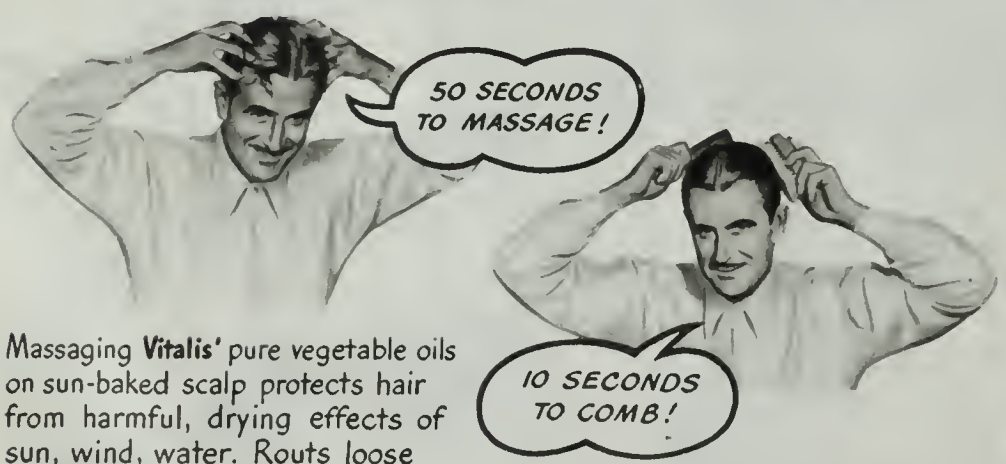
Product of Bristol-Myers

here's how the

Vitalis

"60-Second Workout"

keeps hair summerproofed and handsome



Massaging **Vitalis'** pure vegetable oils on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Looks **naturally** well-groomed. No greasy, "patent-leather" shine—**Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, use **Vitalis!**

P. S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair looking its best for summer. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

THE WEEK'S WORK

Sylvia Brooks

TO COLLECT the material for Dancing-School Bonanza (p. 22), Sylvia Brooks threw in her arch supporters for dear old Collier's. "I've been a reporter for five years," she mourns, "but I never knew the meaning of leg work till I began to migrate from dancing school to honky-tonks, taking real, paid-for and guest lessons.

"I guess I covered about 12,000 miles of dance floors, developed ballerina leg bulge and had all my problems for years to come solved in 20 lessons. The interviewees gave me all of the business I describe in the story. Oddly, I didn't get Charley horse till I sat down to the story for several days at the typewriter."

Otherwise, Miss Brooks is a New Yorker, a Columbia University M.A., and she narrowly missed being a professor. Instead she married Harvey B. Storch, an economist, lives in Washington, likes to bicycle and dance for relaxation.

KERMIT ROLLAND traces The Man Who Painted Himself Blue (p. 26) thusly: Out of funds last spring he wandered from his cold-water flat (rent $14) in lower East Side Manhattan, New York, in quest of *zakuskas* (free lunch) to be found in the neighborhood Russian-American bars.

He was making a solitary feast of spiced *selotkas* (small herring) and *fartoshke* (boiled potatoes and tap water) when the female bartender suggested a token investment at the bar was necessary before the patron did away with the entire free lunch.

Rolland, prepared for such emergency, fished out a final dime he'd been husbanding against the predicted business recession, and bought a bitter beer. A small gentleman of odd complexion, sipping caraway brandy, thereupon asked Mr. Rolland why he looked so melancholy.

"Pride made me conceal the truth, that I'd squandered my fortune. I told him I had been disappointed in love," says Rolland. "I felt this might move the barmaid to let me munch the community soda crackers. Two hours later, reeking of soda crackers, I hurried away from the taproom with an odd story my Caraway Man had told me. With the money I received from Collier's for The Man Who Painted Himself Blue, I bought a free-lunch counter of my own. It is now set within reach of my typewriter."

COLLABORATOR Richard Stroup, who with Hal Masson gives us Ring-Shy (p. 16), has a small, obscure feeling of guilt about Collier's. Seems Stroup used to hate us —because he'd send in a story with great love in his heart, and bounce it back. Being the persi type of lover, Stroup met Hal Ma last fall, and they teamed up to b our maidenly reserve. Ring (which they subtitled The One lier's Took) resulted. Stroup b the wedding will be long-lasting, produce bigger and bigger ones believe he means checks.

Mr. Stroup is from Colorado. 3½ Army years in China and I and narrowly escaped being a ju executive after the war. "My justment period was confused frantic," he relates. "I was devot investigating new filing systems my affection for writing displace yearning for cities and success. N have a knack for filing rejection s.

WILL F. JENKINS, an old lier's fiction hand, made first big financial killing at thi when his energetic eulogy of R E. Lee was published. "The su was appropriate for a Virginian says. "But the piece was awful. was not paid off in Confed money, however.

At twenty-one he was a free and has been one ever since wit interruptions: (a) World War I a World War II. "I was a Senior lications Editor with the OWI recounts. "I edited nothing, had ing to do with any publication was junior to practically everyb but worked my head off anyh don't feel bad about the results. OWI did some damned good politicians to the contrary no standing. By the way, as a free I've starved to death only twice.

Mr. Jenkins now inhabits a kit colonial house in Gloucester C Virginia, built in 1650 and on property of the first man ever hanged in Virginia. There he with his wife and two of his daughters. There he wrote hi book, The Murder of the U.S.A plug), and The General Was An est Man (p. 67).

Mr. Jenkins knows the count honest general operates in, spent some of his youth duck and out of revolutions, smu arms and playing banana politi

This week's cover: Brown Bett the Jutting Jetty. Earl Oliver wandering through New York's Bonwit Teller's, seeking cover saw the very latest in swimsui Cancan. He rushed to his eas decked a girl of his dreams flouncy briefness, gave her jaunty flip, and let loose wi splashy colors. "Betty's is not Look," says Hurst. . . . TED S

America's most sought-after toaster

autiful! Yes, and behind the shining
of this newest and finest of toasters is all
akes beauty a joy to possess, for years and
Perfectionists have built it for your pride
easure . . . perfectionists schooled in more
quarter-century of automatic-toaster crafts-
ip. Surely it is not surprising that the new
master"* toaster is today the most sought-
oaster in America . . . and the one most
ling to its fortunate finder.

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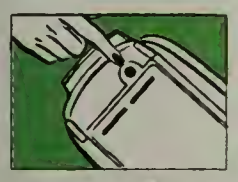
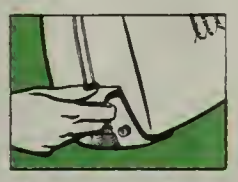
Superflex toast
deliver perfect
time.



TOUCH THE BUTTON
—and watch the crumb tray spring open for quick cleaning.



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easily, safely, by finger-fitting handles, always cool.

New TOASTMASTER *Automatic Pop-Up Toaster*

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HERE'S PHILCO LEADERSHIP IN PORTABLE RADIO VALUE

NEW... and only $29.95 less battery*

"Steals the Show!" says Bing Crosby

In beauty, performance and value, here's another record-breaking triumph from the Philco laboratories. A *truly portable* radio that plays on AC, DC or battery with the most amazing sensitivity and tonal output ever packed into such compact space. Exquisitely designed in choice of Ivory, Maroon, Tan or Green plastic. At its low price, the *Philco 602* sets a new standard of portable radio value! At your Philco Dealer now.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

*Slightly higher Denver and West

CHISELERS' HOLIDAY

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

Florida vacations, six-month honeymoons and other luxuries are being financed by unemployment insurance funds in the slick hands of bogus claimants. Their looting may undermine the whole system unless the authorities and the people act—the sooner the better

THE wise men who originated unemployment insurance never envisioned a nightmare in which chiselers, pirates and ownright crooks would loot the funds which be-ong to honest workers—and get away with it. Yet recisely this has been going on right under our oses.

"Unemployment benefits" have been paid out Florida vacationists, to stenographers who quit ork to get married, to gougers who collect bene-ts off one job while working at another, and to a hole menagerie of spongers and free-riders who -worse than the money they plunder—are weak-ning the entire structure of unemployment insur-ice, one of the important social developments of ur generation.

The situation has a special urgency today, with forcement being drastically curtailed at the very me when the unemployment insurance funds e swollen beyond anyone's anticipation—a fat ,000,000,000 straining at the seams of its sack. A nny-wise, pound-foolish Washington has stripped e states of their ability to stitch the holes in the ck and instead has, in effect, widened the holes that the lucre leaks out faster.

In a survey of unemployment insurance in a mber of states, I found local officials quite frank about the looting that goes on. "All you have to do is be dishonest. These funds are simple as pie to chisel," said the counsel to one state unemployment insurance department.

"We can't begin to touch the chiseling and the frauds," admitted a state director.

"The surface hasn't even been scratched," said another.

In New York State, whose unemployment insurance program is by far the largest of the 51 state and territorial plans, Director Milton O. Loysen said without qualification, "I feel certain I could save the state fund between ten and twenty dollars for every dollar spent on enforcement!"

Some of the chiseling is due to ignorance. Many people don't know just what unemployment insurance *is*, let alone how it operates. One large employer said the girls in his plant sincerely believed it was "matrimony insurance"—that they could simply draw $26 a week for twenty-six weeks any time they decided to quit work and get married. Another said some workers thought it was "rocking-chair money," to be drawn whenever they felt like knocking off for a vacation. Thousands confuse it with Social Security and think, "I'm paying for this. I might as well collect what's coming to me."

(Continued on page 50)

OUR JOB IN ITALY

BY CHARLES WERTENBAKER

Beating the Communists in Italy was a big victory for the forces of democracy. But the Italians are capable of reversing that vote if the U.S. fails to keep its promises

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA

At a mass meeting in Milan shortly before the elections, De Gasperi attracted a huge audience. Note the priest applauding vigorously, while a military policeman holds back the crowd. Trouble was expected but did not develop

"WE HAVE voted the way you told us to vote," said Angelo. "Will you keep on sending us spaghetti?"

"We are grateful to America because we did not starve," said the woman across the table. *"Grazie."*

The wave of her hand indicated that her "thanks" was echoed by the people of Italy who had turned down the bid of the Communists for an election victory and had supported Premier de Gasperi's Christian Democrats.

"If the Russians had sent us wheat and coal and gasoline," said Angelo, "we would have voted for them."

"Never!" said the woman across the table. She wore a topaz on a ribbon around her plump neck and she looked as if life had given her pleasure. She had been sitting alone when Angelo and I sat down at her table, and she had joined the conversation because no Italian can keep out of a political discussion.

"Listen," said Angelo, "the Italians are a very changeable people. We have fought for the English and the Americans and we have fought against the English and Americans. We are also sensible people and we will do what we think is good for us. *Ecco!"*

"To be with America is good for us," said the woman. *"Ecco!"*

Many of Angelo's countrymen share his cheerfully cynical reaction to the international circus that was Italy's April election. What was to have been their first chance to choose their own government since Mussolini marched on Rome turned out to be a plebiscite on whether to accept or reject American aid. It was the biggest hand so far in the game between East and West, and Uncle Sam won it—but it was still only one big hand.

If the election was a painful blow to the Communists, it does not yet appear to have been a fatal one. Most of the 8,000,000 votes for the Popular Front were Communist votes. The Communists are still a power in many northern industrial cities and they are the sole effective political force in scores of small communities. They dominate the General Confederation of Labor. Their leader, Palmiro Togliatti, is one of the most brilliant speakers and politicians in Europe. Togliatti has left the way open for any move by declaring that the election did not represent the people's will. He charged interference by the U.S. and the church.

The first charge is not seriously disputed by anybody, although it may be argued that extreme persuasiveness is not the same thing as coercion. The second charge was tossed back and forth by both sides and, so far as an outside observer could see, with just about equal justice.

But Togliatti never expected to get a majority vote. The most he could have hoped for was something over forty per cent, with which he would have demanded a place for his party in the government. Long before the election he must have known that the government was prepared to refuse him a place and to meet forceful arguments with the argument of greater force. And so Togliatti was not staking all his chips on the April election.

Whether Communism grows or declines in Italy depends less on the Communist party now than on the Christian Democratic party—and, as suggested by Angelo, on the United States. Alcide de Gasperi made his campaign on one issue, anti-Communism, and from no speech of any Christian Democratic leader did a concrete program emerge. The government's excuse for not enacting more social reforms, called for by the constitution, has been that it was merely a transitional government needing the support of right-wing parties. Now that the Christian Democrats have a clear majority they must make a clear decision: either move as far to the left as the majority of Italians desire, or become a standpat party and suppress the malcontents. The first choice would weaken the Communist party's hand; the second would make it stronger.

More Social Reform Wanted

The choice may depend a great deal on how the forces in and behind the Christian Democratic party group themselves and use their influence. The bulk of the party's vote came from the lower middle class and not Communist workers and peasants, there is no question that they, with those who voted for the Socialists and the Popular Front, want much more social reform.

This is a country of many poor and a few rich, of many good Catholics and a few anticlericalists or plain non-believers. The election sharpened existing social and religious differences, and it focused the attention of the underprivileged on their complaints. Take the De Vecchi Farm, for instance.

On the De Vecchi Farm, near the town of Paullo in Lombardy, are 8 laborers and their families, living in a rectangular compound. For their work they are paid 12,000 lire ($20) a month, plus enough produce to buy them in another 20,000 lire. Since they spend only about 30,000 lire per family per month for food, and since in some families two or three men work, they are not so badly off as some Italian peasants. But there are enough rickets, bad teeth and goiters on the farm to cast suspicion on the diet. A typical midday meal is frogs' legs and cornbread, with water to wash it down. Wine, which is a part of every French workman's meal, is considered a luxury in Italy.

The farm laborers work eight hours a day. They used to work ten hours before a strike last year. The Communists unionized them, and the union backed their strike, so they all voted for the Popular Front.

Domenigo Cavanna, a good-looking young laborer with brooding eyes, lives in a two-room house which

Maria Cattaneo (see text) lives in the village of Cuggiono, near Milan. Nearly everyone there voted Christian Democrat. Many were influenced by letters from friends and relatives in the U.S.

Like other steelworkers at the big Breda plant, Giuseppe Magni seemed to feel that a victory for the Popular Front would mean better scrap iron for the furnaces. The Breda works are in a so-called "Red" suburb of Milan

mother keeps specklessly clean. The upstairs room contains nothing but beds—two double and two single beds for the eight members of the family. "The owner will not even patch those two holes in the roof," says Cavanna, "so I'll have to patch them myself before winter. We don't want to change this system. We don't want to own the land. But we want it controlled so we can build more sheds and keep more cattle and earn more money."

Cavanna is puzzled by America's part in Italy's election. "I can't understand what America wants. Do you want to make things better for us? Or buy us out? Or what? I look on one side and I see there is no Soviet intervention, and on the other side there is American intervention. I don't see any reason for intervention because we will not stay in *any* bloc."

Less fortunate than the workers on the De Vecchi place are the people on a neighboring farm, across a rice paddy and a poplar grove. This farm is not producing. In the small, square courtyard, fowl and children swarm, and Maria Conca, forty-two, is washing clothes.

Maria supports herself and her two grown sons, both unemployed, by washing and working as a charwoman at twelve cents an hour. She cannot explain how she does it.

Neither is Riccardo Maina, who lives in two rooms in the compound, able to explain how he manages to live. He bicycles for an hour to Milan every day to earn 950 lire in a factory. He spends 1,400 lire a day for food for himself, his wife Anna and his six children.

"I have to ask for my money earlier each month," says Maina. "I don't know how it will end. I voted for the Front because I wanted something better. Now I do not know."

The people of Paullo and its surrounding farms think and speak as they have been spoken to by their Communist organizers. They will not think differently until somebody fulfills some of the promises the Communists made to them.

The Voice of the Villages

One of the problems left by the election, in which could be buried the seed of future civil strife, is the political division of the country by towns and villages. Paullo voted overwhelmingly for the Popular Front. So did the town of Magenta, between Milan and Turin. But in full sight of Magenta across the plain lies Cuggiono, which outwardly differs from Magenta only in that it is smaller. Cuggiono was a Christian Democratic stronghold.

The Communists tried to organize Cuggiono, but they never had a chance. Cuggiono has slightly less than 5,000 inhabitants and, according to local statisticians, 9,000 natives or sons of natives in the United States. For several days before the election Cuggiono's craftsmen and small shopkeepers did not bother much about work, but sat around the Café San Giorgio listening to letters from friends and relatives in America. Standing behind the bar of the café, Maria Cattaneo read one of them—from Luigi Merlo of St. Louis:

"Abraham Lincoln, one of the great Presidents of the United States, honorary citizen of Rome, abolished slavery. America wants a free Italy. Therefore beware the eighteenth of

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Brigades of former partisans marched through the streets of Milan to the Piazza del Duomo in a Christian Democrat parade. Milan Cathedral in the background

RING-SHY

BY HAL MASSON
AND
RICHARD STRO

He treated the dog rough, and she loved it. Why shouldn't it work with the girl?

BLAIR MATTHEWS walked into the control room of studio A and glanced through the glass partition toward the mike. She hadn't arrived. He leaned against the wall and lighted a cigarette.

Johnny, the station disk jockey, was talking to the engineer by the control panel. He looked up at Blair. "You can set your watch by that gal. She'll be here at four minutes to six."

Blair nodded. He watched the slow sweep of the pointer on the control-room clock. Another minute.

"Mr. Matthews, do I have to play a classics album this week? My public is complainin' that I'm going long-hair." Johnny patted the spikes of his crew cut indignantly.

"Afraid so, Johnny. We're still getting requests for it."

At 5:56 the door opened and Paula Gibson stepped to the broadcast table. She wore a neat tweed suit. The three men in the control room watched her remove her gloves and lay them precisely beside her script. She turned her wide green eyes toward the glass partition. The engineer held up two fingers.

She knows I'm here watching her, Blair thought. She knows, but she'd never admit it mattered.

"Paula Gibson," Johnny said, looking at her hungrily. "She's reet with a dimple pleat. Looks sweet as Dixieland, but she's colder than a Bach cantata. She's a hot clarinet without keys. Man, look at those—"

"That's enough, Johnny."

"Yes, sir." Johnny deposited a kiss on his finger tips and blew it toward Paula before he left the room.

Johnny was right, Blair thought. Paula was something special; in every way a woman could be, she was terrific. But she was keeping it all to herself. Why? Was she afraid? Had she been hurt?

The engineer raised his arm and whipped it toward the table where she sat. Her voice came into the room, each word a small piece of articulate craftsmanship, each sentence bearing her special stamp of authority, "This is Paula Gibson with an analysis of today's events." . . .

Blair was waiting in the hall when she left the studio.

"Nice broadcast, Paula."

"Thanks, Blair." She began pulling on her gloves to leave. It was a disconcerting device which made a casual approach impossible.

"Have dinner with me tonight," he said.

"Sorry. This is Thursday."

"I see. What is it this time, Paula?"

"Thursdays I cook pig's knuckles and sauerkraut for Dad."

"Paula . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'd like to meet your father. And I'm a sauerkraut fan, too."

"You're wasting an awful lot of time, Blair. I've told you it's no dice."

"I'm not asking you to marry me this time. I'm inviting myself home for dinner."

"I don't think you'd enjoy it. There's just the two of us and Dad's a little crusty—"

Honest Paula. Forthright Paula. Making excuses, evading, fighting against the thing she wanted because for some reason she didn't want herself to have it. Her troubled eyes made him feel guilty.

"Hey, don't look so unhappy." He squeezed her elbow and smiled. "I'll see you tomorrow." He started down the hall toward his office.

"Blair!" He heard the quick tap of her heels behind him and turned.

"I *would* like you to come for dinner, Blair. I—I mean, Dad would enjoy meeting you, talking with you. Please. Get your coat and hat." . . .

Blair followed her out of the city in his own car. He had time to recall what he knew about her father. As a young prospector Hollister Gibson had made a rich strike in the days when Montana first linked its name with copper. He had bulled through until he had what he wanted—a million-dollar property. He sold out then and sat back, amused at other men who were caught up in the game and couldn't let go. Blair wondered if Hollister Gibson, alone now, was trying to keep Paula with him. Perhaps tonight he would find an explanation for Paula's behavior.

THE highway from the city was cut from the face of the cliffs, with the sea on the right and the wild bush climbing the mountain slopes on the left. The Gibson home was a large but unpretentious country house set among pine and cypress trees.

Paula called to her father when they entered the wide living room.

"Holly, we have a dinner guest."

"Why?" a leathery voice demanded. He came to the door, a craggy face, belligerent blue eyes, undisciplined gray hair. He was wearing a sweat shirt and his trousers were supported by wide green suspenders. A soiled rag hung from his fingers. A tall English setter stood beside him.

"This is Mr. Matthews, our program director, Holly."

"Don't blame her, Mr. Gibson. She doesn't want me any more than you do." Blair smiled and walked toward the old man.

Gibson wiped his fingers, not too carefully, on the rag and grunted; he looked at Blair's hand, then gripped it in his own. He turned to Paula. "What did you bring him for? There's never enough pig's knuckles for two of us."

"That's because you eat too much, Holly. Anyway, he's going to stay. You'll have to entertain him while I get dinner. Hi, India." She snapped her fingers at the setter on her way to the kitchen.

The old man regarded Blair distastefully. Blair grinned at him. "I'm an inoffensive person, Mr. Gibson."

"Well, you're here. I suppose you might as well stay. Sit down."

Paula called from the kitchen, "You'll have to clear up this mess on the table. Why can't you clean your guns in the den?"

GIBSON went grumbling to the kitchen and came back loaded with an assortment of half-assembled shotguns, cleaning rods and dirty rags. He disappeared into his den and reappeared a moment later with a pint bottle in his hand. "Want a drink?"

"Yes. Sure."

Gibson pushed a low table closer to Blair's chair with his foot, sat heavily in another chair and set the bottle between them. "Help yourself."

Blair picked up the bottle and examined the label.

"What's the matter—too strong for you? We've got ginger ale."

"I think I can handle this," Blair said. He was tipping the bottle to his mouth when Paula came in from the kitchen.

"We have glasses, Dad. And ice cubes. And soda."

"I didn't offer him glasses and ice cubes and soda! I offered him a drink. If he wants to spoil his liquor he can use cookin' whisky from the kitchen."

"Dad," she said ominously, "the doctor said no more straight whisky for you." She returned to the kitchen.

When she came back with the tray Gibson was saying, "The doctor—always the doctor. I never had a hangover till I started meddling with soda."

"Maybe they used to make better whisky," Blair suggested.

"Made better men, too. These pasty-faced young galoots that come around here nowadays—they can't hold their liquor; they can't hold their women. Like this young fella that was engaged to Paula—"

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

MARTHA SAWYERS

Paula was holding her best platter in soapy fingers when he kissed her on the back of her neck. She froze—then spoiled his game by saying nothing

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

At the Atlantic Conference, Churchill tried to tell Roosevelt that both their countries should be tough in dealing with Japan. He didn't get very far in this

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Soviet Premier and Britain's Prime Minister urge Roosevelt to take a tough policy toward Germany and Japan but the President warns against antagonizing Congress

PART V. PRESSURE FOR WAR

WHEN Harry L. Hopkins met Joseph Stalin in July of 1941, the Soviet premier freely discussed Russia's war problems and emphasized his belief that the Red Army could hold out if it received sufficient supplies.

Hopkins' report to President Roosevelt was divided into three parts. The second part said:

I told Mr. Stalin at this conference that our government and the British government (Churchill having authorized me to say this) were willing to do everything that they possibly could during the succeeding weeks to send matériel to Russia. This matériel, however, must obviously be already manufactured and that he, Stalin, must understand that even this matériel could in all probability not reach his battle lines before the bad weather closes in.

I told him that we believed that plans should be made for a long war; that so far as the United States was concerned we had large supply commitments in relation to our own Army, Navy and Merchant Marine, as well as very substantial responsibilities for supplies to England, China and the republics of South America.

I told him that the decisions relating to the long-range supply problem could only be resolved if our government had complete knowledge not only of the military situation in Russia, but of type, number and quality of their military weapons, as well as full knowledge of raw materials and factory capacity.

I told him that I knew that our government, and I believed the British government, would be unwilling to send any heavy munitions, such as tanks, aircraft and antiaircraft guns, to the Russian front unless and until a conference had been held between our three governments, at which the relative strategic interests of each front, as well as the interests of our several countries, were fully and jointly explored. . . . My suggestion to him was to hold a conference at as late a date as was possible. Then we would know whether or not there was to be a front and approximately the location of the front during the coming winter months.

Stalin said he would welcome such a conference and said that of course it would be impossible for him to go to a conference anywhere other than in Moscow; that he would be glad to make available to our government all information which was required and he offered to give us the Soviet designs of their airplanes, tanks and guns. . . .

There is literally no one in the whole government who is willing to give any important information other than Mr. Stalin himself. Therefore, it is essential that such a conference be held with Mr. Stalin personally.

Copies of Parts I and II of the Hopkins report were sent to the Secretaries of State, War and Navy. There followed a Part III which Hopkins

SOVFOTO

In July, 1941, Stalin predicted to Hopkins (shown with Commissar Lozovsky and Steinhardt) that we'd fight Hitler

marked "FOR THE PRESIDENT ONLY." He made only one copy of his part and recommended to the President that it should not be let out of his office but suggested that its contents might be communicated verbally to Secretary Hull. The reason for his secrecy was that Stalin spoke bluntly of the desirability of U.S. entry into the war against Germany.

Part three said:

After Stalin had completed his review of the military situation, he stated that he wanted to give the President the following personal message; that he had considered putting the message in writing but believed it would be more desirable to have the message delivered to the President by me.

(This message, as published in part in the first installment of this series of articles, said the world influence of the U.S. and President Roosevelt was enormous and that an announcement that the U.S. was joining the war against Germany would so encourage the subjugated peoples of Europe that it could result in defeat of Hitler, perhaps without firing a shot.)

Contrariwise, Stalin believed that the morale of the German army and the German people, which he thinks is already pretty low, would be demoralized by an announcement that the United States is going to join in the war against Hitler.

Stalin said that he believed it was inevitable that we should finally come to grips with Hitler on some battlefield. The might of Germany was so great that, even though Russia might defend herself, it would be very difficult for Britain and Russia combined to crush the German military machine.

Stalin said that he believed that the war would be bitter and perhaps long; that if we did get in the war he believed the American people would insist on their armies coming to grips with German soldiers; and he wanted me to tell the President that he would welcome the American troops on any part of the Russian front under the complete command of the American Army.

I told Stalin that my mission related entirely to matters of supply and that the matter of our joining in the war would be decided largely by Hitler himself and his encroachment upon our fundamental interests.

He repeatedly said that the President of the United States had more influence with the common people of the world today than any other force. Finally, he asked me to tell the President that, while he was confident that the Russian army could withstand the German army, the problem of supply by next spring would be a serious one and he needed our help.

New Attitude of Big Three

This was Hopkins' last meeting with Stalin on that brief trip. Stalin had certainly taken Roosevelt's request to heart and had reposed complete confidence in Hopkins. This was indeed the turning point in the wartime relations of Britain and the United States with the Soviet Union. No longer would all Anglo-American calculations be based on the probability of early Russian collapse—after this, the whole approach to the problem was changed.

Hopkins was elated by his meetings with Stalin, but he was also depressed —for he had been given a glimpse of something that he had never seen before, the true nature of the totalitarian state. He wrote later, "Before my three days in Moscow ended, the difference between democracy and dictatorship were clearer to me than any words a philosopher, historian or journalist could make it."

Through the years that followed Hopkins had nothing but contempt for those jittery Americans who were forever looking for Communists under the bed. But, he could never reconcile himself to a system which seemingly concentrated such absolute power in one mortal man.

Later on, as the record will show, when evidences of discrepancy began to appear in the application of Soviet policy, Hopkins suspected that if he had ever been permitted to attend meetings of the Politburo, he might have learned that Stalin's power was not so absolute as he had at first imagined. But he never gained any clear idea as to how the Politburo really operated, and neither did Roosevelt. As time went on, and as the tide of battle turned, they became more and more aware of it as an unseen, incomprehensible but potent influence on Stalin and thus on all Allied long-term policy.

When Hopkins got back to Archangel for the return trip to Scotland, his pilot said they were pretty sure to encounter severe head winds after leaving Russia and it might be rather rough going. Hopkins said, "Whatever it is, it will seem easy after what I've been doing the last couple of days."

He was desperately ill on the flight which took twenty-four hours to Scapa Flow. He was so exhausted that, despite the discomfort, he slept for seven of these hours. At one time he was awakened and told that the aircraft was being fired on by an unidentified destroyer off the Murman Coast.

When they finally reached Scapa Flow and landed in a narrow and turbulent lane between ships, the tail of the PBY was slapped up and down and Hopkins was being slapped with it. The plane and a launch maneuvered about until the launch got her bow close enough to the blister for Hopkins to jump. A sailor with a boat hook literally hauled him, sprawling, across the slippery deck to safety. His luggage was then tossed after him, including the priceless papers which set forth the Soviet position in detail.

This was August 2, 1941, just a week after Hopkins had asked for permission to go to Moscow.

Voyage Almost Proved Fatal

Hopkins was taken in charge by Admiral Sir John Tovey, commander in chief of the home fleet, but for a while it was feared that he might not live long enough to report on his visit with Stalin.

Hopkins seemed to be not only at the end of his rope but at the end of the last filament of the spider's web by which he was hanging on to life. Admiral Tovey ordered him to bed, having summoned all the medical skill that was available to drug him to sleep.

Winston Churchill arrived the next day aboard the Prince of Wales, bringing with him his chiefs of staff, en route to the Atlantic Conference with Roosevelt. Hopkins went with him.

During the trip across the North Atlantic through the U-boats' happy hunting ground Hopkins told Churchill all the points from his talks with Stalin which touched on Russia's military situation and her needs, and the Prime Minister, as he listened, understood all the better why Hopkins was of such value to the President, for he had never before heard harshly objective and salty reporting quite like this. They also discussed the phraseology of the Atlantic Charter which the Prime Minister was to present to the President, and Churchill again emphasized the necessity of a firm warning to Japan.

In his meeting with Roosevelt, Churchill hoped that some momentous agreement might be reached. The agreement that Churchill hoped for was not the Atlantic Charter; it was the establishment of a common policy of resistance to further Japanese aggression.

Churchill before leaving London had informed the Prime Ministers of the Dominions of the conference and said that through the war years he had had intimate correspondence with Roosevelt and had talked to him on the telephone but had never met him. This, by the way, was a somewhat sore point with Roosevelt; when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the first World War, he had gone to London and had met the already celebrated Churchill at a banquet. Churchill had barely noticed the young American official and had promptly forgotten this encounter, but Roosevelt remembered it clearly.

There was no question about Churchill's attitude toward Roosevelt now. Hopkins later told friends, "You'd have thought Winston was being carried up into the heavens to meet God!"

In the many meetings that were to follow, from Argentia to Yalta,

(Continued on page 41)

DEATH HAD A VOICE

BY
CHARLES B. CHILD

The rabble rouser used a woman to bait his trap. Inspector Chafik set another trap—and used himself for bait

Chafik fumbled for some coins. "The plea of a mother is not to be refused," he said

RUMOR, born as a breath in the maze of alleyways surrounding the holy mosque of Kadimain, gathered mischief as the desert wind gathers dust. It choked reason, blinded tolerance and whipped up fury in the mob that cried havoc through the shabby, dun-colored streets of the city of Baghdad.

The components of the mob were ragged, underfed men bred on the dirty body of a hate-racked world. Individually they were pitiful. Collectively they were terrible. They were armed with knives, sticks, fragments of stone; but the worst weapons of all were their brown, clawed hands. Cloaked by the darkness of an oppressively hot night, the men ran; and like all mobs, this one did not know where it was going, or why.

On the outskirts of the Bab-al-Sheik district were the police. The white tunics of the metropolitan officers were smudged chalk lines drawn across the main roads, and in the side streets lurked khaki-clad troopers of the suburban patrols, mounted on well-trained horses. Behind, were motorized squadrons of mobile police, heavily armed with rifles and machine guns, prepared to drive forward into the heart of the mob if the clubs and reversed carbines of the forward lines failed to force it back.

A dapper little man drove up in an open touring car, surveyed the preparations and nodded approval. He was dressed in a lightweight civilian suit of good cut, and wore on his sleek head the black *sidarah* of the modern Iraqi. He had a sharp chin and rather full lips; his eyes were large, mottled olive in color, and strangely flat. He was representative of a people whose beginning was veiled by the mists of history, and he looked at the mob cynically, seeing it as the rot in the timbers of a neglected civilization.

He said in Arabic to his companion, a gaunt man in the uniform of a sergeant of police, "One smells their hate. Have you not noticed, my dear Abdullah, that each human passion has a distinctive odor?"

Sergeant Abdullah replied, "Sir, I have sometimes smelled fear—"

"Fear and hatred are twins." Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department lighted a cigarette and blew gently on the smoldering end to make it burn evenly. Looking at the mob, he went on, "I pity these foolish people whose heads we are about to crack. They are not our enemies."

The swarthy face of the sergeant darkened and he made a gesture of protest. "Permit me, sir, to observe that these men break the law, and therefore—"

"A doctor," said Chafik smoothly, "does not consider his patient an enemy. He wages his war against the cause of the complaint. And mob madness is equally a sickness." He drew on his cigarette and then went on in a voice of iron, "There is direction behind this riot. It is a cancer, and I intend to cut it out."

The little man stood up in the open car as the space between the mob and the police barrier closed. The senseless howling had died away, and it seemed for a moment that the orderly lines of uniformed men might act as a sedative, that tactful handling would disperse the crowd.

Then, somewhere in the background, a voice raised the ancient battle cry of the Jehid, *"Thibhahum besm er rassoul!"*

The voice had the high pitch and wailing note of the fanatic, but it also carried authority. It probed to the nerves, and with that one cry destroyed the salutary effect of the massed police. When it came again, "Kill in the Prophet's name!" the mob echoed the words and launched a volley of stones.

The police came into action, but above the thud of their sticks, the cries of pain, the shouts of anger, the voice could still be heard. Sometimes it came from the front of the crowd, then again from the flanks; the darkness and confusion made it impossible to trace the source. The mob attacked with such fury that the police barrier was pushed back, and now it was the turn of the troopers. They drove wedges through the packed ranks of fanatics, and struck hammer blows with the brass heelplates of their carbines while their skillful horses backed and sidled.

But still there was the voice, *"Thibhahum besm er rassoul! Thibhahum—thibhahum!"*

Inspector Chafik said bitterly, "Hashish would have a less maddening effect. We have now heard our enemy." He turned to a squad of mobile police. "Bring me that man who blasphemes the Prophet!" he ordered, and then beat his hands together in sharp despair as he heard the voice again, but this time from a distance.

Whoever the man was, he realized the mob was fighting a losing battle. He fled now for safety, a vampire satiated for this night, leaving behind the dead, the injured—and what was worse, the cancerous hate.

CHIEF INSPECTOR ELLSWORTH, appointed head of the Baghdad C.I.D. by the Iraqi government, sat at his desk on the second floor of the headquarters building on Al-Rashid Street, reports of the night's events spread before him. He was a burly, red-faced Englishman, whose thick brows joined in a bar across his forehead and accentuated the sharpness of his eyes.

He said brusquely, "Fifteen dead, eighty-three injured. A lot of looting. Only thirty arrests, and those unimportant. This is a hell of a poor show, Chafik."

The little man, who was perched on the edge of a chair, moved uncomfortably. He told himself he had no reason to fear the chief inspector, but his hands were clammy. He was aware he had spoken ingratiatingly upon entering the office, and self-anger surged to his normally cool head. He began adjusting his neat polka-dot tie to hide it.

Ellsworth said irritably, "Leave that damn' tie alone! . . . What d'you think was behind this riot, Chafik?"

"Sir, I would say that its sole purpose was to foment hatred." His English was precise.

"For political reasons?" The chief inspector's eyebrows worked vigorously.

Chafik twisted the folded *sidarah* between his slender hands, and answered in the peculiar hollow voice of a man who spoke thoughts, "Hatred breeds hatred. Arabs rise against Jews, and Jews against Arabs. In India the Moslems and Hindus destroy one another. It is also this way in Europe and elsewhere. There is a plague of fear and suspicion in the world that makes each religious and political group see the other as a mad dog—"

Ellsworth interrupted, "Dammit, I don't want to hear a lecture."

THE little man gave a nervous smile. "Please excuse me." Then he said with unexpected firmness, "I am a policeman and a servant of the public. In politics I must practice celibacy. Therefore I do not wish to consider the reason for the riot. But it is my duty to arrest the man who directly instigated it."

"You mean this man with the voice?" asked the chief inspector, looking at Chafik's report.

"Yes, sir. I am convinced he was paid to do what he did, in the same way an assassin is paid. The dead are his victims as surely as if he had struck them down with a knife. Perhaps we cannot touch the people who paid him—they may be outside this country—but he should hang."

The iron was back in his voice, and the Englishman looked at him curiously, thinking: He's a fanatic, too. He'd give his life for the cause of law and order. Aloud, Ellsworth said, "Is there any clue to this man's identity?"

Chafik spread his hands, and the light which had briefly given color to his eyes began to fade. "The prisoners have been interrogated. Some describe the agitator as a tall man, others as a short man. He is also definitely identified as being both fat and lean—"

"In other words an average man. We might just as well try to pick one pea out of a bushel." Ellsworth rammed tobacco into his pipe with a vigorous thumb. "What about probables?"

"Investigations proceed, but I have already eliminated the majority of professional agitators on our records." Chafik paused and then added, "But a clever man would not be on our records, and this one may be a stranger."

"So you look for a man of average appearance who may or may not be Iraqi! What a hope!"

"Sir, I am not without hope. I have closed the gates of Baghdad, and am confident the man now lurks like a rat in some dark hole. I shall drive him out." Ellsworth looked skeptical, and Chafik added, "It is true I did not see his face, but I heard his voice—"

The chief inspector put his hands on the desk and looked at the little man through the smoke of his pipe. He saw him as a terrier, quivering with the excitement of the hunt, and wisely refrained from asking how Chafik expected to recognize a voice briefly heard in the confusion of a riot. Instead, he said gruffly, "Better not tell me your plans. You're so damn' unorthodox . . . All right."

It was dismissal, and the Iraqi salaamed with the tips of curved fingers hovering near his forehead. When he had closed the door behind him he stopped and carefully adjusted his tie with a gesture of self-assertion. "Unorthodox! Unorthodox!" he repeated harshly. "What this Englishman means is that he does not wish to offend his official conscience by hearing what I may do." Chafik gratefully inhaled the acrid smoke of his Kurdish cigarette as he walked to his own office in the building.

The room was furnished with a desk and a few chairs; a row of filing cabinets stood against one

Something moved near the wall, and a man stepped in front of the Inspector. He held a knife gripped so tightly that his arm vibrated. His eyes had a jungle look

vall, and on the other was a map of Baghdad. It vas an excessively tidy room, but Chafik frowned nd moved the telephone to an angle that squared vith his "in" tray before he sat down. When he uched the bell, Sergeant Abdullah appeared with e readiness of a jinni. He said, "I have the honor o give you the final list of agents who specialize n riots—"

Chafik said, "That is not an honor. They are all ns of Judas." He read the list carefully, then rew it down and wiped his hands as though they ad been contaminated. "This does not help us," e told his assistant. "There is only one way to find e man who cried, 'Kill in the Prophet's name.' re the rioters who were arrested still in the build-g?"

"We have just finished interrogating, sir. But I gret to report—"

"A negative report is of no value." The little man t up and paced the room, but presently he stopped d remarked conversationally, "Of course there is certain risk . . ." He flushed with anger at the und of his voice speaking the thought, and said arply, "Each man is to be brought to me. He will out, *'Thibhahum besm er rassoul'* as it was outed last night."

Sergeant Abdullah put the palms of his hands to-ther in a gesture of protest. "Sir, may I be per-itted to express doubt that it will be possible to cognize—"

"You may not express anything."

Chafik stood at the window overlooking the yellow-brown city. The increasing heat of the day poured rivulets of sweat down his thin face, but he was unaware of discomfort.

He was absorbed by threads of thought that wove a strange and intricate pattern. But when the door opened and Sergeant Abdullah announced disapprovingly, "The first prisoner," he turned briskly.

THEY thrust into the room a man dressed in a dirty gown. His bare feet were caked with dust, and his oily hair straggled from under a wisp of turban. The man said in a frightened voice, "Kill in the Prophet's name—"

The Inspector lighted a cigarette. "You do not shout with enthusiasm," he said softly. "The voice that called for death to walk the streets of Baghdad did not whisper." He spoke to the escort consisting of two police officers: "Take him away and beat him so that he may learn to shout."

When the man was brought back ten minutes later, he screamed, *"Thibhahum besm er rassoul!"* in a voice that reverberated.

Chafik said, "That is an improvement, and now I know yours was not the voice I heard last night." He nodded to Sergeant Abdullah, who waited attentively. "Let this blasphemer go. He may consider the beating just punishment— And bring the next."

They followed one another at brief intervals. Some shouted defiantly, and all loudly because they feared the instructive sticks of the police. After each shout the little inspector said, "It is not the voice I heard. Let him go—"

At the end of two hours the door closed on the last man. The dreadful cry still seemed to echo in the room, and Chafik gently rubbed his ears as he left the window and went to his desk.

Sergeant Abdullah said sympathetically, "Your head aches, sir. It is a pity you were not rewarded. But it would indeed have been a coincidence."

"It would be even more remarkable if I could recognize the voice—"

"Sir?"

"You will now comb the brothels, the cafés, and the bazaars, and bring in every man who might have taken part in the riot to shout the same cry."

The sergeant put a brown hand to the collar of his tunic to ease its pressure around his choleric neck. He said hoarsely, "There are four hundred thousand people in Baghdad. To find the voice you may have to hear all of them. And you yourself have just said—"

Inspector Chafik opened a fresh packet of Ghazi cigarettes and bowed his sleek head as he offered one to his assistant. He said, "I do not intend to ask so many people to cry blasphemy in my already offended ear. That indeed would give me the madness you think afflicts me at *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

DANCING-SCHOOL BONANZA

BY SYLVIA BROOKS

In these pictures, Fred Astaire and his pretty partner, Marion Murray, are doing one of his creations called the Swing Trot. The basic step is simple. The man steps in place on the left foot and points the right foot directly to his right, the ball of the foot on the floor, then he brings it back, places it beside the left foot, extends the left foot directly to the left in the same way, puts the left foot back in place and repeats. The girl follows by first stepping in place with her right foot, exactly the opposite to the man. In the first picture Astaire is stepping back in a variation of the basic step. In the second he is executing the Open Square in which you kick through, crossing one foot in front of the other alternately. No. 3 is called the Reverse Point. Partners dance side by side doing a cross-behind touch in unison. No. 4, the Swing Trot Break, is much the same as No. 2 except the partners break away, make a full turn in opposite directions and join hands again. No. 5 is the Run-

titutions of ballroom learning have ome big business since Arthur rray discovered the goose that ıld lay golden eggs to sweet music. t year two million Americans paid ,000,000 to revamp their footwork

ıd, the girl following the man in a tight , and No. 6 the same thing with a dip— levator. In No. 7 the man spins the girl the fifth and sixth steps. Miss Murray had met Fred Astaire before the day the es were taken. An experienced performer, orked out the new steps without practice .

LAST year a couple of million Americans spent nearly $50,000,000 proving that if you can walk you can dance, at the rate of anywhere from 25 cents an hour to 30 cents a minute. In New York alone more than 700,000 signed up to have their footwork revamped. The figure represents one person in every ten of the city's population.

This sort of schoolwork is appealing to aunts and grandfathers, congressmen and members of the clergy. One day recently a rotund, middle-aged lady leaned over the desk of an interviewer at a Seventh Avenue dance studio in New York and told her story. She had married off her last daughter just the week before and now, with that mission accomplished, she was planning to play a bit.

"It's not that I like to step out, particularly," she explained, "but I've always wanted to become a good dancer ever since they were doing the Black Bottom. You know, I'd give almost anything to be able to rumba."

So, to achieve her lifelong ambition she was willing to pay $300, the sum the school asked for a 60-hour course. The school assured her she would have fun and exercise, too. Enthusiastically, she plunked down $50 as a first payment, and took a quick look around the anteroom as she passed through.

The room was done in Grand Rapids Grecian. It contained a number of people. Some of them were well-padded businessmen, being as nonchalant as the kind you see in liquor ads. There was a cluster of high-school boys, doing their homework while they waited. A red-haired glamor girl, two chatty matrons and a mother with her awkward-looking teen-aged daughter completed the assemblage.

What she had observed put her at ease even more effectively than had the suave cordiality of her interviewer. Clearly, she was not the only one. What's more, she was in perfectly respectable company.

Scenes like this are occurring every day in ballroom dancing schools throughout the nation. During the past decade Americans seem to have been swayed more and more by a passion for mobile self-improvement. Teaching the light fantastic has become big business.

The students range from six to sixty. But by far the largest number have left their youth far behind and are giving dynamic proof that life in the ballroom can begin at forty. There are those who have worked hard all their lives and who are now bursting with a pent-up desire for *(Continued on page 59)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

JOAN OF ARC

BY

ELIZABETH TREADWAY

Ingrid Bergman's portrayal of the Maid of Orleans is bolstered by exhaustive historical research

TO GET the full four and a half million dollars' worth of value from the new movie Joan of Arc, you will need to see it twice. The first time, for simple enjoyment of the story of the martyred Maid of Orleans; and a second time, to savor the picture's letter-perfect detail.

Ingrid Bergman, who plays Joan, Victor Fleming, director, and Walter Wanger, producer all put their own money into this movie, and set the budget high enough—at $4,600,000—to purchase, among other things, absolute historical accuracy. So that the finished production is not only drama, but a handsomely Technicolored collection of the history, art, architecture, styles, manners and morals of 15th century France.

When the newly crowned King of France gave a banquet to celebrate Joan's victories, what food and drink were served? What did the guests wear? How did they eat? Was there music?

The researchers, after reading every Joan document they could find in libraries all over the country, examining pictures and tapestries of the period and consulting authorities in France, came up with an answer 100 pages long which included these items:

When the king arrived with his suite he first washed his hands. One servant held the towel, while another poured rose water over his hands.

There were five courses, each comprising 10 or 12 separate dishes. The table, lighted by torches held by footmen, was set with silver knives, forks and spoons, but these implements were never brought to the mouth. They were used simply for carving, after which the fingers did the rest. This did not detract from the elegance of the table manners.

A huge pastry swan contained spiced fruits. Red and white jellies were decorated with the arms of the king. Spiced wines poured from silver fountains into silver goblets. When the king drank, a servant held a saucer under his chin. An orchestra played. (The musical instruments were copied from museum pieces.) Joan wore a cloth-of-gold cape. (Researchers found the original dressmaker bills for her courtly costumes, complete with descriptions.)

The *pièce de résistance* was a mammoth pie carried by two waiters preceded by a trumpeter. The king cut the crust with his sword. A dozen small birds flew out of the pie and about the room. (The four-and-twenty-blackbirds nursery rhyme was not, it seems, a fantasy.) Dogs chased the birds.

At the end of the meal the king washed his hands in rose water.

Play Follows Tragic Career

The researchers put this and much more information into the hands of playwright Maxwell Anderson and his collaborator, Andrew Solt, before they started work on the script. And the authors treated the facts with respect, producing a true-to-history account of Joan, from the moment when she listens to her voices in a little ruined church, to the moment of her burning at the stake.

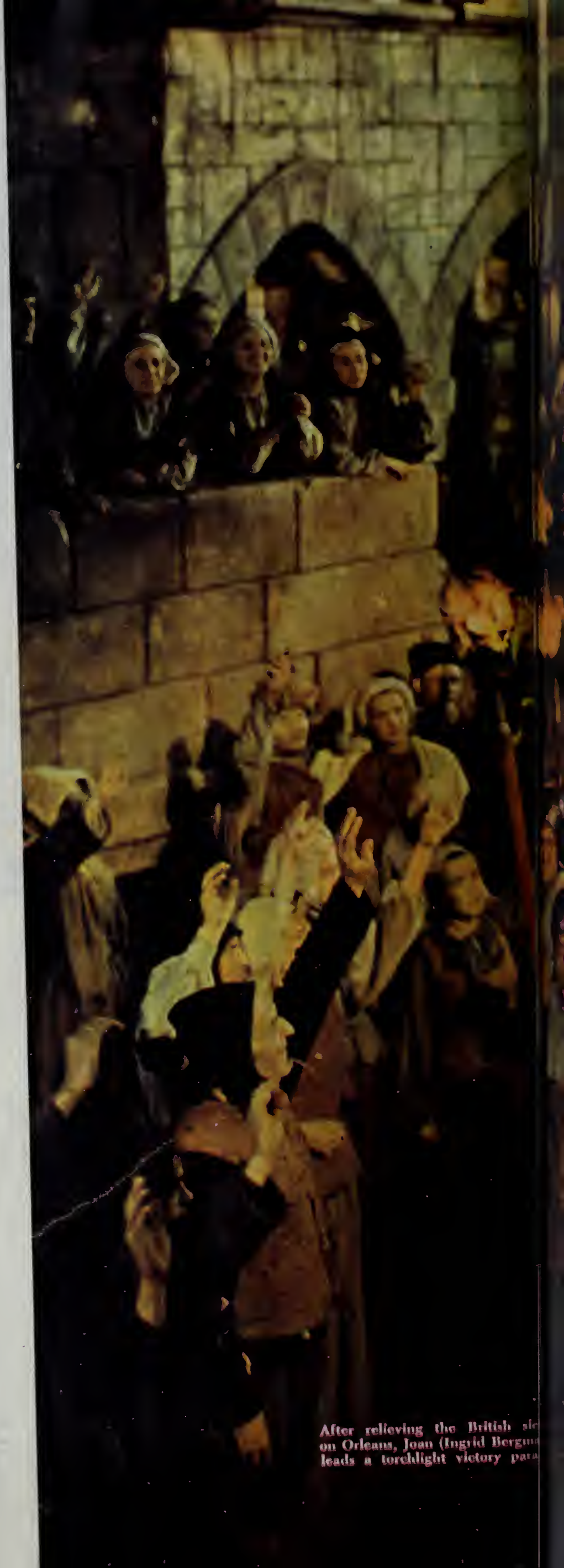
Miss Bergman speaks the very words spoken by Joan herself at her trial for heresy—the words were translated directly from the stenographic record of the trial.

To produce Joan's aluminum battle dress, Artist Noel Howard worked with Leonard Heinrich, armorer of New York's Metropolitan Museum. It weighs 20 pounds, compared to the 60-pound armor that Joan actually wore.

Armor for the rest of the cast was stamped out on a mass-production basis by a Los Angeles builder of speedboats, while a novelty-jewelry plant in Plainville, Massachusetts, manufactured featherweight chain mail in the multiple-ring pattern of the early 15th century.

Miss Bergman and her warriors had to be trained to move freely in their metal casings. Miss Bergman fell during the shooting of one scene, and couldn't get up—the knee articulators had jammed like a collapsible drinking cup.

The battle horses are oversized animals, Belgian and Percheron draft horses brought from Iowa. They had to be trained by cowboys in armor to accustom them to the noise in front of the camera. ★★★



After relieving the British sie
on Orleans, Joan (Ingrid Bergma
leads a torchlight victory para

THE MAN WHO PAINTED HIMSELF BLUE

BY KERMIT ROLLAND

About Grisha, who dyed for love

YOU say, tovarisch, that love has used you badly. I say that you are too young to be sitting in a dim café with the arrows of despair sticking into your head. You should be walking in the Square with some young creature instead, touching hands in the dark places behind the sycamore trees and reciting to each other the charming nonsense of love.

Ho, *ho!* I have upset you. You are saying to yourself, "What does this talky old man with the peculiar complexion know of love?"

You are not of this neighborhood. I see that in the elegance of your clothes and in your quiet manner. You do not belong in this dark corner of Manhattan, with your eyes staring into your glass and your mouth describing a dismal crescent. That occupation is better left to old figs like myself.

I know how it is with you young ones. When love walks in the door, the brain flies up the chimney. Do not be offended. I merely quote from one of our cynical Russian poets. Love! When I was your age, I, also, destroyed many precious hours sitting with a glass in one hand, and with the other sorting out the small ingredients of my despair. Many precious hours —until, one day, a thought came to live in my empty head. It saved me the trouble of destroying myself.

What was that thought? Let me dress it in the coat of a proverb and give it to you to keep: *Fortune puts burrs in the bed of a timid lover.*

Be firm. Be angry! Run from this place at once and be bold with your beloved. Here, you will gather only small lines under the eyes and an unsettled condition in the stomach.

You say, "What if I should offend by being too bold?" Believe me, it is not possible to be too bold. You would do well to remember, tovarisch, that in a man's lifetime there is but a single, great passion.

Look about this room. It is the house of a great love story. If I told it to you I think it might give you courage for your own affair.

Regard, tovarisch, the old woman who stands in the shadows behind the bar. You do not understand how such a one could cause a man's heart to beat any faster? Be generous. Take away years and pounds each in the amount of forty. Now what do you see?

For myself, I see a young woman of twenty-five with hair like sunlight shining through a glass of tokay and with eyes the color of blue ice. Also, I see a figure of the proper proportions in one so fair. This is the girl of our story. Her name is Irina.

WHEN these events took place, in the year 1908, Irina worked as a barmaid in a little café here on Tompkins Square, which was called, from sentiment, The Carpathian Tap. In those days the wearing of the *babushka* was not fad but custom in this section of Manhattan.

The Carpathian Tap was owned by Irina's Uncle Fyodor, who left her in charge of it when he retired to a small farm on Long Island to raise cabbages. Uncle Fyodor had some peculiar theory that the fumes from the vodka he served were causing his hair to drop out. Uncle Fyodor was a very vain man about his appearance. Irina was to remain in charge until a buyer was found for the place. The price asked was $2,000.

Now, what kind of girl was our Irina? First of all, she was beautiful. Second, she was ambitious. It was not her plan that she should be only the ladybird of Uncle Fyodor's little *kava.* Indeed, no.

I will speak frankly: Not having any money of her own, Irina planned to marry a man rich enough to buy the Carpathian for her. It is true! She shopped for a husband with $2,000 the way she shopped for roosters in the public market.

Third, Irina was a coquette. She led on every man of the neighborhood with hints of charming intimacies. At the same time she remained so remote that after a few weeks they struck their foreheads with the heel of the hand in their awful frustration and ordered double vodkas with lemon peel to help them forget.

Now, among the customers of the Carpathian was a big, lusty fellow of middle age, who looked and drank like a soldier of the late czar of blessed memory and who wore shirts of white silk with his name, Vasily, stitched in scarlet thread over his heart. He was considered to be a very romantic fellow by the women. Men thought of him as something of a bully, but nev-

h, that wedding! In the forty years hich have passed, nothing like it has ver been seen in the neighborhood

rtheless it was conceded that he was a very important man in Tompkins Square—because he didn't have to work with his hands to make a living, as nearly everyone else did. As a mark of respect he was called *Gaspodin* Vasily, that is to say, "Mister" Vasily.

VASILY'S business was selling life insurance to the poor, ignorant *rabotniki*, the workingmen of the neighborhood, who were forever falling off the construction jobs on the big office buildings downtown. Each time that occurred, people rushed to *Gaspodin* Vasily to buy insurance policies with double indemnities. Vasily could afford to drink a very good vodka. Irina regarded Vasily with a special interest, since he was the only man she knew in Tompkins Square who might someday have $2,000, if one could get hold of it before he drank it up.

Because Vasily was a candidate of such formidable romantic equipment, after a few months only one man remained to duel with him for the possession of the desirable Irina. This man was the house painter, Grisha, who was known by everybody as "Grisha the Bear."

Grisha the Bear was Irina's age, a small, apologetic man with a wide mouth turned down by loneliness. His youthful eyes were the blue of the bachelor's-button which grows during the summertime in the window boxes of Tompkins Square. Also, they were a little slanted down on the outer corners, in sympathy for the mouth. It was said that only two people had ever loved Grisha: his father and his mother. But then one usually loves one's own, even though it be a small dog with bad eyes and one ear too long.

Grisha did not bet on horses, as Vasily did. Nor did he ever take one vodka too many with the rough *rabotniki* at the Carpathian. Nor did he raise his voice boldly to young females, as Vasily did, but was always respectful and raised his hat when speaking to one. He did the same when he spoke of his parents, though they had both been gone for a year at the time of our story.

EVERY evening, after finishing his day's work painting other people's houses, Grisha came to the Carpathian and perched himself on one of the high stools at the bar. If you saw him sitting there you would say he looked no more unusual than the other *rabotniki* who came to regard the curves of Irina. But this was a fiction. It existed only so long as Grisha remained sitting.

For when he dismounted from his perch there was revealed to one the physical characteristic which gave him his unhappy nickname. With some people it is the color of the nose which makes for a distinction. With others it is the size of the bosom, or a squint in one eye. With Grisha it was the legs. In the legs he experienced a formidable shortness. Also, they were a little hooped.

Those who saw Grisha hopping about to the music of the player-piano *kazatzka* at the Carpathian were reminded of the Russian dancing bear which formerly was exhibited on Saturday nights in Tompkins Square. This heartless comparison might not have occurred to the somewhat dull-witted *rabotniki* had it not been for *Gaspodin* Vasily, who thought it up with his brain to make himself important before Irina. Nearly every night, after he had first made sure Irina was listening, he shouted at Grisha, "Here is a nickel, Little Bear; dance!"

When this was said everyone laughed very loudly and drank a great deal of vodka and was happy because he had found something to share and that is a joyous thing. Everyone but poor Grisha.

It was after Grisha's parents died—his father, first, in a very dramatic manner; his mother quietly, shortly afterward—that the little house painter was led by loneliness to the Carpathian Tap. There he discovered Irina. Within a week he had presented her with his foolish heart.

Poor Grisha! He was but halfway through his stumbling declaration of love when Irina tossed back her lovely head and laughed in a very cruel manner. And as if that were not enough heartbreak for a man to support, she called across the room to big Vasily, "The Little Bear wants to take me to his den!"

Vasily laughed, too, as did all the others in the Carpathian, even though many of them were drinking double vodkas with lemon peel themselves.

"Tell the Little Bear I will cut his claws if he doesn't watch out!" roared Vasily with mock ferocity. Who could be disturbed by anything Grisha said?

His ears burning with humiliation, Grisha hugged his glass and said nothing. It was not until three months had gone by that he had assembled enough courage to approach Irina again on the subject of love.

Since the passing of his father and mother, Grisha had lived alone in the family flat overlooking the trees of Tompkins Square. With only an old dog for company, he often sat in the rocking chair by the front window on such evenings when Vasily's mockery and Irina's laughter made it too painful for him to visit the Carpathian, smoking his father's pipe with the village dancers painted on it and wondering if too much yearning could destroy a man. Sometimes, to turn his mind away from thoughts of his love, he reflected upon the manner of his father's dying—an event well remembered in Tompkins Square.

A house painter until his final illness, the old man had succumbed, after a good life, to painter's colic—a strange but not uncommon occupational malady which had gradually changed the pigment of his skin from a vigorous ruddy color to a dismal blue.

Even though death sat on his doorstep, the old man refused to go to bed. Instead, he dressed himself in his Sunday suit and the fur hat he had brought with him from Russia and, seating himself before the samovar in the living room, demanded that the neighbors be invited into his house.

For two weeks he laughed and joked and poured Crimean wine for the many friends who came to the house in sorrow early each morning and departed, late each night, filled with comfort. On the fourteenth day he took his leave in the middle of a little folk song.

"In a man's life is granted to him only one great passion," Grisha's father said to him in Russian on the morning of the last day. "So he dies only once. Both events should be conducted with a flair. Now, fetch the priest for me, and pick up another bottle at the Carpathian."

While the old man made his brave party in the front room (his skin turning more blue as one looked on), Grisha's mother, with sad eyes, hurried back and forth into the kitchen for the *zakuskas*—the little things to eat—oblivious to the whisperings of the envious that to die in such a light-hearted manner was a blasphemy.

THE romantic departure of Grisha's father was the talk of the neighborhood. It was told and retold as one retells the story of the brave man in Russia who flung himself to the wolves so his sweetheart could escape in the droshky.

As was the custom in Tompkins Square after tragedy has visited one's house, Grisha went to *Gaspodin* Vasily and bought a $2,500 life insurance policy for himself in the event that he, too, should one day smell too much house paint and depart, leaving his mother as unprovided for as his father had. The old man had believed that to make odds on the length of one's life was to tempt the Lady Fortune. He had never taken out a policy. As a result, Grisha inherited from his father only a pipe, a profession and a passing fame.

In the genes Grisha was inhabited by the spirit of his mother, a gentle woman who gave a great tenderness to her husband while he lived and, until her own quiet death a short time later (from loneliness, the old women of the neighborhood said) gave a great affection to her son and to her geraniums. This capacity for love she handed down to Grisha, along with the geraniums.

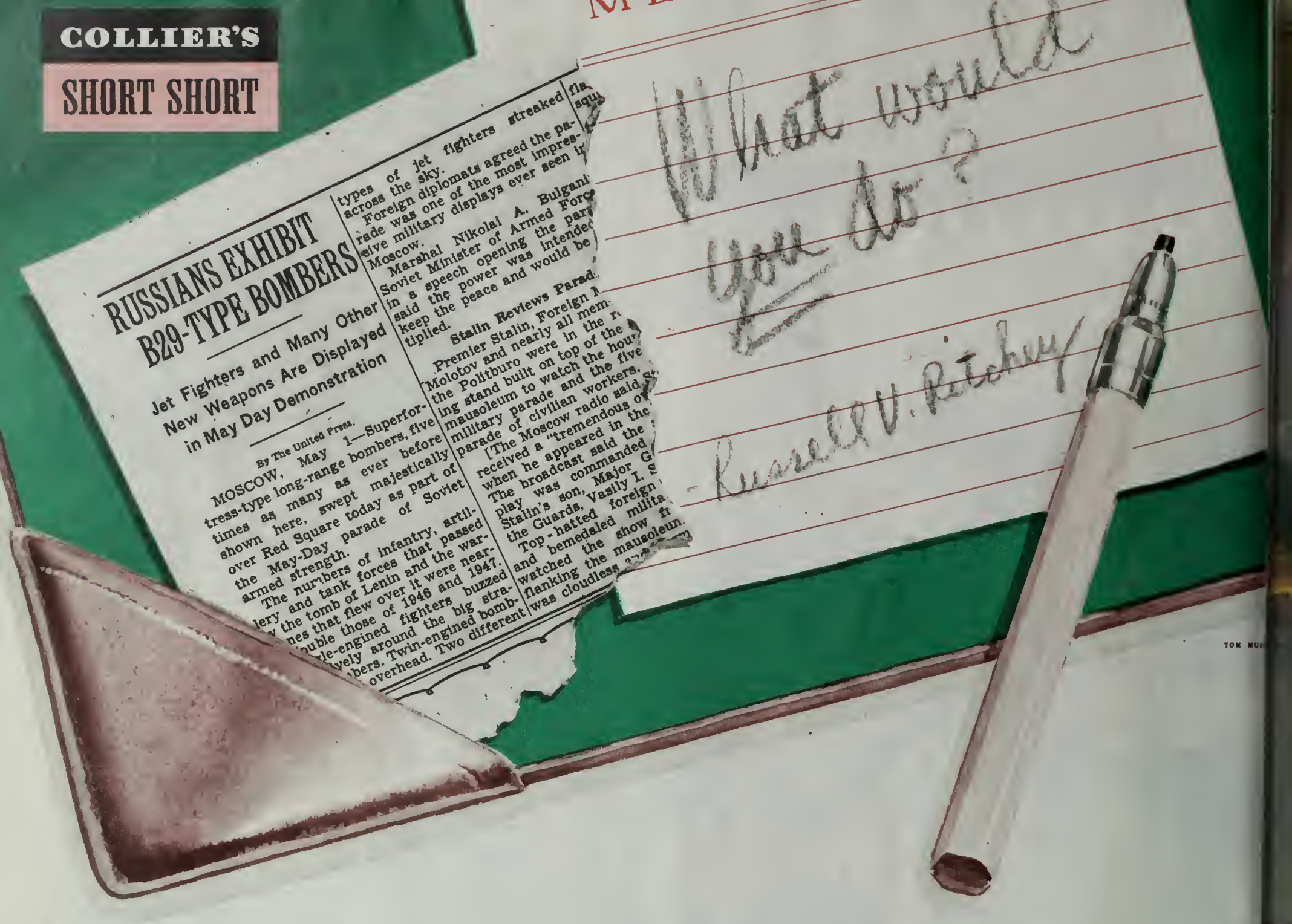
But, as you know, tovarisch, one needs more in life than a great love for

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE WIGGINS

COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT



THE President of the United States was preparing to rise from his desk for lunch when he was informed that Ambassador Miturski had arrived at the White House and wished to see him on a matter of great importance. Mystified, but willing to ignore protocol in the possible interests of international amity, the President ordered him shown in.

"Mr. President," said the ambassador, "I have a message from my government which must be held in the strictest confidence. I respectfully request that I be permitted to speak to Your Excellency in private."

"Certainly," said the President. "We will go into my study." . . .

Fifteen minutes later the ambassador departed. The President, still in his study, summoned two of his secretaries. To one he said, "Make these telephone calls and ask these questions. Make them at once, and bring me the answers as quickly as possible. Get someone to help you."

To the other secretary the President said, "Call every member of the Cabinet, and the Chief of Staff, and tell them to come to the White House immediately for an emergency meeting."

The Cabinet convened less than an hour after Ambassador Miturski had left the White House. Before the President, at the head of the long table, lay two papers—the message left by the ambassador and the answers to the telephone calls. Picking up the former, the President said, "Gentlemen, I have called you here because our country is confronted by the gravest emergency in our history. Ambassador Miturski called at the White House an hour ago with a message from his government. I will read it to you.

" 'To His Excellency the President of the United States:

" 'For many months our two countries have endeavored, through diplomatic means, to adjust their differences and live at peace in the world. We have accomplished nothing. Our two ideologies cannot live peacefully on the same earth. The inevitable arms race, if we attempt it, can lead only to the destruction of both nations and their allies. We feel that it would be foolhardy to continue our diplomatic bickering when all our problems could be easily solved. Therefore, we have taken the following action:

" '1. Twelve B-29 airplanes, bearing American Army markings but manned by our crews, and each loaded with three atomic bombs, have landed at the following cities: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Kansas City, Washington, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Chicago.

" '2. Immediately upon landing, each airplane was joined by two United States Army trucks. Each truck was loaded with one atomic bomb. These trucks, operated by American citizens sympathetic to our government, were then driven to strategic points within each city.' "

The Secretary of Defense interrupted. "That's impossible!" he said. "Our security forces—"

"I told Ambassador Miturski it was impossible," said the President. "He said we would be surprised if we knew how many of our security people belonged to them."

"But the Army trucks!" said the Chief of Staff. "The Army—"

"We have sold thousands of Army trucks to individuals all over the country," the President said. "American Army uniforms have been scattered throughout the world. Impossible or not, it *did* happen. I have verified the ambassador's statements. The pilots of these B-29s complained of engine trouble and were given permission to land. No one at the airports questioned them."

THERE were no more interruptions. The President continued to read: " 'These bombs are now all in place. Therefore, we demand that you, as President of the United States:

" '1. Order the immediate disarmament of all American troops and all naval and military installations.

" '2. Ground all aircraft.

" '3. Order all naval vessels to put into the nearest port and await our commands.

" '4. Order all armed forces in occupied territories to lay down their arms and prepare to receive our commanders, who will accept their surrender.

" '5. Inform your people, by radio, that any resistance will result in catastrophe, and that any exodus from the cities we have named will be caus for action. The populations of thes cities will be treated as hostages.

" '6. Inform your people that ou representatives will take over the gov ernment of the United States at noo tomorrow. American citizens syn pathetic to our government will tak over all state and city governmen at the same time.

" '7. Order your people to surre der all privately owned arms to ou representatives.

" '8. Inform your people that ou troops and administrators will beg to arrive at noon tomorrow. The will land at Boston, New York ar cities on the West Coast. Their lan ings will not be resisted.

" 'Mr. President, this ultimatu must be accepted or rejected with two hours of the time it is handed you by our ambassador. If rejecte or if no reply is received from yo within the specified time, this actio will be taken:

" 'Three bombs will be exploded New York within 30 minutes.

" 'The bombs in the 11 other citi will be exploded 15 minutes later.

" 'Within a period to be measur only by seconds, the United Stat will have lost its 12 most importa cities, its communication system, major ports, and its government. T million Americans will be dead.' "

The President carefully placed t paper on the table before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that is t situation. We have less than c hour. What shall we do?" ★

What to ask the man for

THE next time you step up to your favorite bar, you may be undecided as to what *drink* you want. A Manhattan? A Sour? A highball? Or an Old Fashioned?

Whatever your choice, be sure that you say: *"Make it with Four Roses, please."*

Four Roses—as you very well know if you serve it at home—lifts *any* drink out of the ordinary . . . gives it a glorious perfection that can come only from Four Roses' distinctive flavor and mellow smoothness.

So at your favorite bar, as in the store, let your judgment prompt you, *always*, to specify this truly great whiskey—Four Roses.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

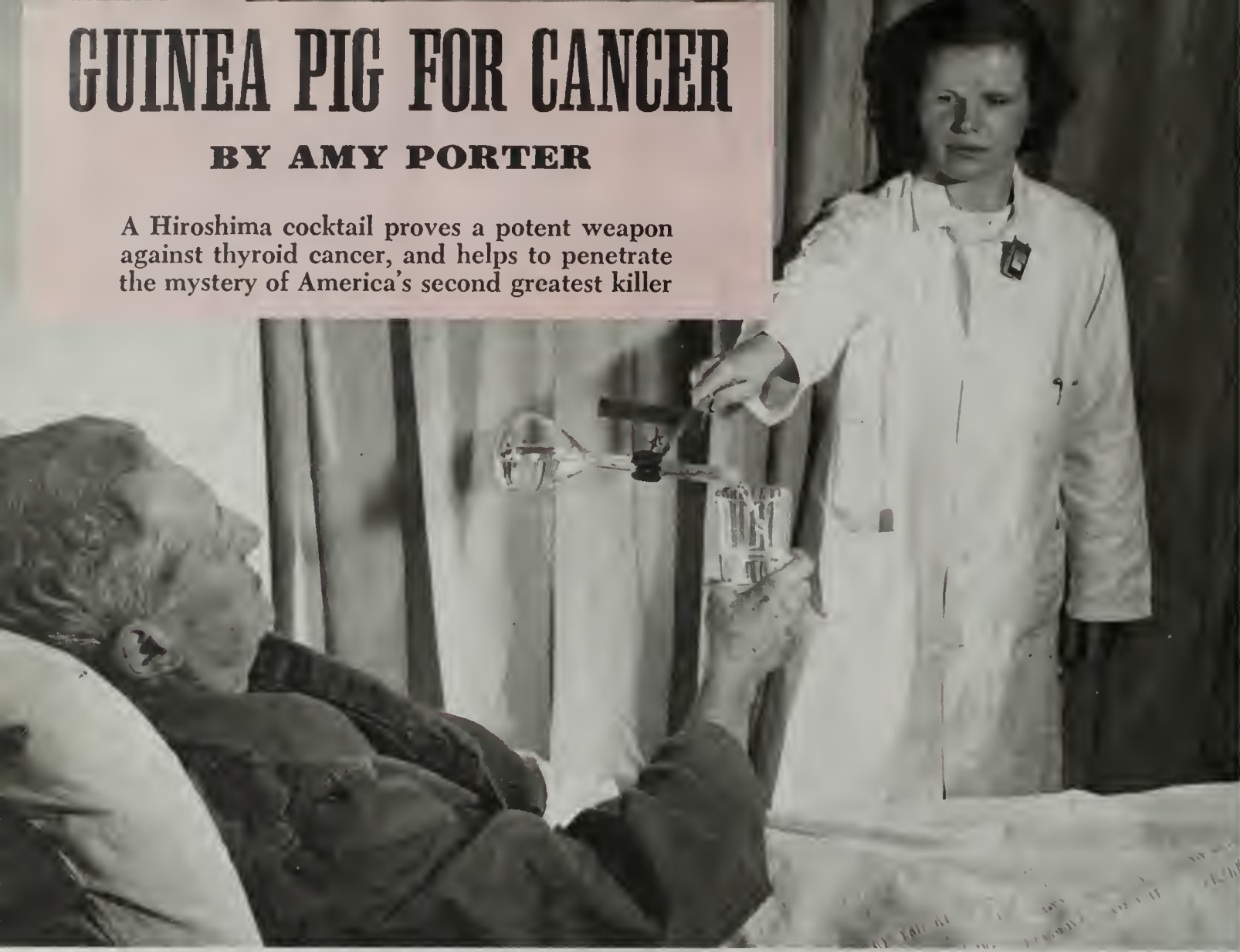
FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

GUINEA PIG FOR CANCER

BY AMY PORTER

A Hiroshima cocktail proves a potent weapon against thyroid cancer, and helps to penetrate the mystery of America's second greatest killer



Just like a drink of water—but radioactive iodine, new atomic weapon against thyroid cancer, is handled with extreme care. The treatment has helped patient Henry Noble Hall

THE sign on the door of the hospital room read, "Caution —Radioactivity."

A doctor opened the door and went in. He checked the condition of his patient and jokingly said, "You are almost as radioactive as if you had spent the night in a cyclotron."

The doctor wasn't speaking with scientific precision—but he meant it all the same. The patient was more "radioactive," with a specialized type of radioactivity, than some of the Bikini experimental goats.

That morning the patient had swallowed the biggest dose of exploding atoms ever administered therapeutically to any human being—the biggest, so far as his doctors know—200 millicuries of radioactive iodine. Now the atoms were working inside of him. There was nothing to see, nothing to hear, but the doctor knew, and the patient knew, that the atoms now were throwing off powerful atomic rays not unlike those produced by an X ray.

The doctor was himself absorbing some of the rays emanating from the patient. As a precautionary measure, he wore on his lapel a small metal badge containing film—a device for measuring the amount of radioactivity to which a person has been exposed. The patient was not alarmed. He had consumed radioactive iodine before and it had done him good, not harm.

In July, 1946, Henry Noble Hall, then age seventy-three, was a very sick man. That was when he first put himself into the hands of the doctors at Memorial Hospital, the New York institution dedicated to cancer research and to the prevention and treatment of cancer. Mr. Hall had cancer of the thyroid, and it had traveled to his hip, disabling his right leg.

The husky six-foot-two body which had carried him uncomplainingly through 50 vigorous years as an international correspondent, author and lecturer had shrunk to 112 pounds. He could scarcely walk, even with the aid of crutches. He was in intense pain. On the very day he first was examined at Memorial, an accident added to his troubles. That evening in the living room of his apartment, he stumbled, fell, and broke his hip. His chances for recovery were slim.

Now, almost two years later, Mr. Hall is pink-cheeked, cheerful, energetic—to all outward appearances a healthy man. He still must use crutches, but his damaged leg is regaining much of its usefulness. He can move it, put his weight upon it.

The doctors say that Mr. Hall is not cured of cancer. They do say that they have retarded the growth of the cancer, that they have ameliorated some of its effects.

Although Mr. Hall's case is a significant episode in the story of the battle against cancer, the Memorial doctors emphasize the limits of its implications. They do not want to arouse false hope in other cancer victims. The atomic-energy treatment used with Mr. Hall is applicable, they say, only to cases of cancer of the thyroid, and only to about 15 per cent of these. Atomic energy is no cure-all for all cancers.

The case of Mr. Hall does, however, point the way to further research on all types of cancer. For Mr. Hall has been—and still is—a "research patient," one of those who agreed to submit to experimental treatment.

In the beginning, the doctors explained to him that, although atomic energy had brought relief to a few other cases similar to his, they still did not know enough about the effect of radioactive substances on the human body to foresee results with any certainty. Was Mr. Hall sure he understood, and was he willing to undergo experimental treatment?

"You mean, gentlemen," said Mr. Hall, "that I am to be a human guinea pig, is that it?"

That, they said, was about it.

"By all means, go ahead and do what you like," said Mr. Hall.

His first dose was a small one, a test dose to determine whether or not his thyroid cancer would pick up the substance. The thyroid normally has an enormous appetite for iodine, but when the normal tissue changes to cancerous tissue, it usually—in about 85 per cent of the cases—loses this appetite. Mr. Hall was in the lucky minority—his thyroid cancer still was hungry for iodine, both in his neck and in his hip.

The strange and fortunate thing is that the thyroid cannot distinguish between ordinary iodine and radioactive iodine. Strange because the thyroid, normal or abnormal, commits suicide when it accepts radioactive iodine.

The doctor who has charge of the research aspects of Mr. Hall's case in collaboration with his personal physician uses an analogy to explain the way radioactive iodine works. Suppose a person comes to your door and you think you recognize him. You say, "Hello, John," and admit him. Then, when you turn your back, he starts setting fire to your house. Now, too late, you realize that this isn't John at all, but a stranger perfectly disguised as your friend.

Radioactive iodine, the minute it is plucked from the blood stream by the trusting thyroid, sets to work destroying healthy and diseased thyroid tissue alike.

This destructive activity is the reason radioactive iodine is not now used for forms of cancer other than those arising from thyroid. Fortunately, the thyroid is an expendable organ; but obviously the body could not tolerate destruction of such organs as the brain, the liver or kidneys.

It is possible to produce radioactive isotopes which might be selectively collected by these vital organs, but the total destruction of these organs would be too high a price to pay for the elimination of their cancerous offspring. Theoretically, radioactive silver might cure cancer of the brain, but it would also destroy the brain; and likewise, radioactive chromium phosphate might cure cancer of the liver, but it would destroy the liver.

Before Mr. Hall got his first big dose of radioactive iodine, his broken hip had mended, in spite of the presence of the secondary thyroid cancer —or metastasis—in the hip socket.

This first business-size dose was a momentous event . . . "Imagine drinking a Hiroshima cocktail," Mr. Hall says. At ten minutes of one on Saturday, September 14, 1946, the hospital's head physicist appeared carrying what looked like a flask of water clasped in a pair of tongs.

He slowly poured the contents of the flask into a tall glass and told Mr. Hall to drink it. He said, "That contains 55 millicuries of radioactive iodine. Be careful not to spill any."

From that moment on Mr. Hall was put through a never-ending round of tests—blood, urine, lungs, heart—some 30 categories of tests. The doctors were watching closely for any danger signals.

Mr. Hall waited and watched, too for some reaction, but not until the third day did he feel anything. "On Monday evening, my neck seemed swollen and I had difficulty in swallowing. Tuesday my neck was frightfully sore. That day I had nothing but liquid nourishment and all night long I fought for air." Within 48 hours the swelling and soreness subsided.

The amount of radioactivity Mr. Hall's thyroid cancer had absorbed was determined by means of a Geiger counter. "As soon as they brought the Geiger tube to my neck," says Mr. Hall, "it sounded as though a flock of poultry were clk-clk-clacking their heads off."

The clacks were good news. Mr. Hall's neck showed a "pickup" of per cent of the first dose—a highly satisfactory result. After subsequent doses, the Geiger counter showed that after the thyroid gland had been destroyed, the tumor in the hip began to get a larger share of the radioactive iodine, so that it too began to succumb to its enemy, atomic energy.

This fact bears out a theory upon which Memorial scientists are working—that sometimes a thyroid cancer which at first rejects iodine can be made to accept it, after removal by surgery or by radioactivity of the parent gland in the neck. It seems possible that removal of the parent gland creates a need for thyroid hormone which the cancer, wherever it may be located, responds by trying to assume the function of the parent gland. If this theory proves correct, it will mean the extension of radio-isotopic therapy to cases of thyroid cancer now considered unsuitable to such treatment.

There may be ill effects which have not yet shown up—possible damage to liver and kidneys, which also take up some iodine. But, in Mr. Hall, the only apparent side effect is that he is growing a new crop of body hair.

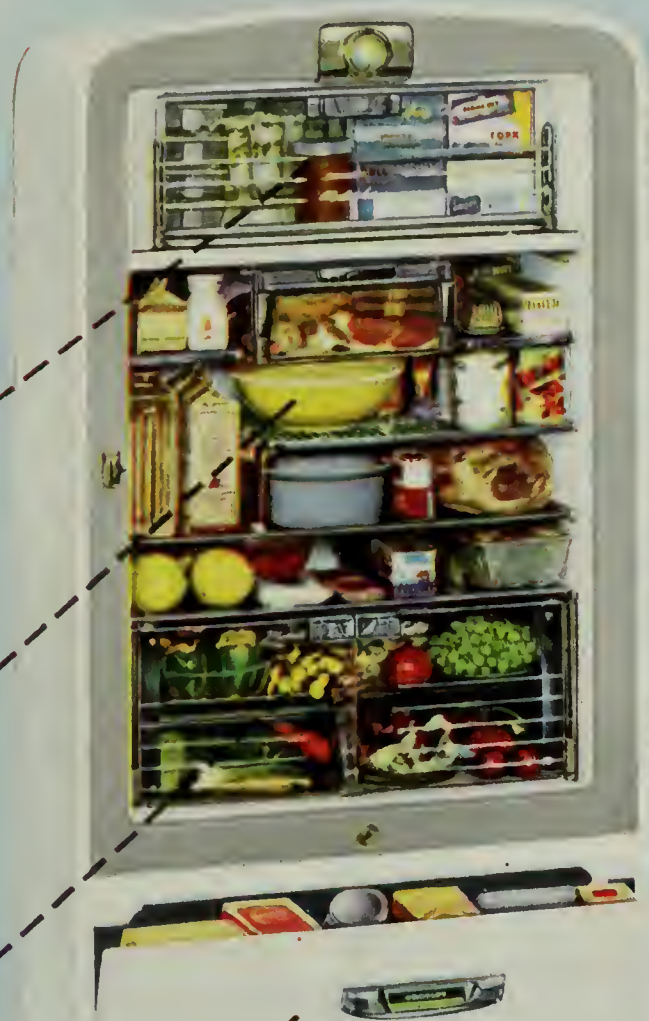
Mr. Hall is interested in all the fine points, but he says, "All that really matters to me is, I was sick and now I feel well and enjoy life once more."

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

CROSLEY Shelvador*

NEW 5 WAY REFRIGERATOR

The only door that isn't waste — look how handily food is placed That's first of many features more YOU HAVE IN . . .



EEZIN-COLD COMPARTMENT
For Frozen Storage
ear zero-cold keeps more than 50 pounds of frozen foods safely up to 3 months. Quick-reezes ice cream, pounds of ice. Transparent door.

RM-COLD COMPARTMENT
With Meat-Holder
rfect temperature for all perishables requir-ing normal refrigeration; ideal for fruit, bever-ges, packaged dairy products.

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od Conditioner Section
eps vegetables, pastries and other Deli-cate foods fresh . . . prevents drying-out of left-overs. Convenient crisper for leafy greens. Transparent doors.

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Extra Dry-Storage
eps cereals, crackers and other moisture-bsorbing foods dry . . . sugar and salt free-ving. Provides 1½ cu. ft. handy storage.

Time-and-Work-Saver

You have twice as much front-row food at your fingertips every time you open the Crosley Shelvador*! And in addition to that extra convenience, which women everywhere prefer, this classically beautiful Shelvador* gives you the *complete*, 5-Way refrigerator!

It's impossible here to tell you of all the other improvements that make the new Crosley Shelvador* the choice of smart women everywhere. You must actually *see* features like large, full-visibility food compart-ments and easy-to-release ice tray equipment to appreciate how much they mean.

See Classified Telephone Directory for address of your nearby Crosley Dealer.

*® TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CROSLEY

DIVISION—AVCO MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • CINCINNATI 25, OHIO • ©1948

Y FROSTMASTER— frozen food cabinet; 00-pound capacity. own, to operate.

CROSLEY HI-BROILER RANGES —Gas and electric models... with the BASIC 4 features for better, easier cooking.

CROSLEY AM-FM TABLE RADIOS —Smart styling, advanced engineering; for fine recep-tion anywhere in your home.

CROSLEY TABLE MODEL TELE-VISION—You're *really* there with a smart new Crosley table model television set.

CROSLEY PorTABLE—Take a tune wherever you go. Handsome alligator - brown leatherette case; AC, DC, or battery.

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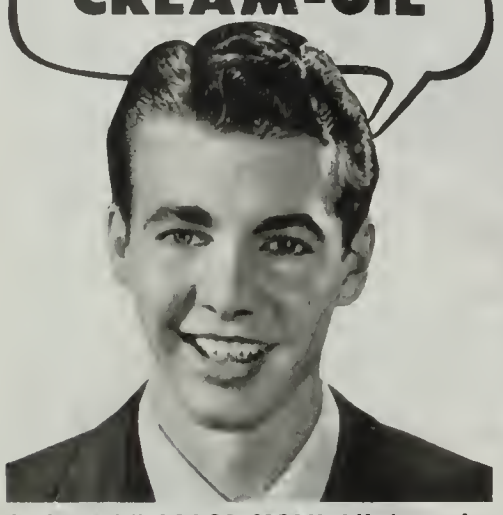
FINGER-NAIL TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS LANOLIN!

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN . . ."The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network.

RING-SHY

Continued from page 16

"That's ancient history, Holly," Paula interrupted irritably. She handed him his glass. "We don't want to hear it."

Blair watched her. The quick hostility was more revealing than the plausible career talk with which she had evaded him before. He made a mental note to steer in this direction again. He sampled his drink and noticed that the setter was standing beside his chair. He dropped his hand and combed the silky white hair with his fingers.

"Likes you," Gibson admitted reluctantly. "She doesn't like many people."

"She hunt?" Blair asked. It was a casual question, but he noticed that Paula, who was lighting a cigarette, looked quickly over the top of the flame at her father. Gibson unwrapped a cigar, pared the end of it with a penknife, lighted it and puffed deliberately. He dropped his right arm beside his chair, and India walked over, nuzzled his hand and lay down with her head across his foot.

Then, just when it seemed that he did not intend to answer, Gibson said quietly, very softly, "Best damn' dog I ever had."

Blair understood the slight overtone of defiance. The pitting of an old gunshot wound had arrested his fingers under the dog's hair. He set his glass carefully on the table and studied the old man's eyes. "Gun-shy," he said.

Paula got up and went to the kitchen.

"Yes. Gun-shy," Gibson replied. Then, with a sudden quickening of interest, "How'd you know?"

"I can see it in her eyes. And in yours. She has gunshot wounds. How did it happen?"

GIBSON regarded him with a look of appraisal, and when the story came, Blair knew that the man was going to become a friend.

He told Blair he had fallen in the bush the season before. His gun had gone off and some of the shot had caught India's rump. The fall broke Gibson's leg. He commanded the dog to go home and the injured setter had dragged herself two miles into camp and had come all the way back with help.

"The vet dug the shot out of her, but she still trembles at the sight of a gun. I've tried to break her but it's no use." He cupped the dog's jaw in his fingers and looked into the intelligent face.

"That's strange," Blair said. "I've never seen a setter yet that couldn't be cured."

"You've done it yourself?"

Blair nodded.

"Maybe you could do something with India. You taken a holiday yet this year?" Gibson asked unexpectedly.

Blair was surprised. "No. Not yet."

"Do any hunting?"

"Yes, when I can get away."

Paula stuck her head in the door. "Come on, you two. Dinner's ready."

They sat down, Gibson at the head of the table, Paula and Blair facing each other at the sides. There was something different about Paula, Blair decided. Her loveliness had new appeal in the subdued setting of a home. There was about her a new freshness which she never revealed in her role as a commentator.

Gibson chewed thoughtfully on a pig's knuckle and ignored Paula's warning about eating too much. Suddenly he blurted, "Well, you going hunting?"

"Hunting?" Blair asked.

"Yes. With me. Next week. During your holiday. We've got a big extra bedroom here and I have two more hunters in the kennel. Not as good as India used to be, but dogs. We can get away at 4:30 every morning, walk up to Lancer Lake, and get our limit of quail by noon."

"What have you two been cooking up?" Paula asked quickly.

"We're going hunting," said Gibson. "I been hunting alone too long; here's a man knows something about it, so he's coming up for the opening of the season."

"He won't want to spend his holiday up here, Holly," Paula said, "away from his friends—"

"Man who likes to hunt likes to spend his holiday hunting," Gibson insisted.

"But, Dad—"

"Look, you two, don't I get a say in this?" Blair asked. "I'm accepting the invitation."

"No," Paula said.

"Yes," Blair said.

"That's fine," Gibson said. "It's all set." . . .

On Monday when Blair arrived, Paula was fastidiously polite—she hoped he would enjoy his stay.

Blair and Gibson spent the mornings hunting, trudging through the early dawn to the lake in the hills and coming back at noon. Paula had usually left for the studio by that time; Blair saw very little of her.

Usually at lunch Gibson would say, with transparent bravado, "I could go for another hike this afternoon," and Blair would protest obligingly, "Not for me, thanks. I'd like to work a while with India." He noticed with amusement that Gibson invariably spent the afternoons in a deck chair on the veranda. Nothing wakened him until Paula dragged him, protesting, to dinner.

Their evenings were short; both Blair and Gibson were in bed by nine o'clock. After dinner Blair always offered to help with the dishes and each time Paula refused—she could manage. But Blair took a dish towel and helped anyway, half enjoying her elaborate civility—"Oh, that's all right; it was cracked anyway. Thank you very much, Blair. You've been a great help."

And once, when she was holding her best platter in soapy fingers, he kissed her noisily on the back of the neck. She froze in an attitude of indignation and spoiled his game by saying nothing.

"Paula, if you weren't in love with me, you wouldn't have to be so damned fensive. You're pretending."

She set the platter down, dried hands and left the kitchen without lo ing at him. Blair heard her footsteps, liberate at first, then running as neared her room. He finished the dis alone.

Later he sat in his room reading u midnight. But the activities of the F sians seemed a long way from the of Paula versus Blair. He went to window and noticed that the light in room was still on. He stood there the night coldness had him shiver Was she awake and thinking of him? considered going down the hall knocking on her door, but dec against it and went to bed.

FOR two days Blair gave his atten to winning India's confidence. Or third day he kept the dog in a ke without food. That evening he plac bowl of food some distance from kennel and asked Paula to release after he had stationed himself a hun yards away with a shotgun. Gil watched anxiously from the verand

When India was comfortably ea Blair discharged the shotgun into th She howled, terrified, and went strea back into her kennel. Blair locked in and joined the others at the house

"When she's hungry enough she'll and eat."

"It seems awfully cruel," Paula

Blair looked at her quickly. "afraid, Paula. It's justified if it free of that."

She turned from him and put her affectionately on her father's shou "I'm going to my room to read, Good night."

That night before he went to Blair heard India whimpering soft her kennel.

He repeated the performance th lowing evening; again she left her and fled. The hungry dog howled long after midnight. It seemed that would never get to sleep.

Suddenly she stopped. At first

BUTCH by LARRY REYNO

"We've finished with your ladder. Thanks very much, mister"

COLLIER'S

The Importance of "Stepping Down"

Here is the story of a new principle design that has rocked the industry and given Hudson unique beauty not possible in any other type of car.

THE recessed floor in the new Hudson—now widely known as the "step-down" feature—is the talk of the automobile world. And rightly so! This interesting development is the *key* to a new kind of motor-car beauty—to riding and performance advantages—never before obtainable.

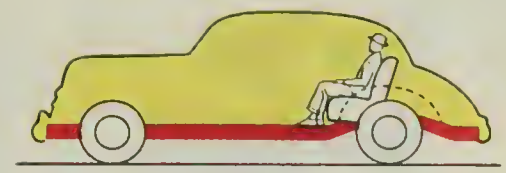
Everyone agrees that Hudson's new, low streamlined silhouette bespeaks road-hugging stability. People everywhere are attracted by Hudson's clean, free-flowing lines and generous width; for here, plainly, is a new measure of grace and security.

But what's causing the most talk is the fact that *only* Hudson, because of its exclusive recessed floor that you step *down* onto, is able to offer streamlined, *low-built* beauty without asking you to give up interior head room.

Let's take a frank look at the motor-car designer's problem. Since streamlining an automobile reduces available head room for rear-seat passengers, to achieve a low silhouette *and* maintain adequate head room, both floor and seats *must* be lowered to compensate for the lowered roof. *The recessed floor is a necessity.*

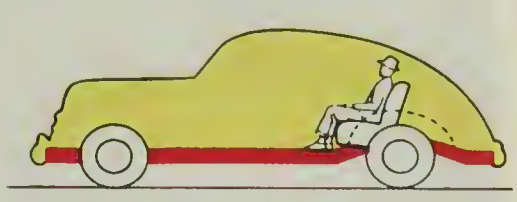
But it is difficult to lower floors and seats, because in all cars, except Hudson, they are built on *top* of a frame. Only Hudson has a new, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame*, part of which is a rugged base structure that permits lowering floors and seats *down* within the frame. The sketches to the right illustrate this design problem and show how Hudson's recessed floor provides a low, streamlined silhouette, yet preserves head room.

The "step-down" principle requires years of engineering work, the development of new production techniques and equipment, and millions of dollars of highly specialized *new* plant investment. Perhaps this explains why Hudson alone offers this vital new design principle today.



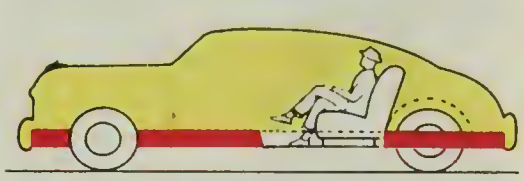
OTHER CARS

The car above cannot be streamlined because the need for head room above the rear seat (which is built on top of a frame) makes it impossible to lower the roof.



OTHER CARS

Of course, it is possible to adopt free-flowing lines without recessing the floor, as sketched in the car above, but over-all height must be raised, and this destroys the possibility of a low silhouette, which is the mark of the modern motor car.

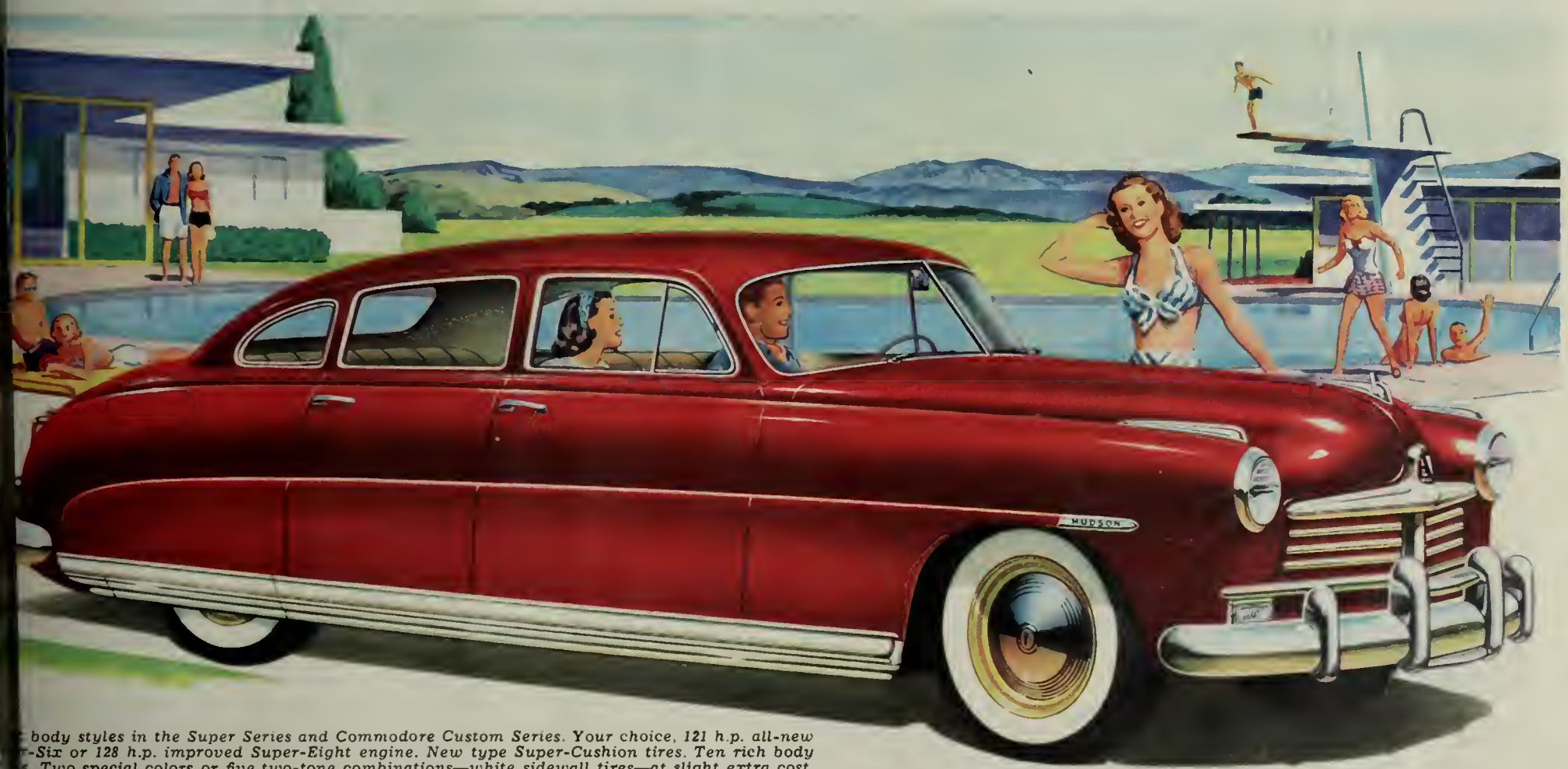


NEW HUDSON

Here is the long, low gracefully streamlined Hudson—only five feet from ground to top. You can see how the streamlined roof comes down sharply over the rear-seat portion of the car, as compared to the other types of roof lines shown in sketches above. But Hudson floors are recessed down within the frame, seats are lowered, so you get more than ample head room.

You'll probably expect the motor car that is the talk of the nation to offer you even more than beauty and comfort. And it does! Your nearby Hudson dealer will show you The Importance of "Stepping Down"—its results not only in beauty and comfort, but also in riding and driving ease, performance and safety. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

* Trade-mark and patents pending



body styles in the Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new -Six or 128 h.p. improved Super-Eight engine. New type Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body . Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at slight extra cost.

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SAVES YOU OVER $100!
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Thousands who formerly hesitated to wear a hearing aid are ordering this superb new single-unit Zenith "75." Because it needs no "fitting," it comes to you by mail—no salesman to high-pressure you, no embarrassing visits to salesrooms. Hear better or pay nothing—you are the sole judge!

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This advanced type of hearing aid needs no "fitting" because it employs Zenith's "Full-Range Audio" principle, designed to amplify the *full range* of sounds covered by the instrument. Thus, you *yourself* can instantly adjust it for best hearing in different surroundings—with Zenith's Fingertip Control! The correctness of this principle was recently confirmed by U. S. Government-sponsored research at Harvard University.

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**Plus tax of $1.50 in Illinois or New York City; $1.88 in California, except Los Angeles, $2.25.*

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thought only how welcome the silence was; then he began to discern other sounds, soft snuffling and the screak of wood on wood. Alert, he threw back the covers and went to the window. The kennels were directly below. And Hollister Gibson was standing outside the kennel door in a wrinkled white nightgown, bare feet spread wide in the moonlight. Blair hurried softly downstairs and stepped outside. He was waiting when the old man came toward him, an empty tin basin in his hand.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume," Blair said.

Gibson stiffened defensively, his mouth shaping a reply; then he looked at the pan in his hand and there was a long silence.

"You aren't so tough, are you?" Blair said.

"She was howling."

"So this is why you couldn't do anything with her." Blair crooked his finger. "Come with me. We've got to go over some of the facts of life."

Gibson followed him inside, his bare feet padding softly up the stairs to Blair's room. He sat meekly on the edge of the bed, still shamefaced.

"You don't have to hold that pan any longer," Blair said. He took a bottle from the closet, pulled the cork and handed it to Gibson. "Help yourself."

Gibson tipped the bottle and choked.

"Canadian sailor gave me that," Blair observed cheerfully. "Issue rum. Hundred and fifty proof. I've been saving it. How does it go?"

Gibson opened his mouth experimentally but no sound came.

"We'll cut it with soda pop," Blair suggested.

When he came back from the kitchen he poured them each a drink. "Look, Holly," he said, "I've taken on a job, and I'm going to finish it. Either India sleeps in my room or I sleep in the kennel. Or —you promise not to feed her any more."

The old man looked at his feet and wriggled his toes. "I promise."

"Good. We won't be hunting this morning. Do you play poker, Holly?"

"Sure."

"Sure you can hold your own? I don't want to take your money—"

"Hagh!" Gibson snorted. "Take my money! Nobody's ever taken my money in a poker game. I'll get my wallet."

Blair was dealing for draw. "Don't bother. I'll stake you ten."

THEY played in silence for a time, then Blair said abruptly, "I'd like to marry your daughter, Mr. Gibson."

Gibson frowned at his cards. "Does she know that?"

"Yes."

"You getting anywhere?"

"I'm afraid not. I've got to know more about her."

"Not much to know," said Gibson. "I'll open for fifty cents."

"She's been engaged."

"Yep. Twice."

"Twice?"

"Yes, there was this newspaper columnist fella hanging around for a while, then he stopped coming around; and there was this other fella from New York used to buy paintings out here. She couldn't see marrying him, she said, so she sent him packing. That's all."

"I don't think that *is* all. She acts afraid, as if she'd been hurt."

"Afraid of what?"

"Well, maybe herself. Maybe of men. Maybe of falling in love and getting hurt again. Did she break both engagements for the same reason?"

"No. Once she broke it up. The other time the fella just stopped coming."

"There must be more to it, Holly. Were they the same kind of men?"

Gibson drew two cards. "Well, you know these young men today—they both had money, good prospects, but weak-livered. Let a woman push them around. A girl will push a man around if she can, but she doesn't want that."

"That's interesting, Holly. Useful, too. I think you've got the situation clocked. What's your bet?"

Three hours later Blair noticed light outside. "We'll make this the last hand," he said. "We seem to be about even."

Gibson opened for a dollar and they drew their cards.

"Bet," Blair said.

The old man smiled with smug satisfaction. "Let's weed out the ribbon clerks. The bet's five dollars."

Blair leafed five ones into the pot. "You can't buy it that way, Holly."

Gibson fanned four queens and grinned. "Mine?"

"Yours," Blair said.

Gibson repaid the ten he had borrowed. Blair watched him soft-footing down the hall to his own room, slapping his winnings against his thigh and chuckling gleefully, "Lettuce." . . .

The training continued. Four days later Blair knew he was winning. When he fired the gun, India flinched as usual, her hind quarters dropped piteously toward the ground, her whole body shook. But she stayed and ate. Each day after that he fired the gun a little closer.

Blair asked Paula and Gibson to go with him when he took India on her first trial hunt. Paula was in high spirits. She walked beside Blair through the underbrush, talking easily, while Gibson pushed on ahead with the dog.

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: "Two months before Pearl Harbor Admiral Stark wrote to Secretary Hull, 'Hitler has every excuse in the world to declare war on us now, if he were of a mind to.'"

"Johnny was asking about you yesterday after my broadcast," she said. "I told him you were coming back tomorrow."

"Did you tell him I was having the time of my life?"

"Are you, Blair? I'm awfully glad you came out; you've done a world of good for Dad. Most of his friends are gone. I haven't seen him enjoy anybody so much for years."

"He's done a lot for me, too."

They stepped into a clearing and Blair stopped her with a touch on the arm. "Look!" India stood rigid in point, and Gibson was waving them to hurry. When they reached him he held his gun out to Paula. "You take it," he whispered.

"No, Holly. First shot is yours."

Gibson turned worried eyes on Blair.

"She'll stay with the game," Blair said. "Go ahead."

They moved forward. India took a step, hesitated, ran on a few feet and came to a point again. A whir broke the stillness. Gibson fired twice. India was leaping ahead, intent on her work, without fear. She sought out the bird and came trotting back to lay it proudly at Gibson's feet. Gibson gave his gun to Paula and knelt beside his dog; he took the loose skin of her flank in his fingers and kneaded her taut muscles. After a time he stood, picked up the bird, took his gun from Paula and turned to go home with India beside him.

"You've done a good job, Blair. That makes your visit complete."

"It isn't really complete. There's some fairly important business unfinished. I'm going to marry you, Paula."

"Oh? What makes you think so?"

"A lot of things. You're afraid to let yourself go. You're afraid of my touch."

"Afraid?" She turned to him, level-eyed.

He kissed her.

"You see, Blair, that didn't prove anything," she said, "except that you're making a terrific sap of yourself. Wher are you going to give up?"

"That's just it. I didn't with India. You can't discourage me either."

She looked at him sharply. "I think it can be arranged. And while I'm ar ranging it—please, no more post office."

Blair grinned. "Okay, let's go home."

BLAIR found her letter on his desk th next afternoon: "A circumstance be yond my control forces me to tender m resignation."

So now I'm a circumstance, Blai thought.

He went into the control room at six Paula had just begun her last broadcas

Johnny came in. "Murder!" he said staring unhappily at a stack of record on the desk where Paula sat. "Rome and Juliet I gotta play tonight."

"Don't tell me your troubles," Blai said. "I've got one of my own."

Blair entered studio A as Paula wa signing off.

She smiled at him sweetly. "I was ju leaving."

"Sit down, Paula."

"Sorry, Blair, I'm in a hurry."

"Sit down!"

Surprised, she sat back against th table.

"You're running away, Paula, and I' not going to let you. You're runnin away because you're afraid, and I thin I know why. There are a few things yo won't admit, even to yourself."

She looked uncomfortably at his fe

"Your father is strong-willed, Pau Because you're his daughter you' strong-willed, too. And since you' been taking care of him you've had be." He was rubbing a tender spot. S raised her head and he watched the ang growing in her eyes.

"You were engaged twice. You bro one of your engagements; your fian broke the other. But both for the sa reason: Neither man was strong enou to make decisions for you. Marria would have been a mistake. You're r giving yourself a fair chance. T broken engagements shouldn't convi you you're not cut out for marriage."

She looked up at him, her lips wh "Is that all?"

"No. It isn't all." He stepped clo and cupped her head firmly in his hands. Then he brought his mouth do on her stubborn lips and kissed till th softened.

He held her away from him a studied her eyes. "You liked that, Pa You've needed that. You're going marry me."

"I am not!" she said.

He drew her in again, but she tur fiercely and broke away. He saw hand reach for the pile of records ducked as one of them sailed over shoulder. It shattered against the w Another followed it.

"This proves I'm right. If I wer you wouldn't be so mad." He duc again. "Go on. Get it off your chest."

She raised the last record for the th then lowered her arm slowly and pu back on the table. She began to cry.

"Paula." He came closer. "I love very much."

She brushed a tear from her cheek the heel of her hand. "All you've do bully me," she managed to say betw sobs. "It's about time you said loved me."

Blair was drying her cheeks with handkerchief when Johnny came in.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Matthews. I've got two minutes—" He stopped and veyed the bits of broken record on floor. "Romeo and Juliet?"

"Romeo and Juliet," Blair said.

"Then can I scrub 'em with an ei beat boogie, Mr. Matthews?"

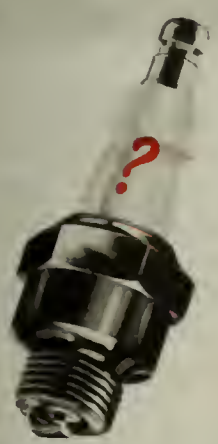
"What do you think, Paula?" asked.

"Scrub 'em, Johnny," she said.

THE END

Which is *really* Ann Sheridan?

STARRING IN
"Silver River"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION
(See answer below)



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Score yourself 100% if you picked the girl at the right as the real Ann Sheridan, beautiful and talented actress soon to be seen in Warner Bros.' thrilling new hit "Silver River." At left is Miss Peggy O'Connor of Washington, D. C., who looks so much like Miss Sheridan that a restaurant recently spot-lighted the table where she was sitting.

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BADMINTON'S MR. BIG

Continued from page 6

water and sweep to victory in the Olympics. Seven members of Buck's '47 winner are back, plus Johnny (Captain Bligh) Gartland, All-America coxswain.

Navy is the East's best hope against resurgent Washington and California. Washington's Huskies—winners at Poughkeepsie and Berlin in 1936—regard themselves as Olympic champions until proved otherwise. Coach Al Ulbrickson moved seven freshmen into the varsity shell last June after the Huskies finished third at Poughkeepsie. The youngsters give Al a boatload of muscle and he always has had a lot of confidence in sophomores.

Al was a sophomore himself when he stroked Washington to first place on the Hudson. Navy nipped Al in 1925 and the Middies were a favorite to do it again in 1926. The Huskies challenged at three miles—moved up alongside Navy—then Al pulled an arm muscle. He rowed the last mile with his heart. In the final quarter, he pushed the stroke to 40—and held it. The Huskies won in 19:28 3/5. Navy posted 19:29 3/5.

It could be that close again. Al admits Navy rates the edge, but adds: "My kids look like they might get up to 40 in the last quarter—and hold it."

VITAMINS, T-BONES AND TENNIS

Tom Brown packed a suitcase with vitamin pills and canned goods before flying to Wimbledon last June. Jack Kramer carried 75 pounds of steak in dry ice.

"Jack's steak-rationing plan was simple," Brown recalls. "All the Americans ate steak for breakfast until they lost in the singles."

On the morning of the final round, there were four survivors—two T-bones, Kramer and Brown. Kramer gave Brown the thicker T-bone, then whipped him in straight sets.

Brown, a skinny six-foot student of law at the University of California, has his rackets and canned goods packed for another flight to Wimbledon. He'll get there Sunday afternoon—weather permitting—in time for a few hours' practice before his first match Monday.

"Any other player wouldn't have a chance without a week's practice," Kramer commented recently. "Won't bother The Flailer, though. He never hits the ball more than once or twice a point—slugs everything. When they're going in, he beats anybody."

With Kramer and his T-bones gone to the pros, Flailer Brown rates a fifty-fifty chance at Wimbledon—traditionally the world's top tournament—against four tough challengers: Frankie Parker, Gardnar Mulloy; Bernard Destremeau, France's current No. 1, and Jaroslav Drobny of Czechoslovakia. Drobny may not play, however. There has been talk of his having passport trouble with the new president of the Czechoslovakian Lawn Tennis Association, Joe Stalin.

Brown picks Parker as the man to beat. "Of course we'll miss Kramer," Tom adds, "but only at breakfast."

RIS AND THE SLOW LOOK

Wally Ris of the University of Iowa fell asleep before his 220-yard free-style race against Ohio State's Bill Smith. When Wally woke up, Erling Odegaard was rubbing his legs with alcohol.

"Why aren't you at the hospital?" Ris asked.

"Wilma says we aren't going to break any records," Erl grunted. "But you are—roll over." The Iowa trainer had taken his wife to the maternity ward en route to the field house.

Ris dozed off again—then splashed 220 yards in 2:13.7 for an intercollegiate record. Then Wally autographed a program for Odegaard's imminent heir. "This one was for you," Wally scribbled. "I hope that 20 years from today you'll be the one to break my record."

"What makes you so sure it's going to be a boy?" Odegaard asked.

"What made you so sure I was going to break a record?" Ris countered.

Odegaard's six-pound eleven-ounce son, Randall Lee, was born next morning.

Young Randall Lee may have more than one Ris record to splash after, 20 years hence. Two nights before Ris upset the world's most famous swimming Smith, Wally bettered Tarzan Weissmuller's 22-year-old American mark for 100 yards. Alex Jany of France is the only sprinter likely to give Wally a real argument.

Wally took up swimming to strengthen his right knee, which was injured in a Chicago high-school football game. "Funny thing about Wally's speed," Coach Dave Armbruster points out, "he takes fewer strokes per 100 yards than his opponents. Most sprinters synchronize six leg beats with one arm revolution. Wally uses the six-to-one ratio, all right, but he has an extra-long reach and a slow, blinding arm motion. Consequently, he takes fewer strokes but uses a slower, deeper leg kick that gives him more traction. You'll never find another sprinter who looks so slow and moves so fast."

SCHOOL FOR OUTFIELDERS

Sam Mele of the Boston Red Sox is the finest young outfielder in the American League because he rooms with Dom DiMaggio and takes automobile rides with Ted Williams.

"Ted likes to drive," Sam explains. "Down at Sarasota last spring he'd take me riding every night and he talked nothing but hitting—went over every pitcher in the league—told me stuff it would take a rookie a couple of years to learn."

When Mele returned to the hotel, roommate DiMaggio delivered the nightly fielding lesson. "Dom would tell me where to play the hitters," Sam recalls. "How can you miss with the best hitter and best fielder in the league giving you private lessons?"

Too bad catcher Jake Early wasn't with the Red Sox last summer. The scholarly Mele could have learned a few of Jake's routines. If Mele has a weakness, it's his lack of color. Nobody knows Sam's in the ball park.

Not so Jake Early, the only man who ever laughed Williams out on strikes. Jake did it with a song, simply straining You Are My Sunshine through a quarter pound of eatin' tobacco.

Jake's from Kings Mountain, North Carolina, and his chant of the tobacco auctioneer is guaranteed to destroy any rookie's batting concentration. Jake was catching for the Browns when Gil Coan came up to the Senators from the Southern Association. Jake shifted his chaw and auctioned off Coan with three pitches. Gil, profoundly distressed by Early's blub-blub-blubbing, was even more upset when Jake added the third strike tagline—"SOLD TO CHATTANOOGA!"

▶ Push-button radio tuners will have to be careful around 10 P.M. of the twenty-third when the Louis-Walcott fight and the Republican convention will be in simultaneous session. An untimely punch might produce something like this: ". . . . Alabama casts eight votes for (CLICK) Jersey Joe Walcott. . . ."

THE END

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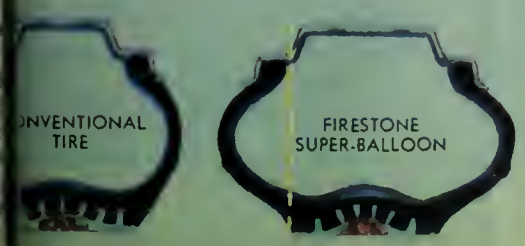

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In addition to giving you long mileage, this tire saves you money on maintenance. Fewer jolts and jars reach your car, so there are fewer trips to the shop for repairs to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles. This tire keeps your car young; reduces wear and tear on parts.

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OUR JOB IN ITALY

Continued from page 15

April! Before going to vote think of your mother, your religion and your beloved fatherland, which we, too, although we are far from it, always love. We have done much for you since the war, and we shall continue to do so, if you vote like Christians. . . ."

Says Maria Cattaneo with visible pride, "I had already made up my mind before I got this letter. This town is Christian Democrat."

"Democrat like in America," said Guido Scarpearo, a shoemaker with a limp. "I was ten years in America, working steam shovel, hurt my leg. Best lawyer in Detroit, Anthony Marullo, got me some money for my leg. Now I live good here."

Packages as a Political Factor

Mario Olgiati came into the café, wearing a fine American overcoat. Olgiati is an American citizen and was visiting his father in Cuggiono. "You gotta vote Christian Democrat here," he explained. "They all get packages from America, they get these letters. If they vote Communist the packages will stop coming." How many people in Cuggiono had received letters? About two hundred families. Nevertheless, those who did vote Communist were not coerced by their fellow citizens.

To vote against the Communists, the U.S. offered the Italians wheat, coal, gasoline, the Marshall Plan and Trieste. Russia offered them nothing. The U.S. told them pointedly that no Communist would ever be admitted to the country where millions of Italians would like to go. The U.S.S.R. did not even offer to return the Italian prisoners of war still held in Russia.

The *"Piano Marshall,"* as the Italians call it, was a burning issue in the election, and the Popular Front undoubtedly lost thousands of votes by opposing it. As one Popular Front leader remarked, doing a quick flip-flap after the election, it made no sense to turn down something for nothing.

But whether he is a Communist steelworker, who says, "The Marshall Plan is American imperialism; it will turn Italy into a colony," or whether he is that Communist worker's employer, shrewdly estimating long-range profits, many an Italian is honestly skeptical of the permanent benefits of the Marshall Plan. He grants that it will bring relief—and for this he is grateful—but he doubts if it will bring real recovery to Italy.

His skepticism is based on three considerations: First, it is not enough; secondly, it may not last; thirdly, it ties Italy's economy to Western Europe, instead of to Eastern Europe, where it belongs. Said a Milan businessman philosophically, after a large meal imported from the U.S.: "Either we'll have a war within a year, or all this scare will blow over and we'll go back to trading with the East."

America did not swing the election alone, of course. A Milan industrialist said after the election that he and his colleagues had contributed $3,000,000 to beat the Communists, most of which went to help the Christian Democrats. The archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Schuster, issued a pastoral letter refusing absolution to any believer who voted Communist.

The Catholic Action, a well-organized political society which works for the church first and parties second, sent its workers into towns and villages throughout Italy to tell the priests to get out the vote—for De Gasperi, if possible; if not, for anybody but the Communists. Thousands of left-wing but non-Communist voters must have been frightened away from the Popular Front by the Communist coups in Eastern Europe. Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the Socialists, who bolted Pietro Nenni's pro-Communist leadership, said two days before the election, "This election was decided in Czechoslovakia."

Deserted by Russia and attacked by the U.S. and the church, the Communists and their allies tried to win on national issues. They promised better working and living conditions to the workers, work to the unemployed, peace to everybody. Some 8,000,000 Italians, nearly a third of the electorate, voted for their promises against the church and America. Many of them did so more in sorrow than in anger, but they remain a force to be reckoned with, both by Italy's government and by the U.S.

What worries Italians is whether the U.S. realizes the responsibilities it undertook. A great many Italians have heard about the American habit of getting all het up over an election and then going off to the ball game. They believe that, having told them how to vote, the U.S. shares an obligation with their government to give them work and peace. The election solved none of Italy's problems except the immediate problem of whether it would vote itself Communist. The basic political and economic problems remain.

From their elected government, the Italians have the right to expect, at least: money stabilization; an upward adjustment of salaries, especially in the lower-middle-class brackets; land reform; a program of public works to take up both concealed and unconcealed unemploy ment; continuation of the liberties the enjoyed during the election. They expec the government to institute such a pol icy, since it could hardly do less and kee the support of the various elements tha elected it. They hope that the govern ment will interest itself more in their hap piness than in its own authority.

One of the most influential Christia Democrats in Italy is Giovanni Battist Migliori, a benign, pipe-smoking Mila lawyer, who helped to organize the part underground in Fascist days, was its re gional leader for a while and now sits i Italy's new Senate. Signor Migliori wan to make it clear that "the party is in th service of the church, but it is not re sponsible to the church. I think," he say "that there is hope of our becoming th real labor party of Italy.

"But first we must rehabilitate th country. Reforms come later. We ar in a pathological economic period ar profound reforms are impossible. W must modify, not jump. This is realism

What reforms would the party like institute? "We would like to give mo land to the peasants, but realisticall slowly. We believe in the resurrectio of the little shopkeepers and small bu nessmen. We want to give the worke their houses and other benefits, but must be practical.

"For Italian industry it is indispens ble to have order, tranquillity and stro government. We need order with li erty. We will establish authority and spect for government so that we c move gradually toward social chang We will gradually dispose of the Co munist party."

Inept Democracy Breeds Communis

Not all of the 8,000,000 Italians w voted for the Popular Front are enem of democracy. Italians are natural den crats; most of them made bad Fasci and only the failure of democracy to b ter their lives could make any apprec ble number of them good Communi The fact that 30 per cent of them vo for Communism argues a fair amount impatience with democracy. But milli of those voters are capable of voting other way.

The 70 per cent vote cast against Communist ticket was, to a large exte a vote of confidence in the U.S. If U.S. does not justify that confidence, lions of those voters too are perfectly pable of voting the other way.

Here, then, is what the Italians th they have a right to expect from They believe the U.S. is committed continue the Marshall Plan, no ma who wins the American election, even if later on it begins to hurt. T believe the U.S. should, if necessary, ert as much pressure to keep their ernment in their service as was don persuade them to elect it. They bel we have an obligation somehow to k the peace. They are not sure we wil any of these things.

Even if we do them all, we will solve all Italy's problems for her. there is not a great deal more that could do, unless we went to the he length suggested by a non-Commu Italian friend of mine. After broo all evening over his country's poli and economic difficulties, he came with an engaging solution. "All Ame needs to do for us," he said, "is to tak 5,000,000 Italian Communists."

Since the Italian immigrant has n as good a democrat as America ever it might be a conversion worth thin about.

THE END

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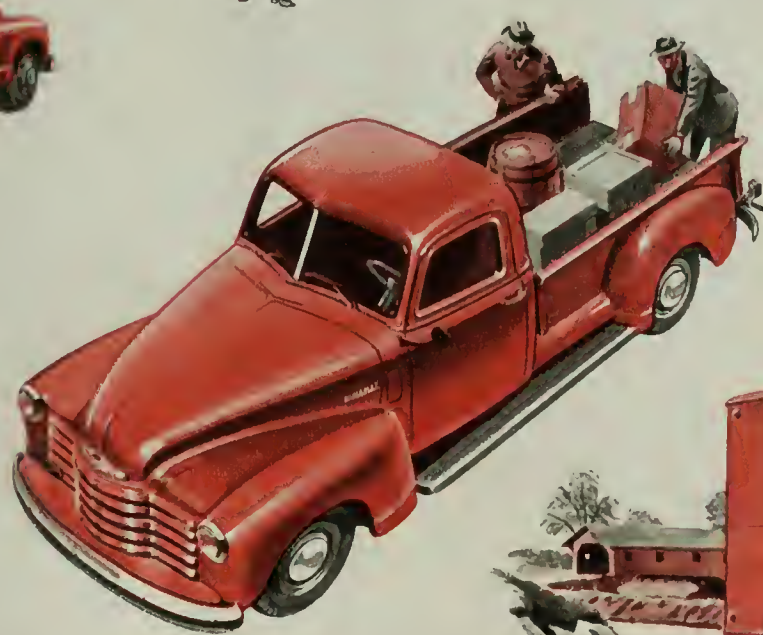

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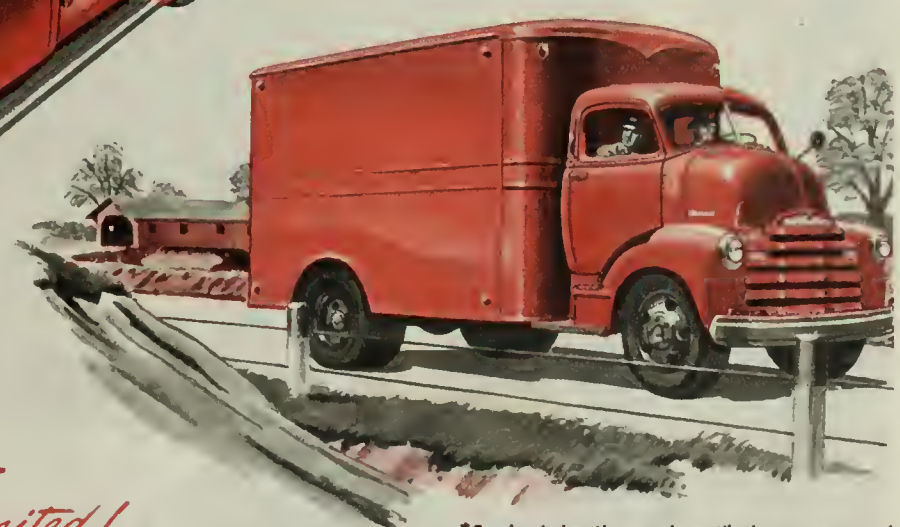

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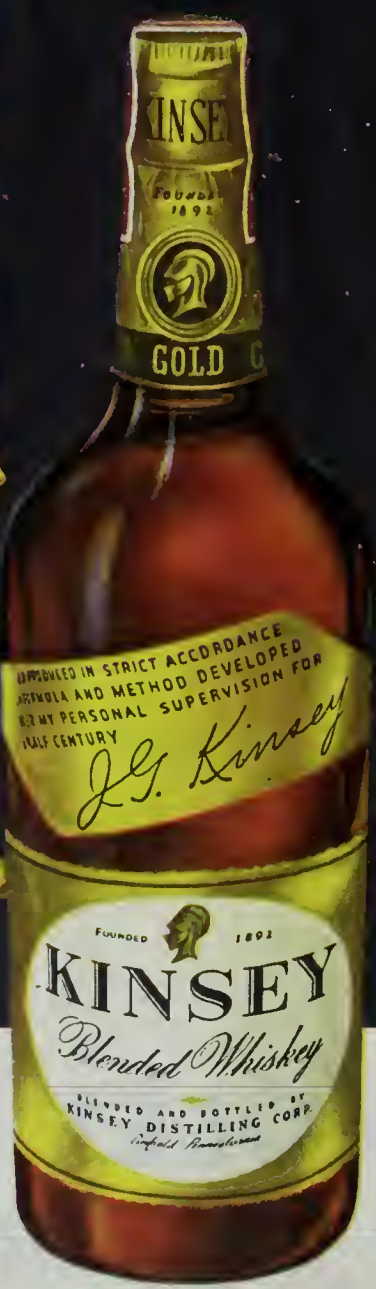

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 19

urchill's respect for Roosevelt may ve wavered at times but it never ceased. On Saturday, August 9th, the great itish battleship (which was to perish in alayan waters four months later) ar- ed at the Newfoundland rendezvous. e cruiser Augusta, with Roosevelt oard, was there waiting, and the At- tic Conference started.

Sumner Welles and Sir Alexander dogan worked over documents which British government had drafted of arallel Communications to the Japa- e Government." One message to kyo was to come from the United tes government, saying that:

Any further encroachment by Japan the southwestern Pacific would pro- ce a situation in which the United tes government would be compelled take countermeasures even though se might lead to war between the ited States and Japan.

Britain and the Netherlands were to d similar messages.

British Agree with Russian View

The British point of view was essen- ly the same as the Russian in favor of ough policy toward Japan as a means avoiding war in the Pacific.

t was this Asiatic phase of the discus- ns at the Atlantic Conference which upied a vast amount of attention ing the exhaustive Pearl Harbor inves- tion, because of the repeated isola- ist charges that there had been "secret mitments." (As one of the British cials present at this meeting said to "We wished to God there *had* been!") ave been given access to the British rds of the conference. I have found all of the records (American and ish) put together not only fail to pro- evidence of skulduggery but, in so as discussion of military matters is cerned, fail even to provide much of rest. The agreements for which the ish had hoped did not come near to ization.

t the conference Churchill took up question of the "Parallel Communi- ns" to Tokyo. Roosevelt said that elt "very strongly that every effort ld be made to prevent the outbreak war with Japan." But, the question nally was: Would a tough line, a ium line, or a soft line best suit that ose? Roosevelt was well aware of the importance of "face" to the Japanese. Therefore, the adoption of a line which would not give them some kind of "face-saving out" would be practically a guarantee of war.

On the other hand, the only kind of appeasement which the Japanese would consider satisfactory would seal the doom of China and would be humiliating and mortifying to the American people and calculated to depress the morale of all who were opposed to the Axis powers everywhere in the world. Roosevelt believed that any warnings to Japan should not be limited to the southwestern Pacific area, but should be broad enough to encompass the possibility of new Japanese aggression against any friendly power in Asia—specifically, the Soviet Union, this being the result of Hopkins' talk with Molotov.

In the end, Roosevelt compromised on what seemed to be a safe middle course between the tough line and the soft one. The proposed Anglo-American-Dutch parallel warnings to Japan were never made and from then on, Churchill took the position that Britain would follow America's lead when and if Japan took further violent action and Roosevelt made known his policy.

The Atlantic Conference gave Hopkins an opportunity to observe more clearly than ever the differences between the American and British systems of democracy. This was the first time he had seen both the President and Prime Minister in operation away from their own home bases.

He remarked on the fact that whereas Roosevelt was completely on his own, subject only to the advice of his immediate and self-selected entourage, which advice he could accept or reject, Churchill was constantly reporting to and consulting the War Cabinet in London, addressing his communications to the Lord Privy Seal, who was then Clement Attlee.

The Atlantic Charter turned out to be incalculably more powerful an instrument than the officers of the British government intended it to be when they first proposed it. They never regarded it as a formal state paper; it was, to them, not much more than a publicity handout. Roosevelt took it more seriously. The British learned that when you state a moral principle, you are stuck with it, no matter how many fingers you may have kept crossed at the moment. It was not long before the people of India, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia were beginning to ask if the Atlantic Charter extended also to the Pacific and to Asia in general.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Roosevelt and Churchill became chums at this conference or at any subsequent time. They established an easy intimacy, a joking informality and a moratorium on pomposity and cant—and also a degree of frankness in intercourse which, if not quite complete, was remarkably close to it. But neither of them ever forgot for one instant what he was and represented or what the other was and represented. Actually, their relationship was maintained to the end on the highest professional level.

They were two men in the same line of business—politico-military leadership on a global scale—and theirs was a very limited field, and the few who achieve it seldom have opportunities for getting together with fellow craftsmen in the same trade to compare notes and talk shop. They appraised each other through the practiced eyes of professionals and from this appraisal resulted a degree of admiration and sympathetic understanding of each other's professional problems that lesser craftsmen could not have achieved.

Thus, when Churchill was being particularly difficult over some point during the Yalta Conference, Roosevelt could say to Hopkins, "We've got to remember that Winston has an election coming up." And, as the record proves, there were many occasions when the Prime Minister yielded on major points in deference to the domestic political problems which were forever besetting the President.

Reversing a Tradition

It is a matter of sacred tradition that when an American statesman and a British statesman meet, the former will be plain, blunt, down-to-earth, ingenuous to a fault, while the latter will be sly, subtle, devious and eventually triumphant. In the cases of Roosevelt and Churchill, this formula became somewhat confused. If either of them could be called a student of Machiavelli, it was Roosevelt; if either was a bull in a china shop, it was Churchill.

The Prime Minister quickly learned that he confronted in the President a man of infinite subtlety and obscurity—an artful dodger who could not readily be pinned down on specific points, nor hustled or wheedled into definite commitments against his judgment or his will or his instinct. And Roosevelt soon learned how pertinacious the Prime Minister could be in pursuance of a purpose. It was this quality which, at times, made him extremely tiresome to deal with and, at other times—and especially times of most awful adversity—made him great.

Roosevelt and Churchill certainly had the capacity to annoy each other, but the record of their tremendous association with each other contains a minimum of evidences of waspishness or indeed of anything less than the most amiable and most courteous consideration. For they had a large and wonderful capacity to stimulate and refresh each other. In one of the darkest hours of the war, Roosevelt concluded a long, serious cable to Churchill with the words, "it is fun to be in the same decade with you."

Back in England, Churchill seemed so bursting with confidence—he gave the new "V for Victory" sign with such exuberant assurance—the British people delightedly assumed, like the American isolationists, that perhaps there *had* been some secret agreements at the confer-

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

"We can't let them suspect the truth," Captain Garrott said. He knew that the very lives of the men in his garrison depended on giving the impression they had unlimited supplies. This is the transposagram he sent:

DUET IS MAN OR MEN IN MOON

		N		■	O	N	■			R		■		M			N		

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 71)

Let's have a *picnic!*

In Half-Pound Cans

Sure! A Picnic! They're fun! Blue skies and green fields — a running stream, and, of course, lots of good things to eat.

For instance, you'll love crisp, delicious, flavor-fresh PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS to nibble on while you're going—while you're there—and on your way home.

Many other delicious things can be made with PLANTERS PEANUTS — salads — cookies — candies. They're *so* good. Just the finest, big Virginia peanuts, salted and roasted as only PLANTERS know how.

PLANTERS are always oven-fresh, because they're vacuum-packed. You can get them everywhere. Just say "PLANTERS". They're Planterrific!

These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

ence, the results of which would become apparent in due course. It is improbable that Churchill did much to discourage this hopeful assumption.

The battle in Congress over extension of Selective Service was disagreeably synchronized with the Atlantic Conference. It proved to be one of the narrowest escapes of Roosevelt's wartime career. He had almost let it go by default. The situation in this summer of 1941 was so ugly that Roosevelt concluded it would be better not to bring the issue up in Congress. He was again afraid of fear itself. But Secretary Stimson and General Marshall felt otherwise.

It is no exaggeration to say that the fight was one of the decisive battles of the war. It was won in the House of Representatives, by the perilous margin of one vote, on August 12th, the day when the Atlantic Conference ended. The news of it dropped like enemy bombs on the decks of the Augusta and the Prince of Wales.

When Lord Beaverbrook left Argentia, he traveled with Averell Harriman to Washington to arrange for the Moscow Conference and Churchill instructed him to make some soundings of American public opinion on the side. Beaverbrook did so and his reports were discouraging to his colleagues in London. He stated, and truthfully, that there wasn't the slightest chance of the U.S. entering the war until compelled to do so by an attack on its own territory, and it seemed that Hitler would never make such an attack until Britain and Russia had been defeated.

Prelude to a Shooting War

On Labor Day, September 1st, Roosevelt made a short but vigorous speech, of which the New York Times said, editorially: "We have not yet declared or taken a direct part in a shooting war. But we have taken a position which must force us ultimately to take such a direct part if our present policy does not prove sufficient to defeat Hitler."

Three days after this speech, a German submarine attacked with two torpedoes, but did not hit, the U.S. Destroyer Greer, southeast of Greenland, and a week later Roosevelt made another broadcast, announcing the orders to the Navy to "shoot on sight." Hopkins wrote a description of the preparation of this speech as follows:

The genesis of this speech began as far back as the first of July after the President had initiated his first patrol of the North Atlantic, which was merely a patrol of notification in event a submarine or raider were discovered in the waters between North America and Iceland.

The President determined upon a far more important patrol before I went to England late in July, namely one in which all ships flying all flags would be protected. . . .

He had Cordell Hull and me to lunch on September 5th and outlined his proposal and planned the speech for the following Monday night.

Hull then elaborated at some length on our general position and in very aggressive and stern language laid out the policy of the United States government and the reason for this patrol. The President liked the statement Hull was making verbally and asked him to dictate what he had just said and send it to the White House late that afternoon.

The draft from Hull arrived, and instead of being the vigorous, determined memorandum that had been represented in his verbal talk with the President, it was a pretty weak document, although it built up a fairly strong case for the necessity for some action. But there was no recommendation of any action.

The President, of course, said at once that Hull's draft was totally inadequate and left the speech entirely in thin air.

We made another draft and tha night the President called in Hull, Stim son and Knox and myself and read us draft of the speech. Each of them mad some very minor corrections but it wa clear that all of them approved of i heartily.

I had an appointment Thursda morning with the President, with Hul and the Soviet ambassador on anothe matter and after that conference wa over Hull remained behind, he havin just before the conference with th ambassador told me that the speech wa too strong and that all reference t shooting first, or shooting of any kin should be taken out of the speech.

This was a great surprise to me be cause Hull had fully agreed before.

On many previous occasions, how ever, in the last six months Hull h talked pretty strong in private conve sation but when it comes down to pu ting it in writing he has tended to wa to dilute everything. He has in rece months given me the impression that h isn't prepared for the implications of tough row with Hitler.

I later learned from the President th Hull made a very strong argume urging the President to take out of t speech the real guts of it. The spee itself indicates that this was not don

Here is presented the fifth installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

Early in September, Hopkins wrote Brendan Bracken, who had been pointed Minister of Information in British Cabinet, complaining about " concerted attack in the British press two fronts: one, that we won't fight, a the other that our supplies are v slow." He went on to say:

We are having some difficulty w our public opinion with regard to R sia. The American people don't t aid to Russia easily. The whole Cath population is opposed to it, all the Na all the Italians and a lot of people w sincerely believe that Stalin is a gr menace to the world. Still I think it come out all right in the end . . . T exhibition of the Russian army has tainly made all of our military peo look a little ill. Anglo-Saxons hav hard time believing that anyone fight except themselves.

Only a few days after Churchill m a broadcast saying that only Hitler k the date of U.S. entry into the war, H kins received one of the gloomiest m sages that ever came to the White H from the normally confident, ebull Prime Minister. He mentioned the cern of the British Cabinet over Ro velt's repeated assurances (in answe isolationist charges) that the Atla Conference had brought the U.S. closer to war."

The propaganda effect of the Atla Conference was beginning to fizzle Churchill said that the Cabinet's con would inevitably extend itself to Pa ment and then to the people as a wh and he added, "I don't know what

appen if England is fighting alone when 942 comes." He asked Hopkins if he anted to express any hope for the fu- ire. If Hopkins replied directly to this, I an find no copy of it in his papers. But e made the following note which he at- ached to the Churchill message:

I talked to the President about this ablegram and the only thing we can ake out of it is that Churchill is pretty epressed and takes it out on us in this ashion.

I told the President, however, that t only Churchill but all the members the Cabinet and all the British people talked to believed that ultimately we ill get into the war on some basis or her and if they ever reached the con- usion that this was not to be the case, at would be a very critical moment in e war, and the British appeasers might ve some influence on Churchill.

How "Short" Was Interpreted

However, there was nothing that osevelt or Hopkins could do about it cept to attempt to increase the render- g of aid "by all means short of war" nd, when one looks back on those days, e cannot escape the conclusion that ver was the word "short" given a more eral interpretation).

Churchill's depression, as it turned t, was short-lived, for within two days the foregoing cable to Hopkins came e from the Former Naval Person to President giving glowing reports of orable developments in Persia, and s increased contacts with Russia in t part of the world, and asking for p in transporting two more British isions aggregating 40,000 men to the ddle East.

This involved the loan of the largest nsports then in the U.S. service in- ding such converted liners as the nhattan, Washington and America named, in wartime, U.S.S. Wakefield, unt Vernon and West Point). Church- said in his cable, "It is quite true that loan of these liners would hamper large dispatch of United States forces Europe or Africa, but as you know I e never asked for this in any period can reasonably foresee in the near fu- e."

On September 6, 1941, Hopkins noted: The President had a conference terday between Admiral Stark; Ad- al King, commander of the Atlantic et; Admiral Ingersoll; Admiral Land l me.

t was agreed at this conference that should provide troop transports for 000 men. The admirals seemed quite ling to acquiesce in this program.

One of the important decisions made s that these troopships were to fly the American flag and be manned by the Navy crews which are now on them. It was decided it was unwise however, for American destroyers to accompany these ships which would be filled with British troops.

The arrangements went forward but in early October, Roosevelt was again involved with Congress for legislation which would further amend the Neutrality Act to permit the arming of American merchant ships. Roosevelt thereupon cabled Churchill:

I deeply regret necessity of reopening with you the question of American-flag Navy-operated transports going to England for proposed troop movement to Near East which we had agreed upon.

You will sympathetically consider the problem and my frank statement of it, I am certain. My message to Congress in the immediate future will recommend sweeping amendments to our Neutrality Act.

This act is seriously crippling our means of helping you, in my opinion. I want not only to arm all of our ships but I want to get the authority from Congress to send American flagships directly to British ports. I have reached the conclusion after conferring with Congress leaders that it would be disastrous to this legislation if one of our transports proceeding to or from Britain and in British waters or British port, were to be sunk, when manned by U.S. Navy officers and men. Such an event might jeopardize our Lend-Lease and other aid. . . .

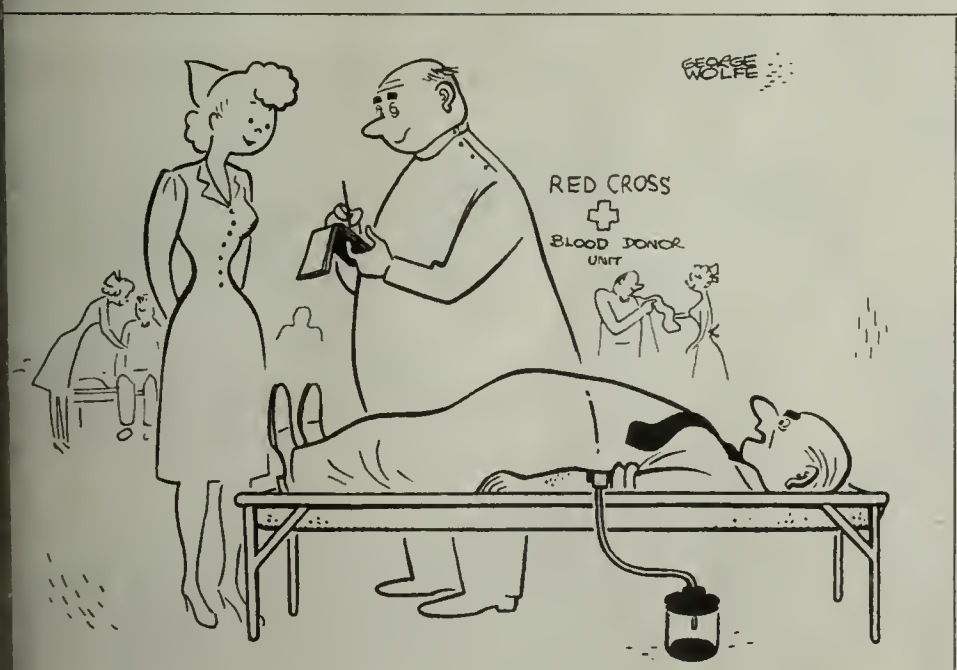
As a first alternative, my suggestion is that you send here, or transfer from your ships under repair here, enough officers and men to man our six transports. . . . The ships would then sail from Canadian ports under British flag and with British crews under Lend-Lease arrangements.

The second alternative would be for U.S. to continue manning these six transports in Halifax. We would then transport the expedition through Western Hemisphere water and thence to Near East destination. We believe, if considered advisable by Navy Department and Admiralty, we could escort this fast convoy all the way.

Of the two alternatives offered, I prefer the first, namely your using your crews to man transports.

Churchill replied that he fully understood the President's position but that he definitely preferred the second alternative, whereby the British troops would be delivered to Halifax and then transshipped to the American transports—and this was done.

(Next week: Roosevelt's Greatest Dilemma.)



COLLIER'S "Yes, the name is Stone and no corny jokes, please!" GEORGE WOLFE

"You pose for picture, huh, Injun feller?"

CHIEF: Sure-Sure.

MR. G.: Fine! Fine! Now, stand still, huh? No move, huh? Me flickum shutter. See?

CHIEF: Ummm. Me see.

MR. G.: Good! All done. No hurt, huh? By way, that's a nice-looking sports shirt, Chief! Too bad him no got wonderful Arrow Collar like my shirt, huh? Best collar in world, him.

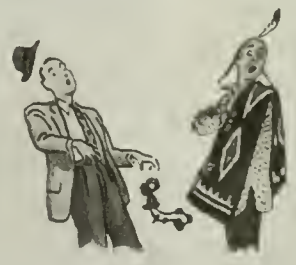
CHIEF: Ummm. Best collar.

MR. G.: No shirt made got this tailored-to-fit-body-better like Arrow! Call him MITOGA, Chief. Him trade-mark. You know "trade-mark," huh?

CHIEF: Ummm. Good.

MR. G.: Him also got *Sanforized* label, see? Him mean "fabric shrinkage less than 1%." Mean shirt no gettum smaller in wash, huh? Arrow Shirt offer best of everything. Remember him!

CHIEF: I remember "him" very well indeed, my dear fellow. When I was at college I wore nothing but Arrow Shirts. I am of the opinion that their impeccable appearance attracted the attention of my former wife, for which I am



forever grateful. Today, however, I am a widower. My sole diversion is to hold a few red beads and get a few quiet snickers out of the tourists—PORTER, THIS FELLOW'S FAINTED!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

$3.50 · $4 · $4.25 · $5

You can look now
It's the '49
FORD!
IT'S THE CAR
OF THE YEAR
THE ONE AND ONLY
NEW CAR IN ITS FIELD

There never was an automobile like this before. It is new and revolutionary in its field!

The Ford "Forty-Niner" is a complete break with the past. It was designed by you — all the way through. Yes, in surveys, letters and personal interviews, you told us what you wanted. Then we built your car.

You said you wanted ROOM. So we gave you a BIG car. Its front and rear seats, for instance, are actually 57 and 60 inches wide! It has 57% more luggage space. You never saw a car like this before.

You said you wanted SAFETY. So we gave you a 59% more rigid "Lifeguard" Body . . . "Magic-Action" King-Size Brakes that are 35% easier to operate by actual test . . . and "Picture Window" Visibility all around — more than 20 square feet of window area.

You said you wanted COMFORT. So we gave you a new "Mid Ship" ride . . . new "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs . . . and new "Para-Flex" parallel Rear Springs.

You said you wanted ECONOMY. So we gave you two new economy engines . . . V-8 and Six . . . with new lubrication system, new "Equa-Flo" Cooling and "Deep Breath" Manifolding to save you up to 10% on gasoline. And new Overdrive, optional at extra cost.

You said you wanted BEAUTY. So we gave you "the look of the year."

Yes, the '49 Ford is "The car of the year." See it today at your Ford Dealer's.

White Side Wall tires available at extra cost.

NEW

There's a Ford in your future

THE MAN WHO PAINTED HIMSELF BLUE

Continued from page 27

geraniums, the orchids of the poor. One needs more than a friendly dog with a warm muzzle pressed against the knee. If one is a young man—even such a man as Grisha—one needs to look with eyes of love upon a beautiful girl. One needs the touch of cool hands upon the face and the warm and gentle contest beneath the quilt from Odessa.

Sundays and the holydays were the most difficult for Grisha to endure since, there being no work to keep him diverted, he had so many extra hours to stick pins in himself thinking about the tantalizing Irina. Picture him, tovarisch, sitting in the rocking chair on these long, lonesome days, conducting little make-believe conversations with his beloved—as many lonely people do.

"What did you ask, most beloved? Would I like a little of the caraway brandy with my pipe? Thank you, most treasured one. But you must drink also. We shall touch our glasses—and our fingers—and celebrate our love."

Then Irina would stand before him in his room, her low, peasant blouse partly covered by a little red and blue apron, her blue eyes full of adoration for him.

Grisha would then reach over to the table by his side and pour a few drops of caraway brandy into a small glass and raise the glass to the invisible Irina, and the old dog, asleep at his feet, would awaken and thump his tail because he thought his master was speaking to him.

The poets say, tovarisch, that if a man yearns too much, love becomes a stone in the heart. I mention it only to make a point of the fact that these charming scenes of love had begun to make a pressure in Grisha's head. . . .

One Sunday, after three months of such torture, Grisha came to realize that he must have an understanding with Irina, even if it be the final understanding, lest the stone of the poets reach his heart and destroy him forever. If he were again rejected—well, there was always the quiet rest on the bottom of the East River with a cobble tied to the feet. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, set his best hat squarely on his head and went to the Carpathian.

BECAUSE it was early Sunday afternoon, most of the regulars of the Carpathian were still in bed sleeping off the effects of Saturday night. A few, at the unfeeling insistence of their wives, walked with their children in the bright sunshine of Tompkins Square. Grisha's short legs carried him purposefully through the swinging doors of the Carpathian. But once in the presence of Irina, his bold resolution dissolved.

"Good day," he said meekly, tipping his hat. "It is an hour of such beauty to make the crows sing."

Irina, wearing a new white silk blouse with red embroidery, stood behind the bar waiting for a customer. "You have smelled too much house paint," she snapped at him. "I have never seen crows in New York City."

"Perhaps the smell of paint has made me drunk, or maybe it was a bluebird I saw," Grisha said timidly.

"Did you come here to speak only of birds?" Irina asked sharply. "The pet shop is in the next block. This place deals in drinks." She turned her back to show her displeasure, and began aligning the bottles on the back bar.

"A little caraway brandy, thank you." Grisha spoke quickly, anxious that he should not offend her now. "But you must drink, too," he added, feeling very daring.

Irina, who always drank with the customers, took her time pouring brandy into two small glasses. No one ever hurried for Grisha. While Irina swallowed her drink, Grisha raised his glass ceremoniously and, although she was standing several feet away, fancied he felt the touch of her fingers against his own.

Taking a small sip, he set down his glass. His fingers trembled as he anticipated what he must say. He looked about the room. He was alone with Irina, who had returned to the business of straightening the bottles.

"Ah," he said with a croak in his voice.

He pretended it was a cough and began again.

"Irina . . ." His voice was scarcely more than a hollow whisper.

"What do you ask, Little Bear?" Irina's lovely back remained turned to him.

"Irina . . ."

Irina turned to look at him.

In his most apologetic tone, Grisha said, "Would you . . . honor my name . . . and be my wife?"

After the first moment of shock, Irina again laughed at him. She put her lovely head back and laughed and laughed while the red-faced Grisha tried to hide himself under his hat. When he finally peered out again he noticed for the firs

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: "Harriman mentioned Roosevelt's concern about American public opinion on the religious issue. Stalin said he did not know much about American opinion toward Russia and did not seem to attach much importance to it."

time the new blouse Irina wore and th sight of it dried up his heart like an apri cot. For, on one low shoulder, just abov the heart, he spelled out in scarlet em broidery the name *Vasily*.

It is the nature of men hopelessly i love that they must continue their ir sanity until it destroys them, like a ma piling rocks on his head to see how muc weight his skull will bear. So, when nee for breath had reduced Irina's laught to a charming giggle, Grisha spoke agai

"Why not?" he demanded miserabl Not really demanded, of course, for th was Grisha speaking. "I have steac work. I have more than $200 in the bar on Second Avenue. Even though I a healthy and strong I have insurance c my life in the amount of $2,500 so m family will be provided for. I am not a attractive man, it is true, but perhaps o might overlook that if one had a secu home and a quiet happiness."

If Irina had not decided to reje Grisha three months ago, the revelatic that he had but $200 in the bank wou have been enough in itself to decide h now. She, who was looking for a m with $2,000! But Irina was not co pletely without heart. She laughed more at poor Grisha. Instead, she smil her most heartbreaking. A smile co nothing.

"Why not?" Grisha persisted, pili another rock on his head.

Irina spoke the first handy excu which came to her mind: "Ooo, maybe is that you are not a romantic fello Little Bear."

"Like Vasily?" he asked, feeling skull give.

"Yes. Like Vasily." Irina stroked embroidered name on the low blou "Who gives me expensive things."

Romantic! So that was the reas This was something Grisha could co prehend. It was because he was no romantic fellow! Immediately his br woke up.

In a grave tone he thanked Irina for ıer honest answer, paid for the drinks, straightened his hat and walked to the door in a dignified manner. For the first time since he had known Irina he felt something like a real hope.

Back in his flat again, Grisha filled his father's pipe for the second time that day. Sitting in the rocking chair by the front window, his hat still on his head, he puffed slowly on the fragrant Latakia and tried to imagine himself as the romantic man Irina wanted.

In his lifetime Grisha had known only two men he thought were romantic. One was *Gaspodin* Vasily. Could he be like Vasily? He thought not. It was true he could wear silk shirts, but more than one drink filled his stomach with quarrelsome hummingbirds, and Vasily drank like a man with a grievance against his liver. Then, too, Grisha's physical construction was against him.

The only other romantic man he knew—a man even more romantic than Vasily—was his father, if only in the manner of his dying. Was not the story of his father told as often in Tompkins Square as the famous tale of the man who attended the dinner of the wolves? His father had expired like a nobleman, surrounded by admiring friends, turning blue as one looked on.

Grisha got up suddenly from his chair and went to the mirror which hung over the samovar. Hopefully he examined the unromantic pink color of his skin.

If I did not look so healthy, he thought, perhaps I would be considered a more romantic fellow. If, for example, I had a romantic yellow color like the hungry poets. Or a light blue like a man who is dying romantically from smelling too much house paint.

Grisha tipped his hat respectfully as he thought about his father.

Then he pictured himself sitting before the front window, slowly turning blue. He held a glass of caraway brandy in his hand and he was singing a little love ballad in a brave voice while the fair Irina hurried in from the kitchen with a roast rose for his guests and a soft kiss for his gaudy cheek.

Smiling happily, Grisha thought about the days of sunlight he could share with Irina—before the priest lighted a candle at his head—and about the cool, star-hung nights beneath the embroidered quilt his mother had brought in a brassbound trunk from Odessa.

Suddenly, in the way a divine inspiration comes to a hungry poet, Grisha knew what he must do. He knew what he must do to become a romantic man!

Five minutes later he was sitting in his underwear before the kitchen table, peering at his face in the mirror propped against the wall. It was a face on which one could read a composure born of a quietly assembled determination. In one hand he held a large can of oil paint of the pale blue variety. In the other he held a clean cloth, twisted to a point to form a makeshift brush.

In an hour the job was done: The face, the arms, the legs, the body—all were tinted a delicate blue. Grisha stepped back to regard himself full-length in the mirror. Without question he had the appearance of a romantic man!

For several minutes he stood there, marveling at his new boldness and considering what his next bold action must be. It was then that a little proverb of his father's came to him. Tipping his hat respectfully, he said aloud in Russian, "When a man's hat is on the fire, one does not notice the quality of his pants."

GRISHA sat in his house all that week, planning his debut. This, he decided, would occur at the Carpathian on the following Saturday night. It was during this week that something happened to Grisha—inside his skin. No, not the painter's colic. It was a transformation in the genes, a change in personality, as might be expected in a man who has been driven to paint himself blue.

On Saturday morning he pulled out from under his bed the brass-bound trunk from Odessa. From it he produced a pair of black Russian boots and a *rubashka*—the high-collared silk shirt—which had belonged to his father. These clothes he put on. Also a karakul hat. At sunset he locked his door and went to see Irina.

Picture for yourself, tovarisch, the appearance of the Carpathian forty years ago. Here, where we stand at the bar, stood a dozen or more *rabotniki*, many still dressed in their rough work clothes, all of them drinking vodka from thick glasses and shouting to one another and laughing because there would be no work the next day.

Behind the bar, pouring the drinks, tossing her blond head, winking at the lovesick ones, flashing her blue eyes at the bold, sending a special smile now and then to *Gaspodin* Vasily who was there, too, stood Irina—as the old woman stands behind this bar. In the back of the room, where you now see a juke box in this café, stood the player piano which made a continuous excitement since, this being payday, it did not want for nickels.

Into this scene walked little Grisha, wearing the Russian costume and the blue color. He shoved his way boldly up to the bar and slapped a silver dollar down on the polished top.

"Caraway brandy," he said, making

"In the first place, nobody forced you to go on the 'People are Hilarious' radio show. And in the second place, if we are rescued we get a ten-cubic-foot refrigerator"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

Sports Belts
Designed by HICKOK

Hickok presents the newest in Summer styling . . . colorful, comfortable Sports Belts that add the "finishing touch" to your Summertime wardrobe. Fawn suede, with new "Darby Tip," suede insert in buckle, $3.50. Two-tone belt with suede center strip, $2.50.

Florida's newest sport, sand-sailing at Daytona Beach, Fla.

• BELTS
• JEWELRY
• WALLETS
• GARTERS
• SUSPENDERS

Ever try to "REBAKE" biscuits without burning them?

● The biscuits are nice and fluffy, done to a golden brown. Now you drop a fresh dab of dough on each, put 'em back in the oven, and hope to bake those fresh dabs just right without burning the biscuits. You wanta bet you can do it? Of course not! And your tire repairman can't do it with inner tubes, either.

BOWES "Seal Fast"
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his voice rise above the confusion; and added, "Double!"

Everything stopped. Everyone turned to look at Grisha. The mechanical piano coasted into silence for want of a nickel.

"Quick!" demanded Grisha.

The startled Irina reached for a bottle on the back bar and splashed brandy into a large glass. Silently she placed it before Grisha. Disbelief was scribbled on her face.

Grisha, who had never in his life received such service, picked up the glass with a great nonchalance and gazed about the room. He saw *Gaspodin* Vasily standing near the player piano. On Vasily's face was registered an expression of shock. Grisha reached into his pocket and took out a nickel, which he rolled along the bar to Vasily.

"Horse player!" he called. "Make a *kazatzka* on the music machine."

Is it possible for a silence to deepen? If so, that is what occurred when Grisha spoke in this bold manner to *Gaspodin* Vasily. No one, in the memory of Tompkins Square, had ever given him anything but complete deference before. Grisha calmly sipped his drink.

The eyes which had been watching Grisha turned now to Vasily, as Vasily, wearing the look of a stunned ox, dropped Grisha's nickel into the piano.

IRINA could bear the silence no longer. "What has happened, Little Bear?" she asked in the quietly cautious voice one employs when coming upon a man lying in the street.

Grisha gave her a careless glance. Taking another sip of brandy he answered mysteriously, "A man dies but once, my child."

Until this moment it had been Grisha's romantic appearance and his unaccustomed boldness which had popped out the eyes of the Carpathian. But now one of the *rabotniki* standing near him noticed for the first time the color of his skin. This may have been because the room was dimly lighted with only a pair of flickering gas jets—as this room is lighted—or it may have been that one just doesn't expect to find oneself rubbing elbows with a blue man.

A little rustle of excitement spread through the room, and all eyes returned to Grisha as the customers began to nudge one another and whisper the information that Grisha had turned blue. Grisha, completely casual, drummed his finger tips on the bar in time to the lively *kazatzka.*

"It is nothing," he quietly assured those standing near him. "The same thing happened to my father."

"And in two weeks the priest lighted a candle at his head," someone added.

Grisha shrugged his shoulders and ordered Irina to set up a round of drinks for everybody. "In a man's life is granted to him only one great passion," he observed with a significant glance at Irina. "So he dies only once. Both events should be conducted with a flair. *Vashe zdaravye!* To your health!" He emptied his glass at a gulp.

"Vashe zdaravye!" sang out the customers of the Carpathian, raising their glasses to salute him.

What a night that was, tovarisch! A new hero had marched into the quiet life of Tompkins Square to take his place alongside the man who had provided a dinner for the hungry wolves—a bold, romantic man who met death with a glass in one hand, tapping out a little tune on the top of the bar with his fingers.

Only *Gaspodin* Vasily remained unmoved by the romantic heroism of the Little Bear. He stayed at his own end of the bar, drinking quietly and wearing a thoughtful expression as he looked now at Grisha, now at Irina.

And Irina? She twittered around Grisha all evening, refilling his glass and sharing his glory. And Grisha? His heart was so full of love for her that he wondered whether it would explode. When a pair of kindly neighbors carried him home at midnight there was a smile of peace on his blue face.

Poor Grisha! How could he know that after his departure Irina and Vasily bent their heads together for a long talk?

The next day was Sunday. Grisha arose early, if a little uncertainly, examined himself carefully in the mirror, and dressed again in the Russian costume. Then he made his way through the depressingly bright sunlight to the Carpathian Tap. His head hurt.

THE Carpathian was deserted at this early hour, except for Irina. When she saw Grisha enter she called out cheerfully, "Good morning, Little Bear. Come and sit down while I prepare a glass of hot tea for you."

A moment later Grisha was sipping gratefully at the tea and making a speech. "I have $200 in the bank on Second Avenue. I have insurance on my life in the amount of $2,500—which is a good thing since I am not feeling at all well this morning. It is true that I have a shortness in my legs, but perhaps . . ."

Irina knew what was coming. She had heard this record before. In her head a clock began to tick. It said, *"Tick,* the Little Bear has insurance in the amount of $2,500. Vasily said last night that this is true. *Tock,* the Little Bear's father lasted but fourteen days after his skin turned this dismal color. *Tick,* Uncle Fyodor will sell the Carpathian for $2,000. *Tock,* what is two weeks out of a young girl's life?" . . .

That Sunday a wedding was arranged.

The opinion of Tompkins Square was divided. There were those who said that Irina was making a beautiful, unselfish gesture in bringing happiness, if only for his last two weeks, to the man who had loved her so long.

The others, the jealous ones, said Irina was doing just what might be expected of her: marrying a poor, dying man to get his insurance. What kind of a fool was the Little Bear that he did not notice that Irina and Vasily still sat with their heads together like lovers?

But the wedding was held as planned, within the week because of Grisha's precarious tenure on life. It was true he was not feeling too well, but this might be attributed to caraway rather than to colic, for not a night passed but what the Carpathian shook with *vashe zdaravyes* for the hero of the Square.

Ah, that wedding, tovarisch! In the forty years which have passed, nothing like it has been seen here.

After the priest had given his blessing at the church, a great party was held at the Carpathian, which was suitably decorated with spring blossoms of the apple tree and the peach. An orchestra played all night, and old Uncle Fyodor, wearing a tight stocking cap to protect his scalp came in from his cabbage farm to mix the drinks.

Irina and Grisha danced together and drank cordials with their arms interlocked in the manner of true lovers. Grisha was in love with the whole world that night. When he saw *Gaspodin* Vasily standing alone he even urged Irina to dance with him.

At sunset, just as the party was gathering itself for a leap into the night, Irina and her Little Bear left the Carpathian, to be transported in a hired carriage to Long Island where they were to spend their honeymoon at Uncle Fyodor's little house.

Irina told everyone they would be back in three days. When the three days had stretched to four, the neighbors winked at one another and sighed romantically. At the Carpathian, old Uncle Fyodor wore the tight stocking cap and a worried expression. *Gaspodin* Vasily, who had spent the first three days sitting in the Carpathian with his boots propped up on a table as though he owned the place, began to look a little worried too.

A week passed. Then ten days, and people told one another that the honeymooners must be planting Uncle Fyodor's cabbages for him. Vasily took to ordering double vodkas with lemon peel.

When fourteen days had gone by it was declared that Grisha had probably succumbed to the blue condition and Irina would return alone, a widow. The jealous ones began to say, "I told you so." Uncle Fyodor took to fingering his hairline desperately. *Gaspodin* Vasily took to triple vodkas.

ON THE fifteenth day the honeymooners returned to Tompkins Square, Grisha still blue in the face, but no more blue, surely, than he had ever been. It was in Irina that a remarkable change was to be seen. For this was a completely new Irina, lovelier than the old one—a subdued Irina, a ladybird no more. The change was something of which to comment, especially when one saw her greet the aghast Vasily with a cool handshake and a polite remark about the weather.

Ho, *ho!* I wish you could have seen her, tovarisch. How she fussed over little Grisha! How she fetched the tobacco for his pipe, how she hunted up his

COLLIER'S "Change? Why, Mr. Jasper, how sweet!" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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slippers, how she ran her fingers through his thin, brown hair.

What made this change in Irina? you ask. What happened out there in Uncle Fyodor's little cabbage patch?

Who knows, my young friend? Who knows? However, they say that love sometimes makes of a man a lion; of a woman a dove.

Uncle Fyodor fled back to his farm the day Grisha returned with his glowing bride. They moved into Grisha's flat to take up the life of newlyweds.

A month later, with Grisha still in the best of health, Uncle Fyodor died, insisting with his last breath that the fumes from the vodka had penetrated his scalp and dissolved his brain. However, the doctor said he had been taken away by old age and worry. When the will was read, Irina and Grisha found themselves joint owners of the Carpathian Tap, and of the little farm as well.

And what of the cunning Vasily? Poor Vasily! When he saw the new Irina his future turned to ashes in his mouth. Soon after, an inspector from the insurance company, on a routine investigation, learned that he had sold a policy to a man with a fatal illness, and *Gaspodin* Vasily, unemployed, found his shirts growing too large for him.

One day he drove away in a wagon containing several cases of vodka, to be seen thereafter only once a month when he came into the Carpathian in his muddy boots to pay to *Gaspodin* Grisha the rent on Uncle Fyodor's cabbage farm.

There was, of course, considerable talk when Grisha lingered on with his fatal illness, but in time everyone became accustomed to having a blue man in their midst. And Grisha and Irina, happy together running the Carpathian Tap, had no secrets from each other. Well, only one apiece.

Grisha's secret was a small closet in his house, which he always kept carefully locked.

The closet contained two items: a mirror and a can of light blue paint. Into this room Grisha disappeared every morning for a few minutes.

Irina's secret was that one day she had found the closet door open and had entered it, emerging a moment later with moist eyes and a gentle smile.

WELL, tovarisch! You look refreshed. Did you find a moral in my little story? Be well instructed by it, for it is a true story. Go now and find your beloved. Be as bold as little Grisha. Tell her the story if you like. I ask that you keep what I have told you a secret from only one person. Who? Why, the old woman behind the bar.

Wait. Before you go, let us drink together. No, let me provide. I will ask the woman to serve us.

Woman, a drink for my young friend. For me, some of the caraway brandy. But you must drink, also, most beloved. We shall touch our glasses—and our fingers—and drink to love.

THE END

CHISELERS' HOLIDAY

Continued from page 13

Actually, in 46 states, the District of Columbia, Alaska and Hawaii, employees do not pay a red cent for unemployment insurance. The money is kicked in by *employers,* through pay-roll taxation. Only in New Jersey and Alabama do employees make a contribution to the fund. The whole purpose of unemployment insurance is to pay benefits to men and women who are legitimately out of work, but who are *available for work* and are, or should be, actively looking for jobs.

Most states pay maximum benefits ranging from $18 to $26 a week for maximum periods of sixteen to twenty-six weeks. The plans vary, but all meet federal standards set up in the Social Security Act of 1935. This act, in effect, forced the states to adopt unemployment insurance by levying a 3 per cent federal pay-roll tax on all employers and agreeing to leave 2.7 per cent in the states if they set up their own insurance plans. All states did so. The remaining .3 per cent still goes to the federal government, and from it meager portions are budgeted to the states to pay costs of administration and enforcement.

System Hasn't Faced Real Test

As a depression baby, unemployment insurance was intended as a shock absorber against crippling periods of joblessness. But the decade since benefit payments began in 1938 has been fat. Unemployment insurance has not yet had its first real test. When and if the test comes, there will be hand-wringing all around if chiselers have so tunneled the system that it caves in under pressure.

State Director A. J. Caruso, shortly after he took over the Pennsylvania job insurance bureau last fall, dipped into 50,000 benefit claims and came up with the announcement that $500,000 had been chiseled out of the Pennsylvania fund during 1947.

In Philadelphia alone, Caruso found 5,134 phony or fraudulent claims. Some claimants were working and drawing benefits at the same time. Some had gone back to work after a period of unemployment, but kept right on drawing insurance. Some were self-employed, worked for relatives, or in noncovered employment (such as housework or agriculture), sure that their wages would not be reported and there wasn't a chance in a hundred of being caught.

Chief Investigator A. Victor Hansen in New York, has had virtually every kind of chiseling case—but admits that with his pitifully small staff and puny appropriation all attempts at enforcement are like the detonation of a popgun. Reliance must often be placed upon anonymous letters in which somebody squeals on a chiseler, or upon suspicious janitors who see benefit checks coming by mail when they know So-and-So is working, or upon vengeful husbands, wives or jilted sweethearts.

In the case of a New York shoe company, Hansen discovered that $40,000 had been looted from the benefit fund by collusion of employer and worker in what is known as the "dump work" racket. Some employers have a hard time getting help when they have only light, sporadic work to offer. As Hansen explains it, "they offer—as a special attraction—to rig the pay roll so that a worker can collect all his money in one week and thus appear to be unemployed during several other weeks." The work is "dumped" into one week on the pay-roll records, and the employee collects his unemployment insurance for the remaining weeks.

Hansen broke the shoe company case only after examining some 200,000 piece-work tickets, checking shipping dates and lot numbers, and proving that a good deal of work went on during periods when the pay-roll records were blank.

Last October a handkerchief concern tried a similar collusion racket. Production was slow and seven of the firm's employees didn't want to do dribs and drabs of work and lose their insurance benefits. The boss finally agreed to let them work under different names and Social Security numbers, so they could collect salary and unemployment insurance at the same time.

Not infrequently an ambitious soul lecides to go into business for himself ›ut doesn't hesitate to chisel as much as ie can out of the unemployment insur- ›nce fund to sweeten the transition. One nan left a factory job and set up an ›ppliance store, drawing $600 a month alary and doing a $75,000 gross in his irst year—but he gaily collected $21 a veek as "unemployment benefits" none- heless. Another opened up a spaghetti estaurant in Brooklyn and kept draw- ng his $21 a week until the employment ervice people went looking for him to ffer him a job.

New York State, with its thousands of mall family hotels in the mountains and n the seashores, has a classic racket vhich, according to Director Loysen, oes like this: The X family runs a hotel. Papa X and Mama X run it themselves vith help from a cook, a maid and a ellhop. But—they also put Cousin Sally n the pay-roll records as a dietitian, ncle Godfrey as a recreation director, unt Flo as a purchasing agent and naybe Grandma X as a press agent.

Nice Return for Small Outlay

Perhaps these relatives visit the hotel r a week end or two, but they don't ctually work for it—and they don't aw any wages. However, since they're n the pay roll, Papa and Mama X pay 7 per cent of the alleged salaries to the ate in unemployment insurance tax. hen winter comes along, the hotel shuts wn, and lo and behold, Cousin Sally, ncle Godfrey, Aunt Flo and dear old randma are all "unemployed." They ot into their local insurance office, file aims, and soon are drawing $21 a week ecently raised to $26) in unemployment nefits.

In recent years thousands of New ork State benefit checks have been go- g to claimants in Miami, Florida. Not coincidence the great claim load has me during the winter months, when ousands of New Yorkers have turned "unemployed" beneath the toasty orida sun (while honest workers back me shivered through slush and snow). 1946 the State of New York paid out me $1,500,000 to these dolorous "un- nployed." In 1947 the figure ap- oached $2,000,000.

Most of the claimants were clerical d factory workers. "I know Florida is t an industrial area," Hansen com- nts. "And I also know that when a deluge of claims comes in from Mi- i Beach just about the time the big ows hit New York, those claimants n't down there looking for jobs."

Last November, the Division of Place- nt and Unemployment Insurance sent triple-threat team, Director Loysen, Investigator Hansen, and Chief Counsel Harry Zankel, to Florida for a look-see. What the three gentlemen saw fairly flabbergasted them, and a prompt Florida cleanup began. As a result, by last January—the height of the sun-tan season—Miami claims had dropped to less than 800 as against 3,000 the year before. Thus the New York insurance fund was saving more than $40,000 a week, which had previously helped finance chiselers' vacations.

People who draw unemployment insurance are supposed to be looking for jobs, and the employment services of the various states are supposed to place them wherever possible. But anyone who wants to chisel can usually give two or three job offers the go-by on the grounds that the work is unsuitable. In Florida the cleanup squad found a welder, who had been working at this trade fourteen years, kept on the benefit rolls after he turned down a welding job because of "inexperience." A typist who had made $45 a week in New York suddenly knew only the "hunt and peck" system in Florida and continued to draw benefit checks until her vacation was over.

When the heat was on, many of last winter's vacationists suddenly declared with wide-eyed innocence that they had moved to Florida as permanent residents; thus they were entitled to their unemployment insurance until they got settled into jobs. Investigator Hansen would be the last man in the world to be harsh in such cases. The only thing that rankled him was the discovery that many of these wide-eyed "permanent residents" happened to have purchased round-trip railroad tickets back to New York.

All told, 75 per cent of the Miami claimants who were investigated were disqualified and taken off the benefit rolls. But the money which had already poured down the drain was gone, snatched from the pockets of the legitimately unemployed when, and if, a serious test of job insurance comes.

Union leaders, cognizant of the weakening of the whole structure of social legislation through chiseling, are sternly arrayed against it. Far from encouraging such swindles, as some antiunionists have charged, the unions want it stamped out—so long as no legitimate claims are also stamped out in the rush.

Wilbur Daniels, of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, declares, "We oppose fraudulent claims with a special vigor. We check into every claim where a union member wants us to represent him—and we drop it like a hot potato if misrepresentation is involved. If a worker goes to Florida for no reason but to get a sun tan, and is not available for work, we wouldn't

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COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

dream that he should get unemployment insurance."

New York and Pennsylvania are not the only states with headaches, though theirs are the biggest. Chiseling varies from state to state, depending upon the industrial setup, the size of communities (there's a good deal less where everyone knows his neighbor), and the amount of enforcement.

In Minnesota, Victor Christgau, president of the Interstate Conference of Employment Security Agencies, believes in keeping down fraud by the "personal approach." Claimants don't get their benefit checks in the mail in Minnesota. They have to come into the local office and collect them personally. "People won't chisel when they have to look you in the eye," Christgau remarks.

But some chiselers have unlimited bravado. Minnesota had a bank employee who drew fraudulent benefit checks while he was working—and took them to the very bank where he was employed to have them cashed. Even that wasn't as blatant as the New York character who drew unemployment insurance while he was employed by the unemployment insurance department!

A Tale of Two Coal Miners

In West Virginia, Director of Unemployment Compensation Cabell S. Davis tells of an ingenious dodge used by a team of coal miners. As Davis explains, "A and B worked together digging coal and filling up their car. When it got to the weighmaster, A took all the credit and got all the weigh checks himself. Thus B could appear not to be working. B collected unemployment compensation and split with A. A collected all the money for the coal dug and split with B." And so the two had a merry time, until somebody—probably an honest miner who didn't like to see the unemployment fund looted—put an end to their swindle.

In Georgia, Commissioner of Labor Ben T. Huiet discovered a plywood company in a small town where sixty-three employees were earning from $40 to $75 a week—and each was chiseling an extra $18 a week out of unemployment insurance. "It all started," Huiet explains, "when one of them got away with it, and the others thought they could too."

Only employers of eight or more workers are covered by the Georgia plan, so that working in noncovered employment while drawing benefits is a wide-open range for chiselers. "I guess a man can be working in noncovered employment and collecting benefits at the same time, and get along pretty good," Huiet acknowledges. "The only way we can catch him is if we go to place him in a job and find him working—or if somebody squeals."

Georgia investigators, under Marion Williamson, keep an eye peeled for claimants who come to the local offices during lunch hours or in working clothes to report that they're "unemployed." Says Williamson, "You follow these fellows and the chances are they go right back to work after filing their claims."

Stephen C. Cromwell, director of unemployment compensation for Maryland, ran into one case where he didn't even have to follow the fellow. "I was pulling up at a local office," he recounts, "when a taxicab drove up and parked ahead of me. The driver took off his chauffeur's cap and went into the office. Sure enough, he filed an unemployment compensation claim, then came out, put on his chauffeur's cap—and went back to work!"

Maryland has tightened its fist on chiselers in the last two years (more than 60 cases were taken to court in the Baltimore area alone last year, resulting in 99 per cent convictions). But a good deal still slips through its fingers. When Maryland recently inaugurated an "accession notice" system, under which every employer must notify the state each time a worker is hired, one of the first things found was a cannery with twenty-nine workers who were drawing insurance benefits and working at the same time.

The chiselers are a sheepish lot when they're called on the carpet. They usually plead ignorance. They didn't know they were "doing anything wrong"—despite the fact that most states require every claimant to read the unemployment insurance rules and sign a card signifying that he understands them before drawing a single check.

In addition to chiseling and free-riding several states have had bitter tastes of organized criminal fraud.

In California a high-school principal working in cahoots with an official at a local unemployment insurance office, set up a series of "ghost companies" throughout the state. They existed only on paper but each company dutifully paid its unemployment insurance tax and turned in pay-roll lists of nonexistent employees.

The school principal imported a relative from Minnesota, bought him a car and set him up as a circuit rider to collect unemployment insurance in local offices from San Jose to Santa Barbara. Each time a ghost company laid off one of its nonexistent employees, this ubiquitous fellow would turn up to sign the appropriate phony name and collect the benefit checks. They had drained $12,000 out of the unemployment benefit fund before the law caught up with them.

New York had a similar case in which the mastermind was an innocent-looking

ousewife, mother of four children. As a are-time vocation, she collected $4,434 unemployment benefits from 1941 to 946 without ever having been employed r unemployed.

Like the California pedagogue, she set p a ghost company and "hired" six non-istent employees. She gave them each ames and got them Social Security num-ers. Whenever she ran short of cash, she mply arranged to have her nonexistent ompany discharge one of the nonexist-nt employees. Posing as that worker, she en filed her benefit claim and collected r checks. When investigators finally ound the woman, she was freshly in-alled in a new suburban house—on hich the down payment had been paid ith state benefit money!

Collecting Claims for Ghosts

New York's slickest swindler was a irty-seven-year-old doorman who set mself up as the reincarnation of de-ased workers. He studied the obituary lumns daily, picking out a likely name d sending to the Social Security Ad-inistration for a duplicate Social Se-rity card on the pretense that he had ost" his. Thus he collected a number identities and a number of Social Se-rity numbers, and proceeded to file nefit claims at numerous unemploy-nt offices.

In the opinion of Chief Investigator nsen, fraud and chiseling are "on the crease." Another state official re-arked, "In any batch of claims we cked up—if we only had the staff to t them carefully—we'd find plenty of onies." And the counsel to one in-rance division declared, "We could cut ims 25 per cent to 30 per cent if we had e time and money to go after the chis-rs."

As of March 1st, the total benefit funds the nation stood at $7,371,364,205. e money is held in trust by the federal vernment on behalf of the several tes. New York's share is over a billion llars (and is to be stabilized at $900,-,000), California's is over seven hun-d million, Pennsylvania's over six ndred million, and Ohio's over five ndred million.

Virtually the only safeguard over this oney, which may one day be desper-ly needed to save families from want d privation, is the vigilance of state mployment insurance departments r benefit claims—the ability to smoke the chiselers, the investigative staff to k down the swindlers.

Yet at present—with the funds bulging ir coffers—enforcement staffs are so y that, as New York Director Loysen s it, "we can't even exercise ordinary dence." The federal government, ich controls administrative appropri-ons, has—in its budget slashing—forced the states to handle these funds in a way no private insurance company would countenance. Claims must be run in and out of the local offices with such speed that clerks can afford only a maximum of fifteen minutes per interview, sometimes handling twenty-four claims a day, sometimes forty-eight.

The New York Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance was forced to discharge 300 employees in March. In Pennsylvania 250 clerks, auditors, investigators and interviewers have been laid off since January 1st.

The story-behind-the-story of this federal throttling of state administration is ironic because the federal government has actually made money—$580,551,000—by this process of starving the states.

As noted earlier, the federal government still collects a .3 per cent pay-roll tax which it is supposed to apportion back to the states for "proper and efficient administration" of state insurance plans. Since 1936 it has collected $1,461,-681,000. It has apportioned back to the states only $846,567,000. The cost of federal administration itself has been $34,563,000. Thus the federal government's net profit has been well over half a billion dollars, and this—at the expense of stinted state administration—has gone into the general fund of the U.S. Treasury.

The Federal Bureau of Employment Security has used some of the excess payments of large industrial states to help out the thirteen states and Alaska whose .3 per cent contributions aren't enough to meet their own administrative requirements. But *even after these have been helped out* the federal government has still profited $54,400,000 in 1947 and $580,551,000 since unemployment insurance began!

Forty of the states were united this spring in a demand that such "federal profiteering" be halted and that surpluses in the administrative funds be "earmarked" back to the states. Meanwhile the federal government could continue to ride herd on all state programs to prevent any from lapsing back toward niggardliness or reaction.

State directors see in such a move a way in which enforcement can be brought up to par, chiseling and looting can be curbed, and the benefit funds may be safeguarded for the use of the working men and women for whom they were intended. They also see an end to the peculiar division of responsibility, wherein the federal government is concerned only with administrative economy and closes its eyes to the much bigger leaks in the multibillion-dollar benefit funds. As one state official put it, "We have to watch the holes in the sack, but the federal government won't give us the thread to mend them."

THE END

"Oh, thank heavens, you're pulling out! I've been having an awful time!"

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Handy automatic wall-holder, handsome in any bathroom. Fits any Schick ever built (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe, finger-tip handy next to mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up the cord. $7.95*

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SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER and SHAVEREST

DEATH HAD A VOICE

Continued from page 21

this moment." His strange eyes became suddenly brilliant, and he added softly, "No, my dear Abdullah, I do not expect to find a voice I cannot recognize. I expect to find the man who owns it, to harass his nerves until they break."

"But, sir—"

"These men are even now telling the cafés of Baghdad that we seek a voice. And when perhaps for weeks, we continue today's test, what do you think will happen to the man who hides?"

Abdullah rapped knuckles against his head. "It is all wood up there," he said. "I had not perceived the plan. The man who shouted last night will fear that he may be brought in to face the test. Therefore, like a cornered beast, he will venture into the open to destroy that which makes him afraid—" The gaunt sergeant stopped and his swarthy cheeks paled.

Chafik said gently, "I see you are beginning to understand."

"You have made all Baghdad believe you alone can recognize the voice—"

Chafik made a sound of disapproval. "You are old-fashioned. Generals do not die in bed these days. Sometimes they even mount the scaffold. Make note, Abdullah. The man who shortly tries to kill me, or even succeeds, is the man wanted for last night's murders."

He took a manicure pad from his desk and began to polish his nails carefully.

FIVE days later, Inspector Chafik, seated at his favorite table in the Swiss Café on Al-Rashid Street, announced to the waiter who served him with coffee and honey cakes, "A bullet of course would be preferable to a strangler's cord—" He did not realize he had spoken until he saw the man's startled look, and then shielded his confusion behind his newspaper.

Yes, he told himself, this time silently, and it would also be an excellent thing if nerves, like false teeth, could be detached during periods of discomfort . . .

He lowered his newspaper and watched a stranger searching for a table. These days, Chafik acknowledged, he was suspicious of strangers, and when in a public place he always chose a chair backed by a wall. The condition of his nerves shocked him, excited him. If the hunter was affected this way, what of the hunted? The man who had cried death must be near breaking point.

The Inspector looked at his watch. The hour was seven fifteen, and this was Thursday, the day and hour when he habitually attended the early performance at the Saa'dun Picture House. Chafik was satisfied his habits were well enough known to shape the plans of an assassin; it was essential he should not change them. The feature at the Saa'dun was a detective film, his dearest form of relaxation, but he doubted he would relax this night.

When he stood up he saw one of his own men peering through the plate-glass window of the café. He had not asked for a bodyguard, and shrewdly guessed that Sergeant Abdullah had acted on his own initiative.

The plain-clothes man had disappeared by the time he reached the door, and he looked suspiciously up and down the street. All he could see was a beggarwoman crouching against one of the pillars of the arcade. She held up a baby clad in rags, shaking it for his attention until the bracelets on her arms jangled noisily. "Be merciful," she moaned. "See the belly of my child!" but the preoccupied little man let the fumbled coins fall back into his pocket and hurried to cross the road.

It was a hot and airless night. Fine sand, carried from the southern desert by recent winds, was suspended like mist above the city. It sank gradually as it absorbed moisture, and gave people and objects an unreal appearance. The Inspector, however, did not fail to see an elongated shadow in a doorway near the theater, and he said conversationally to the surprised attendant at the box office, "The gauntness of the good Abdullah cannot be effectively disguised—" Taking his ticket, he chose a corner box and lowered himself into an armchair set against the wall.

As he anticipated, he could not find his usual enjoyment in the lush screen world of corpses and clues. Nor could he relax; not only because of his taut nerves, but because he was plagued by something not done, something overlooked.

He retraced the events of the day. Then, to the annoyance of a gentleman who occupied one of the other chairs in the box, he said, "The thing is traceable to the café. Did I forget to tip the waiter?"

His chance companion said, "I think you mistake me for somebody else—"

"It was not the waiter." Chafik stared at the other man, but did not see him. "I remember now. A woman asked for alms and I did not give them to her."

"The giving of alms is blessed," said the stranger. "But so is silence in the cinema. I must request—"

"I have always given alms. The crux of the matter is undoubtedly there." He was silent for a moment and then beat the arms of his chair and rose to his feet. "I have it!" he announced. "I was controlled by my subconscious—" This time he heard his voice and was grateful for the darkness as he stumbled out.

Leaving the theater by the fire exit at the rear, he walked up an alleyway to Al-Rashid Street, keeping an alert eye for Sergeant Abdullah. When the familiar figure emerged from the murk of dust, he pressed himself to the wall.

Chafik was touched by his assistant's devotion, but he thought: This sets a false value on my life . . . and as Abdullah stopped outside the Saa'dun and made a pretense of examining the posters, the Inspector slipped across the road.

It was the Inspector's habit on the nights when he went to the pictures to complete the evening with another visit to the café. He walked quickly, his footsteps muffled by the carpet of sand which now covered the road. The windows of the café threw a haze of bluish light. A shapeless bundle against the wall began to stir as he hurried by.

Opening the door, he said loudly to the proprietor who sat at the cash register, "I am early because the picture was not good. The hero had an inexhaustible hip flask and was still drinking when I left. I will take tea." He closed the door on the whining beggarwoman and went to his usual table.

"Call me back. I'm afraid something's burning"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Chafik lighted a cigarette and was annoyed because he broke the first match. When the waiter brought a glass of green tea, flavored with lemon, he sipped it carefully and wondered that the taste should be bitter. He had an uncontrollable desire to talk, but steadied himself by silently repeating the one hundred and thirteenth sura of the Koran, which begins, "I take me for refuge to the Lord of the Daybreak," after which the tea tasted sweeter.

AFTER fifteen minutes, he looked at his watch. The program at the Saa'dun was almost over. He went to the desk and bought a telephone token and shut himself in the booth at the back of the room. Dialing the number of the theater, he called for the proprietor.

The little man said, "This is Chafik J. Chafik, C.I.D. Outside stands Sergeant Abdullah, who is known to you. Please call him." He stood waiting, drawing at his cigarette.

Abdullah said breathlessly when he came to the telephone, "Sir! I do not understand how— Where are you?"

"I will tell you presently. If I told you now you would rush to protect me, so first you will pay attention to instructions."

"I hear and obey," said the sergeant.

Chafik said, "A ship, at times, obeys its anchor, but it would be a useless object without independent motion. Listen carefully. I am arranging my departure from this place to coincide with your arrival. Something will doubtless happen when I step outside, but—"

"In the name of the Compassionate and All-Merciful, be cautious!"

"On the contrary, my dear Abdullah, it is you who must proceed with caution if this experiment is to succeed. Move quietly. Do not take action until the proper moment. Hastiness would indeed distress me." His strange eyes were bright in the gloom of the box. "I am at the café," he added, and cradled the telephone with his usual care.

Chafik waited two minutes. When he went out his step was firm, but the beating of his heart was painful. He stood in the doorway looking at Al-Rashid Street and noted that few people braved the choking sand. He saw the beggarwoman against the wall.

"Food for my son! Alms—alms!" The jangle of voice and bracelets was like a rasp on Chafik's strained nerves. She fumbled with the folds of her ragged *chadur* to expose the child.

Inspector Chafik took coins from his pocket and said gently, "The plea of a mother is not to be refused." He bent to offer the money, then released his held breath as he saw the small, snub-nosed gun partly hidden by her garment.

The beggarwoman said in a voice husky with anger, "Turn and walk. My man desires to meet you." She rose with the child clutched under her left arm and the *chadur* draped to cover the gun. "I follow you," she added grimly.

Chafik said, "Unfortunately for me it is customary for a man to walk in front of a woman." Then he said dryly, "It is done to protect her. In Western countries men are wiser and reverse the position." He made a little bow and walked slowly up the street.

They passed several people who were hurrying for shelter. The Inspector reflected that even if it were desirable to call for help, he could not escape a bullet. He had seen the gray in the woman's face; the down-dragged mouth, which twitched nervously; the hatred in her

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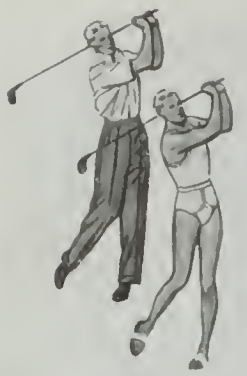

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COLLIER'S "This is the greatest plea for racial tolerance I've ever read . . . but I'm afraid it'll offend too many people" JOHN RUGE

eyes. She was not unattractive, and with his usual detachment he wondered what had compelled her to become the partner of a man whose profession was death. "There is tragedy behind all this," he announced, and reached for a cigarette.

The voice behind him whispered, "Do not touch your pockets." Then the woman said, "Behind what is tragedy?"

"Behind you, Madame. You have intelligence and yet you serve murder."

"I do what my man wishes!" Chafik did not miss the defiant note, nor the catch in her voice when she said, "I do not care what I serve so long as he is with me—" He heard her bracelets rattle again and then she ordered harshly, "Enter the next passage."

"The Impasse Batshat al-Kubra? You could not have chosen a better place. It ends with the river. The English translation is 'the Great Disaster'—"

"May the dogs of Hell tear your flesh!" The woman came nearer, and he stiffened as he felt the gun prod his spine.

They came to the head of the passage. On one side was the high wall of a house, on the other a fence which enclosed waste ground. The only sound was the soft gurgle of the Tigris, which swept the bank at this spot with a strong current.

SOMETHING moved near the wall, and a man stepped in front of the Inspector. He held a knife gripped so tightly that his arm vibrated like an overstrained wire. His eyes had a jungle look. He did not speak.

Chafik said, "It would be courteous to introduce yourself. Shall I do it for you? My records are very complete. They mention a certain Syrian who specializes in agitations for foreign powers. There is no description of him, but it is known he is always accompanied by a woman, who was once an actress." He made a little bow and said in a very clear voice, "I am at your command, Mohammed Khadami. And at yours, Madame Zubayda. Those were your last aliases, I believe?"

"Kill him!" The woman drew back into the shadows.

Chafik said sadly, "Madame, your sex should be a symbol of life, not death."

"Enough, thou!" Zubayda made a choking sound.

"Your man has savage instincts," continued the Inspector conversationally. "If your love was not an obsession, you could calm him. Indeed, I believe that if you had borne him children—"

"Will you kill him, Mohammed?" demanded the woman in a fierce voice. "Has he not tortured us enough?"

Speaking for the first time, the man said, "Let him first have his wish and hear my voice." He threw back the cloak and exposed a face drawn with exhaustion and distorted with hate. He shouted, "Now hear my voice and let it echo in your ears as the fires burn you! *Thibhahum besm er rassoul! Thibhahum besm—"* With final shattering of nerves and reason, he screamed as he lunged with the knife.

Inspector Chafik's backward leap was stopped by the wall. He pressed against it, waiting, but his mind was still clear, and he thought: It was a successful experiment. The man is now quite mad. Khadami was still shouting in his dreadful voice, but as he was about to lunge again an explosion rocked the alleyway.

There were three shots in as many seconds, and the sound of bullets tearing into flesh made Chafik shudder. He saw the man who had cried death fall and clutch at his torn chest.

Sergeant Abdullah burst from the haze of dust, his heavy police pistol raised for another shot. Chafik said, "Do not waste ammunition. This man is keeping his appointment at Samarra . . . How rightly this is called the Place of the Great Disaster!" He turned swiftly and caught the wrist of the woman Zubayda, and with a dextrous twist made her drop her lifted gun. "Dream of vengeance later," he told her, and added not unkindly, "To soothe the last moments of your man would be an act of charity—"

Chafik reached into the darkness and picked up the bundled child, abandoned by the woman when they first entered the passage. As he rocked it gently, he heard Abdullah say, "Sir, my hand was mercifully steady. Visibility was exceptionally poor, and if you had not jumped away from him—"

"You came very quietly, Abdullah, and even I did not know you were there for certain. I sprang because I hoped." The little man felt suddenly weak and leaned against the wall. "There would have been no hope for me at all if this woman had been a better actress."

Zubayda rose. She said in an expressionless voice, "Mohammed has gone now, and as you are the hangman's procurator, that is for the best." Her mouth shaped with petulance, and when she asked, "How could I have been a better actress?" she was like a child who clung to the fantasy of a favorite doll amid the wreckage of a bombed house.

Chafik said, "This is not yours." He held out the child, which was making mewing sounds of hunger.

"Not mine, no." The woman made a movement to take it, and then drew back.

"Obviously a mummer's prop," Chafik said in a harder voice. "Otherwise I would have walked blindly into your trap."

Zubayda said, "I do not understand you. I am a good actress. I know I am a good actress." She put her hands to her face and the bracelet slid down her brown arms.

"Madame!" Inspector Chafik struggled to keep sympathy out of his voice. "I knew you played a false part when I first saw you—a mother who begs for her starving child does not wear bangles."

THE END

DANCING-SCHOOL BONANZA

Continued from page 23

light diversion. Others, having attained success, find they must learn to play well. Still others come to class because the need to stay young has suddenly become crucial. The proportion of men over women is variously estimated to be from 60 to 75 per cent.

The fad seems to have caught on everywhere. Socialites hold blue-ribbon sessions in their homes. Department stores, factories, government agencies and even United Nations groups are in the habit of arranging after-hour classes for their employees.

In the rush to handle this bonanza, dancing schools have mushroomed. Leroy Thayer, executive secretary of the Dancing Masters of America, largest teachers' trade association, has the figures. According to these there are about 15,000 establishments employing more than 30,000 teachers.

The schools—good, bad and indifferent—flourish in every sizable city and mark every up-and-coming hamlet. They range from dives that "guarantee" to make any walker a popular dancer in three hours, to swank places which screen students for everything from blood to income. Of these, the experts say, not many more than 10 per cent are worth patronizing.

The Largest Chain of Studios

Arthur Murray remains the colossus, with branches in 140 cities and 20 resorts, a staff of 4,000 teachers, and an enrollment of 80,000 students last year. Other established studios, noting his and their own gilt-edged success, are expanding. Miss Dale's, which prefers mob to snob appeal, with no proportionate drop in prices, now has a half-dozen studios. So does Don Pallini, who specializes in the Latin dances.

Popular dance teams have jumped on the bandwagon. The most spectacular of these is the Fred Astaire school, which literally rolled out a red rug and opened one of the world's most beautiful studios in New York City last year. It is Hollywood to the hilt, a symphony in chartreuse and raspberry with overtones of gray and green. Physically, it has everything—a series of beautifully appointed studios, thick carpeting, a gorgeous rococo pink ballroom, a $40,000 music system piped into every room, glamorous instructors and a swank address.

From the very first blare of advance publicity, everyone both in and out of the trade has been asking "How much has Astaire to do with the school?" No one has figured it out definitely, although a few facts do emerge. He has invested in it, did engage in some preliminary teacher-training, periodically visits the school and exercises a veto on policy.

Astaire early became aware of the story that he had nothing to do with the enterprise. One evening Arthur Murray visited the studio, lorded it past the receptionist, and ran into Astaire himself. He was accorded a bland welcome.

"Arthur," said Fred, "I understand a lot of stories have been circulated about my not being here personally. I'm glad you're here to see me now."

Actually, there are financial backers, chief of whom is Charles L. Casanave, who made a small fortune in motion pictures and has been learning the bobs and turns of the dancing school business. Like everyone in the game, he speaks like a messiah on the subject of dancing. The source of revelation for him, and for the public too, he insists, is Fred Astaire. He explains that Astaire was periodically approached by gleaming-eyed promoters who wooed him for his name, that Astaire turned them down, but that on several occasions he had said to Casanave wistfully, "I would like to impart to the American people my feeling for dancing."

Result: the New York school, representing an investment of more than a half million dollars, and several other schools outside of New York.

Imparting his feeling for dancing to the American public has brought some headaches to Fred. One time he stopped to watch the lesson of an enterprising sixty-three-year-old.

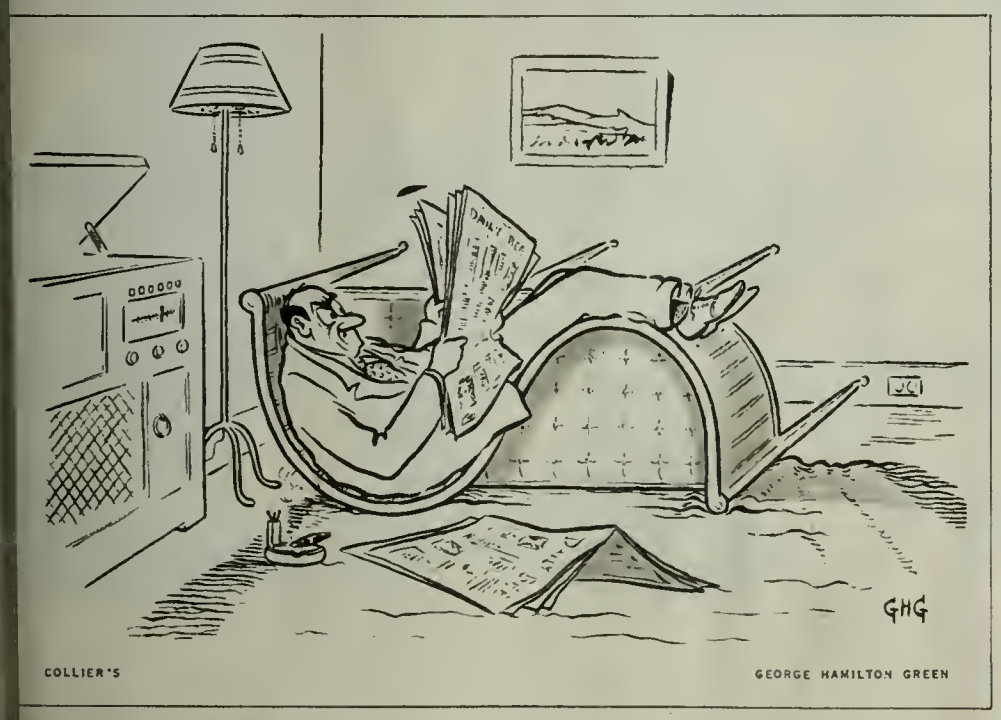
"How do you like it?" he asked her.

"Oh, I love it," she cooed. "I think it's just wonderful. The only thing that gives me trouble is the dance you do in Blue Skies."

"To tell you the truth," said Astaire, coolly, "it gives me trouble, too."

Outside of New York the Astaire project is rapidly expanding. Schools are operating on its franchise in 17 cities and more than a dozen resorts.

The boom in ballroom schools is a fairly recent development. Twenty-five years ago the learning of dancing for social purposes was a painful and somewhat scorned phase of adult education. Teaching it just didn't rate until Arthur Murray discovered that such a venture could be a goose that would lay golden eggs to jazz music. While the rest of the industry today does not warm to him noticeably (he dismisses the gibes of competitors and says they're jealous) they grant that he systematized the business, brought it into the open and established its respectability with the aid of every



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psychological and advertising trick in the bag.

The business got big-time during the hirties when Americans began to take lively interest in the sort of ballroom ndulating that Latin-American music an produce. If the industry ever adopts ceremonial dance it should be the umba. The rumba has meant as much o dancing schools as the permanent vave did to Antoine.

The South American way can be exensive, though. More than 75 per cent of the aspirants want to rumba for their noney and this is the tough step to learn. t looks easy, but it is apt to take between 0 and 40 hours of instruction before you ave it down pat. The samba, which is nly now beginning to invade the hinrland, requires far fewer lessons. Alhough it looks complicated, it is based n the waltz and quite easy to learn.

An Escape from War Tension

The war added immensely to the inrest. There was more money around d sources of entertainment were limited ecause people could not venture far on tioned gasoline. Thousands of G.I.s ere filling the canteens and USO centers nd finding the charms of light-footed stesses too enticing for mere audience rticipation. Dancing seemed for cilians and military alike to provide a pular escape from anxiety and restlessss.

Combine these factors with high-presre advertising and the increased numr of older people who desire to stay ung longer, and you will get some idea why revenue for dancing schools cketed in 1944, doubled the 1944 figure 1945, and had more than doubled that 1947.

Running a dancing school is a highly mplex enterprise for which a hep busissman is far more important than a pcat. The successful establishment has win clients and keep them coming, ticing their friends and relatives when can. To achieve these aims, it uses a lot salesmanship, psychology and dance ow-how. Almost every large school s dreamed up a "unique," "master," nagic" or "key" step as its distinctive ortcut to dancing success. This the ospect is urged to sample, gratis, at a -minute or half-hour guest lesson, durg which he is given an analysis of his nce-floor prowess as part of a cleverly ntrived sales talk.

The lessons are usually conducted in a om that has one mirrored wall. That mirror is a wonderful thing. Startled by the discovery of strange and unsuspected gaucherie, you are likely to do one of several things—stiffen, turn limp or be galvanized into a canter. The probabilities are that you will try to keep your eyes somewhere else, on the principle that if you don't look, maybe it will go away. But not for long. The attraction to see yourself perform will be overpowering.

Everyone out of captivity, by the way, has a sense of rhythm, even if in a rudimentary form. An earnest and crestfallen young man who enrolled at one school was dead sure he'd have a terrible time getting the hang of any step. After he had received every assurance that eventually he would succeed, he blurted forth this story:

"I guess I really should tell you. I took a guaranteed course and I couldn't learn. When I asked the teacher about it, she said, 'We can't guarantee your kind of person. You just don't have rhythm.' "

Investigation revealed that the "guaranteed" course he had taken cost him $5 for 16 hours' instruction which was given to a class of about 300 people in a room that could not comfortably hold more than half that number for dancing purposes. The "guarantee," never in writing, is a timeworn giveaway that the school is not to be trusted.

The smart dance masters seek the pleasant, college-bred sort of glamor in their instructors. The ostentatious beauty and the men's-collar-ad smoothie are usually undesirable because they're too apt to be overinterested in themselves. Teachers range in age from 20 to 35 years. The largest group falls into the middle twenties. About three fourths of them are women.

Far more important than the instructor's appearance, and probably his dancing ability, is his skill as an amateur psychologist. Not being able to dance is considered a delicate condition, and the cure should be so painless as even to give pleasure. Students pour forth their troubles, hopes and life histories to their teaching partners. Too often the latter is the only light in a lonely student's life.

Dancing is a great leveler, and instructors soon discover that while no two individuals are exactly alike, people generally are similar in their reactions. Like many students, most actors and celebrities are self-conscious, intense and nervous. Left alone with their instructors and their own mirrored images, Lowell Thomas, Lincoln Ellsworth and Gene Tunney, sportsmen though they are, are reported to have quivered noticeably.

Rudy Vallee permitted absolutely no onlookers, not even another teacher, at his samba lesson. Katharine Hepburn pitched in for three hours at a clip, sweating it out intensely and showing none of the willowy nonchalance she exhibits on the screen. At the least misstep she would yowl with rage and at a particularly smooth turn coo like a dove.

Walter Pidgeon had to bone up on the tango for a scene in which he was to whisper, while dancing, "Darling, I'll love you always, always!" He really had it down to a system, which proved his undoing. Because, when he faced the camera, he could only count as he had at school, "O-n-e, t-w-o, three, four, five!" Pidgeon, a man of unassailable poise on the screen, couldn't unlearn it, and the scene had to be cut.

Although she registered under another name, Ingrid Bergman fully expected to be recognized. When she wasn't, even after she had gone so far as to discuss the resemblance she bore to herself, she changed instructors.

While taking lessons incognito is a common device, people who resort to this seem to have an inexplicable desire to shed their anonymity at school. At the conclusion of an intensive six-week course a gorgeous blonde volunteered that she was really a burlesque queen of considerable fame. Why had she not said so before? Well, what would her public think if it were discovered that she had still some dancing to learn!

Love Laughs at No-Dating Rule

Although dancing schools invest themselves with romantic-looking trappings, they frown upon dating between students and faculty. The regulations of some schools provide for the fining of teachers for the first offense and their firing for the second. Permission can be sought from the management under some systems, but it is usually refused. Even so, pupils and teachers often dance to the altar.

An economist from Brookings Institute signed up at the Murray School in Washington. The minute he saw his teacher, something clicked. So he proceeded to the supervisor for permission to date her. The answer was a polite but firm, "No"—for policy reasons. His respectability was unquestioned.

"I understand your position perfectly," he replied soberly.

The next evening he called to explain that business reasons would make it impossible for him to go through with his course of 40 lessons. He would, he said, have to shorten it to 10 lessons and take them all that week at the rate of three a day. This was done, and three weeks later he and the girl were married. They now have two children.

Most people still shy away from publicity. Congressmen, for whom social grooming is a political must, treat their need for dancing lessons circumspectly. They are afraid that the folks back home will complain about their frivolous use of the taxpayers' money. And when Winchell divulged the news that Eleanor Roosevelt was attending class she promptly discontinued the instruction, although her teacher declared the former first lady was the most apt pupil she had ever seen.

The rolls of those who come to dancing school are studded with the names of celebrities. Many of these insist on anonymity and in deference to their wishes the majority of the schools treat all enrollments confidentially. But the fear of discovery is growing less. Ninety-nine per cent of men in business now give their right identities, whereas before the war the figure was only 40 per cent. Most teachers are convinced that the time will come when students will feel as free to admit to dancing lessons as to having gone to college.

THE END

COLLIER'S "What kind of fish is that, Pop?" MICHAEL BERRY

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(Pityrosporum ovale), which many authorities recognize as the cause of infectious dandruff.

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There is an excellent profit opportunity for a trailer park in your community. T.C.M.A. can give you—or your group—valuable facts and guidance, even to free architect's plans and the advice of experts retained by the Association. As a first step, ask for "*Planning a Profitable Trailer Park.*" It contains a wealth of pictures, diagrams and cost data. Write today to Trailer Parks Department, at the address above.

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BUILT TO APPROVED STANDARDS

TRAILER COACH MFRS. ASSN.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

us I know what I am talking About. But I never have been able to Interest People in doing any thing about the Mater.

There are Millions of Dry Water Wells that can be used; down spouts and a fiew Feet of Tile Pipe will Capture all the Rain Water off of Farm Buildings; Thousands of Miles of Ditches along the High Ways can be Damed up to a Fiew Feet.

Any Cub Geologist can find these Sands.

There never will be a Less Costly way of Storing Water or a More Lasting One.

W. A. HELLER, Tyler, Texas

BACK NUMBERS

DEAR SIRS: Quite some time ago there was a story published in your magazine titled Home-coming. Could you please tell me the writer of this story? And is it possible to purchase back issues of the Collier's?

MARION S., Ansonia, Conn.

Marian Sims, Jan. 13, 1945; address Harry L. Hughey, c/o Collier's, Springfield, Ohio, enclosing 10 cents in postage or coin.

THE BOO IN BOUDREAU

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I just finished reading Lou Is Cleveland's Business (May 15th) by Kyle Crichton. I think it was wonderful! Every loyal Indian fan loves him and Crichton.

To lose Boudreau would be like losing the Statue of Liberty. You're darn' tootin' we love him. Lou is our king—long may he reign!

JOYCE SACK, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE NEW LOOK FOR MEN

GENTLEMEN: In reply to Shirley Lantz's letter (The Week's Mail, May 15th) pulverizing us boys: 99 per cent of the women don't care how a man looks, so long as his pockets are loaded. A man usually has no hair, as he has worn his head to the bone paying her beauty-parlor bills.

You never see a man walking down the street with sloppy slacks covered by a fur coat. Men keep their chins sunk in shirt collars as they are up to their necks in debt.

Men's hands are rough because they are constantly turning the handle of the grindstone women keep their noses to.

Most men don't have enough money to buy but one suit, and that is usually a strait jacket. A man's suit looks slept-in because he never can find room enough in the closet with Daughter's 40 house coats.

As for men's rudeness, i.e., slamming the door in their faces—some of the faces I've seen on women, they look as though they had the door slammed on them.

Furthermore, Shirley, a man can't be catty like you. He has to lead a dog's life.

JAMES WARREN, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Seems like this Lantz Gal did a hitch in the Navy and spent her shore leave in water-front gin mills. Where else could anyone meet such men as she describes?

H. P. DUNKLY, Sarasota, Fla.

. . . Shirley Lantz talked critically about men biting off their toenails. Just for curiosity, I tried; I can touch my nose with my big toe, but nibbling is beyond my skill.

M/SGT. LESTER J. ROSE, MacDill AFB, Fla.

. . . Would Miss (and I'm sure it is Miss) Lantz care to send a photograph for publication? Maybe then the readers would know why she is so prejudiced against men.

R. ANDERSON, Houston, Texas

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

DEAR SIR: Morgan's Food's Paradise (May 1st) was like a visit to the mad scientist's secret laboratory on Lonely Rock. Imagine processing foods such as steaks and have them remain untainted and edible for six months!

We had a bull session and decided that the high-voltage electricity killed the germs responsible for deterioration; then why don't new ones get right to work? Our best idea was that the intense voltage froze the molecular structure; that the germs just did not have the force to break down that electronic freeze. That last brought up a $64 question. If a molecular cementing results that even active germs cannot get at, what would happen when the gastric juices in the stomach try to work on it? Perhaps we would chew for hours and even our amoebae couldn't get anything out of it!

BARNARD S. ADAMS, Guatemala Ciudad

Let Señor Adams' amoebae relax. One of the gimmicks of the process is that the steaks must be protected from fresh phalanxes of germs after being "shot." This is done by sealing them in plastic envelopes or other containers beforehand. Thus protected they can be preserved indefinitely and opened when the consumer's gastric juices reach the boiling point.

A YEN FOR TAXES

GENTLEMEN: So General MacArthur, according to his critics, has done nothing to reform the tax situation in Japan (General MacArthur, May 15th). If that charge be true, he is on equal footing with a lot of senators and congressmen in our own fair land. And if he is up to the desired performance, let's bring him back and let him do ours first.

NORMAN F. WYKOFF, Glendale, Ariz.

ASTHMA, OR PA!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In the past six months I have contributed to campaigns for the downfall of infantile paralysis, juvenile delinquency, V. D., tuberculosis, cancer, reckless driving and heart trouble.

I am beginning to wonder if there isn't a Malady-of-the-Month Club somewhere running all these campaigns.

If there is: When are they going to get around to my asthma?

JOHN P. HOTCHKISS, Compton, Cal.

DREAMBOAT DIRECTOR

DEAR SIRS: My troubled conscience forces me to admit certain background facts about my picture series depicting the helpless blonde who adorned Fisherman's Prof (Apr. 17th). First, no photographer knows less about fishing than I do. I merely clicked away while Earl Gresh, fabulous president of the St. Petersburg, Florida, Rod & Gun Club, who had supplied boat, reels, jacket and even the fish for the shooting, directed every move of the Gal Who Could Do No Right. In the accompanying shot, Gresh is demonstrating the proper cast motion to Bob Green. The Blond Dreamiss Lorraine Davies looks on.

Both are Conover models and Lorraine who is ex-Florida Tangerine Queen go out a screen test offer after the Collier' story.

My conscience also insists it was shame to take an honorarium for workin with such a Luscious Lass.

HY PESKIN, Flushing, New Yor

WASHINGTON

★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

ERBERT HOOVER is working quietly t diligently among Republicans for a vorite idea of his. It's a law to make Presidents lifetime members of the S. Senate. Hoover stressed that he is t advocating the proposal for himself. will be seventy-four in August and wealthy. But most Presidents leaving White House, he pointed out, do not ve independent means and must make velihood. Also, Hoover feels strongly t it would be in the country's interest retain in the public service an ex-sident's unique experience and knowl-e.

ENTION of Nebraska around Demo-tic National Headquarters brings big ms of pleasure. Reason is William chie, short, go-getting Omaha lawyer, o as Democratic state chairman has n the practically defunct party or-ization a new lease on life. National ocratic chiefs rate Ritchie one of r best state chairmen.

itchie has been building an entirely state organization from the ground ts up. He claims he now has work-organizations in 74 of the 90 Ne-ska counties. Also, he is trying to ent a farmer-labor tie-up. But chie will need everything he can pro-e to dent the G.O.P. hold on Ne-ska. Since the 1942 defeat of the late ependent Senator George Norris, the ublicans have had complete domina-of the state.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN can help it, e will be no shortage of gasoline this mer and fall. He's afraid of the ad-e effect that would have on the elec-te. The President has personally red federal oil administrators to e nothing undone to ensure plenty of line during the campaign period. rub is that if the oil industry goes all on gasoline production now, there is tically certain to be a serious fuel-hortage next winter. But—that will fter election.

RODUCING Eamon de Valera at ashington banquet, Monsignor Ful-J. Sheen observed, "Just as Gaul was ded into three parts, so history is ded into three eras, the Pagan Era, Christian Era and the De Val-era." ying, the tall, gaunt ex-Premier of said wryly, "Back home, my oppo-s call it the devil-era."

E factor that neither side mentioned ly but which played an important in the hot row over the new terms he Atomic Energy Commissioners Dr. Vannevar Bush. The noted sci-t was the G.O.P. choice for head of AEC. But the White House was nst him. Although the President, at y-Navy urging, named Bush chair-of the Armed Services Research and lopment Board last year, Truman never been very enthusiastic about

LK up round one for Economic Co-ation Administrator Paul Hoffman. ly but firmly the former Studebaker derailed White House and State rtment personnel plans and picked wn key assistants. That was the real icance behind the appointments of rd Bruce, Baltimore industrialist, Hoffman's deputy administrator, rd Bissell, as assistant deputy ad-trator and Dennis A. FitzGerald as administrator. The Administration had others slated for these jobs. Next round is filling the numerous important vacancies in the lower echelons. On the basis of his record so far, there is no reason why Hoffman shouldn't win this round, too.

CERTAIN vital aspects of U.S. Intelligence continue to give informed Congressional leaders the creeps. For example: One key agency is seven months behind in processing and evaluating highly important foreign reports. This astounding condition prevails despite the fact the agency is top-heavy with personnel and has ample funds. Because of the extremely secret nature of the agency's work, outraged Congressional leaders don't feel free to make a public issue of this dangerous inefficiency and incompetence. But they're doing plenty of talking privately.

THERE'S a very good reason why big, hearty Governor Mon C. Wallgren of Washington State is so interested in the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination. His chances for re-election as governor aren't too good. As of now, the odds favor Arthur Langlie, former liberal Republican governor and Seattle mayor. Therefore the Vice-Presidency looks like a very nice foxhole to Governor Wallgren.

IN THE constant flow of official and other economic analyses one factor is rarely mentioned, although it's of key importance. That is the extraordinary strength and stability of the U.S. banking structure. Today the banks are sounder and more fluid than ever before in the history of the country. In the past four years, there have been only two bank failures; one in 1944, none in 1945 and 1946 and one in 1947. In the same period a decade ago there were over 200, and in the years before that they ran into the thousands annually.

Major factors contributing to this unprecedented stability are the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which guarantees deposits up to $5,000, and the $70,000,000,000 of government securities held by commercial banks.

ONE unexplained and unpublicized mystery in Greece is a prisoner-of-war camp the British are maintaining in Glyphàda, a suburb of Athens. Around 500 German POWs are in the camp. Beyond their own housekeeping chores, the POWs do nothing, and have considerable freedom. They are given overnight passes and numbers of them are seen regularly in Athens:

The Greek government has repeatedly asked the British to evacuate the POWs on the ground that they serve no useful purpose and their camp is urgently needed to house refugees, particularly children, of whom there are thousands. But so far the British have done nothing.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, apparently, is painfully skeptical when it comes to political labels.

Presenting a petition from 5,000 California almond growers opposing a cut in the tariff on foreign nuts, Representatives Alfred Elliott, Franck Havenner and Clarence Lea assured the President that "all these people are Democrats." The President appeared unimpressed. "I have noticed," he observed dryly, "that some California Democrats have a habit of not voting the right way."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

Catsup? Now try it Del Monte style!

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT? Flavor—of course! Liveliest blend of plump, ripe tomatoes, zippy vinegar and spices, that ever pepped up plain foods.

IT'S A PROMISE! Isn't every other Del Monte Food you've ever tried a mighty good guarantee that you'll like Del Monte Brand Catsup?

WHERE TO GET IT? At your own grocer's, likely enough! If he doesn't have it yet, he can easily get it for you. Why not sample this wonderful, zesty flavor yourself?

Get acquainted with all these Del Monte Tomato Products

- Catsup
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Del Monte Catsup

—with all the flavor you'd expect from Del Monte

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN THEY COULDN'T KILL FOR LOVE OR MONEY

BY DAVID DUNCAN

The Story:
MIKE FINNEY, the narrator of the story, has been afraid to cross the border from Mexico to the United States, because he had once forged a passport to go and fight in the Spanish revolution. After a quarrel with a fellow expatriate, one PHILIP TREMAINE, Finney takes the border permit which Tremaine has left behind and crosses the border under Tremaine's name. He goes to San Francisco where, to his complete surprise, he is met by a girl who he realizes is Tremaine's sister, CATHERINE. Greeting him as "Philip," she treats Finney as if he were her brother.

In the Tremaines' house, Finney meets MRS. TREMAINE, who calls him "son"; then, at dinner, he is overcome by an attack of what he supposes to be a recurrence of his malaria. He is aware that policemen have come and arrested him, then he passes out. He comes to in a prison hospital, where he reads a newspaper story about the sensational arrest of Philip Tremaine, wanted for a murder committed ten years ago; Finney's picture, with Tremaine's name under it, is on the front page. In an effort to fight clear of the frame-up, Finney escapes from the hospital and returns at night to the Tremaines' house.

Sneaking past the police guards, he encounters Catherine and disarms her of her pistol. Mrs. Tremaine is not at home. Catherine attempts to convince him that, inasmuch as her brother Philip ran away after the murder when she was still a child, she didn't remember what he looked like, and believed her mother when the latter told her she was to meet her brother at the bus.

Saying she wants to help him now, she gives Finney money and a change of clothes. As they enter the living room, a tall, hard-looking man confronts them. Visibly flustered, Catherine steps forward and introduces Finney. "Mr. Wickersham," she says, "this is my brother."

III

MY HAND dropped to my pocket. If the tall man had rushed me, if he'd shouted, if he'd so much as made an abrupt gesture, I think I'd have used the gun. I was that tense. But he stood very still, looking at me with a craggy Abraham Lincoln expression. Catherine leaned against her chair facing me. Her eyes held a warning. There was fear in them, terrible fear. Why now? Why the brother act again? It didn't matter much at the moment because Wickersham—whoever Wickersham might turn out to be—wasn't happy to see me no matter who I was. I'd walked into it again.

"Who the devil are you?" I said.

The tall man's eyes arched. "You don't remember me? I suppose you wouldn't. Actually we met only once and I was pretty much a kid then. I'm John Wickersham, Jr. You remember my father well enough."

"My memory has slipped a little the past few years. Suppose you move over by Catherine so I can see you both at once." He glanced at the pocket my hand was in, shrugged indifferently and did as I asked.

He sat down in the chair I'd occupied earlier.

"I thought something was wrong," said Wickersham. "When I heard you were back, I wondered if you might have come to face questioning and trial. It surprised me. I didn't think you had the guts. But after you broke jail, I knew you never intended to face questioning at all. It had to be something else. Why are you here, Tremaine?"

"For a clean pair of socks. And who was your father?"

"You remember, Philip," Catherine broke in with a shaking voice. "He was the family legal adviser for years. He was a friend of Father's. Since he died, John here has taken over."

SO THAT was it. He was the family lawyer. If I were Tremaine, he'd probably be my counsel. Except that his opinion of Philip Tremaine was obviously rather low. Was she trying to tell me my chances were better if I played along? When you're drowning and your worst enemy hands you a rope, you'll grab it even when it might be a trick to pull you halfway out and drop you again.

"I said my memory had slipped."

"Insanity might be the best plea at that," said Wickersham. He was a cool devil. "Or were you thinking of faking a suicide so you could come back and haunt Catherine after she inherits the money?"

"So Catherine inherits the money?"

"My dear rat, don't act as though you're ignorant of the terms of your father's will. It was given enough publicity. The whole thing was designed especially for you. Your father was an honorable man. All you have to do to inherit the money yourself is either clear yourself or serve your sentence. Since the sentence will undoubtedly be life, that alternative isn't so attractive."

"If I commit suicide, Catherine inherits the money?"

"It doesn't have to be suicide," he said easily. "That would be the decent thing for you to do, of course—but if you fell down a flight of stairs and broke your neck, it would serve just as well."

"Are you my lawyer?"

He sighed. "God help me, no. I don't take criminal cases. My only function is to administer the will. Your father was more than generous. There's twenty thousand set aside for your defense in case you stand trial.

(Continued on page 68)

I hit the ground on a steep incline and skidded along on my face, my arms grasping for something to stop me before I went over the edge . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

WARREN WARMUP

BY GEORGE CREEL

California has never had a native son in the White House and Republican supporters of Governor Earl Warren hope that this deplorable situation may be remedied next fall

WHEN hopeful Republicans gather to nominate a Presidential candidate, California's 53 votes will be cast solidly for Governor Earl Warren. Let the East have no doubt of it! And they will stick right on down to the final ballot unless released by the governor himself.

A high tribute, and one that usually excites ambition to fever pitch, but as yet there is no sign of increase in the Warren blood pressure. He has frowned on the manufacture of campaign buttons and banners, does not want to have his name entered in any state primary, and refuses to race about the country making speeches.

Strange behavior but normal enough for Earl Warren. The son of a Norwegian father and a Swedish mother, a vast calm is part of his Scandinavian inheritance.

"Of course it's a great honor to be designated as the Bear State's favorite son, and I'll never get over being proud," he admits. "But pshaw! Why run a temperature? I'm a dark horse without even a touch of bay."

His supporters, however, refuse to be daunted by their hero's mixture of modesty and caution. As they blueprint the political situation, Dewey, Stassen and Taft are equally matched in strength, desire and determination. So what more probable than a deadlock, necessitating search for an acceptable compromise?

Who then but Earl Warren? A campaigner without parallel, they say, for never yet has he met defeat. With independent voting on the increase, what better choice than one who has demonstrated ability to smash party lines? City attorney, district attorney, attorney general and two-term governor—a steady climb, evidencing capacity for *growth*.

He is fifty-seven years old, stands over six feet, weighs 215 pounds and is handsome in a wholesome, two-fisted way. No man ever *looked* more like a President, his admirers claim. He is the son of a sturdy, industrious mechanic, and himself the father of six children.

Best of all, he is proclaimed as a true liberal, steering a sane middle course between the standpatters and the crackpots. Where is there a state that can match California's progressive and humane laws, ask his followers, pointing out that Earl Warren has seen to it that the aged, the orphaned, the sick and the blind and the unemployed all receive adequate care; the rights of management and labor are protected, but no amount of pressure has been able to gain a privilege for either group; he has been attacked both by the unions and the great corporations, but never once has the governor been pushed off balance; besides rebuilding and expanding California's physical plant, he has managed to cut taxes and provide safeguards for the future; large sums have been tucked away in special reserve funds, safe from squandering hands, that will not only finance a Ten-Year Plan, but take care of any drastic drop in revenue.

With due allowance for political bombast, the record supports many of the claims made for Governor Warren. Few men actually have had longer experience as a public servant; in fact, it might be made the subject of criticism that he has never earned a dollar in the competitive struggles of private life. Coming out of World War I as a first lieutenant, the young lawyer took a job as clerk in the legislature, and officeholding has been his career ever since.

Neither can there be denial of Earl Warren's ability as a vote getter. Elected district attorney of Alameda County in 1925, he stayed in that office for 14 years, winning campaign after campaign. As a result the Republican party drafted him to run for attorney general in 1938. While the rest of the ticket was buried under a Democratic landslide, Warren triumphed by a handsome majority and this made his nomination for governor in 1942 a foregone conclusion.

At the general election in November, he won by 1,275,000 to 932,000.

Renominated in 1946, Warren faced the gloomy fact that not once in 32 years had Californians given any governor a second term. Warren filed on both Republican and Democratic tickets, as California law permits, and the primary results showed that he not only had polled 774,502 votes against 70,331 for three other Republican candidates, but he had also won the Democratic nomination by 593,190 votes against 530,968 for Robert W. Kenny, his opponent on that ticket.

Praising his honesty and courage, the Warren faithful recall that as district attorney of Alameda County he waged successful war against graft and corruption, sending the sheriff and the millionaire head of a paving combine to prison; when he prosecuted four union officials for a brutal murder, hostile thousands picketed the courthouse throughout the trial; in addition to threats of political reprisals, he received death notes, but drove on to gain convictions.

During Warren's term as attorney general, the shame of the state was the bold operation of gambling ships off Los Angeles, but just outside the three-mile limit. When city and county officials failed to enforce the law, he loaded his deputies into small boats and boarded the floating Monte Carlos. Axes smashed the tables and wheels and put an end to the racket.

As governor, all his appointments have been made on the basis of merit rather than party affiliation—a fact admitted even by Democratic leaders. Former governors, accenting political differences, feuded with their legislatures, but at the outset Earl Warren announced an "era of good will," and asked the senators and representatives of both parties to sit with him for the consideration of proposed laws.

This amiable insistence on co-operation, backed up by a genuine friendliness, has done away with the old deadlocks, and there have been only two or three knock-down fights at the most. His one real legislative defeat was in connection with a prepaid health-insurance plan designed to meet the needs of wage earners in the lower income brackets. When California doctors fought the bill as "socialized medicine," legislators *(Continued on page 80)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

NEW Ease of Handling

REALLY NEW!

EASY TO TURN AROUND IN CITY STREETS

EASY TO MANEUVER IN NARROW QUARTERS

EASY TO HANDLE ON "TOUGH" LOCATIONS

Read **why** Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks are easier to handle!

You can swing around in narrower streets. You can "jack-knife" up to loading platforms . . . or maneuver on "tough" locations . . . with *much* greater ease! You get this greatly improved maneuverability from an entirely new front-end chassis design. Turning diameters are shorter, the same both right and left, because of new "cross-steering," with shorter wheelbases and wide tread front axles.

Front axles have been moved back, and engines forward . . . placing more load on the front axle. Cab-to-axle dimensions remain the same, with shorter wheelbases. You get much better weight distribution, and you can carry increased payloads, too.

This new weight distribution, combined with longer springs, produces a marvelous new "cushioned ride." Look at the chart at the left. See how Dodge compares with competition . . . not only in ease of handling and improved weight distribution, but in many other important features.

Driving is believing! Step into the new "Pilot-House" cab of one of these new Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks, and drive! You won't find equal *maneuverability*, *comfort* or *vision in any other truck!*

Read this 10 Point Comparison, too!

(Dodge Model F-152; 14,500 pounds Gross Vehicle Weight—and Comparable Competitive Models.)

FEATURES AND ADVANTAGES	DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCK	TRUCK "A"	TRUCK "B"	TRUCK "C"	TRUCK "D"
Wheelbase	152 in.	161 in.	158 in.	159 in.	161 in.
Cab-to-Axle—to take 12-foot body	84 in.	84 in.	84.06 in.	84 in.	84 in.
Wide-Tread Front Axles (shorter turning—more stability)	62 in.	56 in.	60.03 in.	58⅜ In.	56 in.
Modern "Cross-Type" Steering	Yes	No	No	No	No
Turning Diameter * —Left	50½ ft.	61½ ft.	60½ ft.	54½ ft.	66½ ft.
—Right	50½ ft.	61½ ft.	54½ ft.	54½ ft.	66½ ft.
Maximum Horsepower	109	93	100	93	100
Total Spring Length (Front and Rear "Cushioned Ride") †	194 in.	171⅝ in.	162 in.	176 in.	182 in.
Cab Seat Width (Measure of Roominess) ‡	57¼ in.	52¼ in.	51½ in.	47½ in.	52¼ in.
Windshield Glass Area ▲	901 sq. in.	713 sq. in.	638 sq. in.	545 sq. in.	713 sq. in.
Vent Wings plus Rear Quarter Windows	Yes	No	No	No	No

* To outside of tire (curb clearance.) Computed from data based on tests or computations obtained from usually reliable sources. † All four springs. ‡ Measured from production models. ▲ Computed from width and depth measurements; no allowance for contours.

NEW DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS

And remember...

ONLY DODGE BUILDS "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS

THE GENERAL WAS AN HONEST MAN

BY WILL F. JENKINS

Everyone respected him, but no one loved him except his wife—who never knew just how honest he was

I MET the General and his wife, and heard the beginning of this tale, one night out in the center of a tropic river with jungle on either side and a blanket of stars overhead. It began most promisingly.

The captain of the boat, whose name was Garrison, swore softly in my ear as I looked down at the card game. It was deep night and he'd come out of the pilothouse of the boat, and stopped where I leaned on the upper-deck rail. We were headed upstream on a river in a republic whose name does not matter. The boat's Diesel engine drummed softly below decks. The water overside was black as ebony and glossy as oil, with the wavering reflections of stars on it. But over to eastward a white-hot moon was rising, and the jungle beneath it was sheer darkness, and the noises that came out of it were not pretty. There was utter savagery all around.

But Garrison swore in a whisper by my ear, with a note in his whispering which was not like him. He glared down at the card table and the game that went on.

It was being played on a folding table on the bow deck, by the light of a gasoline lantern slung from a boom. The lantern had an incandescent mantle, and yielded a theatrical, dead-white, pitiless glare which showed the players in exaggerated light and color and shade. There was the General, jovial and at ease, cracking jokes as he dealt and made his bets. There was the *abogado*—the attorney—representing the poor devil in irons down below, who was traveling to the capital to be tried and doubtless to be condemned. There were other players. A mahogany dealer. A speculator in coconuts. A man who owned ten thousand acres in bananas.

"I'm supposed to be a businessman," said Garrison bitterly, "and I have to be a fool because he's honest!"

"What's that?" I asked, startled.

"Nothing," said Garrison more bitterly still, "except that I'm crazy and complaining about it. Any objections? The General's responsible for my having this boat and the business I've got. But because of his wife and that damned *(Continued on page 81)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

The smoke trail spread over the water concealing the occupants of the little boat

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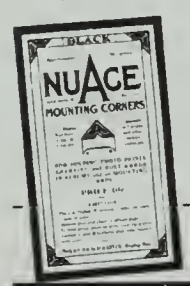

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CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 64

You can hire a good lawyer for that, but you can't hire me. I wouldn't even know whom to recommend."

"You think there's no chance then?"

"Chance of acquittal? Frankly, no. There's a chance you'll get life instead of execution if you trot down to the nearest police station and turn yourself in. Five witnesses saw you go into Clark's office. All of them heard the shot that killed him. Two of them saw you leave the room with a pistol in your hand, leaving Clark dead behind you. He certainly didn't kill himself."

"I didn't shoot him."

He laughed. "If you believe that, turn yourself in. The police are right outside. I'd call them but I hate to see you shot down in front of Catherine."

"You're so thoughtful."

"Not very. Personally, I think you ought to hang."

THERE was something about this guy I admired. Perhaps it was because his opinion of Tremaine coincided so perfectly with my own. His remarks weren't insulting so long as I remembered they weren't really directed at me. And I liked the way he paid no attention to the gun in my pocket.

"Perhaps I will," I said. "But if I do, it won't be for the murder of Earl Clark." I dived for him at the same time I spoke. He might have been expecting a shot, but he wasn't expecting the Philip Tremaine he knew to put up a fight. It took him by surprise, and I caught him on his craggy jaw with everything I had. He slumped back into the chair. Catherine stepped forward, but I caught her by the shoulder and spun her into a chair.

"Don't move!" I said. "Stay right where you are." I scooped the rope from the floor where I'd dropped it and lapped it around Wickersham's legs. Then I tied them to the chair and did the same with his arms and body. I stuffed his breast-pocket handkerchief into his mouth and wrapped the scarf from the table around his face. He was breathing heavily through the nostrils and beginning to move a little. I pulled Catherine to her feet.

"Come on. We're leaving."

She pulled back. "Leaving? Why don't you go? Go now!"

"I'd love to, but I'm all out of rope, and I'm not leaving you here to untie this bird." I headed for the door, dragging her behind me.

"But you can't take me. You haven't a chance with me along!"

I pulled her close to me, holding her by the shoulders. "Don't argue, damn you! My legs won't carry me fast enough now. I need a car and you've got to drive it." I swept her purse from the lounge, opened it and found the car keys. I took her through the hallway and down the steps three at a time, jerking her to her feet when she started to fall. In the downstairs closet I found the brown coat she'd worn the night we met. I threw it over her dressing gown. We went through the big living room, through the dining room and into the kitchen where a door opened into the garage. I held back a second while I listened. The garage doors opened onto the back lawn, and a faint light from the outside showed the gleaming outlines of the car. It was headed in the right direction. The sound of voices came from the side of the house.

"Now listen carefully," I said. "You're going to get in the car and drive out of here. You'll stop on the curve of the driveway. You'll have to stop because the police won't let you through until they know where you're going. Wait for them. If you try bolting through, they'll put out an alarm. Tell them you're going to join your mother in Palo Alto, or something else that's reasonable. They must have seen Wickersham come in, so if they ask about him, say he's finishing some legal work and doesn't need you any longer. While you're doing that, I'll be getting out of here along the hedge by the driveway. Slow down when you hit the street and open the car door on the far side so I can get in."

"You trust me?" she said.

"Sure, I trust you. I can trust you farther than that. I've got good reason to trust you now. It'd be a major tragedy for you if I got arrested." I pushed the keys into her hand and opened the door for her. She slid under the wheel and started the engine. I ducked behind the folded garage doors and waited while the car rolled out on the driveway. She stopped on the curve. Both cops came over to her. One of them stood at the car window asking questions while the other ran a flashlight around the inside of the car. She'd do all right, I decided.

The body of the car made a nice screen as I slipped out of the garage, wormed through the hedge and ran along the lawn behind the bushes. The drive curved around toward the front so that within twenty yards I had the house between me and the policeman. After that I straightened up and sprinted for the street below. The bushes were high on either side of the drive and were thick all the way to the pavement. I pushed into them a few feet and waited.

A minute later the car rolled down and slowed. I ran along the side of it, caught the back door as it swung open and jumped in. I sat on the floor; I was just high enough to watch Catherine.

"Drive toward town," I said. "Don't drive fast and don't go through any stop signs. Tilt the rearview mirror so I can see if anyone is following."

She tilted the mirror.

"When you come to Market Street," I said, "cross it and go on to Mission. Then turn left and drive as far as Eleventh. Turn right there and park. Got it?"

"I've got it," she said. "I'll help you."

"Okay. How did Wickersham happen to show up at three in the morning?"

"Because I asked him to come. I phoned him much earlier."

"Then you did know he was coming?"

"I'd given him up until morning. I can only think he drove past the house late and stopped when he saw the light."

"And what was the pressing legal advice you needed?"

"I was going to tell him the whole story—that you're not my brother. I was going to tell him everything."

"You sure muffed your opportunity."

"But when I first phoned him, I thought you were gone. I thought you'd escaped from San Francisco."

"You could still have told him. Why continue the brother act?"

"You saw John Wickersham. If I told him you were some stranger, he'd have charged you right there. He isn't afraid of anything. And I want you to escape."

"Well, we're making progress." We crossed Market Street and angled back and forth in the maze of streets in the Mission district. There was still some traffic—trucks and taxis mostly.

WE CAME to Mission and Eleventh and turned right. "Now park," I said. Catherine parked. I got out and told her to come along.

"Why?" she said. "Why don't you go on?"

"I'll do that as soon as it's safe."

"It's as safe as it will ever be."

"I think differently. Come on. You can add kidnaping to the other charges if you want to. Don't argue and don't talk." I had her arm again as we walked back along the street to Mission. A little way off Eleventh was a hotel I remembered, an upstairs place where you could always get a room at any hour of the night. You paid your money as you came in and left when you pleased. It looked the same as I remembered it. We went through a swinging door and up

VAN SCHRIEBER

SPORTING ODDS

It was a 1942 game at Braves' Field, Boston, between the Phillies and the Braves. Paul Waner of the Braves was on third. Max West, trying to knock Waner in, was thrown out at first on an easy grounder. West dejectedly plodded back the first-base line toward the Braves' dugout on the third-base line. As he reached a point just behind the catcher, the Phillie pitcher uncorked a wild one, which sailed over the catcher's head toward the grandstand. Waner started to trot in from third. West, however, spotting the ball, instinctively snagged it and tossed it to the Phillie catcher, who whirled and tagged out the surprised Waner. West had made an uncredited assist, putting out his teammate Waner.

—Robert M. MacDonald, Bayside, N. Y.

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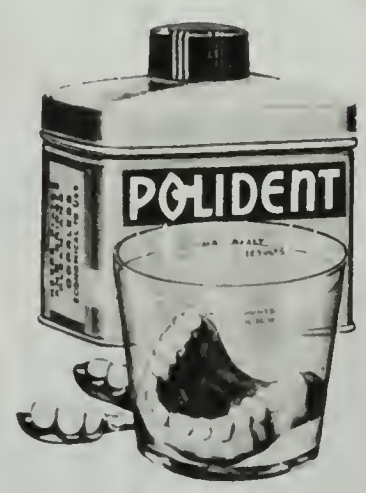

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long flight of stairs to a landing where there was a desk with a push bell on it and a sign saying to ring for service. I rang. Pretty soon a sleepy woman in a lumpy orange bathrobe shuffled down the hall and squeezed in behind the desk. She looked us over with an air of indifference. If she noticed the folds of dressing gown trailing from beneath Catherine's coat, she didn't say anything. She opened a register book and shoved it across to me while she looked for a key. I entered our names as Mr. and Mrs. Donovan. She handed me the key.

"Next floor up. That's two fifty."

There was one straight hallway on the floor above with no turns or tributaries to it. It was so dark I had to light a match to see the room numbers.

"In here," I said, opening a door and switching on a light. The room was about twelve feet square, with a sagging double bed in one corner, a rag of rug on the floor, a dark green dresser against the wall and a washbasin in the corner by the door. The only window opened on an airway between the hotel and the neighboring building.

CATHERINE was pale now. Her animation had left her. She sat down in a rickety chair at the foot of the bed.

"What next?" she said dully.

"This is where we part. You're going to stay here and I'm going on. Someone will find you in the morning and you can tell them what you please." I turned back the blankets and stripped the sheets from the bed. I ripped each one into four strips, lengthwise.

"I told you I wanted you to get away," she said nervously.

"You've told me that about six times."

"You still don't believe me?"

"I don't believe anybody. I've already made that clear. Just stay where you are. I'm not going to hurt you." She looked at me sadly but didn't move. I folded the strips of sheet into broad bands and tied her firmly in the chair. Then I ripped the end from one of the sheets to make a gag.

"Please don't," she said. "It might make me sick."

"I'm sorry." I rolled up the piece of sheet and tried to cram it into her mouth. She twisted her head sidewise to avoid me. It was the first resistance she'd put up. I got a handful of her hair to hold her head steady and tried again. She kept her teeth clenched and held her breath; her face and throat became crimson. Her eyes were shut tight. It was too much for me. I threw the gag away.

"You're good-looking, lady," I said, and my voice sounded thick. I felt like a brute. "We'll skip the gag."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

I took off my overcoat after getting the safety razor from its pocket, took off my shirt and tie and turned the tap in the washbasin. The water was cold.

"It's like this," I said. "Wickersham was right about putting ideas into my head. If I die as Philip Tremaine, I'm worth a fortune to you, but as soon as anyone finds out I'm not Tremaine, I'm not worth a cent. That's why you introduced me to Wickersham as your brother and that's why you helped me escape. You had to help me escape. If the cops jerked me back to jail, I'd tell them the whole story and then your plan is blown to bits and you along with it. Wickersham has to think I'm your brother so he'll execute the will when I die. Simple, isn't it? But I have to die in private, before I can talk to anyone. Isn't that the story?"

"What do you care now?" she said.

"Because of just one point. I can't understand why you and your mother let the police take me at all. You couldn't have believed the mistaken identity would stand up at the trial. I've wondered about that all along until Wickersham mentioned faking a suicide, and now I don't wonder any more. That must have been the plan, except that the suicide would be a fake only from your viewpoint. I was supposed to be dead when the cops found me. They came too soon. I really owe them my life. But what I want to know is whether it was you or Mama who had the responsibility for putting a bullet through me?" I unwrapped a tiny oblong of hotel soap and tried to work up a lather while I waited for her to reply. I could watch her in the little mirror above the washbasin.

"You don't know?" she whispered. "All I was supposed to do was bring you to the house."

"Then what?"

"Then the police were to come and take you away."

"You expect me to believe that?" I pulled the razor across my face.

"No," she said. "I can't expect you to believe anything, but it's true. That's what I was told would happen, and that's what did happen."

"Why put me in jail? Why not kill me?"

"I don't blame you for being bitter," she said. "Because I was a fool. I thought you were a murderer."

"A murderer?"

"I thought you were the man who killed Earl Clark."

"This gets wilder and wilder. When Clark died, I was in Europe. I don't even know what Clark looked like."

"I believe you," she said simply. "But I still thought you were the murderer when I met you at the station."

"What gave you that peculiar idea?"

"Because that's what I was told. You think it's crazy, but it isn't. I was fourteen years old when Philip went away. The papers all said he was a murderer and I nearly died of grief. I hadn't seen much of him, but he was still my brother. Mother had always talked about him so much that I thought he must be the most wonderful person in the world. I just couldn't believe he'd killed a man. Mother said it was all a lie, and I believed her. Father wouldn't talk about it at all. I know now that Father was silent because he knew it was true, and it broke his heart. He died a year later, but before he died, he altered his will.

"He decided that Philip had had too much money for his own good, so he left Mother with an annuity which was just enough to take care of the two of us. The rest of it was for Philip. He didn't leave it to Philip because he loved him; I see that now. In order to get it, Philip had to return and face trial. It was his, only after he'd served his sentence or cleared himself. And Father must have known that Philip could never clear himself. The money was just bait to bring Philip to justice because in some ways Father was a Roman. He believed that if people did wrong they should pay for it. The will said that if Philip died, I got the money after I came of age."

"You must have come of age about three years ago," I said.

"Yes," she said. "But the money hasn't mattered. You can't understand how it is being the sister of a man accused of murder, particularly when you think it isn't true. I've had virtually no friends since I was fourteen. Mother told me over and over that Philip was innocent and I believed it because I wanted to believe it; I wanted to be able to hold my head up again. She told me he'd clear himself someday by finding the man who really killed Earl Clark and bringing that man to justice."

"A beautiful story," I said bitterly.

"You don't have to believe it," she flashed at me. "But I've got to tell you. I've got to get rid of it somehow because it's so horrible, what I did. About two weeks ago Mother heard from Philip. I didn't see the letter, because Mother never showed me Philip's letters. He never used his own name, and she did not want me to know what name he was using. That should have made me wond

ut it didn't. Anyway, she told me he'd inally found the man who killed Earl Clark—you, but that you had no idea ou'd met Philip Tremaine. According Mother, Philip had persuaded you to mpersonate Philip Tremaine by telling ou it would enable you to collect a forune when you got to San Francisco."

"Good Lord!"

"Oh, I know it isn't true," she said. None of it is true, but that's what I was old. Philip had sent pictures of you. ou saw them yourself. And I believed very word of it at the time. Mother ound out somehow what bus you'd be n, and my job was to meet you and ring you to the house. Then we were to all the police. That way they'd catch ou in the act of impersonation, take ou to jail and the next day we'd bring e accusation of murder against you."

"It never occurred to you that you ight be framing an innocent man?"

"Yes," she said. "It did. But I deded that if you were innocent it would me out at the trial. I couldn't see how u would be hurt if you were innocent."

"Maybe you begin to see it now."

She closed her eyes tight to hold back e tears. "I see a lot more than that. I ent through with my part of it. I met u at the station. When you came along th me, I was almost sure everything other had told me must be true. And en suddenly I began to realize it uldn't be true at all."

Answer to Transposagram on page 41

DUET IS MAN OR MEN IN MOON

SEND ON MORE AMMUNITION

"And what caused that marvelous revation?"

"Just the simple fact that you would ver impersonate Philip Tremaine if u had really been the man who had led Earl Clark. And then it was so vious after the first few minutes that u didn't want to come with me, that u were trying to escape from someng else. The story Mother had told began to fall apart, and I became re and more frightened. We were do a terrible thing. Then at dinner I de that slip by telling you Father was d and showing you that I knew you ren't my brother. The way Mother ked at me! And then I—I poured fee on you so you'd have a chance to ve the room, a chance to escape be e the police came. But they came soon. Or maybe they came in time, cause I don't know what would have ppened if they hadn't come. That's all re is to it."

"Not quite," I said. "When I escaped m jail, the police still thought I was lip Tremaine. They still think that. ither you nor your mother has denied

I finished shaving, dried the razor d started putting my shirt back on.

"Do you think the police would have ieved me?" she asked. "And anyway, hought you would tell them yourself. tead you escaped. After that I was id to say anything, because I didn't w who you really were and I didn't t to do anything which might hurt r chances of getting away. It's true ther you believe it or not. I felt so ty that I prayed for you. And then lly I called John Wickersham. I was g to tell him the whole story so he'd able to tell me what to do. I wanted confess. Then you came back to the se again." She started sobbing. "At I thought you were going to kill me, I was almost glad of it. But you n't even hurt me."

"I only kidnaped you," I said.

"And when you told me about your plans—about wanting to start all r again in a clean white world, I w exactly what you meant. I've felt that way for years. If only the past had never been! Because I know now that my brother did kill Earl Clark. And I've tried to help him put the blame on another man." She looked full at me a moment. "Someone I don't even know."

"We get a little better acquainted all the time," I said. I groped in my overcoat pocket where I found the door key, the car keys and the gun. The car keys I put on the glass shelf over the washbasin.

"I won't be needing these," I said. Then I went over to the chair and started ripping the bands of sheet away from her arms and legs.

"Why are you untying me?"

"I'm damned if I know. There might be a fire or something." I released both of her arms. "You can untie the rest of them yourself," I said. "It will give you something to do."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing. You'll have to stay here."

"How long do you want me to stay?"

"Does it make a difference to you?"

"You don't want the car?"

"There may be a watch out for it."

"What shall I say when the police talk to me?"

"Anything you please."

"But John Wickersham will know I left the house with you. I'll have to say something."

"Then say it. Tell them I brought you here and locked you up."

"Shall I tell them you're not my brother?"

"They may know already. It won't make much difference. No matter who I am, I slugged a police surgeon and broke jail."

She looked at me intently a moment. "If they find out you're not Philip, will they know who you really are?"

"They can learn."

"Wouldn't it be better?"

"It would have been better a few days ago. Now I'm not so sure. The police are looking for the wrong man, and my chances of getting away are better while they keep looking for the wrong man. And for your own protection you'd better keep acting as though you think I'm your brother. Framing someone is serious business."

She bit her lip. "Your escape means more to me than anything. If you get to the place where the past is all washed away, will you remember that I'm happy for you?" She sat very straight in the chair watching me.

"Yes," I said. "I'll try to remember." I paused a moment at the door. "I've got a feeling you don't know much about men. Don't judge all of us by your brother."

"I won't," she said.

"I think I believe your story," I said. "Does that help any?"

She nodded. "It means a great deal. Goodby—whoever you are."

"Goodby," I said.

I UNLOCKED the door, left the key in it and slipped from the room. Outside, the corridor was dead silent, but the recesses of the old building seemed to breathe with creaks and drafts. The stairs creaked too as I descended; I passed the untenanted desk and went down the next flight to the street.

For a minute I hesitated in the entrance while I looked up and down Mission Street. The pistol was hard in my pocket. Except for a few drunks there was no one on the sidewalk. An empty coupé was parked in front of the hotel, and a half block down on the other side of the street was another car. A streetcar rattled by, its few passengers looking pale and tired in the bright interior. There was an atmosphere of peace in the electric dusk of the city, and—curiously—an atmosphere of finality. It was as though all things ended here. The city was like a veil of mist. You could see into it, but you couldn't see through it. Somewhere on the other side was the destination I'd

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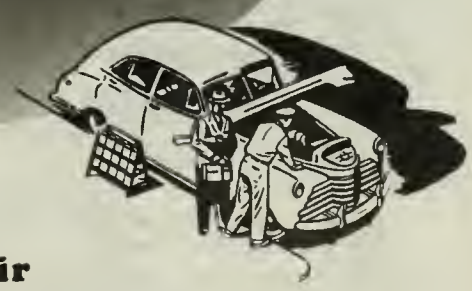

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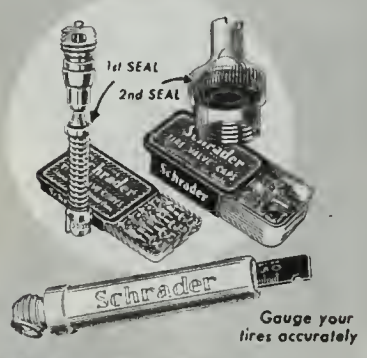

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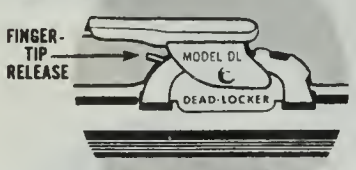

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originally sought—the place where you walk out of the mist into the bright certainty of the things you used to know. It was all there somewhere, but I had the giddy sensation that I'd lost the way. I kept thinking of the girl upstairs. Catherine Tremaine. I'd forgotten to be hard as stone. I shouldn't have listened to her if I ever wanted to get through the mist and see the snow fields again. I should have left her bound and gagged.

I knew it for sure when I felt the flow of warm air from the hotel door behind me and started to turn. I never finished turning. Something crashed against the back of my head and I went blank.

SOMETHING rumbled in my ears and vibrated through my head. I had difficulty breathing and lights kept flashing in front of my eyes at regular intervals. My body was curiously cramped. I tried straightening it out but it wouldn't move. My hands were tied together and tied in turn to my feet. The smell of dust was in my nostrils. I couldn't tell where I was or how I got there. I had a vague sense of guilt, as though I'd deliberately injured myself for the sake of a few minutes' pleasure. I had trusted someone because it was a pleasure to extend trust, and now I was suffering for the mistake.

I opened my eyes, but all I could see were the occasional flashes of light. They came as a reflection through an opening in the heavy robe that was thrown over me. I watched for several seconds, then felt my body being pulled backward as though by some magnetic force. It lasted just a few seconds. Then I realized where I was. I was on the floor of a car. The sound in my ears was the roll of the tires. The lights were street lamps, and my body had felt the magnetic pull when the car turned a corner.

Figuring all this out took a long time. I kept working at it because it gave me something to do while I waited for my mind to clear. It was slow in clearing. The sense of guilt kept interfering with my thoughts, and I had recurrent visions of myself standing by the chair in the hotel room ripping away the strips of sheet which held a pair of arms. The guilt and the release of the arms were somehow connected. The arms had followed me down a dark stairway and had hurt me. And I could see the face behind the arms; the soft eyes watching me. I stared until the face faded and turned into the opening in the robe that was folded over me.

The car was still moving. How long it had been moving and in what direction, I didn't know. It finally stopped. The sudden silence helped me hold my attention on the present. Another car pulled up beside the one I was in, and a man's voice spoke from the seat in front of me.

"Drive on up the road to the curve and turn around. If you see anyone coming, flash your parking lights." The voice was familiar. It was achingly familiar. It had a shuffling, sullen quality to it which even the urgency of the moment couldn't altogether eliminate. "I think he's already dead," the voice continued. I almost had it. "I won't give you a chance to muff things this time." The touch of sarcasm did it. Memory came back. The man in the front seat was Philip Tremaine.

So he'd followed me after all. He may even have preceded me, arriving in San Francisco first to make sure his plans were carried out. They'd gone wrong somewhere, but he was trying again. I'd underestimated him completely. He wasn't the unpleasant bore I'd thought him; he was a determined and calculating man. He hadn't cracked, and I had.

"Go ahead," said Tremaine. "When I'm finished, drive back and pick me up. I'll wait across the road there."

The car alongside pulled away and there was silence again for a few seconds. Then I heard the front door open and next felt a gush of cold air as the rear door by my head opened and a hand threw back the robe. I lay perfectly still with my eyes closed. If a bullet was coming, there was nothing I could do. The hand gripped the ropes where my hands and feet were tied together and started dragging me from the car. I stayed limp while, grunting and cursing, he swung my body around and hoisted me into the front seat. Then he closed the door, went around to the other side of the car and slid under the wheel. He wasn't through with me yet. He lowered the window beside me enough to push my head out. Then he cranked up the glass until I could feel it pressing into my throat while the top of the window frame pressed down from above. He was behind me so I opened my eyes. We were in the hills. The ground dropped away from the side of the road, and far away I could see lights strung out along what must be a highway. The pale glow along the horizon looked like morning.

The hands were at work again, this time cutting and pulling away the ropes that bound me. I felt the smooth, sure fingers slide over my wrists. My legs dropped to the floor when they were freed and my arms fell to my sides. They were heavy and dead, like clubs. The panel of glass squeezed hard against my throat as my weight sagged downward. It was choking me. Somehow I had to hit the window crank with my hand and pull my head out. I had to do it fast enough to get at the man sitting beside me before he could hit me again. I had to do it with hands that had no feeling in them. It was an abstract problem which I never had time to figure out.

At that moment the starter rasped, caught, and the car lurched forward, nearly snapping my neck. The headlights were on now. I stared ahead and saw the black surface of the road sweeping off to the left in a long curve. Beyond the road was the white line of a guardrail, its row of reflectors glittering out a warning. Beyond the guardrail was a void.

The car made another violent lurch forward as though the accelerator had been shoved clear to the floor. At the same time I felt a rush of cold air as the door to my left opened and slammed shut. My body came to life all by itself without my thinking about it at all.

I hit the window crank with my hand and fell back into the empty seat behind the wheel. There was no chance to reach the brake. I grabbed for the wheel and pulled, at the same time shoving

CARL ROSE

There's a Trick to It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Before the advent of radar and other mechanisms of supersensitivity, landing an airplane depended largely upon the skill of the flier. After the scientists had developed radar, it was discovered that bats had a kind of radar of their own. It also has been discovered that the ladies and gentlemen of the red suits in a deck of playing cards likewise have a kind of radar which insures a safe landing when flying, which oddly enough the kings, queens and jacks of the black suits do not have.

The magician offers to demonstrate and runs through a deck of cards and takes out all the picture cards. He then separates the red cards from the black. The six black cards he puts in one pile and the six red cards in another pile. He puts an ordinary-size dinner plate on the floor which he announces to be the landing field. He then asks the spectator to hold the black cards about three feet above the plate and try to drop them on the plate. The magician hands the cards to him, one at a time, and he drops them. None of them will go near the plate. The magician then takes the six red cards and drops them, singly, from the same height. All his cards land on the plate. It certainly seems as if the red cards were able to steer right for the plate.

The secret is that anyone not in the know will drop the cards edgewise, and no matter how careful the aim, when dropped in this manner, the cards will go wide of the plate because of air currents. However, the magician can make all his go directly down merely by holding the cards perfectly flat as he drops them. By edgewise is meant that the cards are held vertically, and by flat is meant that the cards are held as if they were lying on the table. The magician can insure that the spectator will drop his cards wrongly by handing them in the position he wants to have them dropped. With a very little practice, the magician is able to drop one card after another so rapidly that the spectators will not notice how they were held.

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down on the door handle at my side. The sudden twist on the wheel threw the door wide open and I half dived, was half flung through it. I hit the ground on a steep incline just outside the guardrail and skidded along on my face, my arms grasping for something to stop me before I went over the edge. They finally wound around a scrub pine that had its roots wedged in the rock right where it started dropping away. I stopped just in time to hear the car crash at the bottom of the cliff about a hundred feet below. The gasoline ignited.

FOR a minute I hugged the pine tree with all the strength left in my body, overcome by sheer panic. My head was down, my feet up, and some irresistible force seemed to be shoving me toward the flames below. I squeezed the pine tree. Then I realized I wasn't sliding any more. Somewhere across the canyon a window lighted up and I made out the outline of a man in an open doorway.

I doubled my legs and let them slide toward my shoulders until my knees met the pine trunk. Then I twisted slowly until my head was pointed uphill. As I turned, little pebbles came loose and trickled over the edge. I wormed upward, pulling at grass, bushes and the sharp edges of buried stones. The incline became shallower as I progressed, until finally I reached the stump of one of the guardrail posts, still rooted in the ground at the side of the road. I lay there panting.

A car with its parking lights on was rolling slowly down the hill from my right. It rounded the curve and came to a halt across the road from me. I couldn't see the driver but I saw a dark figure emerge from the bushes and approach the car. That would be Tremaine. A second later a door slammed and the car rolled silently on. I was supposed to be lying with a broken neck in the junked car a hundred feet beneath. It was the second time I was supposed to be dead. Only this time he'd shown himself. There'd be no round arms or somber eyes to soften me from now on.

For about five minutes I stayed where I was, slowly recovering strength. My face was raw and bleeding; my overcoat was tattered and covered with dirt; my body was one big throbbing bruise.

I had to get away before anyone came and while there was still a little night left. I struggled to my feet, and started downhill. It was the only direction I had strength enough to take.

The world began to get gray with morning. Far over to my left I could make out an arm of water with hills black against the pale dawn behind them. That had to be the lower arm of the bay, which meant I was somewhere on the peninsula south of San Francisco. I ran my hands through my pockets.

The gun was gone, of course. So was the razor. My wallet had been changed to another one something like the one I'd carried up from Mexico. It was engraved with the same initials—P. T. Inside it were Philip Tremaine's cards and a picture of his mother. In my coat pocket I found a letter addressed to Tremaine at a Mexican address. The letter was signed by Mrs. Tremaine and contained nothing except a little family news and some motherly greetings. I'd been fixed up again with Tremaine's identity so I could pass for him after I was dead. It was better than the first time; this time I was even wearing his clothes.

The only money left was a five-dollar bill. Tremaine, thoughtful to the last, had taken the rest of it and left me with just enough to keep up appearances. It reminded me of the twenty pesos he'd left in his wallet at Calisto.

I staggered back on the highway again and started on down the hill. With my face battered up, I'd be picked up the first time I showed it. On the other hand, the situation had improved in one respect at least. Tremaine was in the vicinity of San Francisco, and he was the man who had murdered Earl Clark. If the police got him, they'd have no reason to hunt any longer for me.

Tremaine would stay hidden now that he was supposed to be dead. He'd wait for my body to be identified as his and give Catherine time to inherit her fortune. Then he'd step in and demand his share as the price for staying dead. He had to be damned certain that whoever identified my body as his would be utterly convincing to the police. A mother and sister could do that. The sister. I'd untied her from the chair and a minute later I'd been knocked unconscious for my trouble. Tremaine wouldn't stay with her long because the police would want her for questioning. But he still had to tell his mother what had happened. If she were in Palo Alto, I was headed in the right direction.

There is something about being the hunter rather than the hunted which bolsters up the ego and gives strength to flagging muscles. There is something about being struck on the head by the hand you've freed which makes hatred burn with an even brighter flame.

A car swept around the curve behind me. I didn't hear it or see it in time to duck so I kept on walking, hoping it would go on by. It slowed though and stopped.

"Better hop in," the driver said. I started to tell him, no thanks, but thought better of it. The highway patrol would be looking for whoever was in the car that went over the cliff.

"Thanks," I said and slid in beside him. I kept my collar turned up against my bloody face. It was still dark enough that he might not notice it right away.

"Going to the city?"

"No, I'm headed south."

"Fine," he said, "that's the way I'm going. We can ride together a way."

I was afraid he'd turn out to be one of these chatty drivers, but he didn't speak again for a long time. We drove down from the hills and hit the south Bayshore Highway. He turned south and drove on for about ten minutes. Finally he spoke.

"You know, I used to work for the F.B.I."

I looked at him then.

"Don't jump to conclusions," he said just as softly, keeping his eyes on the road ahead. "I'm not working for the F.B.I. now."

The man was Plumpy.

ON THE oily waters of the bay two little sailboats ran with the morning breeze, leaning away from the wind and circling across the water like a pair of white gulls. I could see the dark figures of a man in each, shouting and waving to the other. They were up early. The sight relieved me somehow. Part of the world still laughed. I looked at Plumpy again.

"Don't do anything rash," he said. "You're in no condition for it." He kept the car rolling easily and lighted a cigarette. He offered me one. I needed it.

"You damn' near made it," he said. I leaned into the corner of the seat and tried to rest my head so it wouldn't hurt so much.

"Close doesn't count."

"No," he said. "No. Have you figured out yet what's happened to you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then you're ahead of me a little. But not far." He dug two fingers into his vest pocket and pulled out a card. "Here."

It was the business card of the Blackstone Research Company. In one corner was printed *Rex Tuttle, Representative.*

"So you're a private detective."

"We call ourselves representatives," he said. "Sounds better. But an onion is an onion. We met before once."

"I remember. I wish now that you had given me a bigger scare than you did."

"Yeah. I wanted to have a good look at you and hear your voice once. When

you ducked out of Laredo so sudden, I thought someone must be after you."

"You were."

He laughed again. "You mean to say you were trying to get away from me?"

"That was the idea."

"Hell, that was silly. I knew you were going to San Francisco even before you crossed the border. I was just there to make sure no one was following you."

"Like who?"

"My God, man, killers don't cross the border under their right names every day. It's been a long time since Earl Clark died, but once in a while there's a guy on duty at the border who remembers everything. My first duty was to see that you weren't picked up."

"Suppose I had been?"

"Then I reported the news and faded out of the picture. That would have been the end of my job. You see, I was hired to pick up the trail of a man named Philip Tremaine, make sure he crossed the border all right, and then report the time and place of his arrival in San Francisco. I was told that's where you'd go. I had a picture of you along, and I checked the border register, so there was no mistake. I had the right man. Kinda odd, though. You weren't quite what I was expecting."

"What were you expecting?"

"Well, I know quite a bit about the background. I read up on it after I got the assignment. This Tremaine had all the dough in the world. Always had to have his own way. After he got kicked out of college he was shipped off to Europe, where he played around with other people who'd been shipped off to Europe. He was there a couple of years until just before the war started, when the State Department canceled his visa for being too friendly with the people we were about to go to war with. So he comes home again. Hardly gets here before he gets into this brawl with Earl Clark over Clark's wife and ends up shooting him."

"Yes?"

"So this guy I spot in Laredo doesn't quite fit the picture. He smokes a cheap brand of cigarette; he has calluses on his hands; he doesn't have the sullen drawl which Tremaine is supposed to have. Nothing definite—just the general picture. I'm not suspicious—just a little curious. The story I'd been told when I was hired was that Tremaine was coming home to face trial voluntarily, and that it was important for him to reach San Francisco without being stopped.

"Then this guy ducks out on me in Laredo and that worried me some, because the other part of my assignment is to report the time of his arrival in San Francisco. I found out that a San Francisco ticket had been sold but there was no way of knowing which bus you were on, so I flew west and parked in Fresno, where I checked everything that came through. You showed up two days later. I wired the information ahead and got on the second section that followed about five minutes behind yours. I thought you might need some identification at the station in San Francisco. But when I got there I saw you climb into a taxi with your sister. That's the end of my job, see? I'm all through."

"This wire you mentioned—who received it?"

"Mrs. Reba Tremaine. After all, I was hired to deliver you to Mama."

"But I was delivered to the cops."

HE SNAPPED his cigarette butt from the window. "I didn't have a thing to do with that, but it set me wondering. All my curiosity came back. I'm not a clumsy operative. My job was to make sure no one else was following you, and believe me, I did—especially after you ducked out that way. So the police didn't know a thing about your arrival in San Francisco until after you got here. They weren't expecting you. That means someone tipped them off after you arrived, and it wasn't your Uncle Tuttle. That's when I got curious again. After all, the idea was that you'd turn yourself in. You didn't."

"No. Must have been Mrs. T."

"Well, it isn't hard figuring that out now. But it's still none of my business, see? You're a murderer and why should I worry about you? But then they run your picture in the paper and I take a close look at it. The one I'd seen of you was a snapshot taken somewhere in Mexico and didn't show your features very well. But the newspaper shot was full view, and I knew that somewhere I'd seen another picture of you—full face."

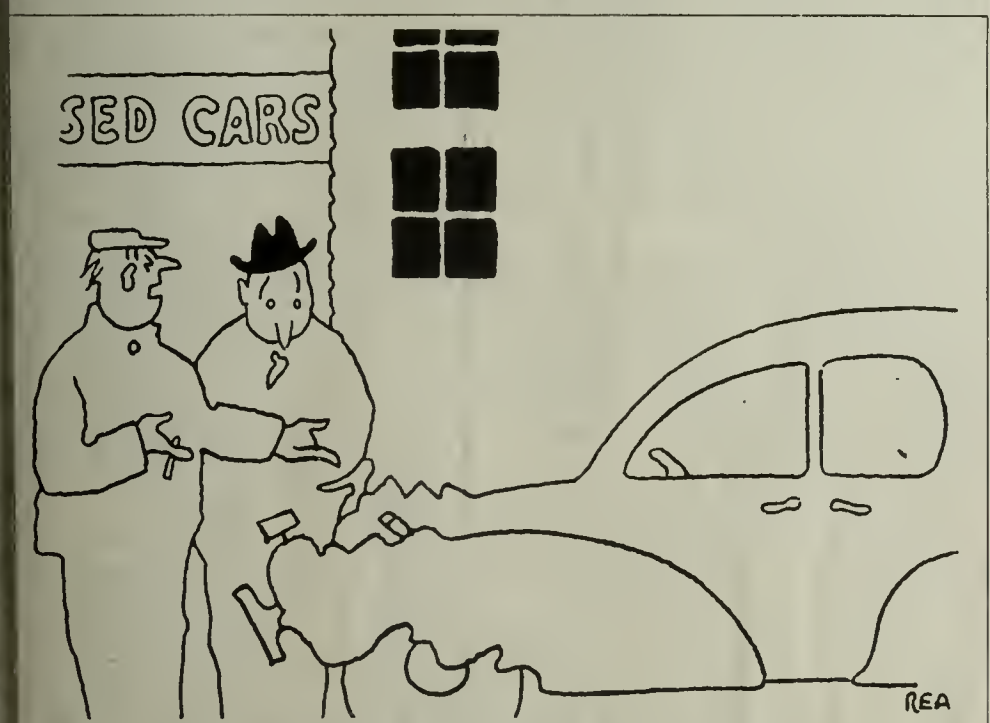
"Yes?"

"Like I said, I once worked for the F.B.I. I was a fingerprint man. Didn't have the education to get into the personal-investigation branch, which is why I left government service. Well, I remember a picture in the F.B.I. files, and it isn't a picture of Tremaine. So it occurs to me that this guy I picked up in Laredo isn't Tremaine at all and that he's being framed. This other guy hasn't murdered anyone that I know of. He's done a few other things that people frown on such as altering passports, which might land him in the clink for a while—"

"Yes?"

"I can't figure out any connection at all between the real Tremaine and this guy I pick up at the border. So I figure it this way—see if I'm right.

"This second guy—let's call him Fin-



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PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

ney just for ducks—meets up with Tremaine in Mexico. Finney doesn't know anything about Tremaine's past because when Tremaine shot Earl Clark, Finney was somewhere in Europe and not receiving his home paper regularly. Finney wants to come back to the United States, but he's afraid to do it under his own name because twelve or thirteen years ago he falsified a passport to go fight in Spain. Apparently he doesn't know that the government has forgiven most of the boys who did that. Even before he went to Spain he spent a couple of years making street-corner speeches right here in San Francisco, but so far as I've been able to find out, Finney and Tremaine have never been in San Francisco at the same time until maybe very recently.

"Anyhow Finney is worrying about how he can get home when he runs into Tremaine in Mexico. Finney tells Tremaine his troubles, and Tremaine very kindly offers his Mexican tourist permit for Finney to use. A forged permit, by the way. Tremaine points out how his physical description just about fits Finney. He knows that when Finney crosses the border he'll head for San Francisco. So Finney takes the damned permit never knowing what kind of a jam he's headed for. Right?"

"No," I said. "Wrong. You give this Finney too much credit."

"How's that? Did he steal the permit?"

"He thought he was stealing it."

He chuckled. "Yes, indeed. I see it now. They didn't even have to be friendly that way. For a while I thought Finney might have killed Tremaine to get it."

"Tremaine isn't dead."

"So you know who tried to push you over the cliff. Good enough. Killing the guy might be a fine idea but there's enough against you already without that. A short while ago all you were guilty of was falsifying a passport. You could have got off easy. But now you've reentered the country with forged papers under a false name; you've impersonated a murderer, slugged a police surgeon, broken jail, kidnaped a woman and to all appearances stolen and wrecked an automobile. Somewhere along the line you must have been guilty of breaking and entering. It might be better if you really were Tremaine because it would be hard to prove you'd kidnaped your own sister or stolen the family car."

"The Tremaine car?"

"What car do you think?"

"You're certain of that?"

"You don't think I'm driving around for pleasure, do you? I've had my peepers on the Tremaine house ever since you broke jail. When the gal drove off tonight, I followed. I thought she was alone and might lead me somewhere. Quite a surprise to find you in the car with her. Quite a surprise to find someone else following, too."

HIS words ran on for a while but I couldn't listen to them. There was no reason why I should feel worse than I already felt, but I did. I hadn't seen the person who had struck me, and as long as I hadn't seen, there was a chance I was mistaken in thinking it was Catherine. Now I knew there was no mistake. Plumpy had just given me the clincher. It had been the Tremaine car that went over the cliff—the same car Catherine had driven and parked at Mission and Eleventh. When it went over the cliff, the keys were in it. And I remembered distinctly tossing those same keys on the shelf over the washbasin in the hotel. She was the last person to have those keys before I woke up in the back seat of the car. It made me sick. Catherine had knocked me cold and helped her brother try to kill me.

"There's nothing you can do about it though." Plumpy was still talking—"Nothing except run. Run like hell. Tremaine is probably on his way back to Mexico already where he'll stay in hiding waiting for your dead body to be identified as his. It won't be, but that isn't going to do you any good. You're hot. Your fingerprints are all over everything and sooner or later they'll be identified. I wouldn't give you another twenty-four hours. There'll be others who'll remember who that newspaper photograph reminds them of."

I pushed myself to a sitting position. "I can't understand why it hasn't happened already."

He snorted. "People think they remember faces, but they don't. What you remember is the whole person—the voice, the gestures, the tricks of expression. Any good stage mimic knows that. The face isn't very important. Anyhow, no one has seen Tremaine around here for ten years. Before that he'd been in Europe right up to the time Clark was shot, so no one was very intimate with him. He didn't leave any recent photographs of himself around, and apparently his family burned all the old ones. They couldn't keep the story out of the papers but they kept his picture off the front page. I know. I looked through the old papers trying to find a picture for myself. So when your picture was printed with Tremaine's name under it, who was going to question it? Especially when a sister and a mother both claimed you were Tremaine. But it won't hold once somebody checks your fingerprints or pulls out your old record. That's what I don't get. You were supposed to die, not go on trial. Why did they let the cops take you the first time? They couldn't very well kill you while you were in jail."

"Once I thought I knew the answer to that one. Now I don't."

"Well, I know enough anyhow. What are your plans?"

"I don't have any."

"Think maybe I'm going to turn you in, is that it? Nope. I'm not working for the Feds these days. If they want you, they can find you for themselves. Uncle Tuttle is a private operator and there's no reward out for you yet. At least, not for Mike Finney. Right now my business is with the Tremaines."

"I see. Going to try blackmail?"

"Don't know just what there is in it, but it's worth a try. If they'd succeeded in killing you, it would be worth a lot."

"Sure, I'm sorry I'm not dead."

He nodded in agreement. "Yep. If you were dead, they'd pay almost anything to keep me shut up. But right now they think you're dead, so the trick is to get to them before they learn otherwise. That's why I want to get you out of the vicinity."

"You're going to be disappointed. There's no ready cash."

"Think so? Maybe I think different."

He swung the car off the highway and pulled up at a filling station. "This is as good a place as any to part company. Out you get, brother."

Waving back a service-station attendant, Plumpy wheeled the car around toward San Francisco, leaving me standing by the gas pumps.

THE attendant gaped at my bloody face. "I fell on it," I said. "The fellow in the car said I could catch a bus for Palo Alto from here. Is that right?"

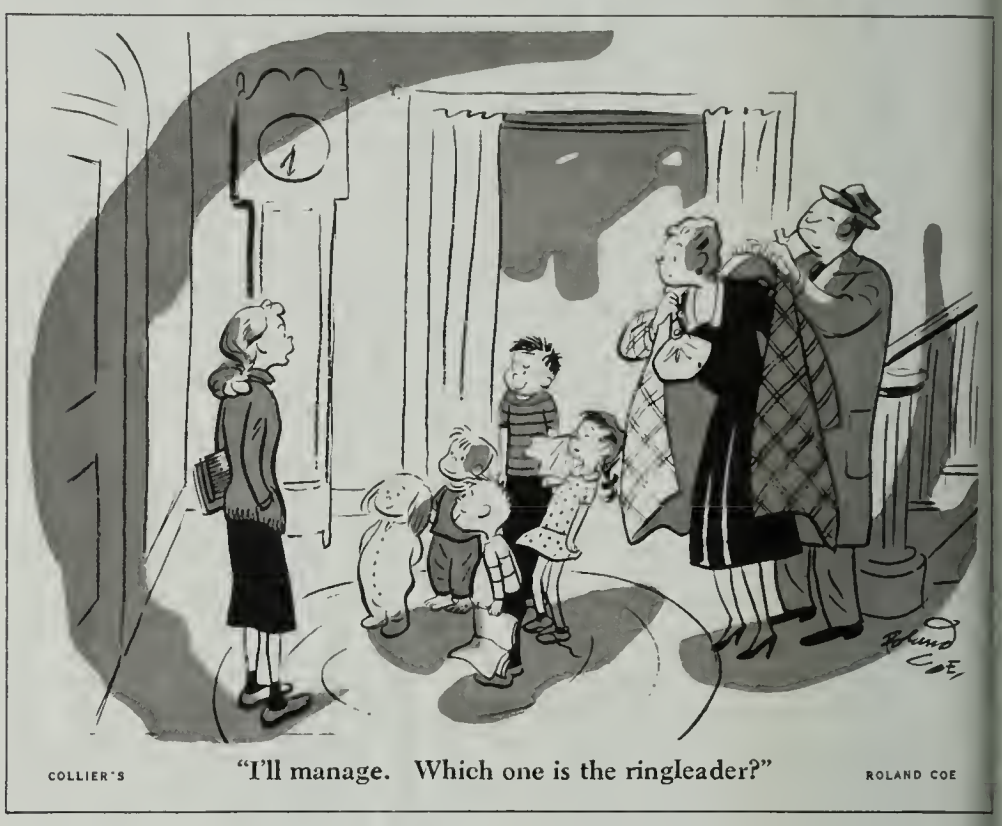
"Down at the lunchroom." He jerked his thumb toward a roadside café about two hundred yards down the highway. "There'll be another one along soon."

"Is your washroom open?"

"I'll unlock it for you." He got some keys and led me around to the side of the station. "I'll get some soap for you. Car wreck?" I nodded. "Anybody hurt bad?"

"I was alone," I said. "Guess I went to sleep for a second."

He nodded and went around to the front and returned a minute later with soap and towel. "Want some adhesive for those cuts on your forehead?"



COLLIER'S "I'll manage. Which one is the ringleader?" ROLAND COE

"Thanks. I'll see how they are after I wash." I went into the lavatory and looked at myself in the glass. One side of my face was caked with blood, and my hair was matted with the stuff. I felt the back of my head; it was swollen and throbbing. I wondered what she had used. My overcoat was minus a couple of buttons; a big rip ran down from the lapel. The front of it looked as though it had gone through a meat grinder. I took it off and put it on a hook. Underneath it, the suit was still in pretty fair condition. I took off my coat and shirt and started washing. I doused my head in a basin of water and scrubbed my hair. I nearly keeled over a dozen times from standing with my head down, but I finally finished the job. After the blood was off my face, it didn't look as bad as I'd expected. It was sore and bruised, but the deep cuts were all in my scalp and forehead. I combed my hair sideways so it hid the worst of them. Then I dressed again, shook out the overcoat and threw it over my arm.

When I stepped outside, the sun was up. The attendant was putting gas in a car. I took the towel around to the office, threw it over a chair, waved at him and started limping down the highway toward the café. About halfway there, a dry culvert ran under the road; it was a good place to chuck the overcoat.

No one was in the café except a couple of truck drivers and a sleepy waitress. The truck drivers paid no attention to

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e. I ordered hot cakes and coffee and st had time to finish eating when a uthbound bus drew up to a stop. . . .

In times of stress, plans for action me to mind almost automatically. hey are often very poor plans and ex- ess nothing more than an instinctive arch for a way of self-preservation. My mediate plan was to find Philip Tre- aine. The execution of the plan was ore difficult than formulating it be- use I didn't know where to find him. is disguise was the best in the world. He mply had to wear his own face and no e would look twice at him, because his me had by now been associated with y face. He wouldn't even have to hide. rst, so I reasoned, he would go to his other. She must be told that I was dead order to be prepared to identify my dy as his. He might have accomplished is already. He'd had plenty of time. My pe was that, thinking me dead, he uldn't bother to hurry; I thought I had chance to catch up with him at his ther's house.

HE bus went through Redwood City ten minutes after I got on it. The e wasn't a long one after that. A ck in a Palo Alto drugstore where I nt to find a phone booth showed the e to be 7:45. I sat in the phone booth d looked up Reba Tremaine's address. The town isn't big, so I didn't take the ance of asking anyone where to find street I wanted. I just walked, watch- the street signs and house numbers d trying to get my body into working der again. I came to the right street ally, hitting it at the eleven-hundred ck. The house I wanted was in the ee-hundred block, eight blocks to my t. The street was quiet and shaded by maples that lined it on either side.

It was about a five-minute walk to the ce. The house was a one-story bun- low. It set well back from the street, h about fifteen feet of space on either e between it and the houses next door. e shades were drawn on the front win- ws. No policeman was in front.

I went by on the opposite side of the eet, turned at the corner and walked wly around the block. About halfway k on the next street was a vacant lot ich opened a view across the alley to rear of the place. No policeman in t in back either, and the shades on the hen windows were drawn. There was arage at the rear of the house with an y entrance; its doors were open; it was empty. The place looked deserted, but while I watched, a car eased into the alley and entered the garage. The glimpse I had of the driver was brief—enough to tell me he was a man and nothing more. But I could think of only one man who'd be calling at Reba Tremaine's house at this early hour.

I ran across the vacant lot to the wall of the neighboring house, slipped along the wall to the rear and crossed the back yard up to the protection of a little shed which was directly across the alley from the garage. The driver was already out of the car. I waited for him to appear from the garage, but he went through a small door at the front end. I heard the door slam and heard his footsteps on the walk leading to the house.

The garage was between us, so I ducked across the alley and into it and found the door at the other end. I opened it carefully, just a crack, and got another fleeting glimpse of the figure as he rounded the corner of the house. For a few minutes I stayed where I was. If an officer were waiting inside the house, then Tremaine was walking right into him, and I could hear about it from where I stood. Seconds passed and there was no sound from within the house.

Then I did hear voices. They weren't loud enough to distinguish the words, but the flow of sound had a conversational rise and fall. One voice belonged to a woman. That would be Reba Tremaine, I decided, roused from bed by her son and helping to plan his final escape. He'd need a little money perhaps, and he'd need to tell her exactly what had happened so she'd be able to tell the right lies when the time came. Right now his cool insolent voice was probably describing the conditions of my death. Both of them were going to be damned surprised when I walked in on them. My plan was very concise up to that point. I would lay him out cold, identify him by every means at hand, call the police and leave him for them to find. The car in the garage was my means of escape, and I'd take Reba Tremaine along until I knew her son was in the hands of the police. Once they had the real Tremaine in their hands, they'd lose interest in me. It would leave only the federal men for me to worry about, and so far they weren't interested because, except for Plumpy, no one had even mentioned the name of Mike Finney.

I opened the little garage door wide enough to slip through, and stepped onto the soft dirt of the flower beds bordering the house. The voices were a little clearer and seemed to be coming from a room in front. That meant I'd better try the back door first because I didn't want to give anyone a chance to slam the front one in my face.

There were four wooden steps leading up to a screened porch. The screen door opened easily when I put my hand on it. I stepped across the back porch and peered through a slit of glass just below the drawn shade of the window. The kitchen was just inside, and from the kitchen a door led into what looked like a hallway. I could see about three feet of it from where I stood. The voices were still audible. I put my hand on the knob and tried it. The door was locked but it wasn't very solid. Someone had slammed it a few times when the key was turned, and the bolt had gnawed a groove for itself in the door frame. I got my knee against the frame, leaned with all my weight and pulled gently at the door. The tongue of the lock scraped over the chewed wood until it was free. I stepped inside, closed the door as far as it would go without another struggle and listened. I could distinguish the words now.

"It's a horrible, horrible thing," Reba Tremaine was saying.

"It can't be helped," the drawling male voice replied. "That's the way it happened. I came to you right away because you have to know about it. I hope it doesn't involve you too much."

"It can't help but involve me," she said. "There'll be all that disgusting publicity again. Our pictures in all the papers, reporters pounding on the doors. I just can't bear it."

"It can't be helped," he repeated. I heard a chair scrape as he got up. "Anyway, that's the story. I haven't much time and I'm dead for sleep. I'll be on my way."

THE complete confidence and coolness of the man's tones gave me all the seething energy I needed. Reba Tremaine's gasps of horror hadn't been at the manner of my supposed death, merely at the thought of the publicity. The publicity worried her, but everything else was taken care of. So they thought. I marched out of the kitchen and into the hallway, making no effort to remain silent. I even tromped a little.

"That's just part of the story," I said as I stepped into the living room. "And you won't be on your way." I headed straight for the man standing in the center of the room. Then I stopped. The room seemed to sway a little as I looked at him. I caught a glimpse of Reba Tremaine coming to her feet, her hand clutching at the throat of her blouse, her mouth distorted and gaping.

"Philip!" she croaked. "Philip!"

But I wasn't looking at her. I was looking at the tall man in front of me, and while I looked, all the energy drained out of my body and was replaced by sick disappointment. I'd been too angry to see straight; I'd been too anxious to see Philip Tremaine. Because the man in front of me wasn't Tremaine at all; it was Wickersham. He'd probably been telling Mrs. Tremaine about my appearance at the San Francisco house during the night.

He had a red, swollen jaw where I'd socked him. His fingers went to it involuntarily when he saw me; an expression of positive delight entered his eyes.

"Well, well," he said reflectively, smiling at me. "I certainly never thought I'd have this opportunity so soon." He stepped toward me and swung. I made an instinctive effort to duck, but there was no heart behind the effort. I was too dazed by this final twist of events to do more than wobble. My duck was a slow bow. His big fist landed full on the side of my face, and I escaped into a sudden and peaceful darkness.

(To be continued next week)

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WARREN WARMUP

Continued from page 65

ignored Warren's appeals and smothered the bill in committee.

Against this one setback are many victories. For example, the governor proposed a long-range highway program and, in order to raise the necessary millions, urged a hike in the gasoline tax from 3 cents to 4½ cents a gallon, together with an increased tax on commercial vehicles. The major oil companies, long a political power, screamed, but Warren matched them blow for blow and won. As a result, the state now has $75,000,000 a year to spend on state highways during the next decade, and also $9,000,000 a year with which to help cities and counties improve their roads and streets.

Organized labor, as well as Big Business, has also come off second best in bouts with Earl Warren. The threats and pleas of union leaders could not induce him to veto a Hot Cargo bill, prohibiting secondary boycotts, and it was over the anguished protests of both the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. that he signed a measure outlawing jurisdictional strikes.

During his administration old-age pensions have been upped from $40 to $60 a month; unemployment insurance raised from $20 to $25 a week for a maximum of 26 weeks, and the waiting period lowered from two weeks to one; workmen's compensation benefits now range from $9.75 to $30 a week, with an outright death benefit of $7,500 to widows, and the act has been broadened so as to provide cash payments for workers when ill or injured through *nonindustrial* causes.

Child-care centers, a federal war project to handle the little ones of working mothers, have been continued by the state at heavy cost; aid to the blind has been increased from $50 a month to $75, and aid to needy children from $10.40 a month to $23.80.

From 1937 to 1943, the minimum pay for elementary, high school and junior college teachers was $1,320 a year. Today the annual minimum for all teachers is $2,400. Declaring that there was no room in a progressive state for the one-room and two-room school, the governor has launched a large-scale building program, and the $20,000,000 already allotted to impoverished school districts will be raised by another $30,000,000 if he has his way.

Modernizing the Prison System

California's penal system has been completely overhauled and with emphasis on rehabilitation rather than mere custody. Along with new construction and remodeling, the prisons have been divided into three groups—maximum security, medium security and minimum security—and an Adult Authority determines the classification of prisoners, fixes prison terms and is entirely responsible for discipline and paroles.

Apparently the Warrenistas have ample justification for their claim that the governor is the Republican party's answer to its prayer in the event of a deadlock. A consistent and courageous progressive, steering a sane course between radicalism and standpatism; an experienced executive with a genius for co-operation, and a candidate who has proved his ability to attract and hold the independent vote.

But the chorus of praise is not free from impassioned dissents. Prior to Earl Warren's advent, Republican leadership in California was notorious for its conservatism, and while the Old Guard has been whittled down almost to the vanishing point, the survivors retain both their voices and their views.

A particular offense is the nonpartisan nature of the governor's appointments, and his failure to put tried and trusted Republicans in key posts. As for his social welfare laws, they are attacked as an "attempt to steal New Deal thunder," a bid for the old Roosevelt following that is "filling the state with the old, the lame, the halt and the blind." In support of the charge it is pointed out that aged aid recipients have increased by 10.5 per cent; children eligible for aid by 25.5 per cent; blind aid recipients by 11.4 per cent; and correctional institutional inmates by 10.4 per cent.

Charges of Extravagance

According to the dissidents, luck, rather than prudent administration, has been responsible for California's overflowing treasury. Up to 1942 the state was deep in the red, and would still be a jump ahead of bankruptcy but for the millions brought in by defense activities. The governor's special reserve funds are dismissed as a "drop in the bucket," and his tax cuts derided as merely one tenth of what they should have been. They bemoan Earl Warren's wastefulness, and, as evidence, cite the 1948-1949 budget—a total of $919,943,287, while for the same period Governor Dewey is asking only $707,500,000 for New York!

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: On the evening of Pearl Harbor day, Churchill called Roosevelt from London. "The President told him that we were all in the same boat now."

Governor Warren, to be sure, meets the attack head on. While frankly admitting the "staggering" size of the budget, he stresses "the most phenomenal growth ever experienced by any state in the history of our country . . . the inflationary forces which have accelerated during recent years . . . the tendency to shift the costs of government from local taxation to state taxation," and winds up with the bold challenge that his budget, aside from all other considerations, "reflects the insistence of a progressive people upon ever higher standards of education, public health, social welfare, institutional care, public works and other necessary governmental services."

All of which is just so many words to the Old Guard, and they are going ahead on the compilation of a Warren dossier that will emphasize his "radicalism," his "prodigality" and his "nonpartisanship." They will file this dossier with the Republican high command at the proper time. And in event of a deadlock, they are confident that their "damning indictment" will prevent any consideration of California's governor.

"With Henry Wallace in the field," they argue, "Democratic defeat is certain, making it perfectly safe to nominate a sound conservative and 100 per cent party man. And that is what Earl Warren *isn't*. There's nothing we can do to head him off as a favorite son, but we can and will stop him in the convention."

Their enthusiasm undimmed, Warrenistas laugh at the Old Guard remnant as "just a lot of zombis," still living in the days when Republican candidates were chosen in "smoke-filled back rooms," and hopefully waiting for the second coming of Warren Harding. "Give us a deadlock," they say, "and Earl's in."

So there you have the difference of opinion that makes convention fights as well as horse races.

THE END

THE GENERAL WAS AN HONEST MAN

Continued from page 67

on of his, I've got to risk losing it! hat's enough to swear about!"

He went away into the darkness aft. d met the General's wife. She wasn't oung, but she had the most beautiful es I've ever seen. And she'd looked at e so eagerly when she heard I'd soon be oing back to the *Estados Unidos* she'd ade me a little uncomfortable.

The boat went on up the river. I dn't known the General had anything do with Garrison's business. In fact, arrison had told me, in some satisction, that he didn't pay graft to anydy. Which was remarkable for a *anqui* in the tropics.

The card game below me went on. e General lost a bet, and grinned at e man who'd won it. He was marvelsly at ease, and that was queer, in a ay. Nobody else cracked a smile. The *ogado* looked gloomy, as if he knew s journey would be futile for his client.

Garrison came back scowling.

"What's the General got to do with ur boat?" I asked. "And what's this out his son?"

"His son was a deplorable incident," d Garrison briefly. "He's why I'm aking a fool of myself for his mother. e General's an honest man. When this siness began to make money, various inent *politicos* sent their worthless atives to me with polite notes saying y hoped I'd be able to make use of ir talents. Meaning, hire them or be out of business by official interfere. I think the General heard about it. yhow, he gave an interview to El Dia, up in the capital pointing out how luable my boat and its development interprovincial commerce was to the ntry, and how all patriots should nor me. I had no more trouble."

He glowered at the brightly lighted w deck. Suddenly he said angrily:

"How law abiding are you?"

"That depends," I said cautiously.

"You could be heaved out of the coun," said Garrison, "and you might nd a week or so in jail while they re deciding to do it. But would you ak a few laws for the good of your l and no other reward whatever?"

"If it were very good for my soul," I d, "but not otherwise."

He growled and went into the pilotse. He came out again and said:

"Then watch that game like a good ow. That's all. If it starts to break fall over the rail or something."

He vanished astern again without furr explanation. I smoked and watched card game. I'd never heard of the neral's son at all. And all I knew of General was the mildly humorous of how he got started.

WENTY years before, he'd been a junior lieutenant in a regiment of efoot soldiers, and his company comnder went off on extended leave. He left in charge. And for three months soldiers collected all their pay and all r rations for the first time in their exience. They thought they were in ven. But the General—then a mere tenant—was in a very bad fix when superior officer came back. For his ach of ancient tradition, he was sent to fight fever and bandits in the ntains. But it happened that his liked him. So they not only took shots at bandits to oblige him, they ally reported it when the bandits d to make the usual deals for advance tary information. In consequence, young lieutenant came marching k to the capital with practically the le bandit population of the mountas as prisoners, and there was nothing o but promote him. It was his start he ladder of military rank.

Garrison came back yet again, cursing to himself. I stopped him. "What is all this, Garrison?" I asked. "What's up?"

"At the moment," he told me furiously, "nothing! I'm incompetent! I haven't mastered the art of picking locks. Damn women!"

There were just two women on the boat; the General's wife and the wife of the poor devil in handcuffs down below. She was going along with him to his trial, and she was white-faced.

"Picking locks?" I said helpfully. "I used to know an escape artist. He showed me some interesting tricks."

"Come on, then!" said Garrison.

I followed. Back about thirty feet. Down a ladder. It seemed remarkably dark back here. Down three steps into a cabin. The two women were there, standing beside the prisoner, a lean young Latin without a tie. He was handcuffed, and the chain passed around a sort of iron stanchion strengthening the cabin roof. The General's wife and the wife of the prisoner were plainly united in a bond of completest understanding. They turned quickly as I entered.

GARRISON had introduced me before. Now he said formally that I claimed the art of picking locks, and the General's wife smiled warmly.

"Bueno! Bueno!" she said gaily, turning to the younger woman. "This is fortune!" To me she explained pleasantly: "It is necessary to release this young man, *Señor*. My husband, the General, discovered that he had stolen much from the government. He arrested him. But he did not profit from his thefts. He obeyed the orders of another, who has already fled the country. Therefore this young man will take the penalty for the much greater thief, and that is not just."

The younger woman looked at me with frightened, hopeful eyes.

"But Garrison—" I protested.

"The *Señora*," said Garrison coldly, "insists that this young man be released. For the good of my soul I agree. If you have a gift for felonies, don't ask questions, but get those cuffs off him!"

I could not pretend confidence, because I didn't have it.

"I'd have to have a dollar watch and a pair of scissors," I said uncomfortably, "just to try it. And I ought to have a pair of handcuffs to practice on."

The *Señora* laughed. I'd spoken in English. She translated. The prisoner's wife caught my hand suddenly and kissed it. I felt ashamed.

"Come up in the pilothouse," said Garrison. "There's an old pair of cuffs there, for morale. The key won't open this set, though. And I've a watch I'd been intending to get fixed."

We went out and up again. The stars were lurid, even with the moon—white-hot and huge—now well above the horizon. I had that daunting sensation of absurdity which comes in situations out of all reason. Garrison sent the river pilot down for coffee. Then he angrily gave me a battered watch, a pair of rusty handcuffs, and turned up a pair of disreputable scissors.

I smashed the watch on the jamb of a cupboard door and pulled it apart. It was rather like dissecting a crab, but harder. I stuck my fingers with small gears. Presently I had the spring. I snipped out a section of it and said:

"I've never actually done this before. Why the devil can't the *Señora* work on her husband? A little connivance—"

The windows of the pilothouse were open and we could hear the sounds of the card game. The General threw back his head and laughed. Alone. The others merely murmured. Garrison scowled.

"He's a monster of integrity," he said

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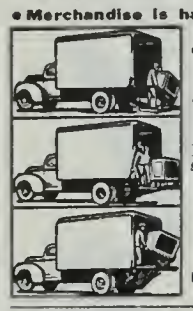

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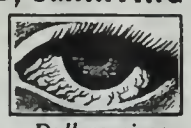

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bitterly. "That's why I have to make a fool of myself. For the sake of his wife. I'm sorry for her. She's had the devil of a life, between her son and the General's honesty!"

I messed with the spring and the rusty handcuffs. When cuffs are snapped on, the swinging piece that locks on a man's wrist has teeth that catch in a ratchet to keep it locked. The escape-artist trick is to slide a bit of bent watch spring under that ratchet, push the swinging piece one notch further so the ratchet climbs up, and then simply slide the handcuff off. It works nicely.

"He's not human!" said Garrison between his teeth. "Once there was a revolt down south. They sent him—he was a major, then—to hold the rebels in check while they gathered an army to put down the whole thing. He'd a couple of hundred men. But when the army started south they met the major on his way back, with the head of the revolt in tow. He'd given the man safe-conduct and was heading for the capital for a conference. How's that thing coming?"

"I almost have it," I said, encouraged.

"The general in command of the army, of course, pointed out that the General—then a major—had no authority to grant a safe-conduct. So he took the poor devil of a rebel leader and stood him against a wall and shot him. And the General—down yonder, I mean"—and Garrison nodded toward the card game—"blew up. He rode hell-for-leather to the capital and resigned his commission, and rode hell-for-leather back to the army, and as a civilian and a free agent very politely slapped his former superior officer's face. It was very public and very deliberate and the other man simply could not back down. So there was a very formal duel, with all the trimmings, and he killed his man very competently, and then he rode on back to the rebels and told them what had happened."

THERE was a promising click in the handcuff I worked on. "I'm coming along!" I said. "I think I'll manage it! What did the rebels say?"

"They made him the head of the revolution," said Garrison dryly. "The fine drama of his performance was inspiring. So then the government sent down a flag of truce, and he proved the rebels had some right on their side, and a provincial governor was fired and some of his subordinates jailed, and the rebel army went home. And the General was a hero to the populace. The army took him back to its bosom as a brigadier general, praying that his example of integrity wouldn't be too widely imitated."

Quite incredibly, I got the click I was listening for. The locked handcuff came open. I locked it again and tried afresh.

"But why—" Then I realized how completely insane all this was. "Look, Garrison," I said. "Why the devil do we have to turn a prisoner loose? I've nothing against him, but if he did steal—"

"The *Señora* wants it," said Garrison bitterly. "She is the one woman in the world for whom I will not only make a fool but an ass of myself. I am risking my boat and my business for a minor thief I never saw before and devoutly hope never to see again. Simply because I know her husband and knew her son. If you tell me I'm crazy I'll agree with you, but dammit— Are you set?"

I nodded. The river pilot was coming back. The picture of the card game was as starkly theatrical as before. That incredible white glare like a spotlight made the scene preposterous. There were some huge, eight-inch moths fluttering about the lantern now, and when they were out of the light they looked like bats, and when in it like stuffed plush theatrical properties. When the light struck just right, too, their eyes glowed like garnets. The General pushed a stack of coins to the middle of the table. Two men dropped their hands. A third started to match it, changed his mind, and tossed in his cards. The General raked in his winnings. Then, grinning, he laid down his hand face up. He'd bluffed. He roared with laughter.

"Damn him!" growled Garrison in my ear. "Come on after me in a minute."

He went out. I stood there, suddenly irresolute. The insanity of this proceeding became an overwhelming conviction. The air which flowed past me was humid and hot from the day now past. You could almost smell the sunshine that had heated it. And that was normal and proper, like the habit of minding one's business in the tropics as elsewhere. But then the boat swam through a chill, wet tendril of jungle air and then the sweat on my skin felt icy.

The pilot came in and I went after Garrison to explain how completely irrational it was for us two foreigners to interfere in the administration of justice in this nation. Especially since the man in question was admittedly a thief.

But the General's wife smiled at me in the shadowy cabin, and the prisoner's wife greeted me with a gasp of relief.

"I've told them you can open the handcuffs," said Garrison. "Do your stuff."

I said indignantly, "Listen! What are you going to do after he's free? We're out in the middle of the stream. What'll you do? Let them swim ashore?"

There was consternation. The women had not thought. Garrison made profane sounds under his breath. He is a very decent man, Garrison. He must have been very deeply moved, to set about obeying a woman in this lunacy without thinking past his reluctance.

I bent over and tried my silly scrap of spring. The prisoner breathed on my neck as I worked. He was stiff, rigid, torn between intense hopefulness and absolute despair. There was a little scratching noise. One hand was free. I worked again. He had no handcuffs on. He moved his hands as if they were numb.

"All right," I said in unreasonable irritation. "He's loose. And what are you going to do about it?"

Garrison muttered, and said without hope, "That's right. He can't swim ashore. Not with his wife. If they did, the jungle—"

The General's wife smiled confidently at me. "But this *Señor* will think of something. His wife is going to have a baby, *Señor*. He cannot be put in prison. You cannot put a man in prison when his wife is going to have a baby!"

It was sheer lunacy. There were probably twenty people on the boat, any of whom might stop watching the card game and come back and catch us at this business. And we had absolutely no excuse for what we were doing.

"Listen!" I said exasperatedly. "You'd need to get a small boat overboard with a moderately plausible excuse. You'd need to account for his escape. For credibility, he ought to have had friends who'd hidden themselves on board. It should have been done a long time ago, anyhow. The moon's up now and anything on the water will show up like a sore thumb. It's crazy!—Garrison, can you make your engine smoke and stink?"

Garrison said, "Yes. But why?"

I explained grandly, with the fine precision of someone acting contrary to all his upbringing and common sense. Inspired, I pointed out the necessity of shifting some cargo below decks to make a hiding place for the mythical rescuers of the prisoner. I insisted on a food supply. I urged a weapon or two. And then I said severely to the prisoner—who regarded me with desperately intent eyes—that if by any chance he was discovered, he was not to use those weapons to avoid recapture. They were for the jungle only. I was very firm about this.

HIS white-faced wife panted as she listened. I hardened my heart against her and spoke authoritatively to Garrison, as if I knew what I was talking about. Then I made a final gesture and went back to the pilothouse and looked down once more on the card game.

The moon swam higher in a sea of stars, and the roof of the jungle glistened with the dew upon it. There was a bellowing noise of a beast somewhere. It was hopelessly discordant and morbid. But I knew it was only a caiman on a mud flat. I heard a tiny shriek off to the right, and knew that a monkey had found death twining horribly about him in the blackness. And there were the voices about the card table, and there was the monotonous muted drumming of the Diesel engine below, and there were all the sounds and smells and dissonant sensations one encounters in a tropic night.

Presently the pulsing rhythm of the Diesel changed subtly. I looked astern, and there was a smoke trail behind me. It grew thicker. I don't know what Garrison did to make it, and still less do I know how he kept his engineer's hands off whatever adjustments he did make. But that smoke would nicely hide anything Garrison chose to leave behind. The boat went on. Moonlight silvered its white paint and made flamboyant streakings on the bow wave as it spread.

Then the sound of the engine changed violently. It coughed and sputtered and made plaintive sounds, which were plainly pathetic appeals for aid. And then it cut off, and the boat drifted onward, the water whimpering alongside.

The players about the card table looked up, and Garrison appeared and

COLLIER'S "Psst! Boss just walked in—be signing this $10,000 endowment policy—want him to think I'm working!" DAVE GERARD

Eldon Beerbower lost all of his hair at the age of 12. Three years later, still completely bald, Eldon began to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Above, Eldon after eight weeks use.

"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime!" Eldon felt that he was doomed to a lifetime of hopeless baldness. Above, Eldon Beerbower getting his hair cut for the first time since he became totally bald.

Hereditary Baldness was a common trait in the Brandenfels family. Above, Carl Brandenfels as he looked in October, 1945, before he began to use his formulas and massage.

Carl Brandenfels as he looks today. Above, Carl inspecting a few of the more than 11,000 letters he received praising his formulas and massage.

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Certified public accountants recently completed an impartial audit of the result letters in Carl's files. By this certified count, Carl Brandenfels has received 11,000 letters from users who report from one to all of the following results after using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage: **Renewed hair growth, no more excessive falling hair, relief from dandruff, improved scalp condition.**

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Mrs. Amy Clevenger, Central Point, Ore., age 62. "I was completely bald for two years. Now I have almost all my hair back."

Left—O. K. Nulton, Olympia, Wn., age 65—"My hair was falling out by handfuls. Now my head is almost completely covered with hair."
Right—L. H. Coolidge, 5023 Prince St., Seattle, Wn.—"Hair is filling in; scalp condition much improved."

Left—Rev. L. C. Elliott, 2033 S.E. 51st Ave., Portland, Ore., age 70—"I purchased on advice of my barber and I got results."
Right—Marjorie King, Vanport, Ore.—"It is almost unbelievable, but two years ago I was completely bald."

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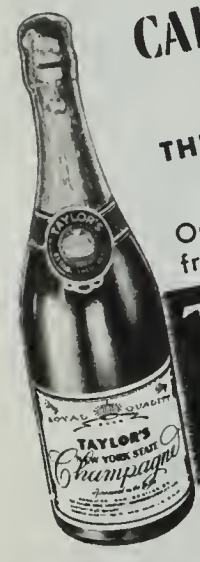

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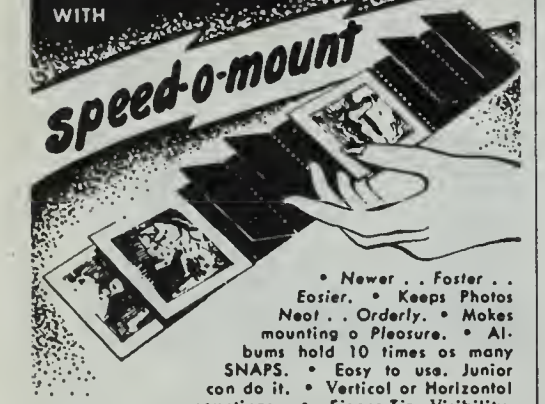

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made an elaborate explanation in a tone of mild vexation. Then he bellowed, and two men came out of the crew's quarters, yawning, and put the small boat overside. Garrison got into it himself while one of them held the painter, and fished around the stern with a boat hook. He seemed satisfied, and presently swung back to the deck. He went below and within seconds the Diesel was at work again, drumming not quite right but satisfactorily enough, and the boat picked up way once more. But it still left a smoke trail of pearly white vapor that rolled and spread over the black water in the moonlight. It veiled everything behind us. . . .

Nothing had happened. Nothing would happen. We went onward through the night, the black river furnishing a playground for star images and for splashes of the moon's reflection. A way had been opened for the prisoner and his wife to escape. That was all.

A LONG time later, Garrison came back to the rail where I still looked down. He regarded the General morosely.

"He's off," said Garrison. "He's miles behind, now, with his wife. I'm a fool! None of my business, either, but I couldn't refuse that poor damned woman. She was thinking of her son."

The General yawned amiably, down below. He tossed in a bet with the air of a man who is about to quit.

"The General," said Garrison dourly, "is one of those cases you read about in the history books, but they really belong to the psychiatrists. He's an honest man. His honesty was the secret weapon behind the last revolution. It brought in the current regime."

He explained that the previous regime had stolen a little more openly than even a Latin-American electorate will stand for, and trafficked too brazenly in places and immunities from internal-revenue regulations. And at last someone in power actually tried to cover up a murder, with the assistance of authority. Then suddenly there was street fighting in the capital and rumblings in all the provinces. There was an excellent setup for a nasty civil war.

"The General stopped it," said Garrison without admiration. "He signed a manifesto and the government ran away. Because people believed the General was honest. They'd back him. Oh, of course there were countermanifestoes, and a lot of bandits began to call themselves patriots defending legal government, and some people who thought themselves patriots probably found they'd become bandits overnight. So it was pretty bad for a while, but the people would back anybody the General backed, so that was that. But for a while there were too many bandits."

The card game was definitely breaking up. I heard a sound behind me, and there was the General's wife, wavering irresolutely, but smiling anxiously in the moonlight. Garrison hastily said, *"Perdoname,"* and escaped into the pilothouse. I think he wanted to avoid being thanked. The *Señora* looked at me.

"I—have to express my gratitude," she said with an odd catch in her throat. "You have much experience, *Señor*, and it was needed."

She probably thought me a professional burglar, but there was nothing in her manner but graciousness.

"I wished to help the poor young man," she explained, her eyes searching my face, "because his wife was going to have a baby. He knows, now, that it was wrong for him to steal. So he will steal no more."

I agreed politely. This was no time for cynicism.

"And naturally I feel most acutely for a young man who has done wrong." She hesitated, and said, "Because of my son."

I bowed. I did not understand at all, but I bowed.

"So sometimes—when my husband's sense of duty forces him to actions which are harsh—" The *Señora* had a little trouble breathing. "Sometimes I do as I did tonight. I think my husband would forgive me, but he could not forgive himself. You see—"

She saw her husband on the deck below. She smiled at him. It was a very tender smile, with compassion and affection and a very odd maternal quality in it. Somehow, it would make me very uncomfortable to know that a woman had smiled at me like that. Even though it was all tenderness. And then her uneasiness vanished.

She said lightly, "There is a trivial thing I would like to do. There is a young man in New Orleans who may not communicate with his family. If you would be both kind and discreet and give him a message, it would be a great comfort to his parents."

"I will be in New Orleans within a month," I said.

Her eyes shone. They were very beautiful eyes. They shone out of all proportion to the favor she had asked. Her hand shook a little as she put a bit of paper in my hand.

"Here is his name," she told me. "At least, it is the name he uses. I have not the exact address, but there is information which will enable you to find him."

"There are, of course, such things as directories," I said encouragingly.

Her breath came fast. I had the feeling of one witnessing tragedy. But her expression was radiant.

"Surely you will find him!" she said. "Oh, surely! But I beg you to be discreet! And—the message is simply that his mother has heard of his good fortune and his good conduct, and nightly gives thanks in her prayers for his safety. And —she loves him very much. You will give that message, *Señor*, discreetly?"

"I will give it," I promised.

She went away quickly.

I smoked. Minutes later, Garrison came out again.

"What'd she want?" he asked sourly. "Slopping over with gratitude?"

"In a way," I said noncommittally. I had a very queer feeling. "You were telling about the last revolution—"

"About the bandits who were left over after it," said Garrison in some distaste. "Some were thieves and some had backed the wrong crowd, and some—it was the sort of thing that always follows a revolution. But it was bad. They had to be cleaned up. So the General was given the job, with a special law passed by Congress for authority. Amnesty for all bandits who surrendered before a certain time. Summary execution for all caught red-handed after that date. Some surrendered. A lot didn't. That was bad."

There was no one on the bow deck now but the General. The joviality had gone from his manner as if he'd taken off a mask. He sat heavily in his chair, staring at nothing.

"They caught a dozen of them," said Garrison in a low tone, "right at the gates of the capital. They'd just murdered a tavernkeeper and a *cantinera*—you might say a barmaid—rather horribly. No doubt about their guilt. And one of them was the General's son."

"What's that?" I demanded.

"The General's son was one of them," said Garrison. "He'd always been one of those young men who instinctively despise everything their parents stand for. If the General had been a crook, his son might have wound up an archbishop. But, anyhow, the officer who caught the gang wanted to know what to do about the General's son."

I felt very queer indeed. Garrison took a deep breath.

"That's why I had to do as the *Señora* asked," he said. "Dammit, nobody could refuse her! Because of her son, she wants to help other young fools who're as inexcusable as he was. You can't help helping her! Though how the devil she can keep on living with the General—"

"What happened?"

"I suppose he sweated blood," said Garrison. "The request for special orders came direct to him. It was a bad fix for an honest man. If he did the natural thing, his reputation would be gone forever and the revolution he'd just made possible would be discredited. But on the other hand, the boy was his son—his only son. It took him eight hours to decide. I don't know how he did it."

"Did what?" I demanded.

"Sent back word that he couldn't interfere with the law. So the boy was treated like all the rest. Stood up against a wall and shot."

I looked down at the heavy figure sitting alone in that glaring light. An unpleasant stirring of anger came to me.

"Yes?" I said. "Sure about that?" I was thinking of the scrap of paper in my pocket and the message the General's wife wanted me to give. "Maybe you're right. But I've an idea—"

"There's no question about it," said Garrison. His mouth twisted a little. "I didn't believe it would happen, myself. Maybe, like everybody else, I wanted to catch the General in a little conniving just because he was known as an honest man. And I'd never seen an execution. I knew the boy. I'd tried to do him a favor once, and he sneered at me. So I went to see him shot. But when the firing squad leveled their rifles at him, his face had the most amazing expression of stark disbelief I've ever seen on any man's face in my life! He still looked as if he didn't believe it, when the guns went off."

THERE was a movement down in the pitiless glare of the lantern. The General got up. The light was savagely harsh. It was merciless. He looked very very tired. He went slowly back towards his cabin. He did not look happy or jovial or at ease with himself, now that he was alone. But he was an honest man and it occurred to me that he had a highly ironic reward for his integrity. Every human being in his country believed in him implicitly. But nobody smiled at him. Nobody but his wife, who was the only person he hadn't been honest with. She could smile at him because she believed that there was a young man in New Orleans.

But I knew better. I could understand to the fullest that expression of stark disbelief on a young man's face when the rifles of a firing squad came up for him. If he knew his mother loved him and knew his father. . . . . I took a scrap of paper from my pocket and tore it to bits. I tossed the fragments overside. There was no use trying to find that young man. He wasn't there. The General was honest.

THE END

A CORRECTION

In an article entitled You'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain, published in the May 15, 1948, issue of Collier's, it was stated:

"In Swain County, North Carolina, mountain people swear by old Dr. Crawford, who can tell you what ails you the moment he pokes his nose through the door—and sniffs. For Dr. Crawford diagnoses entirely by his sense of smell. Each disease he finds, has its own peculiar odor; and after smelling it out, he has only to sniff at his medicine bottle to mix together just the right dose."

There was absolutely no thought, intent or purpose on the part of Collier's to injure the reputation or professional standing of Dr. J. H. Crawford of Graham County, North Carolina, and Collier's retracts and apologizes for any statement, appearing in the article, which is or might be considered as reflecting on the reputation or professional standing of Dr. Crawford.

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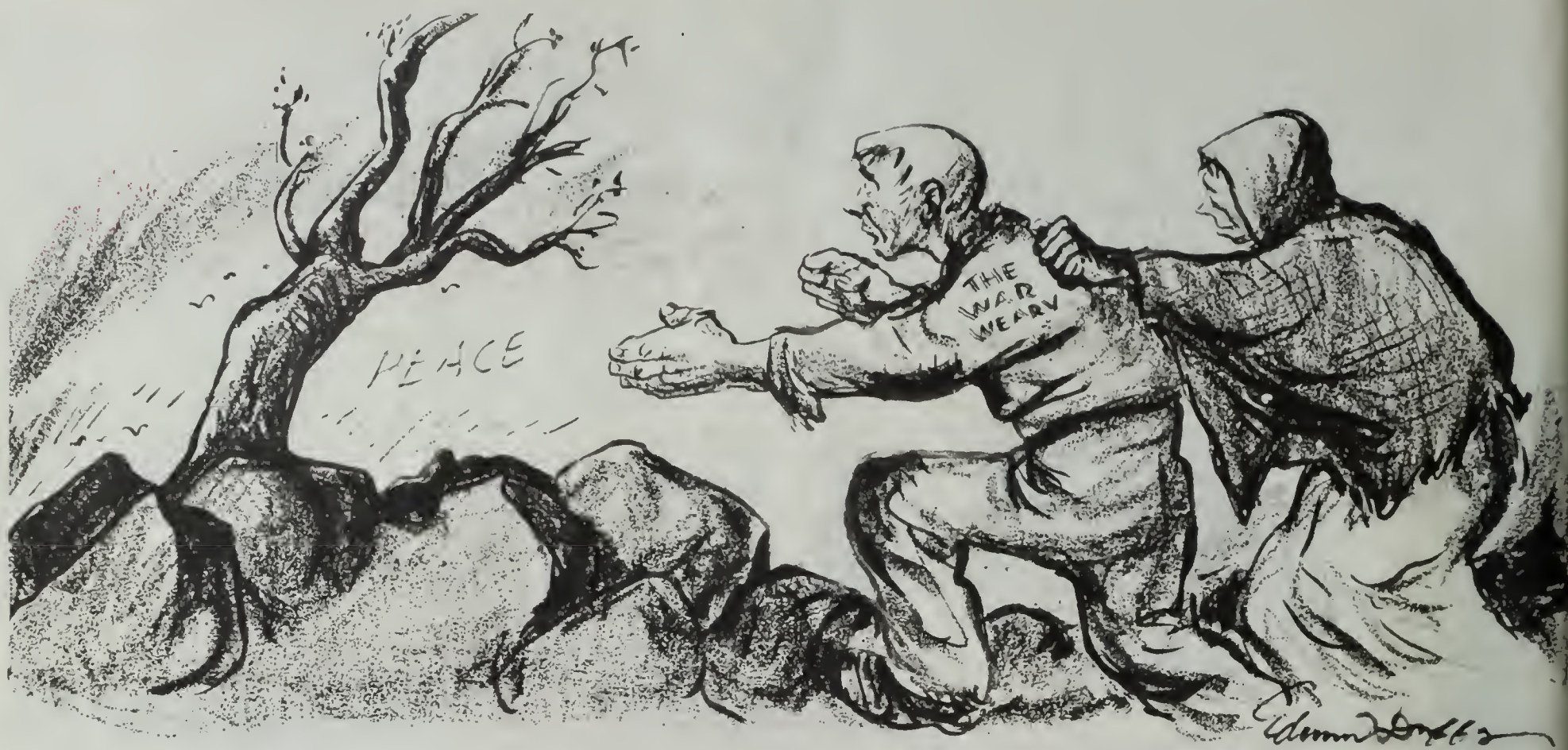

...WE'RE STRONG ENOUGH FOR PEACE

NO DECENT American anywhere in the world wants a war with Russia. Thomas E. Dewey, Robert Taft, Harold Stassen, Harry Truman are just as hostile to a war with Russia as are Henry A. Wallace or William Z. Foster. The American politician who advocated a war with Russia could not be elected dogcatcher.

That's fact number one. Fact number two is that the Russian people doubtless also much prefer peace. So when the Moscow radio unceremoniously announced that the United States invited friendly talks with the Moscow government, almost universally the news was welcomed.

The critical comments by American officials and other officials on the unexpected Russian publication of these conversations were understandable but unfortunate. What our officials said tended to obscure the highly desirable action they had taken. Even if the Russians did take political advantage of American efforts to safeguard the peace, our government had the credit for taking the initiative toward protecting the peace. That fact probably did not escape attention even among the subject peoples of middle Europe.

John Foster Dulles, Secretary Marshall's aide at Lake Success and Governor Dewey's adviser on foreign affairs, emphasized a distinction recently that it is helpful to remember in this connection. The Russian government and the Communist party are two quite different organizations in spite of the fact that the Russian government is Communist.

The Communist party may fanatically believe that there can be no peace between capitalism and Communism, but the Russian government may still find it expedient not to go to war with the United States. The majority of Russians are not Communists, even though their government is run wholly by Communists.

The practical difficulty is that Russian officials have to protect themselves against the attacks of Communist politicians, just as American statesmen have to fend off violent and often unreasonable suspicion and attack by hostile partisans.

We have, however, great advantage in that sincerely we want nothing in Europe. We have asked for nothing, and we want nothing. The Communists may be so deluded as to think that American gifts through the Marshall Plan are capitalistic effort to win imperialistic markets, but that is not true. More than that, intelligent Russians know these charges are not true.

We have the further advantage of being perfectly willing to tolerate any kind of government other peoples desire, so long as our right to live as we prefer is conceded. So we are under no necessity to be aggressive. We have no such desire.

Accordingly most Americans seem to hope that our government press for peace negotiations, regardless of the bad manners or even bad faith of Russian politicians. We lead from strength, not weakness. Being strong, we can afford to be tolerant. The one thing we don't want is war. If by patience, persistence, tolerance and unceasing effort we can bring about peace, we shall have benefited ourselves and the world.

Surely the goal is sufficient to enable us to overlook the taunts of Communist politicians. After all, our own more conservative partisans are not always scrupulously fair in debate. —W. L. C.

. . . WE'D BETTER CONSERVE WATER: The most alarming (though definitely not alarmist) article Collier's has printed in a long time was Lester Velie's Are We Short of Water? The piece told, you may remember, of water tables sinking dangerously in various parts of the country, of overwelled areas where water is taken out of the ground much faster than nature can replace it, and of consequent man-made droughts and creeping desert areas.

This mining of our underground water resources has gone especially far in the Texas Panhandle, in California and Arizona, and in the giant urban communities of Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

We aren't running out of water yet; but we might. It's time, clearly, for more states to pass water-conservation measures adapted to local conditions. Only eight states up to now have such laws. Most of these are aimed at curbing excessive sinking of wells, by requiring permits for all such enterprises and empowering the state engineer or some similar official to exercise various restrictions.

It seems to us, too, that one or more seaboard states might consider encouraging the discovery or development of cheap ways to turn salt water fresh —maybe by offering generous rewards analogous to the $10,000 prize offers recently posted by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission for discovery of workable new uranium deposits.

The main idea is to take to viewing water as the basic and priceless natural resource that it is, and to conserve it accordingly. The time to start is now, while the problem can still be solved at reasonable cost and without undue hardship to anybody.

. . . IN CONSTRUCTIVE TAX REVISION: The recent cut in federal income tax rates was concededly a stopgap measure, and many of its sponsors were frank to admit that it was passed largely because there is a Presidential election this year. The relief was none the less welcome for all that. We do hope, though, that Congress won't neglect to hammer together, with due deliberation, a long-range and scientific revision of our entire federal tax system, for adoption as soon as may be.

In which connection, we'd like to mention a survey recently made by Mill & Factory magazine, a trade journal for management and production people. The survey was on the subject of the time allowed by present tax laws for amortization of factory equipment and machinery—rather a dry-sounding matter to the layman, maybe, but highly important to him just the same.

Existing laws assume that factory machines and facilities will last 10 to 25 years. In actual fact, most of these things wear out or become obsolete in 5 to 7 years; sometimes sooner. The tax law just doesn't square with experience.

Consequently, 76 per cent of 1,000 U.S. executives of manufacturing companies quizzed by Mill & Factory reported that the tax laws in this respect do not satisfy them. Of these, the great majority (95 per cent) thought a manufacturer should be permitted to amortize his equipment over a period of less than 10 to 25 years if he so desires.

In that case, obviously, industrialists would be encouraged to set aside more money than they now do for future replacements and improvements. The general effect would be to stimulate industry to keep on its toes, adopt new processes and scrap old ones faster, and thereby sidestep the paralysis which can overtake a tax-hobbled or otherwise hampered enterprise. How about this reform in the next general tax statute?